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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



JULY NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS.

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The Canadian Home Journal

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Volume Fifteen WILLIAM G. ROOK, President, Toronto Number Three

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The August Number will contain a specially attractive and helpful Cookery Department. There will be three interesting articles.

Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton has prepared an article on "Teaching Truths Concerning the Beginnings of Life" for the August Journal.

Marion Harris Neil has prepared articles of great value to the housewife during the hot days of August, when cooking is ever a wearisome task. The recipes published in these articles are quite new, but thoroughly tested by the writer.

SAVORY AND SWEET MONEY SAVERS

tells how to prepare vegetable salads, also gives recipes for a Nut Roast, Pear Salad, Cheese Savory, Pineapple Custard, and several other tempting dishes. This article contains five illustrations showing how to prepare the food described.

Another article,

PICKLE THESE VEGETABLES AND USE THEM DURING THE WINTER,

gives recipes for Beet Pickle, India Relish, Apple Relish, Lemon Pickle, Pickled Beans, etc.

A third article contains fourteen Fish recipes, and some valuable information regarding this useful food, ideal for the summer menu.

Are you tired of the worn-out methods usually employed for the raising of money for the various needs of the present day? Do you want some new ideas and suggestions for a Food Sale, and the promotion of the Food Conservation propaganda? If so, do not miss Edith Halsted Lorway's article which will appear in the August number:

SET THE PACE IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWN.

The suggestions are all practicable and workable—in fact they have been tried with success once, and the writer passes them on to you in order that you may also benefit by them.

See page 29 and note the number of people who will answer your questions through Canadian Home Journal.

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L. M. MONTGOMERY.

From the time that little "Anne of Green Gables" came skipping into the hearts of Canadian readers, L. M. Montgomery's stories have been eagerly sought. Something new from her pen is a treat, indeed, and her story,

OUR NEIGHBORS AT THE TANSY PATCH,

which will be published complete in one instalment in the August number, will be no exception. After you have read this exceedingly delightful sketch of rural country life you will feel you know the Conways—Timothy Benjamin, better known as T.B., Joe, Aunt Lily, but most of all Granny—"every-one of them," as Salome expressed it, "crazier than the others." Crazy they may have been, but very human and interesting when pictured by L. M. Montgomery.

MARY BRITTEN WRITES,

by Sara Jeanette Duncan, will appear in the August number. As in this issue it is a personal letter from Mary Britten, living in London, England, to her sister in Canada, in which she describes the happenings in London. In this letter it is an air raid, next month she tells of Flossie's young man, and of their opinion of "slackers" in general. It is a delight to Canadians to again have some stories by Sara Jeanette Duncan Cotes.

Both Fashions and Fancy Work will be given an important place in the August number, in order that our readers may see several of the late Summer styles. These influence to a large extent the early Fall models, and it is wise to study them carefully before deciding upon one's clothes for the cooler months.

After July 31st, the price of Canadian Home Journal will be Two Dollars a year. See page 53.







Serving Economy, Health *and* Fashion

How to save money on shoes and still have her feet smartly clad—

How to keep her feet dry on wet days and still have her feet as trim as on dry days—

These are the two greatest shoe problems for every woman.

Neōlin Soles answer both these problems amazingly well.

Shoe economy is largely a question of longer-wearing soles.

And Neōlin Soles *are* longer-wearing soles. Good-looking shoes with Neōlin Soles now cost you no more in price—and finally cost less because of greater service. And even light-weight Neōlin Soles will not let water through.

Yet wear and waterproofness are but two of the important virtues of Neōlin Soles. They provide a better grip on walking surfaces. They are quiet.

Don't you think that you should wear Neōlin Soles, now that you know these facts?

Get new shoes built on Neōlin for yourself and for all the family.

Have Neōlin applied to your present shoes as full-soles or half-soles.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada, Limited

Most merchants have shoes with Neolin Soles. But you are sure of getting them wherever you see this price-ticket in the window.
But when you buy Neolin Soles be sure you see the Neolin trademark underneath. If it is not there the sole is not Neolin.



Neōlin Soles



Canadian Home Journal
EDITORIAL

July, Nineteen-Eighteen

A NOTE OF WARNING IS SOUNDED BY THE COAL MAN. In the midst of our enjoyment of soft summer breezes, flowers, bird-songs, and swiftly fleeting clouds between the blue of sky and sea, there comes a cruel, discordant note—sounded by none other than the coal man. Without any conscience whatever, he hurls at us a warning (disagreeable, but nevertheless beneficial), and immediately we shiver and shake in the memory of last winter's empty coal bins, frozen water pipes, plumbers' bills, etc. The picture is brought back all too vividly as the coal man warns: "Remember last winter." We certainly do. Then he emphatically asserts: "Next winter there will be less coal."

There is no use fooling ourselves, conditions as far as coal goes will be bad—very bad, next winter.

There is one way in which every consumer can assist in relieving the situation, states C. A. Magrath, whose entire time is given up to the interests of the people of Canada in seeing that they get the best and largest supply of coal possible, and that is in placing his coal order at once. Now—not to-morrow. Do not delay a day in this important matter, for if those in authority know the exact number of tons ordered by the Canadian people, they are then in a better position to secure that amount. They can do their work intelligently, not merely assuming that a certain amount will be needed, but the orders will actually be in for a definite quantity.

All through Quebec and along the Ottawa River the cutting and storing of wood is going on, and every one is asked to secure wood if possible instead of coal for next winter. This should help materially, and Ontario people should be as far sighted.

In short, the Fuel Controller's advice can be summed up as follows:

Secure as much wood as you can.

Place your order for coal with your local dealer at once.

Don't hound him. He wants to do his best for you. He can't run away—he has to stay and see it through.

Don't haggle over the quality of the coal. Take what you get and be thankful for it. Conditions are not normal—you cannot expect a normal supply of coal.

Have your furnace and pipes thoroughly cleaned before lighting. Now is the time to do this.

Do not light the furnace during the Summer, except when there is illness, if a cold spell should come. Make the best of it—much coal is wasted in starting and stopping a furnace, and every ounce will be needed for the Winter months.

WASTE OF FOOD IS NOW ILLEGAL. A new order has now come into force which makes it not only a sin to waste food, but a punishable offence. The legal authorities have power to take action when they are notified that anyone has been discovered wasting food. It is interesting to note that municipalities who secure the conviction receive half the fine, while provincial officers securing the conviction receive half the fine for the Province.

LETTERS THAT SMILE. French women, we are told, strive to say good-bye to their soldiers with a smile upon their lips. Hearts may be breaking, but there is no tear to add one pang to the sorrow of the departing men.

Are we Canadian women as careful to always write "smiling" letters to the boys at the front? It is incomparably easier than the French woman's task. No matter how great our burdens here may be, don't add to theirs by telling them. Write letters that smile. Put in all the brightness and cheer that can be crowded into one small envelope, and send it on its journey.

HATS OFF TO QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY WAR WORKERS. The splendid war work of the Levans Society of Qucen's University has received much praise, not only from Canada, but congratulatory remarks have been coming from our United States sisters, and certainly the soldiers themselves cannot speak too highly of the work of these women in providing them with vermin-proof underclothing.

The work is carried on under the guidance of Miss Gordon, who is particularly interested in work done by English university women. The formula furnished by Miss Gordon was given to the "British Medical Journal" in May, 1917, by Captain Gunn, M.D., D.Sc., R.A.M.C.T. of Oxford.

Undervests are made of ordinary cheese cloth and dipped in a solution of 1½ ounces napthalene and 1½ ounces of sulphur to one gallon of benzoline or gasoline. They are wrung out of this solution and hung up to dry when the gasoline evaporates, leaving the other ingredients in minute particles. These should not be shaken off. Fold the vests and wrap in grease-proof paper. These vests are worn next the skin and are not irritating, but afford an almost complete protection against vermin. Miss Gordon says: "Mrs. Gerrans of Oxford has made, dipped, and sent to the front many thousands of these undervests and has received many grateful letters testifying to their remarkable and unique efficiency. No field comforts could be more welcome."

The dipping must be done out of doors and on no account must be undertaken where there is an open fire or even a lighted match or cigar or cigarette. In cold weather the rapid evaporation of the gasoline will permanently injure the skin and at all times some method should be devised for handling the cloth without coming into too direct contact with the gasoline. The making of these comforts in quantities offers profitable work for societies, and even the dipping of garments previously made should furnish an appreciable source of income to bodies engaged in raising war funds.

OUR AIM

To publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome, and truthful.

To be a leader in thought, and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To, as far as possible, publish and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature, and their own country, with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.



For oily skins—*how to correct them*

FIRST cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave the skin slightly damp.

Now work up with warm water a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly — always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a marked improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.



Your skin is what *you* make it

HAVE you ever wondered why it is that some girls are blessed with naturally lovely complexions—the charm of clear, fresh color?

The truth is that your skin, too, can be clear and radiant. Your skin is what *you* make it.

If your skin is *not* fresh and clear, if it has been gradually growing coarser, it is because you have not been giving it the proper care for its needs.

Find out just what is the matter with your skin—then give it the proper treatment

Your skin is being renewed every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. Begin at once to give this new skin the proper treatment to keep it clear and lovely. You will be surprised to see how quickly it improves.

Three of the famous Woodbury treatments are given on this page. Begin tonight to use the one which your skin needs. Use it every night. The very first time you try it, you will feel the difference in your skin—a promise of the greater clearness and freshness that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings to the skin. Within ten days or two weeks you will notice the improvement in your skin.

You will find treatments for the various other troubles of the skin in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today, and begin at once the treatment for your particular trouble. A 25 cent cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Enlarged pores

How to make your skin fine in texture

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub *the cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face with a *piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently. You can feel the difference the very first time you use it. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness and finer texture that the *steady* use of Woodbury's always brings.

Skin blemishes

How to get rid of them

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefuily with clear, hot water; then with cold

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and keep your complexion free from them.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Send 5 cents for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited 2207 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



MADE IN CANADA



THE DRIP OF THE HONEY

By ARTHUR STRINGER.

Illustrated by
MARY ESSEX.

A Little Interruption in the Honeymoon Which Made it all the Sweeter



"I've been thinking about this a great deal to-day, Elmer," she said, more in sorrow than in anger.

THEY were leaning on the stone balustrade of San Tritone de Monti. The sun was going down on the dome of St. Peter's and on the thirteenth day of their honeymoon.

He sighed heavily, not because it was all so beautiful and new, where before them lay the city and the Seven Hills and Mount Gianicola bathed in golden dusk and Soracte pencilled far to the right, but because something momentous had happened. As to what this momentous thing was he was still in the dark. Yet the moment he had stepped out of the Borghese Gallery that afternoon he had felt its presence, dim and gigantic and foreboding, felt it just as sailors feel the approaching iceberg long before it is in sight.

And it was not two weeks since they had left New York (they had been light and careless then, he told himself) in a shower of telegrams and roses and good-bys. And until to-day, he remembered bitterly, there had not been one hour, one moment, when life had seemed anything but sun and happiness for both of them. But it had come at last—he all along had felt secretly that it was bound to come—and now he wondered, whatever turn things might take, if the old feeling could ever be brought to life again.

"Just to think," he said at last, throwing a stab of wistfulness into it, "it's not two weeks since we left New York!"

"Does it seem so long?" she asked, succumbing to the stab. Her voice was neither the Charybdis of ice nor the Scylla of open tears, but it carried with it no expected touch of finalities. So in his bewilderment he only sighed again—this thing, he held, would have to work itself out, now. He began reading from his guide-book calmly and with great deliberation. "Then climb these historic steps," he waved the open guide-book down toward the Piazza di Spagna, "at sunset, when they are bathed in the last rays of the sun. From a hundred ancient belfries the mellow bells ring for *Ave Maria,* and up out of a blaze of twilight glory gleams and towers the great dome of St. Peter's."

"Rubbish!" he thought he heard her say under her breath.

He stopped and looked at her. Her nose seemed tilted in open defiance of all Rome and its traditions; her little pointed chin was nestling in the clasped hollow of her hand; her arm, in turn, was resting on a ledge of cold and unappreciative stone; and her eyes were gazing down the long straight line of Via Condotti. He had a sudden temptation to surrender everything and incontinently seize her. But he thought better of this, and opened his guide-book with careful fingers and slightly uplifted eyebrows.

"Deary," she said at last cooingly; yet he marveled at the fact that a once endearing diminutive could be made so sepulchrally cool and lifeless, and all by one little trick of intonation and voice.

He punished her accordingly by not answering in at least ten long seconds.

"Deary," she said again, with an acidulated sweetness that smote him to the heart, "how long have you known Constantia Fleming?"

"Why?" he asked vacuously.

That was like him, she told herself, seeking escape in side issues. "Oh, I was only wondering," she said carelessly.

"Yes, but wondering what?"

"I was only wondering if there was any reason why she should come over and speak to you first in the Borghese this afternoon."

"Did she?" he asked, trying in vain to recall that phase of the meeting and blinking a bit over the effort.

His wife did not even deign to answer, but pursued her own narrow and rigorous course. "And what did she mean by pointing to that Titian and asking which we had found, our sacred or our profane love?"

"Isn't that the name of the picture?" he suggested inspiredly.

"But will you please tell me why she should ask anybody such a personal question as that? And you of all people?"

He could not answer, of course. There followed another silence.

"Elmer Pitts," she said at last, "was it accidental that you and Constantia Fleming met here in Rome?"

"Accidental? Of course it was!" he declared stoutly. "I didn't even know she was in Europe. Good Lord, we ourselves didn't even expect to be in Rome this week!"

"I'm not used to being sworn at," she retorted.

"But, Frances, you're so—so confoundedly unreasonable to-day!"

Her brooding and indignant eyes were still turned down the straight and narrow line of Via Condotti. "I've been thinking about this a great deal to-day, Elmer," she said more in latent sorrow than patent anger. "And I never thought you would try to deceive me, after—after everything we have been to one another!"

He looked at her helplessly.

She swallowed hard, before she could go on. "And I told you everything, from first to last. I didn't keep back a thing from you."

"But how could I help being decent to Constantia Fleming? She'd always been—been considerate, and all that, with me."

"Considerate!" with withering scorn. "That is not what I should care to call it!" And again she swallowed hard before she could go on. "It's no use pretending I don't know things, Elmer. I've been thinking about them all along. You used to play golf with her, and you were on the Appleby's yacht with her as well."

"But what of that?" he demanded. "Other girls—"

"It's different from other girls," she declared.

He looked at his shoes helplessly.

"And you were always trailing about after her"—then, in a half-assuaging afterthought—"before you knew me."

"Wasn't it she who did the trailing after me?" he had the effrontery to suggest, chuckling cruelly.

"Oh, I don't doubt it! That sort of girl usually does!"

She looked at him studiously from under lowered eyebrows. Then she shuddered a little at the sting of some new thought that had come to her. "Yes, it would serve you right," she said absently.

"What would serve me right?" he asked.

"If—if I had never known you, and you had kept on and on in the old way, and had married Constantia Fleming, and had had to spend your life with that sort of girl!"

His first impulse was to groan out an unhappy "Don't" but he steeled himself against any such bending to her will.

"Why, Constantia isn't such a bad sort, is she?" he asked innocently.

Her gaze, which had been fixed on dimly pencilled Soracte, swept around to him determinedly. "Elmer Pitts, did you ever kiss Constantia Fleming?" she demanded.

"I don't know. I forget."

"You forget?" she said bitterly. Then a little relieving sigh escaped her. "But I suppose a man always forgets—with that sort of girl."

"Of course!" cried Elmer, as he tried to take her hand. But she drew it away.

"You haven't answered my question. You are trying to hoodwink me and deceive me."

He was about to open his mouth to reply, when she stopped him with a passionate little gesture.

"No, don't! Don't commit yourself! I couldn't bear the thought of you ever being soft and mushy and moonshiny with a woman. It's so unlike you."

He drew the corners of his mouth down and his shoulders up, wondering if after all he didn't a little resemble the portrait busts of Cæsar Augustus.

"Elmer," she said dolorously, moving away from him, "do you think you would have married anybody but me, if you had never met me and known me?"

"Never!" he declared with heat.

"I can't believe that," she said dreamily. "No. I can't believe it." And the unhappiness in her voice made him miserable. He essayed an effort to speak, but a lump in the throat of Cæsar Augustus was making it hard for him to begin.

"We have been too happy," she went on quaveringly. "We thought it could last and be just always the same. But, you see, it can't!"

"No, it can't!" he agreed as dolorously.

She clasped her hands in a little wringing motion of despair.

"Perhaps these last two weeks have been too happy," he ventured more hopefully.

"Yes, too happy," she echoed drearily.

"And perhaps this little—er—this little set-to will make things all right again," he ventured, still hopefully.

She searched his face through the twilight for some slight sign of mockery, but none was there. "Oh, you don't understand!" she mourned vaguely.

"I know it!" he said bitterly.

She made a dash at her eyes with the back of her hand. He could see her shaken bosom rise and fall on the stone balustrade.

"Frankie!" he said miserably, putting his arm about her sobbing figure.

"Do you understand?" she pleaded, in open tears now, on his shoulder.

He gulped a little, before he could answer. "I only understand one thing, my own: that I love you more than anything in all the world, more than life itself!"

"Do you, Elmer?" she said solemnly.

Then a silence fell over them, and far out over the Campagna an early star or two, shining brightly, came out.

(*Continued on page* 59.)

PEACE—THE STRANGER

By M. EUGENIE PERRY.

A Story of the New and Tremendous Problem Which the War is Forcing Upon Young Womanhood

"AND to this hand is Peace ever a stranger—" Clearly articulated in a low contralto voice, this sentence pierced through the conglomeration of sounds to the boy's consciousness.

Close beside him, on the gallery which would presently be the "mezzanine floor" of one of Canada's stores, was one of the many fortune-telling booths with which the Red Cross Association coaxed shekels from the passers-by.

"Peace, a stranger;" the words rang in his mind; to whom, just now, was peace not a stranger? Aye, and further, to what country was peace not a stranger?

The contralto murmuring went on, but indistinctly now, and he turned his dark gaze once more upon the seething crowd on the ground floor.

The Home Products Fair, held in the big unfinished building, had scored an immense success; and, as the week drew to a close, all who had contributed to its being had the happy consciousness that not only had the home-grown and home-manufactured exhibits received a vast advertisement, but the Red Cross fund was being augmented by several hundreds of dollars daily from the door receipts alone.

Round and round the main floor the crowd surged, admiring the fruits and vegetables, or the manufacturers' displays, and pausing to purchase raffle tickets or to listen to and obey the calls of the zealous spielers for the side-shows under the gallery. ("All for the good of the cause," they apologized, as each additional quarter or dime slipped through their fingers.)

It seemed the merriest of gatherings, yet underneath the current of gaiety stalked always the grisly phantom of war; the black garb of a woman; the crepe band on a man's arm; the haunted look in a mother's eyes; the numerous men in khaki—all spoke of the grim conflict so far away, yet so near, so tragically near, to every heart and mind.

The important bearing of a group of soldiers in embryo just below him brought a smile to the face of the boy, but an ache to the heart which beat beneath his most welcome recently acquired civilian clothes. Then perhaps a mist obscured his vision, for the uniforms below grew faded and blurred, their wearers grew footsore and weary, and increased until thousand after thousand, they swung doggedly adown the roads of a foreign land—past ruined home and hamlet; past field and forge deserted, past fatherless babe and sonless mother, who were almost too sad, almost too cowed, to cheer for the brave boys who had come so unbelievably far to fight the brutal Hun.

Then on the dream horizon rose a cloud, sea-green and weird; the staunch line wavered and swayed, and then pressed bravely on, leaving the fallen, choking and faint, upon the ground—a sudden spasm of coughing brought the boy back to the present, for the dastardly gas still made its presence felt, a ghastly souvenir of hate he would not quickly lose.

In the Government Exhibit corner below (of which he had charge) the friend who was substituting for him was almost obscured by a bevy of pretty girls. "Seems happy," thought the boy. "Too bad to disturb him," but he turned from the railing.

As he paid for his tea, an elderly woman came out of the aforementioned fortune-telling booth—and then he noticed the sign:

"Mademoiselle Lorna; Palmistry; 25c."

Just twenty-five cents to make the acquaintance of the contralto voice which had spoken of "Peace, the Stranger" and brought him visions of the battle-field.

"I'm on," said the boy, and raised the curtain. The orange-shaded light gave to the atmosphere a suggestion of storm which was further emphasized by the gypsy's haunted eyes.

"Two bits' worth of thrills here, all right," he said, boyishly, in an effort to buck himself up against the vague disturbance in the air.

Then the gypsy laughed, the trinkets on her little red cap jingled cheerfully, and the tension relaxed.

"Oh, thank you," she said, "for the laugh. I seem so far from the world in here, with only a muffled medley of sounds proclaiming the human presence beyond my door, while only the weary and troubled cross my threshold, that I had almost forgotten gaiety existed; and so, thanks, many thanks, for coming. I don't like reading men's hands as a rule, they have so few lines, but just now if I had one more elderly woman coming to ask if her son would return in safety from the war—I feel I should shriek aloud."

"You couldn't tell them that, could you?" he enquired curiously.

"I can't," she admitted. "Perhaps a professional can, but it's a little beyond my powers—and who would wish to bring them a heartache sooner than necessary? It will come all too pitifully soon to many of them. I confine myself to character-reading, past events, and a sketchy touching on the future. But, oh! the life stories I've had unfolded to me to-day—again, thank Heaven for you," and she waved him toward the easy chair reserved for her "victims."

He slipped into it with the air of ease which was his birth-right, and put the usual question, "Right or left?"

"Both," she answered, and quoted: " 'The left is the hand we are born with; the right is the hand we make.' "

As she touched his fingers an electric thrill tingled up his arm. "First thrill," he murmured.

"I'm not usually a dynamo," she apologized, "but there's been enough electricity discharged in this limited space this afternoon to light the town."

"And I'm charged with gas," he interjected flippantly.

"An artist, but not a hot air artist," she parried, failing to catch his meaning; for his hands were soft from the months in hospital and failed to suggest the soldier. He let it pass.

"Yes, the distinctly artistic hand," she went on, "and marvelously many lines, for a man's hand—that suggests temperament, or, at least, the capacity for great suffering and equally great enjoyment. The long and jointed fingers suggest music; the long, sloping head line, literature," an unconscious movement of assent greeted the last mentioned talent. "Literature, decidedly," she pronounced with more assurance, "but music, too?" she challenged.

"Yes, but mostly by ear, and merely as an amusement."

"The spatulate third finger points to dramatic instinct—that would, of course, prove valuable in—reporting, for instance."

"You've hit it," he admitted.

"You'll die a long way from your boyhood home."

"I'm that now."

"You've always been independent of action, and started out for yourself fairly early. You will have two serious love affairs, according to the lines; the second is perhaps your marriage line—the first, perhaps, has occurred—let me see, you'd be twenty-five or twenty-six?"

"Guess again; I'm not quite twenty-three, and the time is not yet."

"Ah! you'll take the first attack pretty hard—you're made that way—but you'll recover, and live happily ever after with the later love—that is, if such a temperament is ever happy. You'll become an editor; and, perhaps, will inherit some money."

"Probably."

"You're rather fond of the opposite sex; you have a good deal of tact, and are able to work the other fellow without his resenting the fact. You've lately had, or are to have, a long journey fraught with much consequence to yourself."

"Rather!" he admitted.

"And your health is poor."

"Some."

Suddenly the military band struck up a martial air, and the whimsical expression faded from his mobile face; he straightened his shoulders, and his mouth drew into a straight line. The boy had changed suddenly into a man, stern and set of face. Of the change he was quite unconscious, as he was, at that moment, of her, but with a flash of intuition she read it all—saw, with him, the weary files of marching men, heard the bands playing to raise their flagging spirits.

Then back into her own heart crept the weariness, the sadness his gaiety had dispelled—for, far away on the field of Flanders her man of men had marched to his death.

The boy caught the counter-wave of mind currents and sensed her tragedy; and the words she had spoken to another seemed so applicable to her own case that he spoke them aloud: "And to this hand is Peace ever a stranger."

Surprise routed pain from the gypsy's brown eyes. "A quotation?" she asked.

"I quote *you*," he explained. "I was standing near, and that sentence pierced the surrounding din like an arrow, and lodged—in my heart, perhaps. That's why I came in."

"Ah! You were curious about the gypsy, rather than about your future life—unlike most of my clients—for instance, a woman who came in here a while ago said, immediately upon entering, 'I don't want to know about my past, please just tell me about my future.' Her past probably wouldn't bear resurrecting."

"Also unlike me," he hastened to state.

"Well, we'll hope so. And now, your time is more than up; there are others waiting, and though I would rather talk to you, I must consider the Cause."

At this moment one of the women in charge of the tea room came in with a tray.

(*Continued on page 49.*)



"Old Mill" Falls, one of Canada's picturesque nooks, at Ancaster, Ontario.

THE BIRDS WILL MISS HIM

(TO SAMUEL T. WOOD.)

The birds will miss him when they come again;
He was the first to greet them, for he knew
Their every whim in sunshine and in rain,
And noted all the little things they do:
He loved their verdurous haunts by wood and stream;
'Twas his delight to take them unaware,
Or muse with them, and with mind adream
Worship the God who thought of things so fair.

The birds will miss him—nay, for with the spring
He shall awaken and go out once more.
His was no death that calls for sorrowing;
His spirit shall go wandering as of yore
Beside the streams or in the songful woods,
The genius of his native solitudes.

—J. Lewis Milligan, in "The Humane Leader."



Thonor, the King of Evil.



Merilla (Annette Kellerman) and the Fairy Ariel.



Merilla in the Torture Chamber.



The Prince Rescues Merilla From Thonor.

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

IN HER NEW PICTURE "QUEEN OF THE SEAS"

By W. G. Rook



In Mermaid Costume.



The Princess at the Mercy of Thonor.



Merilla Becomes a Prisoner.



The King of Evil is Slain by the Prince.



The Princess and Merilla are Set Free.

WHILE I had often seen Miss Kellerman on the film in her many productions, it was not until she was playing in the New York Hippodrome that I had the pleasure of having my first interview with her. I was very fortunate in seeing Miss Kellerman at the time, as she was playing two performances a day, and was naturally a very busy woman. However, I thought there was nothing like trying, so made the request at the Hippodrome office. When the object of my visit was disclosed, word was sent to Miss Kellerman and her manager, Mr. Sullivan, came from behind the scenes to conduct me through the maze of underground passages, the Hippodrome menagerie, back of the stage, up through the dressing rooms to Miss Kellerman's own private room.

I must confess I was agreeably surprised. Some of my friends had been good enough to inform me that about the only thing Miss Kellerman could do was swim and dive, but this idea was soon dissipated as the interview progressed. Miss Kellerman has a charming personality, and her accomplishments are numerous. She informed me that while in New York she takes a one and a half hour ballet lesson every day. She is also making wonderful progress in singing, so that some day we may expect to see her put on an entire show of her own in which she will swim, dive, impersonate a mermaid, dance and sing. Possibly if the truth were known, she may be an accomplished pianist—that is one thing I forgot to ask her.

Miss Kellerman became somewhat reminiscent during the interview, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY

Are We Reincarnated After Death?

By A. E. S. SMYTHE.

The Real Belief of a Theosophist

THEOSOPHY can be stated in the terms of any religion if it be so desired. Experience shows, however, that people who belong to any particular religion are more concerned about the name of their faith than its substance.

It does not commend itself to the ordinary religious person to hear that the same truths are taught in all religions. The phrases and terms may differ; more emphasis may be laid on one doctrine than another, but latent or implied one finds the same truths in them all. Many scholars of an intellectual rather than a spiritual turn, and anxious to exclude any religion but their own from the category of Religion, have defined religion in the terms of their own faith. Some Christians, for example, decline to recognize any religion as such that does not use the Bible as a text-book, overlooking the fact that all religions have their sacred books which convey the same spiritual truths in one form or another to the mind and heart and soul that reflects on such matters. For it must always be remembered that no one finds in any Bible or Sacred Book anything but what he brings to it or reads into it. It is the reader that brings the inspiration, not the book that gives it. One could not account otherwise for the differences of opinion and the four hundred sects more or less that have arisen over the study of the Bible. Each one reads into it what he has been trained to see, and he is earnestly warned not to listen to any interpretations that have not been endorsed by the body to which he belongs.

The exact contrary is the case with the Theosophist, who understands that truth is universal and that he has it in his own soul, but can only know it to the extent that he lives it. "A clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one's co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction," are, therefore, in the words of Madame Blavatsky the first steps on the Path. It will be observed that these things apply to any religion, the Christian as well as another, and it is this fact that commends Theosophy to reasonable and unprejudiced people.

It should be clearly understood that Theosophists do not desire to tempt people away from the religion to which they belong. They only wish each person to try to understand his own religion better, and to seek its deeper spiritual meanings, instead of being content with its conventional forms, its stereotyped creeds, or its ritual routine. These should all convey more and not less to the student of Theosophy. If it be objected that many Theosophists do not belong to any religion and do not attend church regularly, such critics may be reminded of the fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father. Ye worship that which ye know not: we worship that which we know: for salvation is from the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth: for such doth the Father seek to be His worshippers. God is spirit: and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and truth" (R.V.).

It is very largely because Theosophists lay stress on this truth that their views have been unpopular, because people like ceremonial and set beliefs and having things cut and dried. The other great religions of the world have the same teachings, as indeed the New Testament recognizes, and Jesus explicitly states (John x. 16).

Once this unity of thought and aspiration underlying all religion is grasped, a profound satisfaction takes hold of one. The world is no longer a chaos, but a place of order and system and progress. No man is out of place. No man suffers unjustly. No man is favored above his merit. Nothing is gained without effort. The universe is seen to be the abode of honesty and justice and right. How and why is this?

The question is an urgent one for all who begin to take thought about life and who have to face such world tragedies as the war with Germany. One need not go into the profounder metaphysics of The Secret Doctrine for the answer to this question. It is, in brief, that there is only One Person in the whole world. In the New Testament we are told that the Kingdom of Heaven is inside (*entos*) us, and that we are to pray to the Father which is in Heaven. The name given to Jesus, Emmanuel, means this truth also, God is in us. It is often repeated in that most spiritual scripture of India, the Bhagavad Gita, that "the Lord is seated in the heart of every creature." This Lord is called by some the Oversoul, by others God, by others Christ, and the various religions have each their own names for Him. Their conceptions vary as human ideas do, but it is in our spiritual identity with Him, that the brotherhood of the race, the brotherhood of Man, has its foundation. Our relation to this Person is the beginning and ending of religion and is the key to the understanding of all other religious questions.

The Secret Doctrine teaches "the fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul," and it is sufficient in an elementary account of Theosophy to say that all religions find their way back to this Divine Source. To know this unity is life in the highest and deepest sense. To be ignorant of it or to deny it, is death in the mystical sense. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these

THE second of a series of articles descriptive of various religions and faiths about which there is often much misunderstanding and controversy. The writer of this article, A. E. S. Smythe, is one of the foremost speakers on Theosophy in Canada—his assertions regarding their views may therefore be accepted as authentic.

Again let us emphasize that "Canadian Home Journal" neither advocates nor endorses any of the religions described—the articles are published to give information, not to arouse controversy.

are sons of God," says St. Paul, whose eighth chapter of the epistle to the Romans is a treatise on this mystery, and of our interest in Him who is "the first-born among many brethren."

Popular Christianity has curiously distorted the teaching of Jesus in regard to men's souls. Much of our preaching is exhortation to save one's soul. This is due to a misapprehension of the facts, for which the translators of the New Testament are largely responsible. For all this talk of saving one's soul is wide of the mark. I have been in the habit of saying that the ninth chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke (like the eighth of Romans) contains all the occult teaching any one needs. At the 23rd verse one reads: "And He said unto all, If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me. For whosoever would save his soul (the word in Greek is *psyche,* though the translators render it "life") shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his soul for My sake, the same shall save it."

The Cross is a very ancient symbol, long antedating Christianity. We ought to remember what St. Augustine said: "What is now called the Christian religion, has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh: from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian." This "true religion" is what Theosophists call The Secret Doctrine. The Cross was the ancient symbol of the descent of spirit into matter; the Incarnation; the Word or Logos, becoming Man or flesh, as St. John expresses it; and "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." In the mystery by which all Souls are in fundamental identity with the Over-Soul, by which those who are not conscious of their divine origin are "dead, and their life is hid with Christ in God" (Colossians iii.), we are all partakers in the Incarnation, which is the Cross and Passion of the Divine Life. We are the agents of the redemption of the world of matter into the world of Life; the Atonement is the at-one-ment of the lowest and the highest.

It is obvious that if men as individuals advance and evolve they will attain levels of power, of consciousness, and of wisdom far beyond anything in the experience of the ordinary man. It is idle to say that we cannot conceive such an expansion of our faculties. We see that there is a difference between the consciousness of the mineral, as Prof. Bose has shown us, and the consciousness of the vegetable; and between the consciousness of the vegetable and the consciousness of the animal; and between the consciousness of the animal and the consciousness of man.

There is a stage, many stages indeed, beyond the consciousness of the ordinary man and the consciousness of the Over-Soul, and it is our destiny to attain these successive stages by our own effort and according to our own will. Some people who do not understand the laws of growth think they might lose something by entering into a higher stage of consciousness. Would a dog lose anything by being endowed with the consciousness of a man? Does a boy or a girl lose anything by becoming a man or a woman? To become possessed of the consciousness of Christ is a forward step in evolution, the next goal of the race. As we do not lose our identity because our sense of sight is merged in the consciousness of light, so neither will we lose our identity when our sense of self is merged in the consciousness of Christ, or the Over-Soul.

One of the difficulties some people have in this connection is about the loss of memory. Memory has not so much to do with identity as some think. We forget most of the things we do, the thoughts we think, and the words we utter in the course of our lives. We are totally oblivious of most of the events in our commonplace existence in years gone past. But this loss of memory is the chief and practically the only objection most people have to the thought that they have lived before, that they are immortal.

The writer of the second epistle of Peter refers to this (i: 9), saying we are blind, short-sighted, having taken the draught of Lethe ("Lethe having taken" is the Greek phrase) and been purified from our ancient short-comings. So it comes about in the merciful dispensation of the universe that every life is a fresh start, and while we bring back the character we have formed by our previous actions and decisions, and have to meet the results of our former deeds, whether for good or ill, we are relieved of the worthless memory of these ephemeral things, though their essence is preserved in our heart of hearts. Some think also that it is not just that we should suffer for things that we have done in past lives and which we have forgotten, or of which, at least, the brain is not conscious. But the real Self knows and is satisfied, because justice is one of the principles of its being, since, as we have seen, it is essentially one with the Over-Soul, and therefore desires justice above all things. It is no outside authority, no power outside ourselves, that brings us face to face with our old debts and requires their payment, with our old unlearned lessons and requires us to know them thoroughly. It is the Self within us which is just and requires justice, and which is wisdom, so that it leads us to know.

Desire for the world of sensation and of material life generally is very strong in us, and it is this desire that usually brings us back into bodily life again. This desire for life, or thirst for physical existence in the soul is called fire, and is symbolized by the tongue in the east. The Sanscrit word is *tanha,* and this force has to be conquered before we can attain what Christians call salvation. In the Epistle of James, chapter iii., there is an interesting passage on this point, obscured in the authorized version, however, by the translation. "The tongue (desire) is a fire; the world of iniquity among our members is the tongue, which defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the wheel of birth, and is set on fire by hell." Until desire is conquered we are bound to the wheel of birth. It can be conquered only by turning to the spiritual world for the Master who is within. United with Him there is no further need for reincarnation, and it is for this reason that little mention is made of reincarnation in the New Testament. Those who have entered into the Christ consciousness, or Nirvana, as the Buddhists call it, who have extinguished desire, do not need further births. This is what is meant in Revelation iii: 12, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."

Those who have entered into this state of Nirvana, the extinction of desire, the "peace that passeth understanding," have nothing more to do with this earth in the present stage of creation or evolution. But there are some who participate in the active side of the nature of the Christ who said—"Lo, I am with you always, even until the end of the aeon," and they, when they have attained mastery over desire and the lower vehicles of the personal self, voluntarily incarnate again on earth, following the example of the great Teachers and Messengers, like Krishna, the Indian Christ, who said—"I produce myself among creatures whenever there is a decline of virtue, and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world: and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness."

This was written long anterior to the Christian era, and Christians who believe that Christ came down from heaven and was born a little human infant, should have no difficulty about understanding incarnation, or in following the example of reincarnation and sacrifice which voluntary reincarnation for the sake of rendering service to others, implies.

There is nothing in religion, philosophy, or science, that Theosophy does not embrace and explain. It is obvious, therefore, that only a few aspects of it can be touched upon in a short article. The whole universe is open to the student who would unfold his inner faculties for such study. There is an organ in the brain called the conarium, or pineal gland, the activity of which depends on living according to the divine laws of nature, and the injunctions of morality, temperance and chastity which all religions preserve. This organ is sometimes called the third eye, and serves when active to convey to the brain such knowledge of the inner world as the ordinary eyes convey of the outer. The Master Jesus spoke of it in the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew vi. 22), when He said: "The lamp of the body is the eye; if, therefore, thine eye be single" (active or perfect, would be a better rendering) "thy whole body is full of light." This is expounded in St. Luke xi. 34, 35, which may be rendered freely. "When thine eye is active thy whole body is full of light, but when thine eye is useless (*poneros*) thy body also is full of darkness. Take heed, therefore, that the light that is in thee be not darkness. If thy whole body, therefore, be full of light, having no part dark, everything shall be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle doth give thee light." There is no occult gift more important than this of the inner vision, "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream," as Wordsworth describes it. There are still many who disbelieve in it, but all the prophets and the seers and the saints had it, and it was no imaginary faculty but a real gift. It can be exercised only by those who have abandoned all desire for self, who are in fact utterly unselfish. There is an automatic

(*Continued on page* 45.)

A London Air Raid "Close Up"

MARY BRITTEN WRITES

By SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN.

36 *The Buildings,*
Angel Road,
N.W., England.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I would have written before in regards to the late air raid, knowing you would be in a way about us all here in the midst of it, as the saying is; but what with Alfred bein' laid up with his old complaint of V.D.H., which he has been subject to ever since buried in France, and Flossie getting rid of her gentleman friend, there seemed almost more than one pair of hands could do, let alone letters. Well, when the police whistle went, Alfred must needs contradict me.

"You're always agoing to meet them," he said, and up he got and went out and ast. We was just setting down to supper, and he left as tasty a piece of haddick as you could wish for; in his hurry to put me in the wrong. But you know Alf. Back he came.

"You're right, as usual, old lady," he says; "Fritz is aloft. My tea's got cold," he says.

"Never mind your tea," I says; and Flossie began putting on her things.

"Oh, mother, hurry," she says. We must remember that F.'s nerve was a bit gone on account of her young man, him being her first, and a terrible scene with him only three nights before.

"Hurry nothing," her father told her. "Mother's got to hot up my tea," which I did, me legs shaking a bit, I don't mind telling a relation. Mabel and young George they was for going on the roof, but their father put a stop to that, and no more said.

"Ain't we agoin' to the Tube?" ast Flossie. It did seem as if we ought to be doing something besides sit around and watch father eat that haddick.

"Are we agoin' to the Tube, old lady?" says Alf, speaking to me. "Along of them aliens," says he, "where you'll like as not hear German talked," says he, "and see things not fit for publication," he remarks.

"Well," I says, "It ain't as if there wasn't a floor and a God above us," I says, "and these buildings ain't too badly built against a bomb," I told him.

"No," says he, "that was why you took this place ten years ago, wasn't it?" he says. You know Alf. On that he lighted his pipe.

"Young George, you go to bed," he said, but I wasn't having none of that. "Don't go breakin' up the family," I told him.

"I won't if Fritz don't," Alf said, and that set Mabel off. Being in the T-and-T, she don't hardly care what she laughs at.

Well, by now there wasn't hardly a sound, not so much as a footstep. The buses was all stopped, and if a train come along, it was in an awful hurry and seemed to wish to get to its destination. Young George up and lifts a corner of the blind.

"I can see a special goin' down Scrubb Lane," he says.

"You come away from that window, or it'll be the worse for you, sonny," says Alf. So Young George come away, and we set quiet.

"There!" says Flossie. "Was that a bomb?"

"You hold your noise," says her father. "That was one of ours. They're beginning." Like a door shut heavy in an empty house it was.

"Not much in that," says Mabel.

"You wait," says Alf, so we set and waited.

"Look here," I said, "while we *are* waitin', why not have a bit of a prayer?" I said, and Alf he remarked that he didn't see it would do any harm.

"Which one, mother?" says Young George. "The Lord's Prayer?"

"No," says I, "that's for every day. It'll have to be just what comes. There's no time for lookin'," I says, and I opened the book, my hand shakin' a treat, I've got to say. Father he knocked his pipe out and come and set beside me on the sofa. The girls was anywhere, and only Young George had the sense to go on his knees.

It wasn't the right place, but I read as follows:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord."

Just then the guns began close by, and I missed some, but Alf took hold of my hand, and I went on:

"The Lord Himself is thy keeper, the Lord is thy defence on thy right hand. So that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil—" and there I give up and drop a tear, and Alf said, "That's enough, old girl," and put it away. And just on the top of that came the one close by, that you've read about in the paper, and broke the windows in the next street. I didn't scream, but I must have went pretty white, for Young George he gets his arms round me, and "Sit tight, mother," he says; "we've said our prayers, and there's nothing more we can do."

His father looks at him kind of proud, and "Well, if that don't put the lid on," he says. I can't think why Alf said that.

We was none of us hurt, and next morning kippers had gone up a penny.

Your affectionate sister,

MARY BRITTEN.



Illustrated from Photograph.

By KATHERINE HALE.

Would You Learn to Dream True?

WOULD you, in the darkest hour of the world's history, glimpse a secret of light? In an hour in which life and death are interwoven so that we can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins, would you search a strange magic which annihilates space, distance, time—even death itself? Then learn to "dream true."

Most of us know Du Maurier, son of a French father and an English mother, who wrote, after the age of sixty, three of the most remarkable English novels: "Trilby," "The Martian" and "Peter Ibbetson."

"Peter Ibbetson" contains much of Du Maurier's biography, though the famous illustrator and story-writer went afield for his plot, as he never killed an objectionable guardian nor fell into danger of hanging. Still, he might easily have done so under like provocation. And, after all, the murder and Peter's subsequent imprisonment for life are necessary as the banishment from an encroaching world which every soul that attains a cosmic or spirit consciousness must undergo.

It took twenty years for the dramatist to reduce the singular novel, "Peter Ibbetson," to what he considered a successful play. Part of the time Du Maurier himself worked with him, but by a strange irony of fate, the aged novelist had died, and also the young dramatist before the play was bought and produced by the best loved of English actresses, one who carried out the Du Maurier tradition more fully than would be possible to any other woman in the theatrical world to-day. After a warm reception on its first appearance in London, the play was enthusiastically received in New York, is now touring Canada, and will be seen in the Western States the beginning of next season.

Do you remember the lovely old story—a perfect picture of the early eighties? An English-French family were living in Paris, Ibbetson, his beautiful wife and the little Peter, and their great friend was Madame Seraskier, her wee daughter, Mimsey, being the adored playmate of Peter. And there was old Major Duquenois, who used to tell them wonderful stories. Then Peter is left an orphan, and falls into the hands of the dissolute rake, Major Ibbetson, his father's cousin. Transplanted to London from his beloved Paris, and longing for the haunts of his boyhood, he meets by chance his old-time Mimsey, disguised under the title, "Mary, Duchess of Towers." They meet and love just as naturally as of old, but Mary is not free. What might have been a tragedy is averted by the fact that she tells him how, without even touching hands, they may meet in the loveliest companionship in dreamland—that silvery country that is called the astral plane. Only, to "dream true" one must be true—the soul must remain as white as a pure and selfless flame.

Constance Collier, a wonderful Duchess of Towers, shows Peter how to dream. "It's quite easy," she says; "my father taught me. You have only to go asleep with your feet crossed and your hands behind your head. You must never leave off thinkIng where you ought to be in your dream, and when you fall asleep you get there."

They experiment, and find that they possess the inherent power which opens a magic gate of enchantment.

Then comes the tempest, in which, to avenge an insult to his mother's name, the boy kills the black maligner and is condemned to imprisonment for life. The sentence is too awful for him to bear until Mary reminds him of the power they both possess.

Then occurs a succession of the most exquisite stage pictures ever seen since play-acting began. Peter and Mary are able to summon the vision of pure love, and again they are children in the woods of Passy, time is discounted, distance is defied, they live again in that golden, golden light of faith and love and joyous purity, for all sweet things, all true things are deathless—that is what this dream-play keeps saying over and over again. When at last Mary dies, and Peter feels that for a moment he has lost her, she comes back in spirit to tell him that he is really just beginning to live, because she has found that death is a joyous going on, that "we fly away with our memories about us" to a very dear and wonderful beyond.

It is one of the extraordinary revelations of the time that great audiences everywhere should accept what would have been called pure phantasy a few years ago, with a realization that the whole drama is symbolic of experiences that human hearts are actually undergoing to-day.

The youth of our country, boys, many of them as unusual and poetic as Peter Ibbetson, have gone out to kill. They, too, have murder in their hearts against a blackness that would stain pure love. We are all banished from normal joys to-day. Death stands beside sweet life, the two seem to draw closer and closer as each moment goes by and the apparent darkness thickens about us.

What of the outcome if souls must remain speechless through earth's enveloping grey mists to the bright beyond? Shall we, too, learn to dream true?

Hon. Dr. Cody, Ontario's New Minister of Education, Outlines His Plans

(Exclusive Interview With Canadian Home Journal)

His First Official Statement of Program for Pushing Ontario to the Front---He Will Meet the People and Learn Their Views---Plans to Make the Public School Fit the Needs of the Masses---A Great Movement

By THOMAS BENGOUGH,
Secretary, Toronto Vocational Committee.

I had the honor of an invitation from Ontario's new Minister of Education, Hon. Dr. Cody, to talk over with him some educational subjects in which he knew I was interested, he having read some of my views as expressed through the "Canadian Home Journal." As we have been intimate for many years, the meeting was quite informal and unofficial, being held in Dr. Cody's private library at his residence on Jarvis Street, Toronto; but as all the matters we discussed were of public interest, especially to readers of this Journal—some of them having been touched upon by the Minister a few days later in his address to the Canadian Press Association—I secured his consent to the publication of the interview which follows. Dr. Cody is not responsible in any way for this Introduction, which he has not seen, but at my request he revised the Interview which follows, and which may be taken as his first official pronouncement of policy on these matters since his selection by Premier Hearst, who is to be congratulated on the choice of so able a colleague.

I wish to bear my personal testimony to the unusual equipment which Dr. Cody brings to his new and onerous task. He holds one of the most responsible offices that could be allotted to any man in Canada, for the advance steps taken by Ontario are watched and imitated by other Canadian provinces, and even by other nations. But if the work of the Ontario Education Department should influence no people outside this province, it would be supremely important, for the training of millions of our young people will be decided very largely by the new Minister of Education.

The training of Dr. Cody himself has been exceptionally good. His home-life was ideal. I had the unique privilege, when a boy, of spending some months in that home, in the village of Embro, Ontario, in which his father, an honored merchant, and his godly mother, maintained all the best traditions of fidelity to duty as sung by Robbie Burns in his "Cottar's Saturday Night":

> And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road
> The cottage leaves the palace far behind.

I was deeply impressed, as a lad, when present at the simple and devout family worship, at the Cody fireside, when, after reading a chapter from "the big Ha' Bible, ance his father's pride," the homely scene so well described by Burns was re-enacted, and "the saint, the husband and the father prayed" for guidance in the bringing up of this precious boy, as well as for help in the daily affairs of the family. I well remember also attending a small meeting of men of Embro at a society which I believe they called a Young Men's Christian Association. Dr. Cody's father was the leader, and opened the discussion on "The Advantages of being a Christian," by telling, in the simplest language, how at every step in his life he asked for Divine guidance, and how he had been helped at every stage in his journey. I am glad to know that this worthy father still lives to view with proud satisfaction, and also with humble gratitude to God, the great work which his son has already done for Toronto in connection with St. Paul's Church, and which is now to be enlarged to take in the Province in its most important department of Government.

The young student, who got such a fine start in life, went to High School in Galt, a town made famous for education through Dr. Tassie's noted work. During his university career Mr. Cody was fortunate in having as his "guide, philosopher and friend" the late John E. Bryant, M.A., a brilliant educationist, who was editor of "The Educational Weekly," and later on founded the Bryant Press in this city and the Booklovers' Library in Philadelphia.

Young Cody's motto all through his life has been "Thorough," and it is needless to say that at examinations all through his career he swept the papers and took the highest standing. As an example of his thoroughness I may mention that I reported his address before the Empire Club on "The National Anthem," which gave evidence of the deepest research into the history of that production, and an examination of many questions relating to its disputed authorship. When a request was made by Dr. Goggin for a copy of the address to be used in the public school reading books—for it was a classic—Dr. Cody revised it so completely that not a single page of the transcript could be sent to the printer without entire re-copying. Every date had been verified, every statement reviewed, every literary period rounded out, every sentence perfected. This is a typical illustration of the unstinted labor which Dr. Cody bestows on everything he undertakes.



Hon. Dr. Cody, the new Minister of Education, in his study.

Dr. Cody has been blessed by nature with an all-round bounty—a physical constitution that can stand any amount of work; a happy heartedness, mental alertness, buoyant joy in work, open-mindedness, sympathy, concentration, keenness, thoroughness, and absolute frankness and fairness. He has no arts or wiles, and is a decidedly new type in politics. He will "play the game" all right, but in a new, frank, broad-minded, lofty-spirited way. That he will succeed in his new sphere goes without saying, for he knows the Science and Art of Education from A to Z, and he has already put himself *en rapport* with teachers and educational officials as well as the general public by his frank desire to meet the people and get their suggestions and constructive criticisms — an attitude which at once disarms captious criticism and gives him a fair chance to "make good" on some of his strongly-held views.

Dr. Cody feels that his "call" to his present task is as clear as his original call to the ministry of the church; for he is essentially a missionary, a crusader, a knight with lance ready for the conflict with evil in any form; and I am sure he will enjoy a tilt with the Dragon of Ignorance, and that he will rouse his army of officials, inspectors, and teachers of all ranks to enthusiasm in the holy war against illiteracy, and to the task of fitting our naturally bright Canadian youth for conquest over material difficulties, and in the search for hidden riches in the wonderful natural resources of Ontario. His program for fitting the public school specially to the needs of the ninety per cent. of children who get no further education will, if carried out, result in a great uplift to this Province.

THE INTERVIEW

(As submitted to and revised by the Minister of Education.)

The reasons which led Rev. Dr. Cody to assume the office of Minister of Education, and enter politics have naturally been much discussed. On this point Hon. Dr. Cody said:

"I feel that in these great days everyone is called on to serve his country to the best of his ability; not only to do 'his bit,'—that may seem to be the minimum amount that he can do—but more than his bit, his very utmost. Probably at no other time, under no other circumstances, would it have been possible for the Prime Minister to have invited me to undertake this work, or for me to attempt to undertake it. But I am trying to do this in all humility as a piece of public service to my native Province and this Dominion, which I so dearly love. Believe me, I am undertaking this task not from any ambitious motives, and I think I may honestly add from any selfish consideration, but solely and wholly to try to render a service in this day and generation to the cause of education in Canada."

"But your entry into public life, while still retaining your position as rector of St. Paul's church, puzzles some people."

"It is a somewhat unusual step, I know," replied Dr. Cody, "but under our political constitution membership in the Legislature is the only way through which one can exercise the executive power in connection with the Department of Education. Ample provision is being made for the carrying on of the work at St. Paul's, so that I can devote myself, as I intend, with fullest energy to the Department of Education."

"What is the chief feature of the many-sided work of your Department that has most impressed you?" I asked.

"Three things stand out in great prominence in my mind," replied the Minister of Education; "first, the great importance of keeping public opinion in our Province so strong on education that great and progressive measures may be projected and sustained, as was the case with the Fisher Bill in England; next, the great need of heartening and properly supporting teachers of all grades with public sympathy and substantial recognition in money and influence; and thirdly, the special value in Canada to-day of the growing boys, who must be trained so as to be able to discharge the double responsibility which is now upon them—that which they would have to bear under normal conditions, and also the extra burden of trying to do part of the work that would have been done by the gallant fellows who will not come back to us in Canada. Therefore all that we can do for our boys of to-day in the way of sound education is a patriotic service of the highest possible character."

I told Dr. Cody how I had been trying to do my "bit" in the way of creating public sentiment in favor of progressive measures in education through the "Canadian Home Journal," the "Home and School Council," and in public addresses, and I asked him his intentions in these directions. His reply was cheering.

"I feel," said Dr. Cody, "that I have a 'brief' for teachers, trustees, and all who wish to see educational interests pushed forward; and I intend personally to visit teachers, schools, and the general public, and not only learn what is going on, but do what I can to show my sympathy with every effort to advance and improve education in this Province. I do not propose to be merely an office man; I intend to let the officials of my Department attend to the routine matters, while I keep in touch with those who are doing the work of training, pushing their local projects for the improvement of education, and paying the taxes for schools and educational property and

(Continued on page 52.)

THE CANADIAN TOMMY ON LEAVE IN ENGLAND

How the Y. M. C. A. Solves His Problems

By JOHN MELDRUM.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been directed of late to the work of the Canadian Y. M. C. A. in France, and the public may be pardoned if they subconsciously arrive at the conclusion that in no other direction do the ramifications of the Association extend.

As a matter of fact, the fields of operation are four in number. In the training camps in Canada, on board the transports conveying men to Europe, in the British Isles, as well as in the immediate theatre of war, the Canadian Red Triangle "hangs out," and its officers and men "carry on" for the boys.

Unsettled Conditions.

In some respects the service rendered in Great Britain is the most important of all. It is there that the most permanent results of "Y" influence and service are obtained, because the conditions are very much less unsettled than they are in France. While the service to the boys in the fighting line stands unique, and is a contribution to the efficiency of the Canadian army, of which the Association is justly proud, at the same time the constant movements of the troops make anything like prolonged intensive work almost an impossibility.

It is no uncommon thing in a Canadian area in France for the labor of many months on the part of the Red Triangle staff to set up a complete organization to be completely upset. Owing to some suddenly arising military contingency, carefully laid plans have to be abandoned, and equipment dismantled and removed to another location. The result is that, although the Y. M. C. A. has all along rendered an ever-increasing service to the men, much that has been planned to be done has never seen accomplishment.

This unsettled condition of things does not apply to the work in London and Great Britain generally, or in Paris. The Canadian Y. M. C. A. covers Forestry units from the north of Scotland to the large training camps in the south of England, and it embraces in its care convalescent camps and hospitals, as well as hospitality and "on leave" problems in London and elsewhere.

In all of these centres men may come and men may go, but the "Y" keeps at it from sun-up to sun-down, from one year's end to another. Obviously under such conditions the programme of the Red Triangle in ministering to the mental, moral and spiritual welfare of our boys has a far better chance of reaching a high point of efficiency than it has in France, although it may not manifest itself in such striking and dramatic ways.

The Moment of Danger.

In dealing with the moral aspect of Y. M. C. A. work, it is important to remember that the moment of supreme danger to the soldier does not occur in Canada, or on the high seas, or in the hell of the trenches. Most men have sufficient moral stamina to resist the temptations peculiar to such surroundings. The hour of subtle temptation comes when the boys are released from the training camps, or from the trenches, and given ten days' leave.

The men are turned loose, strangers in a strange land, knowing nobody, unsettled in their minds what they are going to do with their time, and in the majority of cases quite unable to make the most and the best of the opportunity unaided. Right here the men of the Red Triangle turn up smiling with a proffer of service that may lack the dramatic appeal to the public imagination presented by the "Y" service to the boys in the trenches and elsewhere in the battle zone, but which unquestionably is a service for which thousands of Canadian parents and wives have cause to thank God. The "Y's Men," as they have been christened, unobtrusively but effectively stand between the soldiers and those human sharks who regard every man in khaki as their natural prey.



Princess Patricia of Connaught and Princess Helena Victoria visit the London Y. M. C A. centres for men on leave.

How They See the Old Country.

As soon as the Canadian troops arrive in England they are placed in a Segregation Camp and kept there until all danger of disease is past. At the end of their quarantine the men are sent on leave for ten or fourteen days. Before their departure the boys are addressed by a Y. M. C. A. officer, who explains to them the arrangements that have been made for their convenience during the holidays. Copies of the illustrated booklet, "Seeing the Old Country Through the Red Triangle," are distributed. This gives an itinerary of tours in London, the beauty spots of England, Scotland and Wales. When a man has "signed up" for a particular tour he is given a folder containing a map of the route, train times, and other information. In connection with these tours an arrangement has been effected with the Co-operative Holiday Association whereby nine guest houses in various parts of the country receive Canadians on leave. Before setting out the boys know exactly the minimum amount of money they must spend, and the programme for every minute of their time is in their hands. As a rule the men proceed in a body to London, where they are met by "Y" officers who conduct them in groups to their respective railway stations and see them on board their trains.

London the Supreme Attraction.

London, is, of course, the supreme attraction, and the facilities for serving the Canadian Tommy on leave in that great City have been perfected to a high degree. In the Strand, the Beaver Hut, presided over by Miss Helen Fitzrandolph, of New Brunswick, has 200 beds and can serve 2,000 meals daily. The Little Theatre, Adelphi, serves 15,000 meals every month, and is a centre for Canadians and other overseas troops on leave. Millbank Hut, close to the Canadian Pay Office, serves 16,000 meals daily. At Grosvenor Gardens Kit-Store the men can leave their kits and any other impedimenta free of charge. At most of these centres a constant programme of concerts, piano recitals, lectures, etc., is put on for the boys, and at all of them there are facilities for reading, writing, resting and meeting friends. Each club is also an "Enquiry Upon Everything" Bureau.



The Hospitality League.

Many of the boys who do not care to tour under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., and prefer to "do London on their own," generally come, sooner or later, into touch with the Hospitality League organized by the Red Triangle. They find the vastness and loneliness of the metropolis overpowering, and are generally glad to be taken in hand and receive an invitation from a hostess whose hospitable door is ever open to the men from overseas. Through this league several hundred hostesses from the best London homes extend a welcome to any who care to spend an evening under the happiest and best auspices. Many hundreds of Canadians take advantage of this opportunity, and one-third of all the men dealt

(*Continued on page* 39.)



Centre—The Lounge in Canadian Y. M. C. A. Hotel d'Iena, Paris.

Left—A Canadian party leaving the Hotel d'Iena.

Right — Canadian Boys in front of Y. M. C. A. "Little Theatre," London.





"Then she drew me to the bed and held the light so that the sleeper's face was clearly revealed."

A King in Babylon

By BURTON E. STEVENSON
Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE.

The Big Scene of The Picture is Filmed, The Burying Alive of The Princess

Synopsis on page 16

CHAPTER XX (*Continued.*)

"I FEEL that I shall never be afraid again," Jimmy added, after a moment. "Never again—whatever happens!"

So that was the change we had sensed in him—he had shaken off fear.

"You mean that you have been afraid?" I asked.

"Oh, desperately. It wasn't the heat, Billy, that sent me off like that. It was fear—fear and bewilderment—a sort of feeling that Fate had brought me here after the lapse of centuries for some awful purpose of its own. I seemed to recognize this oasis; the first time I looked down into that excavation, it somehow looked familiar; when we dug out that ghastly mummy, I knew that I had seen it before . . ."

"Of course you had seen it before!" I broke in.

"No, I hadn't. I'd never laid eyes on it till Creel and I dragged it out of that hole."

"It was manufactured in our work rooms about a month ago," I pointed out, "so if you mean you had seen it out here, or in some former existence, or anything of that sort—why, it's ridiculous!"

"I know it," Jimmy agreed. "Perhaps it was one like it—I suppose they all look alike. But the biggest shock was when we laid it on the sand, and I stared down at it, and saw it change . . ."

He passed his hand before his eyes, and let the sentence trail away into nothingness.

"The trouble with you is," I said brusquely, "that this infernal picture has got on your brain. You've mulled over it so much that you are beginning to think it's true, and to imagine you really see what you are only supposed to see! It makes your acting better than I ever knew it—I'll say that—but it must be blamed hard on your nerves!"

"You may be right," Jimmy agreed. "As a matter of fact, I suppose you *are* right. But all that was nothing to the sensation I had when I crawled through that hole this afternoon—and it had nothing to do with the picture, either!"

"I could see that you were scared," I said.

"Scared! Scared isn't the name for it. I was in a blue funk. It was all I could do to claw my way through that hole, because I knew, clear to the bottom of my soul, that it was my own tomb I was entering, and that something was waiting for me inside." I felt the desert chill strike into me, and I snuggled back deeper into the sand.

"Well, was there?" I asked, in a voice I tried vainly to make unconcerned.

"Yes," answered Jimmy, in a low tone, "there was."

"What was it?" I asked, and all pretense had fallen away—I had slipped back shamefully into unreasoning fear!—and my voice was only a hoarse whisper.

"I don't know what it was," answered Jimmy, quietly; "but I know that it took me by the hand, as if in welcome, and raised me from the place where I had fallen, and led me through that narrow door, and along that corridor, to the spot where I lay buried; and it said to me, 'Kneel here!' . . ."

He broke off suddenly, and rubbed his head bewilderedly.

"There's a crook somewhere," he said; "I can't think straight—I can't disentangle reality from unreality—it's all mixed up. Do you suppose I'm going mad, Billy?"

"Mad?" I echoed. "Nonsense, man!"

But there was a chill in my blood; perhaps that was it!

"My mind seems extraordinarily lucid," he added, "and all my senses seem somehow more acute. That's one reason I wanted to go over there tonight—I could see things and hear things and smell things . . ."

"Nonsense!" I said again, and rose abruptly—he'd be asking me to accompany him, next! "You're going to bed—that's where you're going. We've all of us got a hard day ahead to-morrow, and we'll need all the rest we can get. Come along!"

He rose with an obedience that surprised me.

"Whether I'm mad or not," he said, as we started back, "there's one thing I'll promise you—I'll never be afraid again!"

CHAPTER XXI.

HE was as good as his word. Whatever he was after that—malign, demoniac, possessed—I am sure that not for one instant was he afraid. Right up to the end of the chapter, he carried a brave front—even a reckless one. Perhaps, in the final hour, when he found himself alone . . .

Next morning, while Davis and two or three of the natives were chipping away at the cemented lid of the sarcophagus of Sekenyen-Re, we made a retake of the discovery of the mummy, and Jimmy went through the whole gruesome programme without a shiver. The mummy was lifted through the hole, and then Jimmy entered, while Creel, again in khaki in the character of first assistant explorer, posed the natives, with the invaluable assistance of Mustafa. The scene, of course, was to follow immediately the one we had taken the day before, when Jimmy entered the tomb, and the audiences that viewed the picture would never suspect the exciting events which had occurred between!

Creel got everything ready, at last, and gave me the signal, and I started cranking, and then he went forward and peered through the hole; and then he backed away, and Jimmy appeared in the opening with the mummy in his arms. He held it closely, even lovingly, and as he passed it out to Creel and Mustafa, he cast a glance which I can only describe as exultant at Mlle. Roland, who was waiting, attired in her harem costume, to do the vision. Her attitude was one of calm detachment, as though the proceedings rather bored her; but Jimmy's eyes were shining as though he had somehow won a great victory.

Then the mummy was laid on the ground, and he went through the business of staring down at it, and tumbling in a faint; but he didn't do it half so convincingly as he had the day before! I don't mean to say he didn't do it well—Jimmy was too good an actor to do anything badly—but his performance lacked the gripping, hair-raising reality which it had possessed before. Then it had given me the shivers—now I watched it quite unconcerned.

It wasn't till Mlle. Roland came forward to do the double-exposure that I saw how pale she was. Creel noticed it too.

"Aren't you well?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, thank you, I am quite well," she answered, and took her place on the sand.

"For heaven's sake, don't *you* get to falling over!"

"Do not fear; I am not of that sort," and she smiled up at him much as she was supposed to smile up at Jimmy.

Creel stood looking down at her for a moment with a puzzled face—perhaps it was the gibe at

(*Continued on following page.*)

A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

Jimmy which puzzled him!—then he turned away abruptly.

"All right, Billy," he said, and I made the double exposure, just as I had the first time.

Then we did a short scene of four natives carrying away the unconscious Jimmy, while the girl, materializing apparently out of the body of the mummy, sat up and leered after him in triumph—and, heavens, the way she did it! Then, as the sun had grown uncomfortably hot, we went over to the oasis, and gathered up Ma Creel and Mollie, and did two or three fillers with the palms and the native camp as backgrounds; and finally Creel dismissed us with the injunction to be ready at three o'clock in Oriental costume.

I knew that he was going to do the burying-alive scene—the biggest scene of the film, upon which its success would very largely depend—and I soon realized that he was nervous over it, for he actually came and asked me for advice—me, the cameraman!—as I was putting away my box.

"I don't half-like the idea of those natives handling the Princess," he said; "especially in that harem rig. You remember how they looked at her."

"Do they have to handle her?" I asked.

"Well, naturally, there has to be a struggle. She's not going to let herself be put inside that tomb without a fight. Of course, from the picture point of view, the more brutal the fight is the better—I'm afraid it will get too brutal."

"If we had some swords or spears . . ."

But Creel shook his head impatiently.

"That wouldn't do. She'd throw herself on the spears rather than be buried alive. Anybody would! No—she's got to be handled roughly—damn roughly! This is the big scene, and we've got to put it over. What the king would really have done would be to have his men strip her naked, and lash her with whips into the tomb. We can't go that far, of course, but we've got to get as close to it as we dare!"

"You'd better find out how much the Princess will stand for," I suggested.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of that—she's an artist—she'll stand for whatever is necessary. Digby can do most of it, with Mustafa to help. I think we can trust Mustafa. If that isn't enough, I'll have to put on a coat of bronze myself. Come along and let's look over the ground. You don't mind the sun, do you?"

"No," I said; "I seem to be sun-proof;" and Creel summoned Digby, and together we walked over to the excavation.

The natives had knocked off work, but Mustafa routed out a couple for us, and under Creel's direction, the entrance to the tomb was squared up, and the stones to fill the opening were piled up neatly close at hand.

"We'll have to have something for mortar," said Creel; "black mortar like that in the wall."

"Sand and water will do," said Digby. "I can darken it with some lamp-black."

"All right," Creel agreed. "You didn't forget those trowels, did you?"

"Sure not," said Digby who never forgot anything.

"There's one place up there where the masonry's broken. You'd better have that repaired, Mustafa, and then have the whole front of the tomb scrubbed off, so that it will look clean and new. And sweep up all this debris. I want it to look as it did four thousand years ago, when it was first built."

"Vurry good, saar," said Mustafa, and sent a native off for brooms and water.

"This stone with the oval in it," Creel added, "will be the last one in—the seal, as it were, closing up the tomb. You want to do some figuring, Digby, so that it will fit in properly. Do you know anything about masonry?"

"I know enough to pull off this job," Digby assured him. "I'll pile up the stones the way they go—it ought to be easy, then."

"That's right," Creel agreed. "And, of course, if you get stuck, we can stop camera. And get your props ready, Digby—we'll want the whole outfit, you know, to make the scene as impressive as possible. And get the sand cleaned off those steps, Mustafa—I want to take one scene there. If we had a strip of carpet . . ."

"I've got one," said Digby. "I put it in on the chance we'd need it."

"Good for you! Lay it from the steps over to the tomb; and spread some rugs here for the king to stand on. It wouldn't hurt to rig up a square of painted canvas for a shelter."

"All right," said Digby, and hurried away to carry out these multifarious instructions.

"I don't know what I'd do without Digby," said Creel, looking after him. Then he turned back to the tomb. "Come along; let's see what the professor's doing."

I hadn't seen Davis all morning—he had risen ahead of all of us, and had been too busy since to waste any time watching our performance. I knew what he was at, for intermittently I had caught the sound of his chisels chipping at the sarcophagus. Now, as we climbed through the hole, the sound came clearer and louder.

"If he does find a coffin in that thing, he'll have to tear this wall down before he can get it out," Creel remarked, as we squeezed through the narrow passage into the corridor. "Gracious but it's hot in here!" he added, and indeed the atmosphere was more stifling than I had ever felt it. "I don't see how Davis stands it. Look at him, working like a slave . . ."

He was crouched beside the sarcophagus, in a position which must have been acutely uncomfortable, and hammering away at the cement by the light of a torch held by one of the natives. He paused to wipe away the perspiration, as we came in, saw us, and greeted us cheerfully.

"I'll have it open by evening," he said, and showed us where the adamantine cement had been chiselled away for about half the length of the lid. "This is certainly the hardest stuff I ever tackled."

Three natives were helping him, and the impact of their chisels was of steel on steel.

"I'm going to do the burying-alive scene this afternoon," said Creel, "and we'll have to wall up that hole out there for a few minutes; but I guess you won't suffocate."

"No, of course not," Davis agreed. "Go ahead."

"Also I'll have to use about all the natives."

"All right. I can't use them in here," and he bent again to his task.

Creel watched him for a moment curiously.

"You really expect to find a mummy in there?" he asked.

"A mummy—yes—and much more," said Davis, between blows. "I hope to prove whether the book of Genesis is true or false."

Creel whistled softly.

"Come along, Billy," he said. "We'd better be off about our picayune affairs. This is too big for us!"

Davis answered with a short laugh.

"It *is* big," he agreed.

"Too big, I suppose," continued Creel, "to permit your stopping for lunch."

"Is it time for lunch?" and Davis looked up in surprise.

"It's almost noon."

Davis straightened his back slowly, laid his hammer and chisel regretfully on top of the sarcophagus, and mopped the sweat from his face.

"I might have guessed it by the heat," he said, and dismissed the natives, who scampered off with an alacrity which showed that they, at least, had not been oblivious to the passage of time and the pangs of hunger. "I didn't realize how tired I was," he added. "This sort of work takes it out of a fellow. It's a mistake to overdo it."

"Yes, it is," agreed Creel; "it's a mistake to overdo anything. You think you'll be ready to open that thing to-night?"

"Yes—there is only four or five hours' more work on it."

"And after that you are going to tear down that door with the 'Keep Out!' sign on it?"

"Yes," and Davis cast an amused glance toward the symbol of warning cut in the farther wall.

Creel hesitated a minute.

"You haven't seen any more ghosts?" he asked at last, in a tone he tried vainly to render merely casual.

"I haven't seen any at all," snapped Davis. "I never saw a ghost—I don't believe in them."

"Neither do I," said Creel slowly. "At least, I didn't think I did—but yesterday . . ."

"Do you really believe someone knocked that torch out of your hand?" Davis demanded.

"Did Billy tell you that?" asked Creel, and cast on me a reproachful glance. "As a matter of fact, I don't know what happened. At the time, I would have sworn that it was knocked out of my hand—and there was an ugly welt across my knuckles to prove it. But I've thought about it a good deal since, and of course it *does* seem absurd. Perhaps I *did* knock my hand against something—though what I could have knocked it against beats me. I was standing right here—you can see for yourself I wasn't within reach of anything . . ."

He stopped suddenly, his eyes on the floor. For Davis, with a sardonic smile, had turned the ray of his torch upon a jagged fragment of stone which lay almost at his feet—a stone which would weigh four or five pounds; and then he pointed his torch toward the roof, and we saw the hole from which the fragment had fallen.

"There's your ghost," he said drily. "No wonder it raised a welt!"

Creel stared at the stone a moment longer; then he stooped and picked it up and weighed it in his hand, and examined its sharp edges. Finally he cast it away into a corner of the tomb.

"No doubt you are right," he agreed; "and I suppose I seem an awful fool to you. Nevertheless there's one thing I want to say, and it is this: I understand in a dim way what you hope to find in this sarcophagus; it's a big thing—a tremendous thing—worth running some risk for . . ."

"What risk?" demanded Davis.

"I don't know; but I feel somehow that there is a risk . . ."

"Rubbish!" Davis broke in. "Even if there were, do you suppose I . . ."

"No, I don't," said Creel; "and I wouldn't ask you to. I'd take it myself. In fact, before you raise the lid, I hope you will invite me to be present."

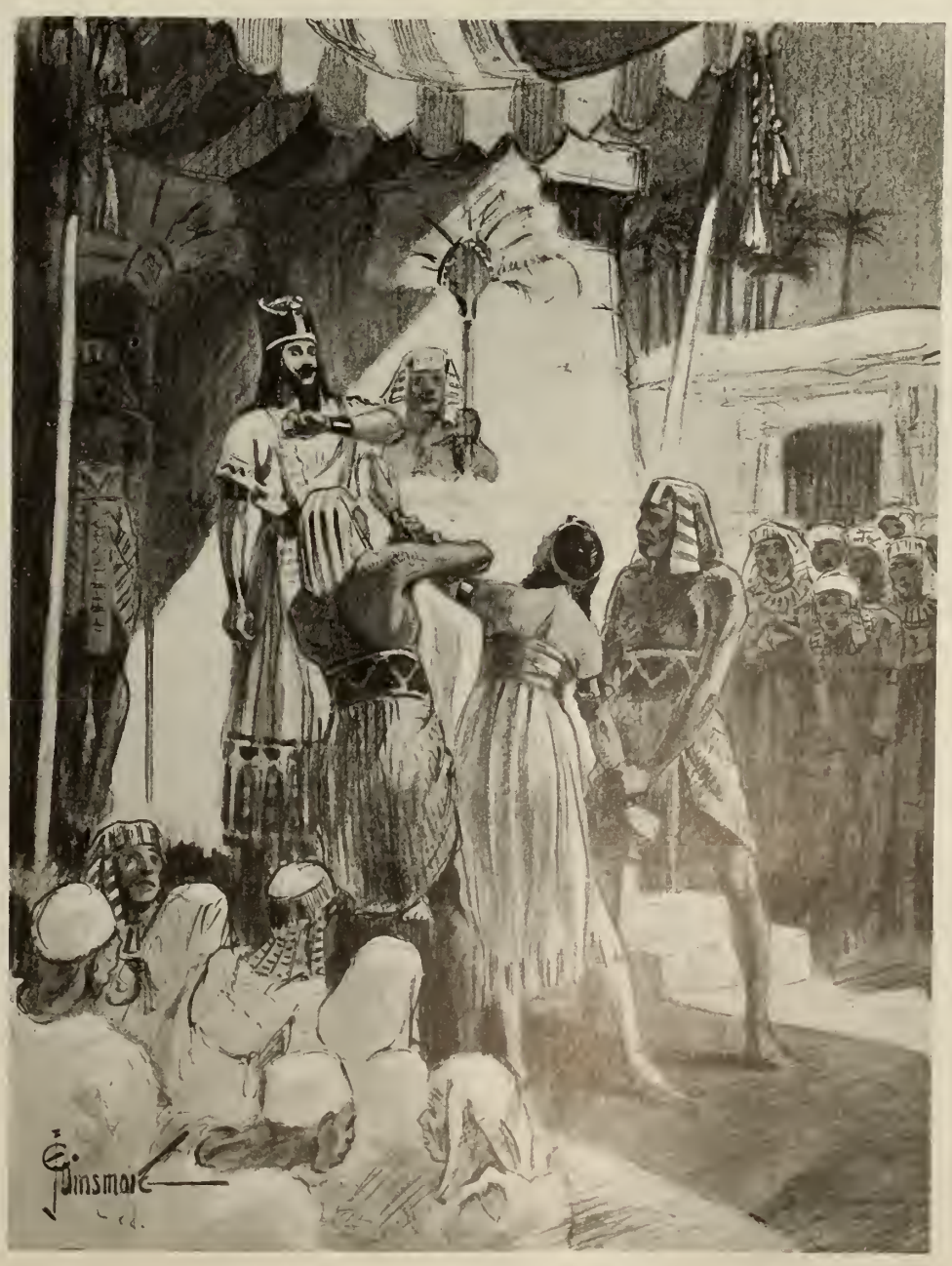
"All right; I will," Davis agreed. "But what is it you're driving at?"

"What I'm driving at is this," said Creel, speaking with visible effort; "I feel, somehow, that the risk you run in opening this sarcophagus, great as it is, isn't a thousandth part of the risk you'll take if you tear down that door back yonder."

Davis stared at him.

"Nonsense, man!" he cried. "You're not developing a case of nerves, too!"

(Continued on following page.)



"She begged for mercy, the tears streaming down her face, 'Look—I am young—I am beautiful—see this body, so soft and tender—so full of delight—and it is yours—yours.'"

A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

"Oh, Jimmy has got over his!" said Creel. "You should have seen him this morning hugging that mummy—quite as if he liked it! No, it isn't nerves—it is something deeper. What do you expect to find behind that door?"

"I don't know," answered Davis; "but I do know one thing, and it is this: there is something there—something unusual—something terrible, perhaps. That sign was never used without good reason. No Egyptian would dare disregard it."

"Ah, you see," Creel began.

"But I am not an Egyptian," Davis broke in. "I'm a scientist—I have left those old superstitions behind me. That sign, instead of warning me away, lures me on. I am determined to see what is behind that door!"

His eyes were shining with excitement. Creel gazed into them a moment without speaking.

"I see," he said, at last. "I dare say I should feel the same way, in your place. Well, let's go to lunch," and he turned away toward the corridor.

CHAPTER XXII.

CREEL and Mustafa had a strenuous time, that afternoon, getting our cohort of natives into shape. They were so excited by the prospect of dressing up in masquerade that they behaved like a lot of children.

Mustafa opened the proceedings by an oration in what I suppose was Arabic, and the fellahin listened respectfully, squatted in a semi-circle before him. It was the first time I had had occasion to observe them *en masse* and closely, and I was struck by their strange similarity of appearance—a similarity much greater than that of negroes or even Chinamen. The almond-shaped eyes, with their thick fringe of lashes, the smooth straight eyebrows, the wide-lipped mouth, the high cheek-bones, the receding forehead, the broad flat nose—all these gave to that circle of bronze faces a uniformity almost startling, especially since every face was crowned with a close-fitting skull-cap, converted into a sort of turban by winding a strip of dirty white cloth around it; and add to this the fact that their bodies, thin almost to emaciation, were all clothed alike in long brown smocks and baggy white trousers—why, it almost seemed as if Mustafa's audience was composed not of fifty men, but of fifty replicas of the same man!

They listened to the dragoman's remarks in silence and with impassive faces until, toward the end, he rose to what I supposed to be a more impassioned flight, for then they grinned and nodded approval, and chattered to each other like a lot of blackbirds. I found out afterwards that what had won this applause was not any trick of oratory, but the promise of an extra hundred piastres for the crowd, if it would do faithfully what was required of it. A hundred piastres runs all the way to five dollars, and Creel afterwards paid it cheerfully.

But our troubles were just beginning. The natives, under the stimulus of this brilliant reward, were willing enough and donned joyously the gorgeous raiment prepared for them, but to get them to do what we wanted them to do brought Creel to the verge of hysteria. All credit to him that he finally succeeded, except when . . . but I mustn't get ahead of my story.

The first scene we took was in front of the tent, showing the erstwhile favorite being dragged away to her fate, while the king looked cynically on, with his eunuchs and other minions in the background. Digby and Mustafa did the dragging, and they had their hands so full that it looked to me as though Creel would have to don that coat of bronze and help!

From the instant Mlle. Roland came in sight between her captors, I knew we were in for an afternoon of excitement. Her face was deathly pale, her eyes filmed with horror, her whole being vibrant with desperate agony. I have never seen a glance more heartrending than that she cast at Jimmy; but his cynical smile did not waver and he urged her executioners on. The effect on the natives was extraordinary—just the effect we wanted, as Creel observed delightedly, for they moved uneasily, staring with open mouths, evidently divided between fear of Jimmy, who looked very regal indeed in his purple robes, and sympathy for his victim, who had never seemed more beautiful.

"Great!" said Creel, when the scene was finished, and Mlle. Roland stood pale and panting, while Mustafa scraped the sweat from his face with a hooked finger. (Poor Digby didn't dare wipe his, for fear the bronze would come off!) "It couldn't be better, Princess. Now we'll take another, out at the edge of the oasis."

She walked away without answering, and there was something in her face which made me vaguely uneasy—the same look which Jimmy's face had had the day before—a look which seemed to say that this wasn't acting at all, but grim reality. And there was something in the look which Jimmy sent after her I didn't like, either—a kind of infernal gloating . . .

I got my camera set up with a beautiful clump of palms as a background, while Creel and Mustafa marshalled the players, and then we did a scene with the whole crowd starting across the desert toward the tomb. The Princess had ceased struggling, and walked with drooping shoulders and bowed head, as though she recognized the uselessness of resistance. As she passed the camera, she looked straight into it with the most tragic glance I ever saw. To look into the camera is usually an error of technique; but it wasn't in this case. I could guess how that glance would thrill the audience!

Then we did a third scene on the steps—a terrific close-up; for when she reached the steps, and looked across the court, and saw the open tomb waiting to receive her, she was like a mad woman, shrieking, clawing, writhing . . .

It was only by putting forth their utmost strength that Digby and Mustafa managed to drag her down.

"Look here," I heard Digby pant, "we can't help hurting you, you know, if you don't let up a little!"

But she didn't let up—only looked at him as though he had uttered an insult, and spat in his face; and I fancied I could see Digby go pale under his bronze as he bit his lips and dragged her on; and I heard something else that sent a chill over me—a sort of guttural murmur from the natives, as they realized what was about to happen.

Digby and Mustafa had dropped their prisoner the instant the scene was over, and when I got down the steps, she was leaning against the wall with staring eyes, her lips drawn back in an ugly snarl, her bosom rising and falling convulsively. To me she seemed on the verge of collapse—but she didn't even look at me when I asked her if there was anything I could do—just stood there, clutching at the wall for support, and staring toward the tomb . . .

Digby and Mustafa were expostulating with Creel.

"My God, saar," said Mustafa, "it iss too much—I can not do it!"

"She spat in my face!" growled Digby.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Creel.. "It was great—consummate! Suppose she *did* spit in your face? That won't hurt you! No—don't you dare wipe it off!"

"But I don't like it. It's going too far! It's not right!"

"It's gloriously right!"

"But, saar," Mustafa protested, "the fellahin—they not understand. They make trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Did you not hear them? It iss bad when they make that noise—vurry bad! They think she iss to be killed!"

"Oh, well, explain that it is only make-believe," said Creel impatiently. "I thought they understood that!"

"It iss impossible," said Mustafa, "for them to understand. It iss something beyond them."

"Promise them another hundred piastres, then," said Creel, and while Mustafa began another oration to the excited natives, he walked over to Mlle. Roland. "It is perfectly gorgeous, Princess!" he said, and I saw that he himself was too excited to notice how near prostration she was. "It's the greatest scene I ever filmed! If you can only keep it up . . ."

She looked at him strangely, without replying, and he might have noticed something then, had not Mustafa hurried up, rubbing his hands.

"It iss all right, saar," he said. "What do we do now?"

"Line them up in front of the tomb, along the carpet. Put your camera here, Billy. Jimmy, stand here under the shelter. Ready? Now, Princess, the final struggle. Get hold of her, Digby; get hold of her, Mustafa. Shove her into the tomb!"

It must be by a sort of sixth sense a camera-man grinds out his foot a second; at least, when that scene was over, I could not remember that I had cranked at all, and for an instant turned sick and dizzy; but when I glanced at my indicator, I saw it was all right . . .

I thought they would break her wrists, dragging her forward. She dug her heels into the sand, she tried to throw herself prostrate, she twined herself about the men—and such cries, such shrieks . .

And then, when they got her to the tomb, she wrenched herself free and sprang at Jimmy, who stood looking coldly on, and I verily believe she would have clawed his eyes out if Digby and Mustafa had not seized her and dragged her back.

And then she begged for mercy, the tears streaming down her face . . .

"Look—I am young—I am beautiful—see this body, so soft and tender—so full of delight—and it is yours—yours . . ."

I swear I came within an ace of rushing forward and rescuing her myself! And I could have torn Jimmy limb from limb when he shook his head and motioned her away . . .

And then the struggle began again, more terrible than ever; and I saw her bend swiftly and sink her teeth into Mustafa's arm; and I saw the purple rage which flashed into his face, as he whirled her from her feet and thrust her into the tomb . .

"Bring your box up here, Billy," cried Creel. "Now, Digby, quick—the stones!"

And Digby, with shaking hands, began to set in place the stones which Mustafa handed up to him.

Once her face appeared at the opening, livid—scarcely a living face—and Mustafa thrust it back into the darkness with one ruthless blow; and then all the stones were in but the last square one, with its oval cartouche—and through the hole her hands were thrust, begging, imploring for mercy, and I could hear her voice, faint and inarticulate . . .

Digby hesitated, the stone in his hands, and glanced at Jimmy. It was the supreme touch,—how it would register!—and Jimmy nodded coldly.

"Put it in!" he said; and Digby dabbed it with the black mortar and thrust it into place.

"Now," cried Creel, "walk slowly away, all of you, out of the picture . ."

But that touch was destined never to be added, for with a hoarse cry, the fellahin swept over us, and began to claw frantically at that sealed opening.

"Crank, Billy, crank!" yelled Creel, and he told me afterwards that the thought had flashed into his head that he might use the scene somehow—but he never did. I saw it the other day, when we were testing out the film, and even on the screen, it gave me the horrors, for it brought that frantic minute so clearly back to me . . .

I cranked away during the sixty seconds it took those desperate blacks to claw those stones out again . . .

"By God, saar, she bit me!" I heard Mustafa saying, and saw that a dark stain was spreading across his white sleeve. "She iss no woman—she is a devil! She should stay in there!"

"Davis and three or four men are in there, too," answered Creel, with a smile. "We can't very well abandon them! Anyhow those blacks of yours have settled the matter. They've got the stones out—call them off, Mustafa, and get those clothes off of them before they're torn to shreds. My wife will dress your wound—and I'll give you ten dollars extra into the bargain . . "

Mustafa's face, which had been sullen and threatening, cleared as if by magic, and he waded into his men with some of the most energetic language I ever heard. And such is the force of habit, ingrained through long centuries of oppression, that his men slunk back and pulled off their gay attire and piled it in a heap under Digby's direction. But they were evidently not satisfied, for they hung about the border of the excavation, watching sullenly to see what would happen next.

For Mlle. Roland had not reappeared at the opening in the tomb.

I had expected to see her standing there, the instant the stones were pulled away, pale, panting and triumphant—but there was only the blackness of the tomb; and then Creel ran forward and disappeared inside. And then, as I unslung my camera with trembling hands—for I knew that it would not be needed again that day!—I was astonished to see Jimmy in all his war-paint as king of Egypt, calmly mounting the steps out of the excavation, as though he had no possible concern in the girl's fate. Or as though he knew that fate was settled—that he had buried her alive and was leaving her to die! That was what his look seemed to say, so cruel and impassive . . .

Then Creel's face re-appeared at the opening.

"Turn your box over to Digby, Billy," he called, "and come here."

A moment later, I was clambering through the opening.

"No! no!" called Creel's voice. "Stay outside—wait a minute!"

"What's the matter?" I gasped.

"Nothing serious; the Princess has fainted," and then he came toward me out of the darkness, with

(Continued on following page.)

THE STORY UP TO THE PRESENT

A NEW YORK company of moving picture actors goes to Egypt to film a great picture which it is believed will make a tremendous "hit." Davis, an Egyptologist, joins the party at Luxor, and with an outfit of camels, donkeys, etc., they journey into the desert. While Davis accompanies and directs them, his real object is to complete excavations in certain ruins in which he believes he will find the tomb of an ancient king.

He is correct in his supposition and the outer entrance of the tomb of Sekenyen-Re is unearthed. The plot of the picture and the real become strangely interwoven in this land of mystery and superstition, and it often remains for the old Egyptologist to give a reasonable solution of the many uncanny happenings. In the preceding chapter Jimmy disappeared within the opening to the tomb, and in searching for him Creel's hand was struck and his light knocked to the ground. He seemed to see a gray figure disappear just at that instant. On his hand there was a red welt,—something had certainly hit him.

A King in Babylon

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

the girl in his arms. "Take her when I lift her up to you—she's not heavy."

As I bent forward and passed my arms under her knees and shoulders, I caught, from within the tomb, the regular chip-chipping of Davis's chisel; and I shivered, for there was something curiously ominous in the sound—as though he were closing a sepulchre instead of opening one. And then the light fell on the girl's face, and I stared down at it in horror.

"She's dead, Creel!" I gasped, for it was ghastly, and across one cheek was an ugly bruise, already turning blue.

"Nonsense!" snapped Creel. "Don't lose your nerve, Billy," and he clambered through. "Mustafa," he called, "you will tell your men that the lady has fainted, but will soon be all right again. Then help Digby bring that stuff over to the tent. Now, give her to me, Billy," and he lifted her from my arms. "You bring your camera. We've got to guard that film—we'll never make another like it—not if we live a thousand years!"

As we mounted the steps, we could hear Mustafa imparting Creel's assurance to his men—that the lady had only fainted. But had she? As I looked down at her, lying so limp and ghastly in Creel's arms, I was shaken again by a great fear.

"Look at that bruise, Creel," I whispered. "Do you suppose that was where Mustafa struck her?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Creel, grimly. "It's an ugly bruise, I know—but the film was worth it. I know she'll think so! The bruise will heal in a day or two, but that scene will make her famous! And maybe it wasn't Mustafa at all—maybe she struck it when she fell. Anyway, she hasn't anything to complain of—she buried her teeth in his arm."

"I know," I said. "I saw it. Do you think—it was—just acting?"

"No," said Creel shortly. "It was better than acting. I think she went mad—I think she imagined she was really being buried alive; maybe that's her method—to let herself go."

"She made my flesh creep!" I said.

"It was gorgeous," Creel agreed; "and this is the reaction. It was bound to come."

I glanced again at the ghastly face.

"If she only comes around all right," I began.

"Of course she'll come around all right," broke in Creel angrily. "A little ammonia, or something of that sort. My wife will know what to do—women are used to this sort of thing."

And indeed Ma Creel took charge of the case in a matter-of-course way which was most reassuring.

"You men run along," she said, after Creel had laid the girl on the bed. "You're only in the way here. But I'm surprised at you, Warrie, letting her work herself into this state."

"Letting her!" echoed Creel. "Why, good lord, Mary, I couldn't have stopped her if I'd wanted to. She was like a wild-cat!"

"It's a shame, just the same! What made that bruise on her cheek?"

"I guess she struck it when she fainted," said Creel.

"Well, all I can say is I'm ashamed of you! Now you and Billy get out of here. Mollie and I will look after her."

Creel and I left the tent like a pair of criminals. Outside we came upon Jimmy, stretched at his ease in a canvas lounging-chair, and smoking a cigarette. To my surprise, he still wore his Oriental costume, though it must have been suffocatingly hot.

"You can get out of those togs, Jimmy," said Creel, shortly. "We're through for to-day. I thought you understood."

"I wanted to be sure," said Jimmy. "It's an infernal nuisance getting into this rig. Mlle. Roland all right?" he asked carelessly.

"She fainted," said Creel. "That final scene was too much for her. You certainly took it coolly enough."

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy; "I've got past the fainting stage."

Creel shot him a curious glance; as for me, I turned away with something very like disgust, for the conviction suddenly flashed upon me that his callousness during the burial scene had not been assumed; that he would have looked on just as calmly if it had been in deadly earnest instead of make-believe . . .

I went over to the property-tent and sealed up the film in an air-tight case, and labeled it. The heat made me a little uneasy about all the films. If anything should happen to them—but I didn't dare think of it.

Jimmy came in as I was putting my camera away, and began to strip off his robes, whistling softly under his breath. The sound enraged me, and I was about to tell him so, when Creel called me from outside.

"Billy!"

"Yes," I answered.

"Davis has sent word that he's ready to open the sarcophagus. Don't you want to go over?"

"I surely do!" I said, and hurried out and joined him.

Davis was waiting for us at the entrance to the tomb, his face convulsed with excitement.

"Come along!" he cried; "I've got the lid loose—I wouldn't have waited much longer!"

He led the way along the passage into the inner chamber. Four natives were waiting there, armed with long crowbars, and at a sign from Davis, they set to work prying up the great granite lid. Slowly it rose—an inch—two inches—and I caught a sudden gust of spicy perfume . . .

"Now, slide it over!" said Davis, hoarsely, and I could judge of his excitement by the way my own heart was hammering in my throat. "Careful! Careful!" And then he was clinging to the edge of the sarcophagus, staring down into it. "I've found it!" he whispered hoarsely. "By heaven, I've found it!"

For an instant I was dazzled by the glow of light and color which burst from within the tomb, under the rays of the torches; then I saw something vaguely like a human form, gilt from top to bottom; and a face staring up at me with wide-open eyes . . .

"Look at it!" gasped Creel. "Look at it!" And he pointed at the face with a shaking finger.

And my heart turned to ice within me, for the face was the face of Jimmy Allen!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Of the moment that followed I have no distinct recollection. I vaguely remember clinging to Creel, and I could feel his vise-like grip on my arm; and I suppose I must have closed my eyes, for when I opened them and looked again down into that staring face, that startling likeness had vanished. All that lay there was a dark hued countenance, with wide-open eyes of glass gazing placidly up at us. It was like a dissolving view, or a puzzle picture, which changes as one looks at it.

Then I saw that it was not the mummy I was staring at, but the outer case, or coffin, moulded to the lines of the human form inside it; and that it was upon one end of this outer case that the face—a portrait, presumably, of the man whose body lay within—had been carved and then carefully painted.

"Did you see it?" asked Creel, relaxing his grip and wiping the sweat from his face.

I nodded mutely.

"See what?" demanded Davis.

"The first glimpse I had of that face," said Creel, "I'd have sworn it was Jimmy Allen."

Davis squinted down at it.

"It's a portrait of Sekenyen-Re," he said, "if this is really his mummy; and it doesn't look the least like Allen." Then he looked at it again, and I could see by his startled expression that he had caught the likeness. "By George, it does, though!" he said.

"Better not let Jimmy see it," said Creel. "It will only send him off again."

"Better not let Jimmy see what?" demanded a voice, and there was Jimmy behind us. "I heard Creel invite Billy over," he explained to Davis, "and I came too, as soon as I got off my war-paint. I hope you don't mind?"

"Not at all," Davis assured him, and turned back to an inspection of the coffin.

"Now," said Jimmy to Creel, "what was it I wasn't to see?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Creel nervously.

"What was it, Billy?" asked Jimmy, turning to me. "Come, I'm not a child. What was it?"

"When we first saw it," I explained, "we thought that face painted on the coffin looked a little like you. Of course it doesn't really . . ."

"Why shouldn't it look like me?"

(*Continued on page* 33.)



The Baby

It is very easy for a baby's skin to become chafed and sore either from the bathing or from garments that have lost their softness in the wash, and it always is a troublesome matter to keep nursing bottles and other utensils sweet and clean.

The only safe way is to use the mildest, purest, whitest soap to be had. That is Ivory Soap. It is impossible to make soap of higher quality, no matter what the price may be. When you use it, you know that, so far as bathing and cleansing are concerned, you are doing your best to keep baby healthy and good-natured.

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The First of a Series of Articles to be Published Dealing with the Subject

After the War—What?

By A. FRANK READE.

Reconstruction in Canada—The Great Opportunity for Women Who Think—Reforms Needed in all Directions—The World Must be Made Safe for Democracy—Democracy Must be Made Safe for the World—Is Democracy Workable in Canada?

Introductory Article.

A CANADIAN friend who spent some time "down south," tells a good story about the heat in that region. One morning he sat down to breakfast when the mercury was playing around the nineties, and he asked the big black cook, "Is it going to be hot to-day, Abbie?" The fat old mammy's sides shook with laughter as she replied, "It done hot right neouw!"

And so it is with reconstruction—it done reconstruct right now! Try to get a square meal at a restaurant, and find out. And it looks as though the food question, the liquor problem, and a host of others, will have still more restrictions applied to them.

The war has merely hastened the settlement of a host of problems that would have led to all sorts of trouble, if not actual revolution, in some of our so-called democratic countries. It is an open secret that not long before the war broke out there were serious fears of a revolution in Great Britain; and as for the United States, business men with whom I talked ten years ago shook their heads and spoke in bated breath over the fear of nation-wide trouble. I have before me an address delivered in 1908 before the Economic Club of New York, composed of the most powerful leaders in business, and the speaker, a European, warned them in these words:

"There is a form of socialism creeping now into this country—we are all too familiar with it in Europe—which is preaching war and provoking war. . . . I have been fighting it for nearly twenty years. Do not underrate the danger. It may be quite true that the American people will never stand anything like a violent revolution; I agree that the hope of an immediate overthrow of the present system, which some of these fanatics profess, is more illusory here than anywhere. Yet do not forget that even an attempt would be extremely deplorable, and would certainly cost a great amount of money and very likely blood."

The fact is that this old world, and even new America, and newer Canada, were ripe—in some cases almost rotten—for radical changes in attitude, thought and action in relation to many subjects. The basis of society was wrong, unjust, wasteful. Even the United States business, as a whole, was being run on a shop efficiency of only five per cent.—and this in spite of all the preaching and teaching and training that had been done in that country. This means that ninety-five per cent. of possible capacity was wasted; yet enormous private fortunes were being made, because of unfair distribution. Surely a more fruitful source of revolution could not be imagined.

Waste; increasing taxes on food and other necessaries of life; high cost of living combined with wages not raised to meet these costs; display and extravagance of the newly-rich; increase in luxuries and comforts of the few while the many live in hovels, tenements or cramped apartments, always on the verge of starvation and uncertainty from lack of full employment; to say nothing of the increasing frivolity, sensuality, materialism and Godlessness—all these causes combined to make the foundations of society most unstable. The same causes which brought about the terrible French Revolution were at work in our midst, and if long continued would have brought about a similar result.

What Reconstruction is Needed.

The newspapers of Canada indicate the various forms of reconstruction that are called for in this country. At church and other assemblies there are calls for reforms of all kinds—for the protection of girls, by raising the age of consent; for the saving, by proper housing, sanitation, fresh air, pure water, pure milk and other food at prices within the reach of the poor—of the annual "slaughter of the innocents"—35,000 children under five years of age dying in Canada each year (as large as Canada's losses in battle in the world's greatest war); for the prohibition of manufacture of intoxicating liquor; and shipping it into "dry areas"; for preventing labor on the rest-day; for the recognition of women in church councils; for church federation; for greater production; for better distribution; for utilization of labor; for curbing extravagance in dress and the display of wealth; for higher wages for workers; for conscription of loafers; for political, social and moral reform. In short, there are demands for drastic changes in everything, including the distribution of honors and titles, and entire abolition of hereditary titles.

The war alters our point of view, and makes us agree to changes that would otherwise have shocked us. This habit of accommodating ourselves to changes is one of the best things that could happen us, war or no war; for mankind is naturally conservative, stand-pat, let-well-enough-alone, and all that. This is why radical reformers always have such a hard time; and why institutions that fall in with the general smugness and self-satisfaction of humanity are fat and flourishing.

We must prepare for many fundamental changes, not only in our families, in our Provincial and Dominion relations, but in our national affiliations with the outer world. The British Empire will have a wider as well as a deeper meaning to us after the war, for we shall look upon it as the leader of the world in Democracy, and we shall be inclined to include in its scope and mission our big Anglo-Saxon cousin, the United States, and possibly even France and Italy; for we must think and plan not only Imperially but internationally in order to preserve the world for Democracy, and at the same time make Democracy intelligent, capable, and safe for the world.

Already there is talk of the Allies arranging a trade-compact that will prevent Germany and her associates from trading with the democratic countries; and it is quite possible that Canada's tariff and taxation methods may have to be altered to suit these new arrangements. This country having taken her place with the great nations of the world on the battle-field, her soldiers being admittedly the equal of the best of any nation, it is fitting that Canada should have a voice in the future settlement of world-policy. The Canadian people will surely not permit of measures being decided that will wrest from Canada the prizes which she has so well earned at such heavy sacrifice. We must keep in mind the two phases of Democracy—making it safe for the world as well as making the world safe for it. The winning of the war is only the beginning of the bloodless struggle to teach the peoples throughout the world just what Democracy is, and why it is best for them. Indeed, there have been very little teaching and preaching in Canada itself on this point.

The Key-Word—Democracy.

It would not be amiss to look at the key-word of all the proposed "reconstruction" problems—the word Democracy. It is a new word in Canada. We have never had Democrats here—at least nobody called them by that name. In the United States the two great political parties are called Democratic and Republican, though both words mean practically the same thing, the latter meaning "back to the people," (*i.e.*, not to a king), while Democrat is made up of two Greek roots—*Demos*, the people, and *crat*, rule or government. So Democracy—the rule of the people—is what we are fighting for, as opposed to Auto-cracy, the rule of one man, such as the Kaiser, who plays the "cracy" part (some Democrats think it should be spelled with a "z.")

Now, if we are to be true, real, simon-pure Democrats we must trust the people; laws must be enacted by the people, of the people, for the people, through representatives of the people:—the people in preference to kings, governors, prelates, and all rulers. As for titled gentry—what the farmers' convention in Toronto called "mock-aristocrats"—these will vanish as Democracy is understood and applied. Democracy must deal with all phases of the life of the community, and must understand how to regulate trusts, combines, mergers, and other forms of combination which tend to affect the people by hampering, even if they do not oppress and repress, their activities.

Democracy must always consider the great masses of the people, especially the producers. This means not only that workers should be properly paid, should be kept in constant work, should be provided for when unable to work through sickness, accident or old age, but it means a great deal more. It implies that workers should be properly trained, first at ordinary schools, then at special trade-schools, afterwards at classes and lectures, by reading, by demonstrations and other methods after leaving school and while at work. It means also that there should be, in every part of the country, methods and means for guiding young people into occupations in which they can do their best work for the community and themselves. It means, further, that tramps, hoboes, loafers, must be set to work, must earn their own honest livings. There must be service for service. It means, moreover, that the whole community shall be classified, controlled, guided, and managed so that the greatest good to the greatest number may result. Men who now make their living as "speculators," "exploiters" and as "professional" men in various lines, and whose methods are based on grabbing property and public rights (franchises) which belong to the community, and which should be controlled by and for the people for the public benefit—such men must be either controlled or eliminated.

Is Democracy Safe for the World?

Could the world be run on a purely democratic basis—leaving everything to the people, the masses, as they are called? Are the masses of the people able to carry on the business, the industries, the commerce, the banking, the legislation, the education, the religious institutions, the medical, scientific, and all the other necessary departments of and adjuncts to such civilization as ours?

This is a fair question; and any frank answer is, No, the people as a mass are not now able for such tasks. Here is where I decidedly disagree with all radicals who propose to have no leaders. There must be trained leaders in every department. The trouble in Canada to-day is that we have not sufficient trained leaders. We have so-called leaders, but most of them do not lead, for they are not only put in the position of leaders by accident or a poor political system that does not bring really able men to the top, but pushes up those who can best play the political game—which is very different from being trained for leadership. One of the changes we must make in our political system is to make sure that we will train leaders to manage national, provincial, municipal and local affairs, and then that we shall see that they are placed in those positions for which they have been trained. But in order to bring about such a change as that we must first train our people in the principles of democratic government.

A real democracy would be thinking all the time of the people—the masses about whom Abraham Lincoln said, "The Lord must have loved the common people, he made so many of them!" Our common people must themselves be made intelligent, so that they will not only do their duties faithfully in their own sphere, but will see to it that trained leaders are elected to fill the important duties in the community for which they have been specially trained. If the common people were intelligent they would not stand for the present order of things for a week. As Hon. Dr. Cody told the Canadian Press Association, the people must be made "intelligent and and honest" in order to make Democracy safe as a governing plan.

Good reconstruction work could be done in telling the people what Democracy is, what is required of the ordinary citizen, and what it will do for him if properly managed. Democracy in liberal doses should be administered to our people at every meal, and on every possible occasion. This is a work that each reader of the Canadian Home Journal could do, and it is a work that will tell mightily in the days of reconstruction.

Independent Thinking Wanted.

We would take a great step forward if we could get our Canadian people to think for themselves—to think problems through to their logical conclusions. There is now too much superficial guessing—which is not worthy of being called thinking at all—which jumps at conclusions before the facts are known; which takes the wrong meaning out of words; which misunderstands the relation of things; which is so tinged with prejudice or partyism that the mind becomes muddled and incapable of right conclusions; which magnifies trifles, and lets the big questions go.

The men's organizations of Canada, such as the trades unions, fraternal orders, various clubs, young people's associations connected with churches, and small groups of neighbors, should be studying and discussing the problems of this country, and trying to learn the meaning of them. Set speakers can easily be had everywhere, who have made special study of particular problems, and who are usually glad to give their views and lead off in discussions. The Canadian Problems Club has been organized in Toronto for the special purpose of guiding and helping small groups in any part of the country who want to study any particular problem.

Women, now that they are voters, should be keen on the study of this young nation's problems, and anxious to lend a hand in their solution. Now is the time to help mould the new order of things in Canada. The women can become potent factors in this work. Through the Women's Institutes, particularly, they could give voice to the sentiments of the plain-living, high-thinking, sensibly-dressed, sane and healthful part of femininity. (There is not much hope of clear thinking from the short-skirted, high-heeled, diaphanously-dressed females who think more of corns than corn, and of the feet than wheat).

The tremendous task before Canadians after the war will be to reorganize society so that this

(*Continued on page* 39.)

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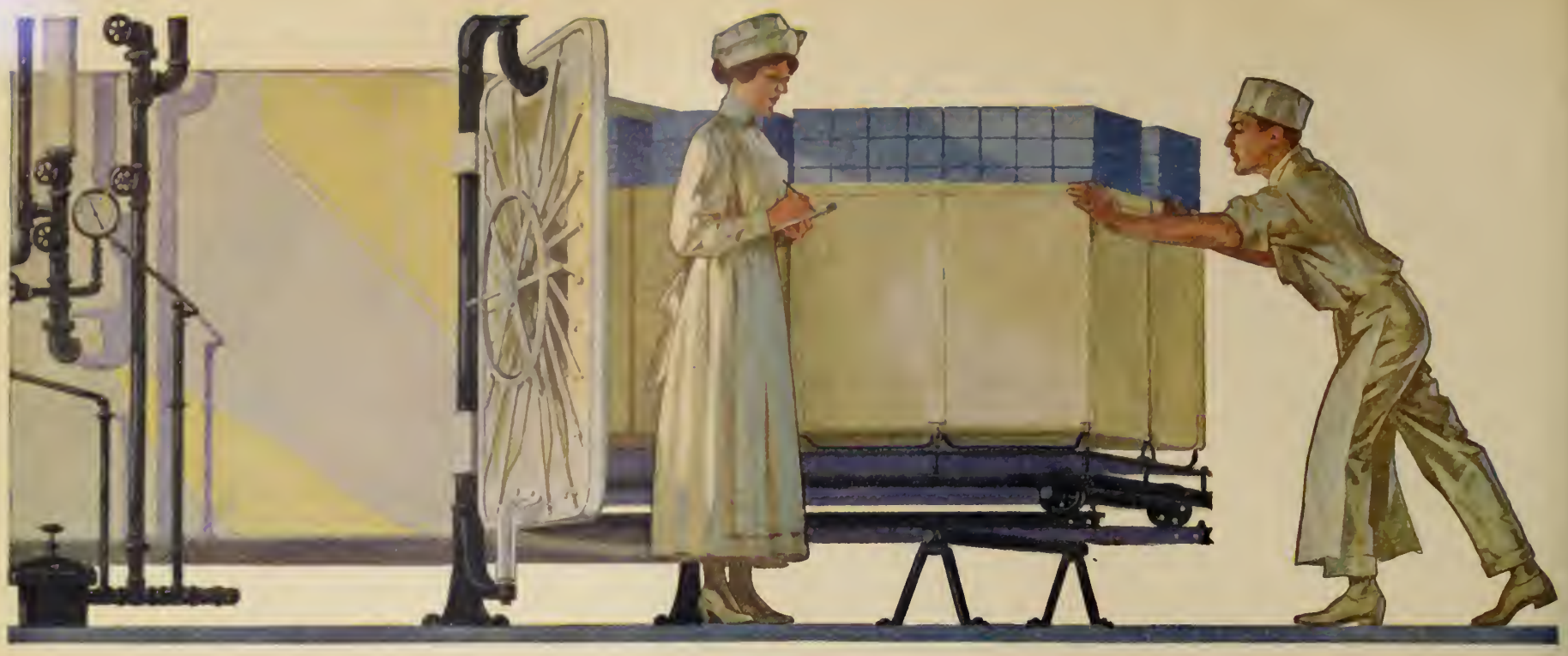


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For every package comes to you sealed against germs and all contamination.

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Surgeons take endless precautions to have every dressing sterile. Gauzes in hospitals are sterilized after wrapping, and by this same vacuum process. The U. S. Army in its field dressings requires this final sterilization.

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Call the doctor for any serious wound. But in the meantime don't infect it.

Get B&B Safety Dressings—Absorbent Cotton, Gauze and Bandages. Get them now—have them ready for emergencies. Don't take chances when this protection is so easily available.

Our First Aid Book

tells what to do before the doctor comes, in every form of accident or emergency. It is written by an authority, and has 120 pictures, dealing with sudden sickness, poisoning or accidents. We offer it free.

Put it with your B&B Dressings. It may sometime save a life.



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Chicago Toronto New York

The Girls' "Carry On" Column

By BETTY O'HARA.

All Boys From Twenty to Twenty-two are Drafted—Our Girls Must Take Their Places.

THE MASSAGE COURSE.

In the north-east corner of the campus of the University of Toronto, stands a beautiful grey stone building, which was originally intended for one of the finest, most complete gymnasiums and club-house in the Dominion of Canada, destined for the use of the men and Faculty of the University.

The building itself is of Collegiate Gothic architecture, and a large amount of money for its construction was supplied by Hart Massey, after whom it was named.

The University, however, answering to the need of the military authorities, turned this building over to the A.M.C. for their use, and it is in these beautiful surroundings that the Massage girls have been located.

It is a long, difficult course, and unless a girl is content to give up all social activities and give her time unreservedly to her work, she should not for a moment consider taking it. The tremendous amount of stick-to-it-ive-ness and the desire to give up everything to gain success, are proof that you are in the army, and that means that you live a day at a time and know nothing but implicit obedience. For there are two places on earth where a mind of your own is never tolerated: one is the army, and the other a newspaper office. You must always obey your orders. "I forgot," or "I did not have time," is a sign of disobedience or incapability fatal to indulge in.



Uniform worn by girls taking the Massage Course.

Massage is a six months' course, and at the end of that time a student is obliged to sign up for one year's service anywhere in Canada. She is paid a salary that enables her to keep herself comfortably, and if it is necessary that she live outside the hospital, she is allowed what is known as a subsistence, the army term for bed and board.

Hospital uniforms are provided by the army, but negotiations are now on the way to provide all the girls at Hart House with street uniforms, though the color and style has not yet been definitely determined.

THE STUDIES.

Now as to the course. The studies are divided into three classes: Anatomy, which is the study of muscles and bones; Physiology, which consists of the study of the organs of the body, and their functions, and the Theory of Massage, which is the massage movements, and the reason and effect of such. Then there is the practical side of the course, and for this the girls are supplied with subjects on which to try these movements. Sometimes a member of the class is taken, and sometimes a person who is hired for the purpose, but always someone who is physically fit and not a patient. After two or three months, however, the girls are given a soldier who is treated under the watchful care of demonstrators.

In Hart House at present there are about ten demonstrators. These are girls who have taken the course themselves, and are ex-pupils who have had practical experience in some military hospital. Consequently, they understand every movement perfectly and are quite capable of taking the responsibility of seven or eight girls. No partiality is shown in this matter, for a girl, instead of being allowed to go into class with her very best friend, or take instructions from her favorite demonstrator, is sent to her class by an alphabetical arrangement. The school hours are from nine o'clock until twelve, and from two in the afternoon until four. Swedish drill is the first thing on the morning programme, for the girls, on account of their strenuous work, like soldiers, have to keep in condition. Then they are given lectures in Physiology and Anatomy by professors of the University, and altogether during the day they have on an average two hours of practical work and three hours of lectures.

After six months of study has been successfully completed the Masseuses are sent to any Canadian military hospital that the authorities have selected for them, where they give their treatments in a massage room fitted up for the purpose, but those patients who are unable to go there for their treatments are given treatment in the ward.

The majority of cases the girls have to deal with are the results of gunshot wounds received from shrapnel, rifle fire, or machine-gun bullets, and these are massaged to bring back life and encourag new growth of the nerves that have been shattered. This form of treatment also prevents the wastage of muscle, improves paralysis and encourages circulation by increasing the flow of blood, either arterial or venous, also when an arm has been in splints for a time it is sometimes partially useless, but this is much improved by massage.

One soldier who was taking treatment in a Winnipeg hospital had entire paralysis of the radial nerve, causing a drop wrist, and the arm was also wasted away considerably. He had one year's massage treatment and all traces of the disability disappeared so completely that he was able to play hockey last winter. Another interesting case was that of spinal meningitis. The patient had to be brought to the hospital in a wheel chair, but after he had been given a reasonable amount of treatment he began to steadily improve until now he can run or do any amount of strenuous exercise. Cases of joint stiffening are also treated in this manner. A very remarkable case of facial paralysis, from a gunshot wound behind the ear, the bullet coming out the other side of the nose, almost destroying the facial nerve, was treated after a skin graft to massage, the result being such steady improvement that the only noticeable disfigurement was a slight scar which gave the appearance of a hare lip.

The length of treatments in most cases is half an hour. If, however, the patient's condition is more serious, forty minutes is given.

Now don't you think it is worth six months' hard plugging, and serious application to be able to help even one of those brave boys? I do. And a girl cannot help but be attractive in her white uniform, especially if she has caught the army spirit, and has cultivated a cheerful happy smile.

Next month we will discuss still another course, which is another branch of military hospital work; just read it and tell me if you do not think the girls of Canada have a grand, glorious chance to help our boys. I am sure you did not think there were so many ways to serve, did you?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAREST BETTY:

I am miles away from any place where I can help in war work. I keep house for my father, and we have a small farm. Can't you possibly think

(*Continued on page* 46.)

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From a dentist's letter —name will be furnished on request.

"I find that the teeth become much whiter and the gums healthy and firm with the daily use of

CALOX

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Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile. For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself to-night.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that, will be unknown to you.

B&B Blue-jay For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely
Large Package 25c at Druggists
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Places Great Stress Upon Physical Development

Our young men will return from the trenches after their long military training and discipline with strong physique and hardened muscles. They will be fine and fit, keen of vision and ready to attempt great things for the land they have fought for.

Anticipating this, Alma College is giving the course of physical culture special emphasis in order that Canada's young women may not be weaklings in comparison. No matter how many academic degrees they may win, unless they have a constitution which will stand hard work, their usefulness is sadly curtailed.

Not less of music, art, literature, etc., but more of physical culture than in the past. It is necessary. It is vital. Alma College provides a complete teacher's course in physical culture under one of the finest physical culture teachers in Canada. The wide lawns permit of tennis, bowling and out-of-door exercises of all kinds, and indoor basketball.

Our aim is "Sound minds in sound bodies."

For all particulars regarding courses of study, teachers, school life, write for catalogue.

Principal R. I. WARNER, M.A.,
Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

The Sky Coaster

By ETHEL BAIN.

A Special Story for the Girls and Boys.

"Hello! Hello!" cried Blue Jay, "First time I've seen you this season."

"Is it? Why I arrived several weeks ago, but then you see I'm more of a night bird than you are."

"A regular night-hawk," remarked Blue Jay.

"I'm not a hawk at all," retorted the other hotly.

"Well, then, why don't you change your name?"

"Couldn't if I wanted to, for you know that I've too many names already. Some people call me the night-jar, others the bull-bat; surely they can see that I'm not batlike at all, whilst still others call me the mosquito-hawk. Now they are partly right, for I eat thousands of mosquitoes, but all the same I'm not a hawk."

"Then what are you?" chattered Bushy Squirrel as he sat listening in a near-by tree.

"I'm just an ordinary bird," replied the Night-hawk, "and not a bird of prey at all. Besides, Blue Jay, I do fly about in the daylight, only you're always too busy teasing the little birds to see me. Especially in September we Night-hawks get together in flocks, and then you will see us flying quite close to the ground. The upper air is getting cooler then, and we have to seek our food nearer to the earth. People seem to mix me up with my cousin, the Whip-poor-will. Now, he is really a night bird, for he sleeps all the day in a deep, shady place in the wood, then after dark he flies about as silently as any owl, yet, unlike the owls, he eats only insects as I do. We both love mosquitoes, and, oh, how they try to escape us, but we are too quick for them."

"But say!" cried the Red Squirrel. "That booming noise you make when flying. How's that done?"

"Oh, that's what mankind calls coasting. It's lovely, and all Night-hawks enjoy it. You see, when we are away up in the sky we suddenly make a headlong dive to earth on our half-closed wings. Our wing feathers are long and stiff, and it is the wind rushing through them as we dart downward that makes the weird sound you hear. Woe betide any insects that are in my way at such times, for that's how I get a good meal." As he finished speaking, he spread his long wings and flew lightly upwards. Higher and higher he went, until Bushy Squirrel saw him as a mere speck against the red gold clouds of the sunset land. The speck disappeared, then without warning came that strange, rushing sound, and seemingly out of nowhere the Night-hawk appeared. Down, down he came, until the squirrel felt sure he would dash his brains out, but no, for before he was anywhere near to the earth, Mr. Night-hawk took a sudden turn and gaily laughed as he flew round to perch beside the wondering squirrel.

"Oh!" gasped Bushy. "You scared me stiff. You'll kill yourself one of these days. I'm sure you will. Oh!" he cried again and shuddered.

"Why, Bushy," laughed the Night-hawk, "that's nothing It's no harder for me to coast down like that than it is for you to spring from one tree-top to another. Why you do that every day, don't you?"

"Yes," answered the squirrel.

"And think nothing of it! You don't think there is any danger now, do you?"

"Danger, oh, no, because I've always done it. Why, Mother Nature taught me how to do it."

"Our great Mother taught me also how to coast through the air," said the Night-hawk. "So you see that there is no danger in it for me. Instinct, that wonderful gift of God, has taught me just when to turn in my headlong dive, and who ever heard of one of my kind being killed whilst coasting?"

"Well, I've never heard of any accidents," replied Bushy Squirrel. "You stay here such a short time. Come late and go away early."

"I couldn't live if I stayed after the first heavy frost had painted the leaves. You see, it's no use my coming with Spring, for I don't belong to her at all. I am the messenger of Summer. You know the old saying—that one swallow does not make a Summer—but everybody knows that Summer has arrived when I appear. With the first breath of Summertime, myriads of insects come to life. Insects that mankind does not see, for they live in the upper air. Now my cousin Whip-poor-will and I have our work cut out to keep down these insects, so that is why we are so seldom seen near to the ground. We fly through the air with our mouths wide open and catch thousands of insects. The first touch of frost kills them, and that is a warning to us to leave the Northland, for if we did not heed that warning we would soon starve. So, whilst Canada is getting on her snow dress, we are far away in South America, where Nature never sleeps. We enjoy our sky-coasting just as much as any school boy, only you see he has to wait for a snow-storm, and we haven't."

"Awfully interesting," murmured Bushy Squirrel; then said he, "But where do you build your nest? I've never seen one."

The Night-hawk laughed as he replied: "Nest! We don't build a nest."

"What!" exclaimed the squirrel.

"Mrs. Night-hawk just lays her two eggs in a sunny place; if in the city, on the roof of some house; if in the country, in the hollow of a rock or merely on the bare ground. Now, don't think that she is lazy, but no nest is needed. The eggs are speckled beauties, and they cannot be seen, for in color they match the dead leaves so very well. Mrs. Night-hawk is a devoted mother, and loves her babies very much. We have the happiest times teaching our birdies to coast, but there, I must hasten, for my family will be anxious if I leave them alone much longer."

"Good-bye," echoed the squirrel, as he watched him swiftly disappear and listened to his nasal cry of "peent, peent," which is very much like the meadow lark's call. Bushy sat awhile, thinking over what he had learned. Suddenly he chattered, "I've got it. I've got it."

"Got what?" asked a solemn voice.

The squirrel looked up and down and here and there, but could see nothing. As his sharp eyes noticed a tree stump, he said to himself, "That's very funny, but I'm sure that I've never seen that stump before," and his little heart beat nervously. He never moved an inch, but watched the new stump with steady eyes, then as it slowly moved and two yellow eyes shone out in the twilight, he cried, "How do, Mr. Owl. I was just wondering why Night-hawk wasn't called the sky coaster. Anyway, I'll call him by that name, and—"

"You'd better coast, too, Bushy, for it's late for you to be out, and something might get you."

The squirrel gave Mr. Owl one frightened glance, then he laughed and chattered, "Get me! Not yet, Mr. Owl," and shaking his tail in defiance, scampered out of sight.

Camouflage is what one would call the Barn Owl's trick of pulling in his feathers so close that he looks exactly like the stump of a tree, but that is one of the peculiarities which belong to these strange birds. When other birds have left us for their winter home in the Southland, the owls remain to work, and happy is the farmer who makes friends of the useful members of the owl family, for he will be repaid an hundredfold. No cat can beat a Barn Owl at catching rats and mice, therefore these especially should be encouraged. The farmer will find that, although the friendly hawks (and all hawks are not good friends of the farmers, but there are some workers amongst them, and of these you shall learn at some future time) do their part in the daytime, the Barn Owls take up their work where the hawks leave off. As soon as the darkness falls the Barn Owls awake, and then it is we hear their sweet yet weird call, a trembling whistle. This is, perhaps, the most familiar owl to us in Canada. Many owls are useful, but they deserve a special story to themselves. Would you like to pay them a visit? It will have to be at night, for they sleep during the day, and it wouldn't do to disturb them; in fact, it would be a very unkind act, for then they would be too tired to work. But there is no need for any of us to be frightened, for the fireflies will have their lanterns ready to light us on our way. The star and moon fairies will be waiting to welcome us, so just think of the lovely visit we will spend amongst our friends, won't we?

Developing a Dream

By M. A. PEASE.

The True Story of a Woman Who Has Amassed a Fortune Through Her Own Efforts.

The richest negress in New York is Mrs. C. J. Walker, who by virtue of her remarkable foresight and business acumen has created and developed one of the most unusual business enterprises known to the colored race.

Mrs. Walker's early history reads like a Penny Dreadful. She was left an orphan at seven, and was so cruelly treated by those who had undertaken to care for her that she married at fourteen to escape what was worse than slavery. She was left a widow at twenty, absolutely penniless, with a little daughter to support.

As may be imagined, Mrs. Walker had known very little schooling in her life, but she was industrious, and she toiled early and late at the washtub that her daughter might have an education. Laundry work is an order of toil that makes greater demands on the body than on the mind, and as this ambitious mother bent over her tub, her mind persistently followed one train of thought: "I must improve my position in life. How am I going to do it?"

The Dream.

Strangely enough this question was answered through what seemed to be an overwhelming catastrophe. Mrs. Walker began to lose her hair, and was threatened with baldness. The hair of the colored people develops on the corkscrew plan, and is consequently very difficult to treat. After trying all sorts of so-called remedies without success, the afflicted woman took her troubles to the Lord in prayer, and claims to have had a direct answer. In a dream a big black man appeared to her and told her that if she would mix together certain ingredients, one of which was a herb grown only in Africa, the brew when applied would abolish all her hair troubles. With child-like faith, she obtained the ingredients, mixed and applied them, and her hair grew and multiplied, and—joy of joys—became less curly. She gave some of the mixture to her friends, who were most enthusiastic about it, and as each friend had a friend, it dawned upon her that at last she had found a way to fortune.



Mrs. C. J. Walker.

At first, of course, her output and returns were small, but Mrs. Walker proved to be an excellent business woman, and soon realized that it pays to advertise. She has spent enormous sums of money in bringing before the public through the medium of the press, the wonders of her wares.

When Mrs. Walker was thoroughly convinced that she had found a Boon for Baldheads, she went to Indianapolis, where she established a factory. The work up to the present has all been done by hand, but electrical machinery is now being installed, and the quaint old mammies, with their fantastic head-dresses, dexterously mixing the "Grower," will soon be superseded by the buzz and whirr of machinery. This factory is a most shiningly clean place. The rooms in it seem to be arranged on a rising scale according to the order in which the work is carried out. In the first room are a lot of old mammies plying wooden paddles vigorously on what looks like apple-green soft butter. Another lot are at work mixing up masses of putty-colored shampoo. The next rooms, two steps higher, are where the different preparations are boxed. Two more steps up and the shipping rooms are reached. On the next floor are the offices, presided over by most haughty colored ladies with luxuriant tresses. All the latest office equipment is employed to make the business run smoothly. The manager of the business in Indianapolis is a colored lawyer, who has proved himself to be a most efficient major domo.

The Secret of Success.

"Madam" Walker is convinced that successful people differ from those who are unsuccessful chiefly in the activity of their minds, and she keeps her brains working continually on her business, notwithstanding the fact that she has already amassed a large fortune. Her income from her "Dream-mixture" is said to be nearly a quarter of a million a year. In addition to this she owns much property and has made some very careful and shrewd speculations.

Mrs. Walker's Home.

Mrs. Walker has just completed the purchase of a beautiful property in Irvington-on-the-Hudson, at a cost of over a quarter of a million dollars. There has been no expense spared in the furnishings of the house which are most luxurious and represent the styles of various of the French and Italian periods. A player organ of vast proportions, several Victrolas, a harp and a grand piano are evidences of the musical tastes of the owner. There are wonderful conservatories, libraries, and, in fact, all the things that go to make perfect the House Palatial. An Italian gardener has been imported to make the gardens a feast to the eye, and if the lawns could speak as they roll, they might not be understood, for even they are said to come from foreign fields.

The garage boasts four motor cars for "madam's" personal use, and these are in charge of a very good-looking "white" chauffeur.

Philanthropies Are Not Forgotten.

Although she is the richest negress in New York, Mrs. Walker has never forgotten her early days of struggle, and does not devote her income to riotous living. She is constantly studying how best she can advance her race, and every year sets aside a certain percentage of her income for the maintenance of an Industrial Missionary School which she has established on the Continent of Africa, and for the many scholarships which she maintains at Tuskegee and other institutions. She has devoted thousands of dollars to the colored Y.M.C.A. of Indianapolis, and her gifts to the poor are many and varied, especially at Christmas time. Her greatest regret in life is that she did not have an education when young, but she has a tutor now, and is working hard to make up for lack of previous opportunity.

Mrs. Walker insists that her preparation is not put upon the market for the purpose of straightening the kink in the hair of the colored folk, but as a remedy for scalp troubles of every kind. The preparation being of a greasy order, does straighten the hair, however, and it is this feature of the cure that appeals most strongly to the kinky-haired. One of the men in the shipping room of Madam Walker's establishment told the writer that until he had used the "Grower" he had never been able to part his hair, but had always been obliged to shave a parting. Now he is a most fashionable person with straight shining hair brushed smoothly back from his dusky forehead, and even boasts a "widow's peak."

As may be imagined, there are many other preparations on the market which claim to be quite as beneficial as the one which Mrs. Walker has concocted, but she seems to be the Queen in this particular hive of industry, perhaps because she was one of the first to make the use of the "comb" possible to her race.

(Continued on page 30.)



The difference Gold Dust makes!

One picture:

A big stack of dishes to wash. A long face and a sigh of resignation. "Oh dear!—I wish these dishes were all washed and put away in the pantry!"

Another picture:

A stack of dishes—*and* a package of Gold Dust. A smile on her face, now, as she says: "It will take only a few minutes to get these dishes out of the way—with Gold Dust to help me."

HOW does Gold Dust "help"? By dissolving the grease.

Try a spoonful of Gold Dust in your very next dishpan of water. See what a difference it makes! See how easily the grease slips off the dishes!

Gold Dust is a wonderful help in housecleaning, too. A good rule is this: Use Gold Dust for all dirt that you can't sweep up or brush off.

Ask your grocer for Gold Dust—and make sure it really *is* Gold Dust he sends you. Large and small packages.

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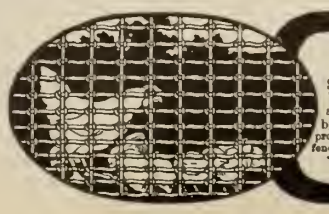
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200 Rooms, Private Bath, $1.50 Single, $3.00 Up Double
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100 Rooms, Private Bath, $2.50 Single, $4.00 Up Double
100 Rooms, Private Bath, $3.50-$5.00 Single, $4.50 Up Double.

Total 600 Outside Rooms. All Absolutely Quiet.

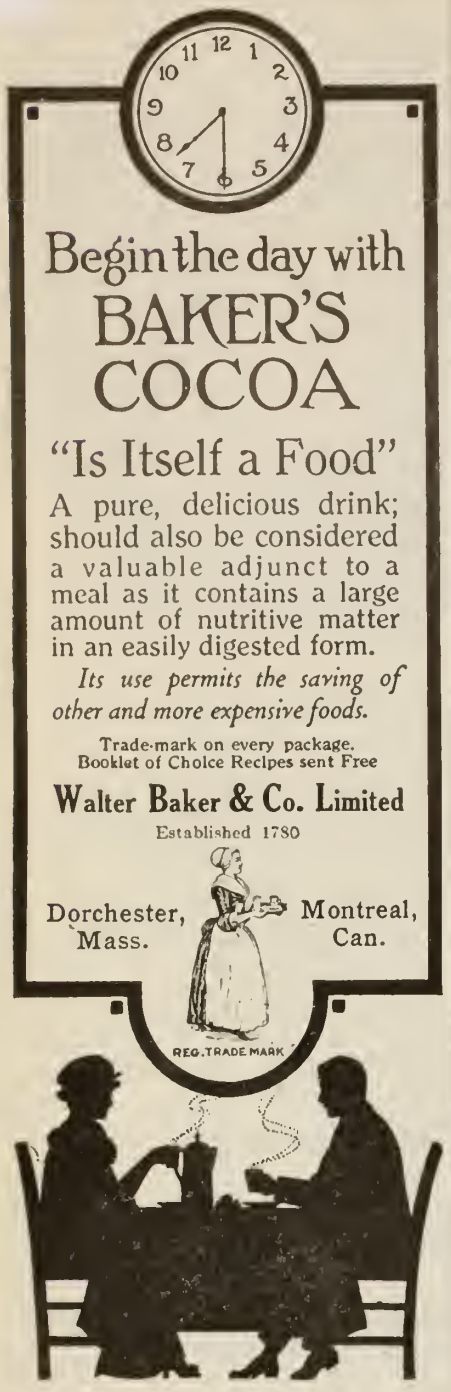
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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

A Patriotic Puzzle For July

By TOM WOOD.

In the conversations of the people represented in the pictures numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4, respectively, may be found the names of towns or cities as indicated beneath.

Numbers 5 and 6 represent "square words."

Each small picture represents one of the four words comprising a "square." If guessed correctly, when written down, the words read the same from top to bottom, and from left to right.

How many words can you think of which can be made from "Patriotic"—using only the letters which are in this word? Send them in with your answer. No proper names accepted.



Two prizes will be given, first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete.

Answers must be received before July 31st to be included.

THE CORRECT SOLUTION OF THE MAY PUZZLE.

1. Stratford.
2. Canada.
3. Manitoba.
4. London.

ROSE	BIRD
OPAL	IDEA
SACK	RENT
ELKS	DATE

The following words may be made out of "Nothing":

nig	nog	oh	thio	ting	hin	hoing	hoy	it	git
nigh	noint	oint	tho	to	hing	hoit	I	io	gith
night	not	on	thong	tog	hint	hong	in	ion	go
ninth	non	onto	tig	ton	hit	honing	ingot	ghi	got
nit	noting	thin	tigh	tong	ho	hont	inn	gin	Goth
no	O	thing	tin	toning	hog	hot	into		

The first prize is won by Mrs. G. L. Terry, 171 Joseph Street, Chatham, Ont., who submitted a correct solution and 45 words made from "Nothing."

The second prize goes to Mrs. W. G. Alexander Adams, 188 Dougall Avenue, Windsor, who also had a correct solution and 42 words made from "Nothing."

All words accepted appear in Webster's Dictionary.

Address all answers to puzzle: The Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



Tires $500 Apiece!

TIRES are selling at fabulous figures in Europe. War conditions may make them go almost as high here. You owe it to the country and to yourself to make your present set give the greatest possible mileage.

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Hassler Shock Absorbers save tires because they support the weight of the car. When the car strikes a rut, they gently compress and absorb the jolt instead of forcing the tires to lift the car. The increased mileage from one set of casings pays for them. Hassler Shock Absorbers make your Ford ride as easily as a $2,000 limousine. They save gasoline, reduce up-keep cost one-third, and increase the resale value of your car. 300,000 Ford Owners recognize their economic necessity.

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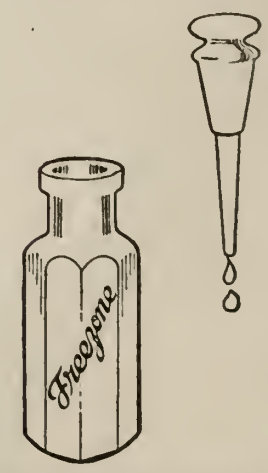
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KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

2 IN 1

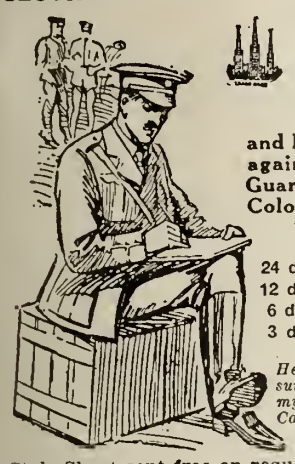
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THE DOCTOR: "Ah! yes. restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right"

EE STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS Contain no Poison EE

Thought Seeds that are Being Cultivated By Parents and Teachers

By GRACE JOHNSTON,

Recording Secretary for the Toronto Home and School Council.

Have You a Home and School Club in Your Town or Community? If Not, Start One Now. It Will Work Wonders.

Do you know the man or woman who teaches your child at school? The greater part of a child's day is spent away from the home, so naturally as mother or as father you are interested in the surroundings, the people and the ideals that are moulding your child's character. Are these always ideal? If not, then the next question is, "What are you going to do about it?"

It is surprising how much practical help has been found in talking things over with men and women who have spent much time and thought on these very subjects. The child and his education has become the most important question of the present day, chiefly because of the growing responsibility that must be faced by those who are to take the place of Canada's sons and daughters who are willingly paying the price of freedom. Consequently men and women are making a greater effort to unite forces and to work together.

In connection with twenty-two of the schools in Toronto, "Home and School Clubs" have been formed and the parents and the teachers in these clubs have affiliated with what is known as The Toronto Home and School Council. This Council was organized two years ago for the purpose of studying educational problems and issues, and strengthening public interest in the development of the individual boy and the individual girl.

Good soil for developing educational thought-seeds can be found in no better place than in a club in your own school. There parents become acquainted with the teachers and the teachers learn to understand the parents and through them the children in the class rooms. It would be a pity, would it not, if the number of misunderstood children increased?

It is just possible that the school equipment is not up to date and that the stupid school-room cannot compete with the swimming hole or the baseball field. Result—truancy. The problem of truancy has been one of the big thoughts of the year and an effort was made to have some changes brought about in the Truancy Act. As the law now stands truant officers are controlled by the police department. A bill was introduced at the last session of Parliament to amend the Truancy Act so that School Attendance Officers would be appointed by the Board of Education. It is thought that suitable women as well as capable men should be appointed for the work which should be of a much more helpful nature than it has been in the past.

The bill to amend the Truancy Act was defeated. This fact proves the necessity of creating public opinion along any line of reform, but particularly where child welfare is concerned. It is strange, but true, that some of the members of Parliament are much better informed about the rearing and care of animals than they are about the needs of children. The truancy problem is still being studied by the Toronto Home and School Council, and an effort is being made to ensure better results when the bill to amend the Truancy Act is again brought before the House of Parliament.

Neither the child nor the parents may be to blame for the irregular school attendance, for there are many conditions that need careful consideration so that justice may be done to the home on the one hand, and to the school on the other. True, we want all Canadian children to go to school, but what they learn there should be practical if it is to meet the needs of the present day and also the needs of the next few years.

"One of our soldiers on the battlefield has to-day seven times a better chance of living than has a new born babe in this country." This was the enlightening statement made by a very prominent educationist at one of the open meetings of The Toronto Home and School Council. Just face that fact and all that it involves. Is it not time that "The Care and Feeding of Infants" be one of the subjects taught to our young girls? Why do we leave the most vital things of life to chance? Parents and teachers together might with advantage study questions of Hygiene so that they may tell wisely and truthfully Life's story about the sacredness of each body, mind and soul that has been entrusted to their care.

The most up-to-date schools are equipped for teaching Household Science and Manual Training, but one of our most progressive Home and School Clubs is taking no risk in the matter of a good building. The club is organized and the members are taking steps to ensure the erection of a school building in accordance with the most progressive and up-to-date ideals in education. It is likely to be a year or more before this school is built, but in the meantime thought-seeds are alive and active, and there is no reason why the new building should not be one of which all interested will be proud.

Time and again during the past year letters have come from different parts of Ontario asking about the work of the Home and School Council. The president of the Council, Mrs. A. C. Courtice, has accepted several invitations to speak in towns and cities where there was a desire to organize clubs. The Bureau of Education at Washington, D.C., asked for and has received copies of the constitution and an outline of the work of the Council.

Last Easter when the Ontario Teachers met in convention at the University of Toronto, The Home and School Council had an opportunity of speaking before three of the sections. Reports were given from clubs working in an endless variety of localities and under all sorts of conditions. Occasionally when a principal of a school was consulted about the advisability of starting a club in connection with his school he would not be enthusiastic about the matter. In such cases the teachers or the parents would take the initiative and the success of the club soon convinced all concerned that there was work in that very district that needed the combined effort of parents and teachers.

When you get to the core of life, human nature always responds to the highest and the best, and, no matter whether your school is in the country, the town or the city, a well organized club will help to sustain a healthy community. After all a child in the home is a child of the community, and as such should realize that he has certain responsibilities to those outside his own family circle. In the same way individual clubs in the towns and in the cities of Ontario have a duty to one another. It was with this thought in mind that one speaker advocated a Provincial Home and School Organization. It was thought that such an organization could exert a very helpful influence in the work of extending ideals and making these ideals a power in the life of Canadian boys and girls. Then when thought-seeds had grown, and time for action had arrived how much easier it would be to work through united organizations than it would be if there were not unity among the parents and the teachers of Ontario.

Not only the parents and the children receive inspiration from the Home and School Clubs, the teachers, too, derive many benefits from them. If, in the past, we imagined that a few hundred dollars paid for a teacher's services, we have now awakened to the fact that his or her service to the country can never be estimated in terms of money. A strong, inspiring personality combined with good common sense and an optimistic outlook on life has unlimited power, and when a teacher is endowed with these qualities the fact should be recognized. That teacher should be paid a sufficiently large salary so that, apart altogether from the fact of earning it (which she assuredly does), the people who pay it may have a wholesome respect for the teaching profession. Naturally, we are inclined to value what we have in terms of what we pay for it. May this fact not be responsible for the lack of interest sometimes evidenced on the part of parents where teachers are concerned?

(*Continued on page* 46.)

Getting Together

Though the tongues of men be different, the heart is essentially the same. In a world torn with war and economic strife, what need is greater than that of "getting together"?

Today women are working as never before. Eager for political, economic and social reform, they are mobilizing the forces of good. Cognizant of her own potentiality, woman desires to use her capacities intelligently and well, wishes to learn of the achievements of others, and of the gradual leveling of national barriers before a growing universal fellowship.

The Christian Science Monitor, with a world-wide newsgathering service and an international circulation, presents the important activities of women everywhere. Education, the arts, household, fashions, and advertising are also valuable assets to its women readers.

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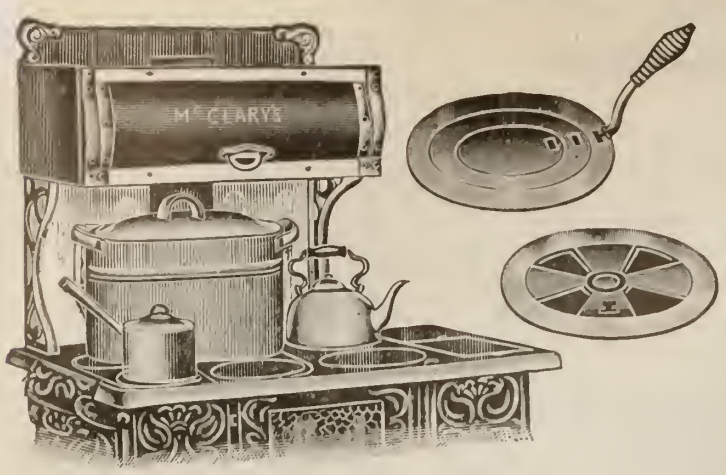
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And remember, this cleanser never harms your hands





The Pandora's Top

Three-quarters of your rangework is done on the top of the range.

So the Pandora Range top has been designed to perform as many duties, simultaneously, as it is possible for a range to do.

The Pandora flue system gives you five holes in the top upon which you can boil. The six-hole top is made with two interchangeable sections.

On wash day this enables you to set the boiler on the far side and cook dinner on three front holes.

There is a reducing cover for smaller sized pots.

Also a check cover to hold the fire in at night.

And then when the work is cleared away, by one gentle rub with a cloth you instantly restore the burnished brilliance of the top—less work by half than even the "lick and a promise" you used to give the old style, rough and rattling cast iron covers that would not shine without black-lead and a backache.

"The Magic of the Pandora"—Booklet Free

This is one of the many features of the Pandora Range described in "The Magic of the Pandora," a little booklet full of information that every woman will want before she buys a range. Write for it to the nearest McClary Branch.

McClary's Pandora Range

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JUDICIOUS RECREATION AN ECONOMY

For the Family:

Many nearby, quiet and healthy places where it is high and dry and the air cool and invigorating, are listed in recent Canadian Northern pamphlets. Ask for list of "Summer Hotels and Boarding Houses," with rates; and for great fishing and canoeing expeditions get "Where to Fish and Hunt." Any C.N.R. Agent, or write Gen'l Pass. Dept., Montreal or Toronto.

LAKE SIMCOE
SPARROW LAKE
SEVERN RIVER
MUSKOKA LAKES
Parry Sound and
French River Districts
RIDEAU LAKES

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

¶ DON'T overlook the notice regarding change in our subscription price. It appears in this issue.

Stuffed Vegetables in Place of Meat

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes."

Substitutes are the Housewife's Need To-day.

At this season of the year vegetables stuffed with a forcemeat of some sort can be used in lieu of meat. Among the vegetables that respond well in food value to the usual meat "piece de resistance" are cabbage, tomatoes, egg plant, onions and peppers. There are no hard and fast rules for making the forcemeats, which may depend on materials on hand and individual preferences in seasonings.

Egg Plant Stuffed and Baked.—The richly colored egg plant is now on the market, and is as fresh and perfect as is to be found at any time of the year. One vegetable is enough for a good-sized family. Do not attempt to cook egg plant in any way without first removing its acridity by boiling in plenty of boiling salted water for twenty minutes, which draws out the injurious principle, solania. To stuff, cut open the egg plant lengthwise, scoop out the centre, add one cupful of fine breadcrumbs or cornmeal, one-half cupful of chopped cooked meat or chicken, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, salt and pepper to taste, and one-half cupful of milk. Fill the egg plant shells with the mixture, cover with breadcrumbs, dot with butter substitute, and bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes. Serve hot.

Another Method.—Scoop out centre from egg plant after being boiled. Add to pulp one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one cupful of chopped tomatoes and one-half cupful of breadcrumbs. Fill into the shells, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, dot with butter substitute, and bake in a moderate oven for fifty minutes, basting frequently.

Stuffed Summer Squash.—Cut the top of a large squash smoothly across, and scrape out the inside, add to this one cupful of fine breadcrumbs or one cupful of cooked rice or barley, one small onion chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and one-half cupful of milk. Fill the squash with this mixture, sprinkle a few breadcrumbs over the top, and bake slowly until tender.

Stuffed Peppers.—Cut off stem end and remove seeds from three green or red peppers. Mix one can of corn with one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and one teaspoonful of onion juice. Fill into peppers, arrange in greased baking dish, add one-half cupful of boiling water, and bake for thirty minutes. Or, cook one cupful of rice or macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, drain and add one small onion chopped, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute, two tablespoonfuls of chopped red peppers, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and fill into prepared peppers. Bake until tender, about thirty minutes. Or, mix one cupful of tomato pulp with one-half cupful of breadcrumbs, add one cupful of stock or water, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, three tablespoonfuls of corn flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and one teaspoonful of onion juice. Fill into peppers and bake until ready. Serve hot.

Stuffed Cabbage.—Choose a firm, round cabbage of medium size. Wash it well, removing any discolored leaves and the hard end of the stalk. Then put the cabbage into a bowl, cover it with boiling water, put a plate on the top and allow it to stand for one hour to soften. Meanwhile prepare the stuffing. Chop four tablespoonfuls of cooked chicken or left-over meat, add three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Pour in one tablespoonful of melted butter substitute and bind all into a stiffish paste with milk. Pull the leaves of the cabbage apart, put a spoonful of the stuffing in the centre and the remainder between the leaves. Then wrap the cabbage in a piece of greased paper, tie it with string and place it in a baking dish with two cupfuls of stock or water poured round. Bake in a steady oven for one hour, basting occasionally with the stock. When ready, serve the cabbage on a hot dish, removing the paper and string, boil down the stock until there is just sufficient to serve as gravy, remove any grease from the top and pour it round. Chopped nut meats may be used in place of the chicken or meat. Sufficient for five persons.

Stuffed Carrots.—Wash and scrape ten carrots, put them into a saucepan of boiling salted water, and parboil them. Take out and drain well, then allow to cool, and hollow out the centre of each. Cook sufficient beans to make one cupful of puree. Melt one tablespoonful of butter substitute in a saucepan, put in the bean mixture, stir until mixed, season with salt and pepper, and stir in two tablespoonfuls of milk or the beaten yolk of one egg. Mix thoroughly, and allow to cool. Put this puree into a forcing bag with tube, and fill the centres of the carrots with it. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan, put in the stuffed carrots, cover with the lid of the pan, and cook gently for five minutes, then add one cupful of water or gravy, and simmer until the carrots are soft but not broken. Serve hot with the gravy poured round.

Stuffed Potatoes.—Choose five or six medium-sized and evenly shaped potatoes. Wash and scrub them well and dry them. Prick the skins, place the potatoes on a tin in a moderate oven and bake them until tender, which can be ascertained by pressing them gently between the finger and the thumb. When ready, cut a piece off each with a sharp knife and scoop out all the inside, being careful not to damage the skins. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute into a saucepan, add three tablespoonfuls of milk and allow to heat over the fire, sieve the potato and add it to them. Then season to taste with salt and pepper, and beat well until perfectly smooth. Now remove the saucepan from the fire, stir in the yolk of one egg and lastly the white beaten to a stiff froth. Refill the potato skins with this mixture and sprinkle the tops with grated cheese. Place the potatoes on a baking tin and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Serve at once.

Or scoop out the centres from baked potatoes and mash the pulp with four tablespoonfuls of chopped cold meat, tongue or chicken, add salt and pepper to taste and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, then add two tablespoonfuls of left-over sauce or milk. Refill the skins with this mixture, piling it high in the centre. Sprinkle a few breadcrumbs over and put a small piece of butter substitute on the top of each. Return the potatoes to the oven and bake them until thoroughly hot. Serve hot. Grated cheese or finely flaked cooked fish may be used instead of meat.

Stuffed Beets.—Peel three large cooked beets, cut them into slices about one and one-half inches in thickness; cut these slices into rounds with a fluted cutter, two inches in diameter, take the centre out of each with a smaller cutter, in this way making little cases of the beets. Take the whitest part of one small head of celery, wash it thoroughly, and then cut it into shreds, place these in a bowl, and mix with one tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing. Fill into the centre of the case, piling it up above the beet. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley on the top of each and serve.

Stuffed Onions.—Choose six medium-sized onions, peel them, trim the root, but do not cut if off or the onions will fall apart; parboil them for fifteen minutes, drain well, and scoop out some of the centre of each, fill with left-over cooked meat. Cut one turnip and one carrot into slices; put two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute at the bottom of a saucepan, on that place the carrot and turnip, add one cupful of stock or water, stand the stuffed onions in this, cover with the lid of the pan, and cook in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve hot. Nut meats may be used instead of the meat. This makes a very good supper or luncheon dish.

Another Method.—Boil and drain onions, scoop out the centres, and fill with breadcrumbs seasoned with salt, pepper and grated cheese, and moisten with a little milk. Wrap each onion in greased paper, twist the ends; put in a greased pan, and bake for one hour. Remove the paper and serve hot.

Sparks From the Food Board Anvil

By ISHBEL M. ROSS,
Educational Division, Canada Food Board.

Observe the Food Regulations—Go Further If You Will, But Never Fall Short.

Even if the women of Canada hotly deny the imputation, the fact remains that there are still plenty of Miss Fluffy Ruffles and her genus abroad. The masculine idlers are now being rounded up. It isn't likely that anything as drastic will be done where women are concerned, but the national registration which took place last month will go far to show how many feminine slackers we have in the country. To every able-bodied woman who is idle, or who is doing merely decorative work, or who thinks she is serving her country by a few hours of Red Cross work, the call comes for genuine sacrifice, for effort that is essential.

Knitting must go on, but there is a very great deal of camouflage knitting. It is work that can be done by older women and in odd times by their daughters. But in the main, young, strong women must do something that is going to count—something that spells an increased supply of foodstuffs.

* * * * * * *

Canada must produce 250,000,000 more bushels of wheat in 1918 than in 1917. Canada must produce at least 1,000,000 more hogs in 1918 than in 1917, and as many more as possible. Canada must eat less white bread, less sugar, less pastry, less fats.

In crystallized form this is a stirring challenge to the women of the country. It is July and the precious grain is growing on the stalk. The war gardens are rich with promise. Work lies ahead — no end of work. Sir Robert Borden has said that the men must be taken, for no production would avail if the sorely-tried lines in Flanders were to break.

What then? The boy power of the country has been marshalled, and already the Soldiers of the Soil are holding the trenches in the second line of defence—the food production line.

The women are getting into it—but not half fast enough. *There is no time to be lost.* Since August, 1914, 4,750,000 persons have died of starvation in Europe, as compared with 4,250,000 who have been killed in action. Right now there are 9,000,000 people in Belgium and Northern France without bread. And it is getting worse all the time!

The women of Canada *must* help to divert the demand for wheat foods, beef and bacon, to a demand for cereals, potatoes, vegetables and fish.

The women of Canada must do more. They must *produce!* Forty million men are on active service at the front. Ten million men are on war duty behind the lines. Forty million men are engaged in the war industries at home. These 90,000,000 men are not producing food. These 90,000,000 men are consuming food and must be fed.

* * * * * * *

Not a scrap of energy must be wasted in bothering about trivialities. There is no time for criticism, for snarling and carping. Work with a cheerful spirit and a courageous heart. That is how the men fight. It is how we, who cannot fight, must live. The conduct of every brave woman brings victory nearer just as surely as does the gallantry of our heroes overseas.

Observe the food regulations. Go further if you will, but never fall short of them. They may be issued for public institutions. They are meant equally for *you!*

Never let yourself forget the need of Europe. Think of it every day—think of it with a sense of responsibility. then, inevitably, you will save, you will sacrifice, you will do your plain duty.

The war is bringing about many big changes in the world of trade. Some of them, almost imperceptible as yet, are going to revolutionize the existing state of affairs and have a direct bearing on the woman in the home.

While she has undoubtedly heard a good deal of talk about the licensing of the various trades by the Canada Food Board, it is questionable if this has conveyed very much to her or excited more than passing interest because she did not see any particular relationship between her grocer's license and the goods he sells her every day.

As a matter of fact, the licensing of the trades of Canada is one of the most significant features of food control, and its effects will be more far-reaching than is yet realized. The great majority of Canadian citizens engaged in supplying food to the people are both honest and patriotic. They have been quick to come forward and pledge support. Wherever there is an unscrupulous dealer, however, licensing catches him.

The trades are rapidly being lined up. Over a hundred thousand application forms have already gone out from the Licensing Department of the Canada Food Board. Butchers, bakers, feed merchants, fruit and vegetable dealers, fish dealers, confectioners, produce dealers and public eating houses are all coming under license. Every licensee can be made, upon request, to disclose his account books for the year. In this way undue profits can be kept down.

The fact that licensing keeps down profiteering will appeal to every woman. The actual fee for the license is merely nominal. If a man is found to be making undue profits, his license will be cancelled. No license, no business! There is no means of escape, for the system is thorough and extends to every dealer. Licensing is really a source of protection to the honest tradesman, and at the same time should mean much to the woman in the home.

The grocer has to make monthly returns to the Canada Food Board. Naturally he will be more careful than he has ever been in the past.

* * * * * * *

Different methods are employed for the export trade. Every consignee wishing to send foodstuffs out of the country has to get a permit from the Canada Food Board. These permits are being issued at the rate of seventy-five or so per day. They preclude the possibility of a scrap of food reaching enemy sources, for the destination of everything has to be defined and the Board reserves the right to refuse permits if they deem this course advisable.

Thus it will be seen that the Canada Food Board has its finger on the pulse of the trade channels of Canada. Nothing can slip through without their knowledge. They will be wide awake all the time to what is going on. Any woman can see the immense advantage to her of this kind of supervision.

The hot weather is here. During the hottest days of the summer it is important that the workers—and it is taken for granted that in these days everyone, man, woman and child, is a worker—keep in condition to do their bit without a pause. Rain or shine, hot or cold, the boys in France are working. The war workers here at home must do the same.

For reasons of health, as well as reasons of patriotism, fresh fish is strongly to be recommended as a desirable summer food.

Fish is more easily digested than meat.

Fish is less heating than meat.

Fish left-overs form an excellent basis for salads and other cold dishes.

SUFFICIENT SUGAR FOR CANNING.

Housekeepers who are anxious about their preserves for next winter may take comfort. The Food Board announces that there will be sufficient sugar in the country for the preserving and canning season and that the maximum fruit and vegetable crops that can be produced in this country will be taken care of, so far as the sugar supply is concerned. To make sure of this however, strict conservation will be necessary in the meantime.



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The Whole Family Appreciates

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IT keeps them in good *natural* health. Dad takes a spoonful in a glass of water each morning to remove gases from the stomach—clear his liver, and get ready for the day's business. Mother wards off that approaching headache. The kiddies get a drink of Eno's, whenever they are not regular, or when too many cakes or goodies have been eaten.

Thousands of families who never need "dope" take Eno's in this way as a corrective. Test it for yourself. A spoonful in water makes a delightful drink—cool, sparkling and effervescent. It rids your blood of impurities, cleanses and stimulates the organs of your body into healthy action. Eno's is the only and original FRUIT SALT. It is endorsed by Medical Men and has been tested and approved literally from pole to pole.



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that makes special appeal to thrifty housekeepers—no gasoline to buy or current to use—just plain, cheap water! And it will clean the clothes just as carefully as you would do them by hand. Saves work—saves time—saves backache—saves the clothes! Ask your dealer.

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The Y.M.C.A. Replies to Criticisms

Ridiculously Untrue Stories are Being Circulated in Some Localities, Which Unthinking People Believe, Thereby Impeding the Valuable Work of this Splendid Organization.

I was told to-day that a man whose son was at the front received a letter from his boy, in which he said he had just come safely out of an engagement and wished to have a letter posted immediately to his father. He wrote the letter, took it to a Y.M.C.A. and asked them to mail it.

"Have you a stamp?" asked the secretary.

"No," replied the soldier.

"Have you any money?"

"No," again from the unfortunate Tommy.

"Then," said the heartless Y.M.C.A. man, "I cannot post it for you."

This is story No. 1, going the rounds at the present time. Whoever invented it must have done so with a sincere desire to hurt the work of the Y.M.C.A. Or it may be a direct piece of German propaganda, to poison the minds of Canadians and retard the work of an organization which is fast becoming a gigantic obstacle on the enemy's road to victory.

A moment's consideration convinces one of the absolute falsehood of such a statement. All letters from our soldiers in France are posted by them unstamped. They need neither stamps nor money to send their letters home.

Story No. 2 is quite as foolish as the former. Doubtless it has been told to you. It is as follows:

A soldier bought a pair of socks from the Y.M.C.A., and in the toe found a little note from the lady who had knitted and donated them, asking the recipient to communicate with her. She was accordingly very much shocked to learn that the poor soldier had been forced to pay for his socks.

It is a well known fact that the Y.M.C.A. has nothing whatever to do with supplying socks to the soldiers. They neither sell nor donate socks—this being the work of the Red Cross and the Canadian War Contingent Association.

Accusations of G. W. V.'s.

More serious, however, were the accusations of the Great War Veterans recently when they undertook to criticize the work of the Y.M.C.A. So untrue were their statements that the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. has issued the following:

"In view of recent criticisms and questions from various sources, the National Executive Committee of the Y.M.C.A. wish to present to the public the following general statements of fact in regard to its services to the soldiers, and to give out at the same time a statement recently made by General Currie, which will enable the public to judge of the value of the Y.M.C.A. work in France.

Purpose of Y.M.C.A. Canteens.

"The Y.M.C.A. is in the canteen business solely as a medium of service to the soldier, and devotes every dollar of net profit made to that service. There is not, nor ever has been, a dollar made in its military canteen which has been used in any other way than in its service to the soldiers. The total cost of maintaining its service greatly exceeds the amount of net profits from its canteens, and the balance is met from the subscription funds raised in Canada.

"During the year 1917 the total cost of maintaining the Y.M.C.A. service to the Canadian soldiers in England and France, including very large items for free drinks, cinemas and concerts, athletic supplies, writing materials, libraries, etc., was two and a half times as much as the net profits from its canteens. In other words, for every dollar of net profit made in its canteens the Y.M.C.A. has had to secure by subscriptions another dollar and a half to meet the requirements of its entire service overseas.

"The prices charged in the canteens are governed by the military authorities, and the Y.M.C.A. is not allowed to undersell the Expeditionary Force canteens in France.

Financial Statements.

"In France the books of the Y.M.C.A. are checked monthly, in so far as all canteen operations are concerned, by the army field cashiers. These, as well as the accounts in England, are audited regularly by a chartered accountant, and these audited statements, now issued every six months, are sent to all the officers commanding, and are posted in the Y.M.C.A. huts for the information of the soldiers. In addition to this, a combined English and French audited statement is issued every six months.

"A complete audited statement, including overseas operations for 1917, which will be published in Canada, has been delayed by the recent military operations, which have prevented the auditor getting the necessary permission to cross to France.

"A military board of three officers appointed by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, conducted an examination of the whole work of the Y.M.C.A. in the Canadian Corps in France during the month of March, and reported that its financial operations were satisfactory, and that its business was being efficiently conducted.

Specific Criticisms Answered.

"It is scarcely necessary for the Y.M.C.A. to affirm that it has never sold in its canteens articles sent as gifts to the soldiers. It is impossible for such a thing to happen as a Y.M.C.A. transaction.

"In connection with Y.M.C.A. libraries in France, a small deposit is asked when a book is taken out, and refunded when it is returned. This is done to ensure the return of the books for further circulation. No charge is made for the loan of a book.

General Currie's Testimony.

"No one is in a better position than Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Currie to speak as to whether the Y.M.C.A. is a genuine benefaction and service to the Canadian army. The following is a statement made by him to a gathering of Canadian Y.M.C.A. officers in France, at which the general secretary for Canada was present, on March 11th, 1918.

" 'One of the most important factors in winning a fight is the morale of the troops, and it is in helping to raise and maintain the morale at a high level that you have done so much. Canadians have the well-merited reputation of being good soldiers, and that is because their morale is good. This is only possible because they are well looked after, and that is where the Y.M.C.A. steps in and renders invaluable assistance by providing them with happiness and comfort. The men forget the sights of war, and seem to get a fresh start through your programmes, your concerts, your sports and your canteens. Your literature, music and concerts afford them the greatest possible pleasure and relaxation, your sports keep them happy and fit, and your canteens provide them with things they cannot get elsewhere at such reasonable rates.

Great Help in Beating Huns.

" 'You are a wonderful help to us in beating the Boche. It is not necessary for me to say this. It is apparent to all in the corps. But this year we are going to need your help more than ever. Heretofore, the Canadians have always been pushing forward and winning, and that is a great stimulus to the men. This year we may be on the defensive, and that will require a maximum of moral courage and strength. If we let the morale sag, our efficiency will topple over.

" 'I believe the authorities should recognize the extremely valuable factor the Y.M.C.A. is in winning battles, and I think you ought to have the proper personnel and equipment necessary to carry on your work.

" 'In conclusion, I can only repeat what I said a few minutes ago—that the need of the work and the influence of the Y.M.C.A. are greater now than ever before, and, if such a thing be possible, you must all work even harder than in the past, though I do not see how, with the men and material you have, you can do more than you are doing. But if you can, do so. We need it, and we appreciate it.' "

It is to be regretted that the Great War Veterans, who have at one time been benefited by the Y.M.C.A., should now speak so bitterly against this organization. The Y.M.C.A. has proven beyond question that it is doing a magnificent work for our soldiers, and the public will have no sympathy with an individual or association which persists in unjust criticism of its work.

The War-Time Holiday

By KATHLEEN McKILLIGAN.

Two Real Vacations Which Cost Next to Nothing.

As this fourth war-time summer, with all its changed conditions, approaches we hear again and again the plaint: "I'm not taking a holiday this year. Living is so high it seems as if we really can't afford it"; or, "It seems wrong to spend money on a holiday when there is so much need in the world." Too often comes the addition: "I need a holiday, too, if only I could manage it."

This last for most of us is quite too true. Life has taken on an added strain, an extra burden of anxiety of which, since we have carried it now for so long, we are scarcely conscious. It is so much a part of our lives that we can scarcely imagine existence without it. Yet this very acquiescence is but a proof of our need of relaxation. Let us by no means drop these precious holidays. They give us a measure of preparedness for the future we must face; to a certain extent they counteract the wear and worry of the past. Some sort of holiday, a genuine, restful, joy-filled, health-giving holiday, is the right of every worker. Nor need it prove the expensive luxury which so often we have found it heretofore. In our long vista of holiday summers two of the happiest were enjoyed at an expense so slight that they might be at the command of the most straightened of purses. Some such holiday I am sure everyone could accomplish, and we at least found that they vie in happiness with our more pretentious summers.

The first came to us one summer when mother was in the Western States. We girls decided to forego our usual holiday, and instead planned a stay-at-home time that proved even better than our anticipations. We lived in a big house in a small town, a house that meant plenty of work for us all, for we had no maid that year, and a slow, sleepy country town that offered little of what is generally accepted as a good time. But we were determined to get just as much of a holiday as we could plan, and mother's train was scarcely an hour on its way westward when we three girls who were left began putting our scheme into operation.

We went through the whole house, pulling the furniture into the middle of the room and covering it just as we always did for a summer's absence. As we finished each room we turned the key in the lock. The halls, the summer kitchen with its coal-oil stove, and one large bedroom which we all shared, were the only rooms which we left open. From these we removed every rug, curtain, drape and ornament, and every piece of unnecessary furniture. The house had shutters, so we dispensed with both the window blinds and windows in our own room. In the daytime the shutters kept out flies and moths, but at night they were flung wide open to welcome the fresh outdoor air. The house had two wide verandahs, and in the grounds were several large trees and groups of shrubs which offered abundance of shade. Of these sheltered nooks the one which we used most, and which we had dubbed the "cubby hole," was a large space cut out in the heart of a group of Norway spruce. Even a few feet from it one might well be unaware of its existence, but once through the narrow opening between the thick branches one found oneself in a circular room, perhaps twelve feet in diameter, roofed with sky and raftered with spruce boughs and carpeted with green-brown needles from the trees above. Here there were hammocks, a small table and a chair or two. This was our drawing-room. Tables and chairs and rugs on the verandahs completed our house-furnishings.

Our programme varied little with the days. There was always some work to do, for we had gardens and lawn to care for, and our own washing and ironing to do. The cooking was never more than we could do easily with our coal-oil stove and oven. We did not prepare very "fussy" meals, even when we had company, but I think we were never more hungry nor enjoyed anything better. Besides our regular work we preserved about forty-five quarts of fruit, and picked most of it, too, so we hadn't any chance to be really idle. Our day's plan was as follows: We were up fairly early, and breakfast was served on a table under the trees on the lawn, or if it was wet on either verandah.

We were adepts at transporting huge tray-loads, everything at once, and learned every trick of cosy, hay-box, and hot-water bottle or pail to keep things warm. We found a boy's small express wagon very useful for transporting meals from kitchen to lawn. The bottom could be filled, and then a large tray placed over it resting on the sides. We usually managed with one such trip. Dishes were washed out of doors after the table was cleared, and were carefully stacked in the wagon and covered or packed in the picnic basket ready for the next move. For the most part our mornings were busy; if there was spare time it was usually spent in the hammock with a book or writing letters in the "cubby hole." Dinner was at mid-day, and the heaviest rain never drove us nearer to indoors than the sheltered corner of the verandah.

After dinner we slept or read or followed our own sweet will until the noon heat was over, then packed our picnic basket and sallied forth with rugs, books, sketching or writing material, and, usually, bathing suits. On most days we went to the lake, which was only distant a ten-minutes' walk; but sometimes it was up the river or to some near-by woods. Often we asked some of our friends to go with us, or joined in picnics which they gave; but quite as often were alone, for we three girls were always good comrades.

We were all fond of bathing, and could swim a little, so we had great fun in the water. Often we played about doing "gym" stunts in our bathing suits before we went in. After bathing we were always a bit tired, and usually sat around on the sand while our hair was drying, sometimes reading aloud, but more often just chatting.

Long before six o'clock we set about preparing supper. Our picnics could have given pointers to people who consider picnics "too much nuisance." Our plan was always as little home preparation as possible, so our bread came in the loaf with the bread-board, and was buttered and sliced under the trees by the lake. Our berries were hulled and cleaned there, and we grew to be expert cooks over a little fire, or rather over little fires, for we found it worked best to have as many fires as we had things to cook. We broiled ham or steak over the coals, fried chicken, baked or fried potatoes, warmed pork and beans, made fritters and omelettes; even made tomato soup on cold days. In fact, we tried all sorts of cooking stunts, and had the greatest fun doing it.

Usually we were back at home before dark if we went alone. Often someone dropped in to spend the evening, and we sat on the verandah and ate ice-cream, or we went motoring, or played tennis on the club courts. If we were alone with nothing doing we spent our evenings always in the "cubby hole." There was a hammock apiece, with cushions and rugs, and we hung a lantern from the boughs overhead. With a large white paper shade to throw the light downward this gave a light quite strong enough to read by, and we had many a cosy evening. But our out-of-door day always made us sleepy, and we were ready for bed at an early hour.

Sometimes we planned all day picnics, an excursion by water or a long drive; but these were few, only three or four in the month, and it was the every-days, which, after all, I believe we enjoyed the most.

Of course, there were cold and rainy days, but we had warm coats and sweaters at hand, and always we could find a dry corner on either of our verandahs. There were always heaps of things waiting to be done on those rainy days. By the time the month was over we were all brown as berries, had grown appreciably in weight, and were ready to vote our summer at home one of the very happiest holidays we had ever spent. And it had cost us little more than our ordinary living expenses.

A Holiday in a Tent.

Our other holiday came a few years later, when we were city-dwellers. Mother had been ill and needed a change. We girls had positions in the city and were all eager to get away for the summer—but where?—or how? It was the first year of the war. Things looked terribly uncertain financially,

(*Continued on page* 45.)

Ask Us Any Question

State the questions clearly which you wish answered, and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address the letters to heads of the Departments named. These questions are answered absolutely free of charge to our subscribers.



Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton.

About Health and Children.

Your problems of the feeding, clothing, weaning and general care of the baby will be carefully answered by Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton.

About School Matters.

Of course you are interested in your child's education, but you may have several questions to ask about school matters. Write to Thomas Bengough.

About Cooking.

Cooking in War-time has become a science indeed. If you want any help or advice, write Marion Harris Neil.



Marion Harris Neil.

About War Work.

All who wish information regarding the various ways women can help win the War, may write Betty O'Hara.



Katherine Hale.

About Canadian Literature and Journalism.

Do you think you can write? If so, and if you would like some questions answered, write to Katherine Hale.

About Shopping.

"The Journal Shopper" will do your shopping for you free of charge in Toronto. Write her full particulars.

About Personal Problems.

If you want to unburden your heart and tell somebody about your troubles, Jennie Allen Moore will gladly listen and give some helpful advice.



Jennie Allen Moore.

About Books.

What to read, reading courses, home study, all questions of this nature, will be answered by Peter O'Donovan.



Frank Yeigh.

About History and Travel.

No one is better qualified to give advice on either of these subjects than Frank Yeigh. He will answer all questions asked him by our readers.

About Music.

Questions relating to music will be answered by Hector Charlesworth.



Hector Charlesworth.

A LETTER JUST RECEIVED

Brampton, May 20, 1918.

Canadian Home Journal,
Toronto, Ont.

Last year about Christmas time you had a set of dollies. I got them for my little girl, and of all her dolls, including an —— Beauty, she liked her big rag doll best, and would take it to bed every night in preference to any of the others. I have tried to get them in town, but cannot find any as large and good as Dolly Dimples. Will you kindly tell me where and how I can get another?

Expectantly yours,

Mrs. ———.

I am Dolly Dimples



I have Two Sisters

I have been taken to bed every night by hundreds of little girls and boys, and though dolls and toys are very scarce this season—

I am Absolutely FREE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

sent hundreds like me to all parts of Canada last year, and I proved so welcome that they are asking me to visit more homes this year.

Cut Out This Coupon and Mail It At Once

Canadian Home Journal,
71-81 Richmond St. West,
Toronto, Ont.

Enclosed find $1.50 for my subscription to the Canadian Home Journal for the coming year. I am guaranteed prompt delivery of each copy and the set of Dolly Dimples Dolls as advertised in your July issue.

Mrs. .....

Address .....

☞ This coupon is only good if used before July 31, 1918.

The One Hundred Per Cent. Bad Boy

An Experiment of Unusual Interest is About to be Tried in the United States.

"Literary Digest" gives the following:

WANTED.—The worst boy in America.

Any kids on your block that you think might size up to that specification? Of course you know lots of boys that are just plain "bad"—according to your lights—but naturally there is only one "worst" boy in the country, and he is wanted in Chicago. If you think you know him send word to Jack Robins and the delegation that recently left Chicago. That boy is going to be found, and he is going to be transplanted and made into a good boy in six months.

Joe Willens, seventeen, Mayor of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic; Manford Haskell, the City Clerk, and Jack Robins, the original "Big Brother" who founded the Republic four years ago, have started on a tour of the country looking for the 100 per cent. bad boy from fourteen to sixteen years old. Describing the novel experiment, a writer in the Newark *Star-Eagle* says:

These two boys with Robins will hold public meetings in scores of cities and will confer with officials of juvenile courts, police departments, and settlement organizations. They will go into jails, workhouses, and reformatories in search for the worst boy.

"He must be the worst boy in the whole country," Robins explained to me at the boys' city hall, while Mayor Joe added: "Just a bad boy isn't enough."

If he is an inmate of a reformatory, eminent Chicago men who are trying to solve the world wide "boy problem" through the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, will give bond to insure the return of the boy to the institution after the six months are up.

Should the boy's parents or guardians desire it, a fictitious name will be given the "worst" boy when he is transplanted to the Boys' Republic, and no one outside the boys there will know that he is the worst boy.

"Any boy can be reformed if work on him is started at the right time," said Robins. "That time is before he is seventeen. We take boys between fourteen and seventeen, and haven't failed on a single lad. Some of the boys—in fact, most of them—were habitual bad boys before they came to us. But I have never seen a bad boy under seventeen who stayed bad if the right effort to reform him was made.

"Juvenile delinquency has increased 35 per cent. since the war started, according to the record of Chicago courts. I don't know what the reason is, but it is true in all countries at war. This must be stopped. We must conserve these boys to help win the war and for the good of our country after the war is over. These boys must take places left vacant by the Americans who fall in battle over there.

"That is why we are starting this hunt for America's worst boy. We are going to show that the worst boy can be reformed. That will prove the possibility of reforming all the so-called bad boys. Most of these bad boys are not bad. But they will be bad if their boyish energy and enthusiasm are not directed into proper channels.

"We make good boys out of bad boys by turning their energy and enthusiasm into the right channel. No, we don't preach to them. The other boys merely set the right example, and we provide plenty of safety valves for pent-up spirits.

"By reforming the worst boy in the country, we hope to draw strong attention to the boy problem during the war, and believe a more earnest effort will be made in every city and every home to start boys right."

When the worst boy in Uncle Sam's big family is found he will be invited to go to Chicago and live at the Boys' Republic. His transportation from any part of the United States will be paid, and there are 250 good citizens in the Republic who are anxious to prove the theory that the only difference between a good boy and a bad boy is the way they are permitted to expend their surplus energy. Says Robins:

"The bad boy, if not reformed, becomes the 'baby gunman,' the kid 'stick-up guy,' and if he goes to prison and not to the gallows he comes out a full-fledged bad man, highwayman, burglar, safe-cracker, gangster, and murderer for money. You can't reform him then, not without his own help, and 90 per cent. of them don't want to be reformed at that stage of their lives.

"The moral is to get 'em young. That's why we hope to attract the attention of every mother and father to this hunt for the worst boy."

A NEW SOCIETY WITH AN OLD NAME.

There is a new antisociety on the lists. Perhaps you are already a member. If not, you will be interested in its propaganda. It is called the Antibellyache Society. Vulgar? Well, only in parenthesis. It's good dictionary English. See the New Standard for verification:

Bellyache (vulgar.) To act the sycophant; also, to fret, as with discontent; complain.

Anyway, it's a good, forceful Americanism.

The membership card of the society states that it has "no dues, no offices, no annual banquet," and that its object is "to discourage war-time bellyaching."

Here are the sentiments t which the members subscribe:

I avow the belief:

That even *I* could not run this war and please everybody;

That war must necessarily interfere with some peaceful occupations and pursuits;

That all men should *help* as much as possible, and complain as little as possible—that they should "'can' the bellyache."

Wherefore:

I hereby join the Antibellyache Society, and thus becoming an A-B (Antibellyacher), I pledge myself to refrain (so far as possible) from and to discourage bellyaching for the term of the war; to get new members whenever possible; to impose on myself a fine, payable to the American Red Cross, for each bellyache of which I may be guilty.
—*Literary Digest.*

Developing A Dream

(*Continued from page 23.*)

Colored people love tragedy, mystery and romance, and they are all to be found in the story of how the "Grower" came into being: the tragic young life; the message from the Lord; the change from a meagre room with an atmosphere of soapsuds to a palatial mansion on the Hudson.

Through the genius of Mrs. Walker, the colored race has been advanced in a way that can hardly be calculated. She has made possible the way for thousands of women of her race to abandon the wash tub for more pleasant and profitable occupation. Colored women all over the country are being rapidly re-made in appearance. The fact that they are at last able to manage their hair seems to have stirred them into improving their appearance in other respects. The thousands of young women employed by "madam" realize that their personal appearance has much to do with selling their wares, and they govern themselves accordingly.

Through the influence of this "Beauty Culture" movement among the colored people, enormous sums of money are being kept in the race which formerly went into the coffers of the unscrupulous vendors of powders and brews which were claimed to bleach the skin and straighten the hair of those who persistently swallowed them. The pity of it was that in many cases the credulous purchasers were injured physically as well as financially.

Mrs. Walker has certainly earned the undying gratitude of her colored brothers and sisters all over the country for her remarkable discovery which she has put upon the market at a price within the reach of all. She has had the courage of her convictions, and without aid or encouragement from any living soul has amassed a fortune. More power to her!

Contributions to the Silver Thimble and Trinket Fund Begin



A case of Maundy money is donated and the interesting story about it told.

Although the June number scarcely reaches the homes of its readers before this issue goes to press, there has already been a response to the request contained in its pages for silver and gold trinkets to be used to provide hot drinks for the soldiers. The beginning has been made—the first package has come in, and we are prepared for the arrival of a huge number of parcels during the coming weeks, containing all manner of quaint and queer, large and small, old and new gifts. It is so little for each to do, yet the whole will accomplish so much.

As explained last month, a receipt is sent to each contributor, and the articles that will bring more by selling are thus disposed of, after being valued, and the rest melted down—every cent goes to provide hot drinks for the soldi rs. The W.C.T.U. has undertaken this excellent way of assisting the Y.M.C.A., and we are asking our readers to search their homes for all useless trinkets, and send them to us, that a substantial pile may be handed over to the W.C.T.U.

Any of the following articles will be thankfully received: Old gold or silver thimbles, brooches, chains or links of chains, scarf pins, gold or silver tops of canes or umbrellas, bracelets, rings and earrings, silver match boxes, old gold or silver watches, odd cuff links, studs, watch chains, false teeth, broken spoons, forks or toilet articles in sterling silver, coins in gold or silver, medals, silverware of all kinds, plated or sterling.

Send to

Trinket Fund Dept.,
Canadian Home Journal,
71 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

When a collection was made recently in the city of London, a lady donated a case of Maundy money. So rare and interesting was this gift that we had it photographed and reproduced above. The following story describes the ancient custom of the kings and queens in distributing Maundy money to their subjects:

The royal alms, known as His Majesty's Royal Maundy, are distributed annually by the Lord High Almoner on Maundy Thursday on behalf of the King.

They consist of various cash payments made to persons of both sexes over sixty years of age, who are in necessitous circumstances, and who have at one time given employment to others and paid rates and taxes.

One of the Maundy gifts is a payment, made in silver coins, of the value of as many pence as the years of the reigning Sovereign's age, to a like number of persons of both sexes. The money is paid entirely in silver coins of the nominal value of 1d., 2d., 3d. and 4d., respectively; and it is to these small silver pieces, which are struck specially at the mint for the purpose, that the title "Maundy money" is applied. These coins bear on the obverse the effigy of His Majesty, with the inscription (similar to that on other coins of the realm), *Edwardus VII, D.G. Britt. Omn. Rex. F. D. Ind. Imp.* (in full, *Edwardus VII, Dei Gratia Britanniarum Omnium Rex Fidei Defensor Indiae Imperator*), and on the reverse the figure "1d.," "2d.," "3d." or "4d.," surrounded by a wreath of oak and surmounted by the royal crown. The edges of the coins are not milled; the threepence, therefore, are identical with the coins of that denomination struck for general circulation. Collectors of coins frequently purchase the Maundy moneys from the original recipients at enhanced prices, but Maundy coins do not pass into general use.

The first coinage of small silver pieces intended solely for distribution on Maundy Thursday was struck in 1661. Prior to that date, silver pence had been struck for general circulation, and the coins which formed part of the Maundy alms were such as could be found in the ordinary currency of the country. The title "Maundy," applied to the Thursday before Easter, is derived from *dies mandati*, the day of the mandate—as on the day before Good Friday, Christ, after washing the disciples' feet, gave his new commandment, "That ye love one another" (John XIII, 34). Hence arose the custom of washing the feet of the poor by royal and other distinguished persons. This ceremony, which was accompanied by doles of food and clothing, can be traced back to the fourth century. James II. was the last King of England who washed the feet of the recipients of the Maundy doles. An old record book at Somerset House contained the following: "On Maundy Thursday, April 16, 1685, our Gracious King James, ye 2nd, washed, wiped and kissed the feet of 52 poor men with wonderful humility."

At the ceremony of washing the feet of the poor, it was an ancient custom of the Kings and Queens of England to present some of the most necessitous with a gown from the royal wardrobe. This gift was, however, subsequently redeemed by a money payment intended to represent the value of the garment.

In the year 1572, Queen Elizabeth went through a grand Maundy ceremonial in the hall at Greenwich. Poor women, corresponding in number to the age of Her Majesty, assembled, and these were duly arranged in the great hall. Tables and benches were placed along the room, with a carpeted footway and cushions in front of each poor person for the Queen to kneel on. When all were in their places, the Laundress, provided with a silver basin containing warm water and sweet flowers, washed all their feet, and after signing them a little above the toes with a cross, kissed them. When a hymn had been sung, the Sub-Almoner and the Lord High Almoner each in turn repeated the process. The Chaplain, having read an appropriate lesson, descriptive of the washing of the disciples' feet, and as it was considered that the feet of these poor women, after the continued washing, were by this time in a fit state for Her Majesty to deal with, the Queen entered the hall

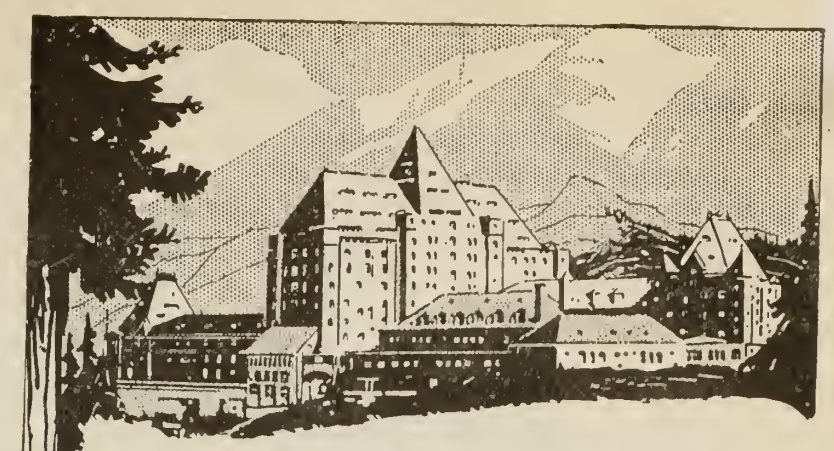
(*Continued on page* 46.)

TWO RETURNED SOLDIERS REPLY TO THE QUESTION, "DO THE BOYS ENJOY THE HOT DRINKS?"

"Coffee never looked so good to me as it did once after a ten-mile march through muddy France. By the time it came to my turn the pot was empty. I thought I was out of luck until one of my pals gave me half of his. It wasn't quite as good as a whole cup, but it was a 'jake' just the same."

"I'll just say this much," said an Irishman, "if we didn't have some hot drinks, a cup of coffee or a bowl of soup to look forward to, our marches sometimes would be miserable failures. Sure, ma'am, it's what puts the life into us."

Your Silver and Gold Trinkets will help provide these drinks.



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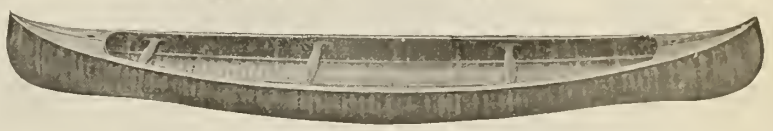
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Canadian Home Journal
71-81 Richmond St. W.
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Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE.

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.
"My life is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.
"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

—Longfellow.

ONE RAINY DAY.

It was a holiday, too, that rainy day The verses above may indicate a heavy subject, but such is not my intention. Remembering that this page will be read in the heat of July days, I forbear to take the serious side of this beautiful poem, believing that light reading is more befitting for warm weather. There is enough rain in our lives these awful war times, and anything that can divert our minds for even a brief spell is a redress to be appreciated.

There is a whole page in the poem alone, but it carries its own interpretation, so we will allow it to stand on its own merit. I would recommend to every one who reads it that it be memorized, and many times repeated until its philosophy and its optimism sink into and permeate the very existence, and until the heart can issue the command of the last verse with an authority that will not be gainsaid.

There was an excursion on that holiday—that day of promise—as the sun shone forth in warmth and splendor. The train trip was eighteen miles, and we were to have a long day at the beautiful park. It was to last from eleven in the morning when we were scheduled to arrive there, until eight in the evening, the time we were due to leave for home. My friend and I packed dainty lunches, and prepared for a splendid day's outing.

The train stopped at the little station, and we alighted on the platform. But at that moment an umbrella shot up, another and yet another. We turned our gaze skyward, and there was no mistaking that the protection sought was not from the sun which had accompanied us all the way, but the rain. The big drops splashed on the dusty white boards to the discomfiture of seven coach-loads of pleasure seekers.

Little groups had quickly formed and hurried away believing it to be but a passing shower. We lingered around the small depot, then decided to sit down inside. There a pleasant surprise awaited us in the form of a very intimate acquaintance, who had with her a sister from the far West, whom she brought to see our celebrated Falls.

Presently she whispered to me—"Say, let's double up for the day! We've a mighty fine lunch with us."

I assured her we also had a "dandy," and so we decided to spend the day together, but at that time we did not dream of sticking quite so closely to each other.

* * * * * *

The rain continued to fall, and soon those who had wandered away returned. The coaches had been left standing unlocked upon the track, else whither could such a crowd have found shelter from the elements? People were climbing back in, and we four concluded that the cushioned seats there were more desirable than the narrow bench upon which we sat, so we followed the rest, and procured two seats *vis-a-vis*, and awaited developments.

As baskets and boxes were being opened all around us, and appetizing contents distributed, we of course, also felt the pangs of hunger.

We *must* have tea, one of our number proclaimed, or *she* for one, would have a splitting headache. She was accordingly deputed to set forth on an expedition to obtain "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," and returned with such a strong decoction that a very tiny sip at a time sufficed for me—just sufficient to ward off the headache that had been predicted as inevitable, but—"Saints preserve us!"

We certainly did justice to the contents of the boxes, as each one must needs taste every variety of sandwich and cake, all of which proved a delightful diversion while it lasted.

But everything comes to an end, and soon we were all packed up trig and neat once more, crumbs shaken off our laps, the inner woman more that satisfied, and we consulted once more the weather. The result was not encouraging, and on this occasion our hearts did not beat in response to—

"How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane
How beautiful is the rain!"

Fortunately I had taken my knitting along, so proceeded to fill in the time until the shower(?) should subside. And as we calmly waited, we talked—what else could we do? Our remarks were principally upon the weather probabilities, and the possibilities of walking through wet grass, even should the rain cease.

But there was no sign of it ceasing, and the steady drip, drip, seemed to disperse any hope of "A brighter day a-coming by-and-by!" So we kept on talking.

We discussed the war and food conservation, the fuel question, votes for women, (one of our number was an ardent suffragist), and told about our lads overseas. We exchanged ideas on many subjects, on house-cleaning, on raising children without spoiling them, (as *we* had been brought up) on managing husbands, and—

* * * * * *

Presto! *The scene was changed.* The sun shone forth in all his glory. Imagine how swiftly those coaches were emptied. Our guest *must* see the Falls. And she did. But old Sol retreated once more behind a cloud evidently more in sympathy with—

"In the country on every side
Where far and wide
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide
Stretched the plain,
To the dry grass, and drier grain
How welcome is the rain!"

In half an hour we had resumed our places, and our knitting—and incidentally our talking. Say, reader, did you ever have to keep on talking when you felt you would like absolute silence?

We were denied our customary afternoon rest—the quiet hour that "knits up the tangled threads," and affords refreshment—and would gladly have refrained from talking for a time. But there seemed no way of escape, the confusion was too general, so don't you see we just *had* to talk? There was nothing else to do, and there were still five hours of the nine to spend.

There is a common saying—"Oh, talk is cheap!" It *was* that day, and it was plentiful. And *time* was likewise plentiful—a very rare occurrence in the lives of four busy women, whose leisure hours are few.

Let's talk about *talk* for a time. It is a talent with some. Others acquire it. I was a very silent child, and had to cultivate the habit of talking when I began to teach school. My first year was not a success, simply because I hated the constant talk of explanation. When I realized that it meant my vocational equipment, I soon learned to improve my "stock-in-trade," so to speak. And the habit grew, to be sure.

(*Continued on page 49.*)



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151

A King in Babylon

(*Continued from page* 17.)

asked Jimmy quietly. "It was intended for me."

We could only stare at him with open mouths—even Davis!

"And I think it is a pretty good likeness all things considered," he added, looking down at it.

Creel got back enough of his self-control to laugh—a pretty hollow laugh it was, but nevertheless it could be recognized as being intended for a sign of amusement.

"They gave you a swell coffin!" he commented.

"Yes," said Jimmy simply, "that I couldn't prevent—any more than I could prevent that magniloquent description of my greatness which they inscribed along the sides. But the sarcophagus—all this," and he waved his hand around at the barren walls, "I myself prepared a year before I died. That was my expiation—a million years in hell! But it wasn't enough, it seems!"

"Expiation for what?" demanded Creel.

"For walling her up alive," said Jimmy, and for an instant inclined a listening ear toward the rear wall of the tomb, as I had seen him do once before. Then, with a faint smile, he turned back to the coffin, and gazed down at it meditatively.

Davis was looking at him with a sort of double-concentrated attention; Creel was staring, a twisted smile still on his lips; as for me—I knew what had happened—I had feared it the night before—Jimmy had gone mad!

"But that's all make-believe!" Creel burst out, at last. "That's just the story we're filming."

"Is it?" asked Jimmy, and brushed his hand before his eyes in a bewildered way. "Perhaps it is—I don't seem to be able to keep them apart any more—the real and the unreal." Then he shook his head sharply. "No—it's true!" he said. "She kept on asking for love—for love! Her arms were always around me like a prison! At last I couldn't stand it any longer—she tried to kill me, one day, because I took another woman; and I walled her up back there, so she couldn't bother me any more," and he nodded toward the rear wall, with its sinister sign of warning. "I was sorry afterwards," he added in a lower tone; "but it was too late. And she *did* bother me—for she never died—just waited on and on . . ."

His voice trailed away, and he looked down again at the coffin, his lips trembling.

We stared at the wall and we stared at Jimmy, and I, at least, was convinced that when that wall was opened, the body of his victim—or what was left of it—would be found there. As for her never dying, that, of course, was nonsense. She would be dead enough, and dried into some such hideous thing as Creel had fabricated . . .

I glanced at Davis, to find him combing his beard thoughtfully, as he looked at Jimmy without any sign of surprise or perturbation. And at last, Jimmy, with a final look at the coffin, turned and walked silently out of the tomb.

"What do you think of him, Professor?" Creel demanded, when the sound of his footsteps had died away down the passage.

"He has been worrying over that picture too much," said Davis. "He said himself that he couldn't separate the imaginary from the real. The heat, no doubt, is what started the trouble. And then he's rather mad about that French-woman, isn't he?"

"You mean his mind is gone?"

"Oh, not so bad as that—just a mild mania. He will be all right again, once he's through with the picture and away from here."

"Then you don't believe . . ."

Creel didn't finish the sentence, but the glance he cast at the rear wall was enough.

"That he really is reincarnation of the mummy in the coffin there?" asked Davis smiling. "No Did you?"

"I don't know," said Creel, slowly. "I seem to be ready to believe almost anything—it must be in the air! But where did he get that story?"

"There is sometimes a curious clairvoyance about mania," Davis answered, more gravely, "and it may be that Jimmy has guessed the secret of this place. I had made some such guess myself—you'll remember—that the king had caused himself to be buried in this bare, unornamented tomb as a penance or expiation. I should have said that it was probably to expiate some impiety towards the gods; but it may be that the crime for which he wished to atone was the murder of a woman who loved him; yes—and it may be that we shall find her body behind that wall back yonder."

"Alive?" asked Creel, almost in a whisper.

"Rubbish!" said Davis, impatiently. "As dead as that papier-mache fake you brought from New York!"

"I surely hope so!" said Creel, devoutly. "Go ahead."

"That's all, I think," said Davis, "except that there's just a possibility we may find the whole story on a papyrus roll inside the coffin. But if we do, and if the story should turn out to be as Jimmy has guessed it, that wouldn't prove anything—it certainly wouldn't prove that Jimmy Allen is the reincarnation of Sekenyen-Re, and that Mlle. Roland is the reincarnation of the murdered favorite, and that this fantastic story you have made up for a moving-picture is true!"

"You're right, of course," agreed Creel, and made a motion as though he were brushing cobwebs from before his eyes. "Stated like that, it certainly does sound absurd. But for a moment . . ."

"If we steadily refuse to accept a supernatural explanation of anything," said Davis, "we can always find a natural one. Just give your reason a chance!" And, torch in hand, he turned to an examination of the coffin.

It was, as I have said already, shaped roughly like the mummy inside it—though the feet which projected from the lower end were so enormous that, for Sekenyen's sake, I trust they were an exaggeration! At the top, the face of the dead king had been carved life-size in the solid wood, and then painted with a care and cunning which made its life-likeness, seen thus in the shadow, at least, simply startling. And this effect was enormously heightened by the wide-open, staring eyes—made, so Davis said, of mother-of-pearl, with pupils of jet. The way they shimmered in the light was positively uncanny.

The chest and shoulders were covered by a broad, jewelled necklace, quite wonderfully painted, and below it on the breast lay what looked like a snake and a vulture. A pair of closed wings, in full gilt, were folded about the body as though to protect it, and below the wings, down the sides of the coffin as far as I could see, ran an inscription which it was evident Davis was panting to translate.

"What do you make of it?" asked Creel, at last. "Is it really the fellow you thought is was?"

"It is Sekenyen-Re beyond doubt," answered Davis quickly. "See—here is his cartouche—he is wearing the double crown of upper and lower Egypt—the uraeus and the vulture are the sacred symbols of sovereignty over the two lands. These figures beneath his feet are his guardian gods—Amon-Re, Ka and Osiris. I have never seen a more beautiful case. We must lift it out, so that I can get to work on that inscription."

"For heaven's sake, man," Creel protested, "don't start anything like that to-night! You'll kill yourself! Besides, it's long past dinner-time."

I could tell by the way Davis looked at the coffin that he would willingly forego dinner and sleep and everything else for the opportunity to study it; but again reason triumphed over impulse.

"You're right," he said. "I'll get it over to the tent to-morrow. Then I can work at it in the evenings;" and, with the help of the natives, he slid the heavy covering-slab back into place, and nodded to them that they might go.

"I don't suppose it was really necessary to put that cover back," said Davis; "but I like to be on the safe side. It is just possible that one of the natives might be tempted to break into the coffin and steal whatever's inside it. He couldn't get away with it, of course, but he might do a lot of damage. Now it's safe," and with a last look around, he picked up his torch and led the way along the passage.

"You will have to tear this wall down before you can get that coffin out," said Creel, as we came to the narrow entrance.

"Yes; I'll set some men at it first thing in the morning," and Davis flashed his light over the wall and across the slabbed ceiling.

"Won't there be danger of the roof coming down?"

"I don't think so. The wall was put

(*Continued on page* 47.)

New Crocheted Trimmings for the Knitting-Bag

THE knitting bag is now an important feature of every woman's possessions and is one which allows of a display of individuality. For the woman who likes to make these dainty articles a number of attractive bags in widely differing styles are shown here. The artistic ornaments are crocheted in wool and form a pleasing contrast to the richer materials of which the bags are made. In the two sets of directions, No. 1015 and No. 1016, are attractive motifs which may be used on hats, cushions, and bags of varied styles.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1015-D. The very realistic cherries on this knitting-bag are among the nine designs of crocheted motifs in No. 1015. Directions for making these woolen ornaments will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop. The cherries are made of red and pink worsted with the leaves of green and the large stem a reddish brown. The bag is made from Pictorial Review Pattern No. 7693 (20 cents), and is of black figured silk lined with old gold. This pattern also gives two other bags.



No. 1015-D on Bag No. 7693

No. 1016-B on Bag No. 7632

No. 1015-C on Bag No. 7632

No. 1016-D on Bag No. 7693

Initial "L" selected from No 11997

No. 1015-J on Bag 7632

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1016-B. An attractive spray of crocheted roses decorates this very handsome bag. The flowers are in two shades of old rose and are made like the rose in Irish crochet. A soft shade of green is used for the leaves and stems. Full working directions for the nine motifs in No. 1016 will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop. Pictorial Review Pattern No. 7632 (20 cents), which was used for this bag, is also shown on the opposite side of the page, and at the bottom of the page as well. There are four different styles of bags included in the pattern.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1016-D. The quaint ball-tassel shown on this bag is made of black yarn and old gold silk. The ball is about 2½ inches high and is joined to the bag with a chain made from three strands of wool. This chain is twisted into loops and bound into place as illustrated with old gold silk. The silk is also bound round the ball, dividing it into six sections. The initial is a crocheted chain of old gold silk twisted into the form of an L. For the initial Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11997, blue, 15 cents, was used. The bag made from pattern No. 7693 (20 cents) is of a dark shade of reseda green silk lined with tan. A lighter shade of green is used for the blanket stitch which outlines the bag. Blanket stitch is the simplest form of buttonhole stitch. On this bag the stitches are the same length and at equal distances apart but in many cases they are of different lengths.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1015-C. This gives another smart way of trimming bag No. 7632. The crocheted motif is composed of plums of two different shades and green leaves which are attached in a cluster to a black stem about two inches long. The three leaves are turned back over the point of the bag. Made of Shadow Lawn green crêpe de Chine, this bag is lined with a soft satin of a Gobelin blue shade. Pictorial Review Pattern No. 7632, 20 cents.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1015-J. Quite unusual are these dainty dahlias made in two shades of rose and two shades of violet with leaves of hunters' green. The flowers are made in a long knotted stitch which is quickly worked and is very effective. A spray of these flowers and leaves trims one side of the bag while a solitary blossom is placed on the other side. Pictorial Review Pattern No. 7632, 20 cents, was used to make this handsome bag. It is made of soft silver-gray satin lined with Delft-blue China silk and has silver cords to hold it by. The cherries and the roses shown on two of the bags at the top of the page would also be very effective on this bag. A cluster of three cherries and two leaves might be placed at one side instead of the single flower. The bags illustrated are suitable for utility service as well as for knitting. For working directions No. 1015, send 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop to the Embroidery Department, Pictorial Review.

Important in Summer Fashions Are Gingham Frocks and Blouses

7676—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards figured voile—3 yards 36-inch linen for cuffs and skirt—¾ yard organdy for collar and frilling. Embroidery No. 11339, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Among the notable fashion features of this season is the combination of sheer and heavy materials such as voile or organdy with linen, and in this model plain linen and printed voile are combined attractively. The front-closing waist is mounted on a sleeveless underbody with high or V neck, and on this is arranged a surplice vestee. Flowing sleeves may replace the sleeves illustrated, and the two-piece gathered skirt has a line of perforations to indicate where the plain material is attached to the figured.

7825—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7657—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅜ yards 32-inch check gingham—1¼ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar and trimming. Check gingham is both practical and smart for the Summer frock, relieved with trimming of white piqué. The blouse, which closes at left side-front, has an inserted vest, and the jumper extends down below the belt and is turned up at the lower edge to form hem pockets. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model closing at left side seam.

7824—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch plaid gingham—¾ yard white linen for vest and trimming—½ yard 36-inch black satin for sash. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Scallop No. 11853, blue transfer, 10 cents. The simplicity that is such a striking note of the Summer fashions is attractively expressed in this frock of plaid gingham. The collar extends into long revers ending at the waist-line and frames an inset vest. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves. Attached under the satin girdle is the three-piece gathered skirt that closes at center-front.



Dress 7676
Embroidery 11339

Blouse 7825
Skirt 7657

Dress 7824
Scallop 11853

Dress 7820
Scallop 11854

Blouse 7755
Skirt 7546

Blouse 7262
Skirt 7330

7755—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 7546—Ladies' Tunic Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. The dress in medium size requires 6½ yards 36-inch plain voile—2⅝ yards plaid voile—¼ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar—1¼ yard filet lace. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Over a front-closing waist the bodice-like jumper is adjusted, and the belt that extends across the back buttons onto the jumper at the side-front. Plain sleeves with turn-back cuffs may be substituted for the gathered sleeves illustrated. A side tunic that may be shortened is mounted on the two-piece gathered skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAG. 39

7820—Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch linen. Scallop No. 11854, blue or yellow transfer, 10 cents. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Here is another attractive and practical one-piece frock, the only note of trimming being the buttonholed scalloped edges. The dress may close to the neck, or it may be worn with a collar forming revers. The fronts are gathered below a small square yoke.

Blouse 7832

Blouse 7829

Blouse 7842

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Distinctly Swagger Are the New Sports Blouses and Capes

7835—Ladies' and Misses' Two-piece Circular Cape (20 cents). Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. Medium size requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch black plush—½ yard white satin for collar. The vogue of capes is increasing all the time, and they are worn by young girls as well as by their elder sisters and mothers. This is one of the new short models, slashed at side-front and side-back for the belt.

7842—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch white Georgette crêpe. Braiding on collar No. 12419, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. No. 7792—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse (20 cents). Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. Medium size requires 3 yards 36-inch plaid sports satin. No. 7804—Ladies' One-piece Circular Skirt (20 cents). Eight sizes, 22 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch white linen. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A very attractive sports costume is evolved by the combination of these three models. The blouse of white Georgette crêpe buttons at the back, and is gathered on the shoulders in front. The overblouse is one of the fashionable sleeveless models with belt starting each side of the front panel, and finished at the back with sash ends. The skirt has an oddly shaped belt buttoning onto the pockets.

Cape 7835

Sports Blouse 7729

Blouse 7513

Blouse 7618 Skirt 7588

Blouse 7842 Overblouse 7792 Skirt 7804 Braiding 12419

Blouse 7806 Overblouse 7847 Skirt 7735

Dress 7822

7618—Ladies' Sailor Blouse (20 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch organdy. No 7588—Ladies' Two-piece Jumper Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. This blouse slips on over the head, and the shield is removable. The curving trimming bands on the side-front of the skirt give the effect of an inserted yoke. The closing is at left side-back under a plait formed by the panel section at the back. The suspender sections may be omitted.

7729—Ladies' Sports Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch white drilling—½ yard blue drilling for collar and trimming—6⅜ yards braid. A panel front gives a smart air to this sports blouse with square or round collar.

7513—Ladies' Sports Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 27-inch check gingham—4 yards 27-inch white piqué and ⅜ yard blue linen for collar and trimming.

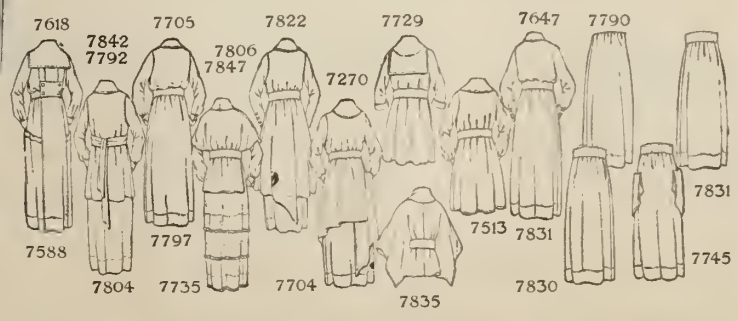
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

Blouse 7647 Skirt 7831

Blouse 7270 Skirt 7704 Scallop 11661

Blouse 7705 Skirt 7797

7822—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard dotted organdy for collar—3 yards velvet ribbon for girdle—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. In smart redingote effect is this dress of linen softened by a long shawl collar of dotted organdy. The redingote closes at the side-front, and may have straight-around or irregular lower edge. The foundation skirt is a two-piece model.



Skirt 7790

Skirt 7745

Skirt 7830

Skirt 7831

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



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Cadillac Electric Vacuum Cleaner

Is leading in favor

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IT SELLS ITSELF

A Cadillac was bought just a week or two ago for one of Toronto's homes. It had been guaranteed to give entire satisfaction, and so pleased was the good housewife that inside of ten days five other housewives—neighbors to the first home—bought Cadillac Electric Vacuum Cleaners.

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Be sure to try the Cadillac before purchasing and keep in mind the fact that it is a **Canadian** made machine which has won the Gold Medal every time it has been exhibited.

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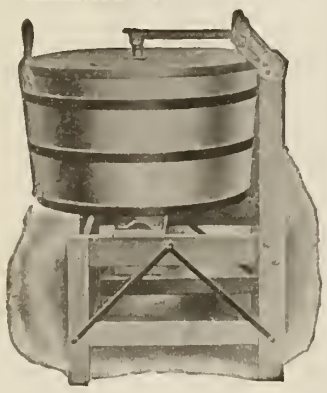
To give you the same kind of satisfaction because every machine is put through the same exacting tests as the one above referred to.

Made in Canada

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Wash Day Comfort

The Connor Ball Bearing Washer will take the hard work and drudgery out of wash day; will cut wash day in half and leave you more time for more enjoyable and profitable occupation.

Will not injure the clothes no matter how delicate the fabric may be.

The Connor Ball Bearing Washer will wash the clothes to snowy whiteness and always produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results.

It is an investment, not an expense, which you should decide upon making at once. The sooner you purchase a Connor Ball Bearing Washer the sooner you will combine pleasure with profit on Wash Day.

At your dealer or direct.

J. H. CONNOR & Son, Limited
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There IS a difference in Washing Machines. The Connor Washing Machines will give you best results.

Holiday Money

We can show you a means of creating for yourself a good income during your holidays. Write Canadian Home Journal, 71-81 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

Playtime and Dress-Up Models for the Little People

6943—Child's Empire Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch flowered dimity—5¼ yards insertion—2¼ yards edging.

Child's Dress 6943

Child's Coat 7850
Scallop 11659

Boys' Suit 6682

Juniors' Dress 7849

7849—Juniors' Dress (25cents). Three sizes, 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard white voile for collar, cuffs, and trimming. Very simple and youthful is this frock of plaid gingham. The waist closes at the back, and may have V or square neck and long or short sleeves. Under an oddly shaped belt the one-piece gathered skirt is attached. The pockets may be omitted.

Girls' Dress 7686
Emb. 11339

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7844
Scallop 11693

7686—Girls' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch white voile—1¼ yard filet lace—3½ yards Val insertion. Embroidery No. 11339, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. Instead of the straight shirred tunic at the sides, this dress may be made with bretelles that extend down to form large outstanding pockets. The closing is at the back.

7850—Child's Coat (20 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar and cuffs. Scallop No. 11659, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. Scalloped collar and cuffs of white Georgette crêpe give added daintiness to this coat of beige taffeta. The skirt section is in five gores.

Child's Dress 7848

Girls' and Juniors' Nightgown 7681

Child's Skirt 7587

Girls' Pajamas 6838

Girls' and Juniors' Skirt 7244

Child's and Girls' Petticoat 7826
Emb. 11730

Boys' Overalls 7851

Girls' Overalls 7853

Boys' Overalls 3701

6682—Boys' Suit (15 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 27-inch plain galatea for blouse—1½ yard 27-inch striped galatea for trousers and trimming. There is nothing cuter for the small boy than suits of this type, to be made of linen, galatea, or chambray in plain and striped, or in two contrasting colors.

7848—Child's Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—5 yards Val insertion—6½ yards lace. This cute little dress buttons in front and has an attached two-piece gathered skirt with one tuck above the hem.

7844—One-piece Dress for Girls and Juniors (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch white linen. Dotted scallop No. 11693, blue transfer, 15 cents. The closing is at the left shoulder and side-front.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT CHEWING GUM

WITH THE FRUITY FLAVOR

RUTH ROLAND says: Ripe, red cherries and Adams California Fruit Gum I think are equally delicious. I love them both.

Ruth Roland

the first comfortable baby

Gerhard Mennen produced the first borated talcum to shower on babies to protect their delicate skin from chafing and from the friction of tight garments.

His first perfect formula has never been bettered.

Mothers insist on
MENNEN'S
for babies because it is safe – isn't a safe talcum equally as good for adults?



After the War—What?

(*Continued from page* 18.)

country will be an outstanding example of pure and prosperous Democracy; when production will be developed to the utmost; when the development of our unlimited natural resources will be scientifically managed, so that our financial position will be safe and strong; when co-operation will be encouraged, so that "team-work"—the happy name given by Hon. Mr. Balfour for Democracy—will be fully developed and utilized; and when, above all, the proceeds from the united labor of all our people will be so distributed that there shall be no abject poor, no starving children, no slums, no dangerous tenements, no tramps, no loafers, no non-producers; so that there will be plenty to provide for the care and comfort of the helpless and aged; so that hours of labor shall be reduced so as to provide for improvement and pleasure outside of working hours; so that the best facilities for education, music, art, and all uplifting and enlightening agencies shall be afforded to all.

I propose to take up various problems of reconstruction one by one, and deal with them in popular language. In this introductory article I only want to get the setting for the pictures I may draw; I desire to find the proper "atmosphere" into which to project my thoughts; I want my readers to assume the proper attitude. It is important to keep level heads while dealing with these tangled topics; so please be patient, considerate, attentive, but as outspoken as you please in criticism, which should be constructive—suggesting something in the place of the thing to which objection is taken.

Newest Fancies in Fashions

(*Continued from page* 34.)

7262—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7330—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. The costume in medium size requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch plaid taffeta—⅝ yard plain taffeta—½ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe for overcollar and cuffs.

7832—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents.) Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch gray Georgette crepe—⅜ yard white Georgette crepe—2 yards satin ribbon.

7829—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch plain voile—⅝ yard 36-inch figured voile.

7842—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch figured Georgette—⅜ yard white Georgette—1¾ yard Valenciennes insertion—2½ yards edging.

(*Continued from page* 35.)

7806—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 7847—Ladies' Overblouse (20 cents). Cut in one size only. No. 7735—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅛ yard 36-inch plain voile—3⅜ yards figured voile—2⅛ yards black Baronette satin for overblouse.

7647—Ladies' Frill Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards plain Georgette crepe—1 yard dotted Georgette crepe for collar and trimming. No. 7831—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Sev n sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch woolen plaid. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard.

7270—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch white voile—½ yard 36-inch white ramie linen for collar and cuffs. Scallop No. 11661, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. No. 7704—Ladies' Tunic Skirt (20 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch check cloth—⅜ yard plain cloth for trimming—1¼ yard 36-inch lining for upper part of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.

7705—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch cross-bar voile—⅜ yard white voile for cuffs and trimming. No. 7797—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires for skirt with hanging pockets, 2½ yards 44-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The skirt closes at left side seam.

7790—Ladies' Tunic Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 36-inch linen for skirt without tunic. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards.

7745—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard.

7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 44-inch check cloth. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The closing is at the left side seam.

(*Continued from page* 36).

7851—Boys' Overalls Closing at the Back (20 cents). Six sizes, 2 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch blue denim. The front of these overalls is in one, while the back of the trousers buttons to the back of the waist.

7853—Girds' Overalls (15 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch check gingham.

3701—Boys' Overalls (15 cents). Seven sizes, 4 to 16 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 27-inch denim.

6838—Girls' One-piece Pajamas (15 cents). Six sizes, 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 4⅛ yards 27-inch cotton crepe.

7681—Girls' and Juniors' Nightgown (15 cents). Four sizes, 8 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch nainsook.

7587—Child's One-piece Plaited or Gathered Skirt (15 cents). Five sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch linen—½ yard cambric for underbody.

7244—Girls' and Juniors' Straight Sideplaited Skirt with Underwaist (15 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 36-inch rep for skirt—1 yard 27-inch cambric for underbody.

7826—Child's and Girls' One-piece Gathered Petticoat (15 cents). Eight sizes, 1 to 8 years. Size 4 requires for skirt without ruffle 1½ yard 27-inch cambric. Embroidery and Scallop No. 11730, blue transfer, 15 cents.

The Canadian Tommy on Leave in England

(*Continued from page* 13.)

with by the League are from the land of the Maple Leaf.

Throughout the city of London, and, indeed, all over the country, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all the larger cities, there are Y.M.C.A. kiosks established, so that in the event of any boy finding himself stranded, he knows where to go for ready help and information.

In Edinburgh.

Captain Fingland is the Canadian "Y" officer in charge of the work in Edinburgh, and it is interesting to note that sixty per cent. of the Canadians who take the Association tours go to Scotland. Under Captain Fingland is a good staff of voluntary guides, and the number of men served by his organization during April of this year was 1,580.

The service to the Canadian troops in England is only partially dealt with in this article. Other branches of the work could be referred to, and the Association is constantly extending its scope. A similar work is being done in Paris, where, in addition to its centrally located and commodious hostel, the Canadian Y.M.C.A. has taken over a large hotel at a rental of 50,000 francs, for the use of the men in khaki. As has been remarked, this side of Red Triangle activities may not appear quite so spectacular as some of its doings at the front, but it is undoubtedly a great piece of constructive and preventive service, for which the Canadian relatives of the men cared for cannot be too thankful.

Officers who have noted this Leave Work of the Y.M.C.A., and compared the better morale and health of their men who have spent their ten days under such auspices, with those who have "gone on their own," most heartily endorse the plan and strongly commend it to the regiments in their command. The avidity with which the boys themselves seize such opportunities, and their grateful testimonies to the good and wholesome time they have had, provide eloquent evidence that the "Y" is making good in this, as in other, directions.



Make Your Dainty Things Like New Again and Again

Every woman wants to be economical in war-time, of course. But it isn't extravagance to wear the daintiest, prettiest, flimsiest things your heart may fancy for everyday wear—provided you let Lux cleanse them. You can keep them like new with never a bit of rubbing—for it was the old-style relentness rubbing that robbed your things of their beauty.

These delicate Lux flakes have far more real cleansing power than any form of soap. The girl who wants to "do a few things" in a spare hour, will find a wash basin, some hot water and a package of Lux all she needs to transform anything which is limp and dingy into a refreshing, dainty garment.

How to wash silks—beautifully

Use a table spoonful of Lux to a gallon of water Dissolve in boiling or very hot water and stir into a copious lather. Cool with cold water and dip your garment through this rich suds many times. Work it about in the suds—squeezing the water through the soiled parts but do not rub. Rinse in three waters, clear and lukewarm, press out—but do not wring. Dry in the shade. When nearly dry, press on the wrong side with a warm iron—never a hot one. Press crepes from side to side and stretch a little as you press.

How to wash white woollens

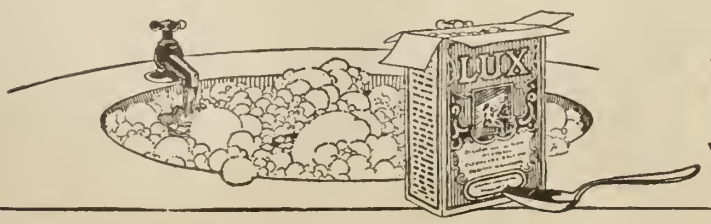
Drop two table spoonsfull of Lux in a gallon of boiling or very hot water and whip into a creamy foam Put the woollens in and let them soak until the water is comfortable for the hands. Squeeze the suds through and through them but do not rub. Rinse in three waters, lukewarm and put through a loose wringer or squeeze the water out—do not wring.

COLORED WOOLLENS: wash as above but in luke warm suds and do not soak. Dry in the shade.

The pure Lux flakes will not harm anything that pure water itself will not hurt.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, - TORONTO.

53



LUX

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The Canning of Foods is Given Great Prominence Among Ontario Institutes

INSTRUCTION IN CANNING.

The keen interest in, and appreciation of, the instruction given to Institutes last year in the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables by the demonstrators sent out by the Department has resulted in a similar offer being made this year. The conditions are as follows:

1. That the Women's Institute or other local organizations will furnish suitable building in which to give instruction, including demonstrations and explanations as the work is being done, with possibly a brief lecture as an introduction to the demonstration.

2. That the Institute furnish a suitable stove and an ordinary wash boiler in which to do the sterilizing; also a suitable vessel or vessels in which to cook the fruit. The Department will provide all other necessary equipment except the jars or cans for holding the fruit. It will be preferable to use glass jars in most instances, as tin cans are very expensive and hard to secure, and it also requires some experience to use them to advantage. A steam pressure cooker will be used at the larger centres. The Institute will be required to furnish, free of cost, the fruit, vegetables and sugar to be used in the demonstration.

3. If assurance can be given that a large number will take advantage of the instruction, the demonstrator will remain for two days in the one centre, if thought well.

4. Application for a demonstrator should be made to the Institute Branch, Department of Agriculture, at as early a date as possible, at least three weeks before the instructor is wanted, and dates preferred should be stated.

The first demonstrations will be given as soon as vegetables suitable for canning are ready.

There will be no charge for either services or expenses of instructor.

If applications are received from Institutes conveniently located it may be that those who wish to take advantage of the lecture and demonstration will be asked to go to a central point for instruction, thus having the one demonstration serve several Institutes.

The Department still has a limited number of the Bulletin No. 252 on "The Preservation of Food," and copies will be mailed to applicants so long as the supply lasts. Thousands of copies of the Bulletin have already been sent out, and the greatest of satisfaction has resulted from the following of the directions given therein.

ONTARIO CANNING CENTRES.

Following the success of the Canning Centres established at Parkhill, last year, interesting notes regarding which have appeared in this Journal, the Ontario Department of Agriculture will this year assist in opening canning centres at a number of points. Already plans have been made for this work at Barrie and Mapleton, and no doubt by the time this issue reaches the readers other centres will be decided upon.

At Barrie, the Women's Institute have the co-operation of the town council, and the splendid market building has been secured for the season. The council has donated $300 to assist in covering expenses.

At Mapleton, a fine building erected for use as a creamery has been secured.

While arrangements will be made for the use of these canning centres on certain days for community purposes—that is, those who contribute to the centre will have an opportunity of putting up goods for their own use—the centres are being established principally for patriotic purposes. The labor in each case will be furnished largely by local people, and most of it voluntarily, but it is expected that generous supplies will be sent in from all of the surrounding districts, and, as most people have planned to produce a little more than they require for their own use, there will, no doubt, be a splendid response. The Canadian Red Cross Society will contribute containers (sealers, tins, or kegs), sugar, spices, and vinegar for all goods contributed to patriotic purposes.

The supplies which can be utilized to best advantage at such a centre are as follows: Chicken, fruit, tomatoes, string beans, peas, beets and corn. These will be of value in about the order named. The centre will also be able to utilize to good advantage a limited supply of cucumbers, cauliflower and cabbage with which to make pickles.

WAR-TIME FOOD AND COOKING.

The little bulletin called "Circular II.," has proved most popular and every day the Department of Agriculture is receiving requests for copies. The Canada Food Board has made most favorable comment regarding the value of this bulletin.

Suggestions for well planned meals, in regard to food values, substitutes for white sugar, wheat substitutes, vegetable recipes, fruit desserts, egg dishes, milk dishes, ways of using cheese are all contained in the little book.

Copies will be sent on application to the Institute Branch, Department of Agriculture, Toronto.

NOTES FROM ONTARIO BRANCHES.

St. Williams Branch in South Norfolk, reports splendid patriotic work accomplished. With a membership of fifty-eight, they have raised $1,722.73, and done much work for the soldiers.

Aurora Institute succeeded in raising $48 from the sale of old newspapers. This Branch met every week to do war work, and each month sent 25 parcels overseas, and 48 at Christmas.

Sundridge, Alkona, and Moyle - Tranquillity report excellent Red Cross and Patriotic endeavor. The last named used the following methods to raise money: Cash contributions from members, collections taken by the farmers' clubs, a little play, a collection at a barn raising, Red Cross mite boxes, a bazaar given by the girls, a garden party, tag day at the Provincial Plowing Match, the Wentworth banquet at the Plowing Match, and the sale of junk.

Fenelon Falls Branch presented their president, Mrs. Gould, with a club bag at their annual meeting. It is pleasing to note that Mrs. Gould's untiring efforts are so much appreciated by her associates. Any president's task is difficult, and too often the members of a Branch accept her efforts as their just right, little dreaming of the hours of toil spent to plan, organize, and make the work of the Institute effective and of real benefit to the community.

Perth Institute has sustained a very serious loss in the death of Mrs. David Hogg, their first president, and always a helpful and enthusiastic member. The Institute, churches and entire town of Perth feel deeply the loss of this prominent citizen.

EXCELLENT WORK AMONG THE B. C. INSTITUTES.

Agassiz met on May 16th. Recommendations re Divorce, Inheritance and Homestead from Cranbrook were endorsed. Mrs. MacCallum gave an excellent paper which showed careful preparation on "Stories for Children," while Mrs Roach read an equally interesting paper on "Canadian Civics."

Boundary held a Y.M.C.A. tag day and dance on the 10th, both of which were in every way successful, clearing $190.

Roll Call—"What Our Town Needs."

At Chilliwack two papers were given on "Zionist Movement" and "Economy in Time and Strength," by Mrs. Welch and Mrs. Dusterhoef. Roll Call was responded to by "War-Time Recipes and What Our Town Needs." It is always encouraging to see the Institutes taking up what is essentially Institute work, namely, "Local Neighborhood Needs."

Colwood is not lacking in the same spirit, the Roll Call being "Local Improvements," which we are pleased to report brought out some excellent suggestions. Mrs. Neal gave a splendid paper on "Turkey Raising," which is to be printed in the Journal.

Hatzic Institute held a "Wild Flower Competition." The Patriotic Committee reported that they had sent two pairs of socks to each of the district boys at the front and the balance to the Red Cross headquarters, at Vancouver.

A Woman Trustee.

Matsqui Institute met on May 10th, when the members decided to accept the standing invitation of the newly formed Farmers' Institute to visit them at their next meeting. It is the intention of the Institute to nominate a woman candidate for school trustee at the coming election.

Nelson Institute members listened to a talk on "Care and Feeding of Chickens," and demonstration, "How to Dress a Rabbit and Prepare for Table." A good meeting was reported.

Miss Abriel gave an excellent paper on "The Necessity of Keeping Household Accounts," at the Nakusp Institute. North Saanich Flower Show, formerly dated for June, was postponed to July owing to late season with regard to flowers. The members listened to Messrs. Carmichael and Davis on "Modern Methods of Canning." The question of a community canning club was left for further discussion and consideration.

Peachland Institute met on the evening of May 10th, when the members and all present listened to a talk by Rev. W. J. Scott on Jerusalem and enjoyed the views presented. This was followed by a paper on "Modern Jerusalem," by Miss White. Altogether the evening was one of keen enjoyment.

Short papers read on "The Effect of the War on Belgium, Serbia, United States and Poland," brought up much discussion, which was interesting and instructive, at the Robson Institute.

Rock Creek turned back to the "good old days of long ago," when the members listened to a paper on "Pioneer Days."

Salmon Arm City Institute met on May 21st, and with three important and interesting subjects, "Care of Tomato Plants," "Re-footing Stockings," and "Making of Rag Rugs," the afternoon was one of profit and pleasure to the twenty-seven members and five visitors present.

Tillicum Women's Institute had the pleasure of a lively discussion following a very able paper by Mrs. J. D. Gordon, on "How Parents Can Help or Hinder the School Work of Their Children." It is a fact worthy of note that the meeting had a member of the school board present who helped considerably in the discussion. On May 15th the topic for discussion, being "Woman's Duty to Herself," was very ably handled by Mrs. Clark and thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Arrangements are well under way for the annual flower show to be held on June 29th, the principal feature of which will be the children's exhibit.

Willow Point met on May 9th. The time was occupied in a discussion on "Legalized Versus Voluntary Food Rationing." All members were unanimously in favor of compulsory rationing.

West Saanich met in May, taking as the topic, "Whether Women Shall Take Part in Public Life," discussion arising therefrom being both lively and interesting.

The Great Good Sense of a Child.

Tappen on May 1st took for discussion "Current Events" and "The Great Good Sense of a Child." The latter topic could be recommended to all our organizations in the hope that there would be understanding sufficient to appreciate and profit by this "Great Good Sense." Speakers were Mrs. Woolett and Mrs. Fleming.

Kalamalka, on May 8th, listened to papers on "Beekeeping" and "Ripening and Preserving of Seeds." These as industries are needed in British Columbia and are such as women could take up with profit and comparative ease.

Salmon River Valley has changed its name to Silver Creek. The topics for May meeting were instructive and very much to the fore, "Maternity" and "Conservation."

Arrow Park had a very practical and helpful demonstration on "Cleaning and Pressing."

Garden City had a most interesting lecture from Miss Juniper, Supervisor of Domestic Science, Victoria, on "Food Values and Conservation."

Gordon Head met on May 15th. Circulars relating to medical inspection of schools were distributed.

Metchosin met on May 7th and listened to a paper on the "Care of House Plants." Copies of the Busy Woman's Handbook were ordered by those present.

Upper Sumas had a mother's meeting and children's programme. This is a splendid idea and should be an item in the yearly programme of every Institute. It seems strange that in the interest in improvement of the general livestock, the most important of all "Our Human Livestock," has been the last to receive attention.

(*Continued on page* 44.)

Home Canning

Saves Products
Now Wasted
Cuts Down Cost of Living
Adds to Income
Trains in Useful Work
Answers the Question,
What Shall We Have
For Dinner?

DON'T WASTE IT.
CAN IT.

A Can of Fruit
A Can of Greens
A Can of Vegetables
For Every Day in the Year
Stick to One Set of
Instructions
Work Quickly
Have Everything Clean
and Sanitary
Attention to Little Things
Produces High Grade Goods

WHY?

Gives Greater Variety
Is Wholesome
Saves Doctor Bills
We Like It
Is Ready to Serve
When Wanted



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The Thrift Car

Canada at Work in Model 90

What the railroads are to a nation, motor cars are to individuals.

Now is the time when you *need* a Model 90, to save time and increase your efficiency.

When farmers, merchants, salesmen, business men and women engaged in every kind of activity—agree upon a car, the proof of that car's value is so conclusive that—

You can safely buy a Model 90 without having seen it, or without knowing a single thing about its perfected construction.

Such testimony of merit is the utmost guarantee that you can have.

But we ask you to take no one's judgment but your own.

Your inspection of Model 90 will explain its popularity.

The powerful, spirited motor seems to exult in the demands you put upon it.

Model 90 is economical with fuel and saving of tires.

It has big-car stylish design, is easy to operate, has narrow turning radius, and performs equally well on hill, straight-away, or in congested traffic.

It has rear cantilever springs, 106-inch wheelbase, 31x4 inch tires, non-skid rear, and vacuum fuel system.

A car to be completely satisfactory must be satisfactory in *every* one of these respects.

You cannot get *complete* satisfaction for less than Model 90 price.

Why delay?

Five points of Overland superiority:

Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service and Price

Willys-Overland, Limited

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The New Slip-Over Sweater and Spiral Sock

Are the Newest Features of Knitting



Child's Slip Over Sweater



Striped Slip Over Sweater



Sleeveless Slip Over Sweater

CHILD'S SLIP OVER SWEATER.

Age: 4 to 6 years.

1 pr knitting needles, No. 5; 1 pound 4-fold knitting yarn.

Body: Cast on 64 st, k pl 46 ribs, increase 1 st on each end of each rib for 4 ribs. Cast on 45 st for sleeves on end side of work. K 13 ribs pl. Take 69 st on extra needle, bind off 25 st for neck and k on remaining length. *4 ribs pl, increase at neck line 3 st each rib for 6 ribs, k 6 ribs pl, bind off 45 st for sleeve. Decrease at under arm 1 st each rib for 4 ribs, then 5 ribs pl*, hold on needle and work other side in like manner from * to *. K the 2 sides together and k 48 ribs pl and bind off. Cuff: Pick up st at bottom of sleeve. K 9 st pl, then to decrease k 2 st in one 5 times. K pl until there are 16 ribs, bind off. Collar: Cast on 26 st, k pl for 65 ribs, bind off and sew to neck line. Belt: Cast on 10 st, pl knitting, 130 ribs, then decrease 2 st each rib (1 at each end) until 2 st remain, bind off. Cord: Four strands wool, crochet length desired. Finish with tassels.

SLEEVELESS SLIP OVER SWEATER.

Materials: 8 balls knitting wool. Use 1 pair needles No. 5. Cast on 126 st. K 6 st and purl 6 st across entire sweater. Continue knitting where purled in previous row, in so doing forming ribs. Do this for 89 rows, then k pl for 27 ribs. Bind off 27 st on each side of sweater. Decrease 1 st on each side for 5 ribs. K 19 ribs on this length. Take off 23 st on extra needle. Bind off 26 st for neck and k on remaining length. *10 rows on this length. Increase 1 st each rib on neck side for 24 ribs.* K other side from * up to this point. Then k the 2 sides together. K 27 ribs. Then purl and k as on back for 89 rows and bind off. Sew up seams with wool.

STRIPED SLIP OVER SWEATER.

Begin at the lower edge of the back with the white and cast on 108 st (about 19 in.). K 4 ribs of white, start on the right side of the work with the color and k 4 ribs, then 4 more white. With color k until the work measures 10 in. from the lower edge. In the next row narrow every 3rd st across, leaving 80 st (to narrow the 3rd st, k 2 and then k next 2 tog). With the 80 st, rib 3 in. by k 4, p. 4. K pl for 8 in. In measuring always lay work flat and measure with a ruler without stretching. Cast on 80 st for the sleeve, just loose enough so the edge will not draw. K to end of row, cast on 80 st for the other sleeve, making in all 241 st. K back and forth for 32 ribs or 6 in. The back should measure about 16 in. across and the sleeve 19 in. K 108 st and leave on a separate needle. Bind off 25 for the neck. * on the remaining 108 st, k 6 ribs, adding a st at neck edge in 2d st of beginning of each rib, making 114 st in all. Cast on 23 at neck edge, making 137 on the needle. K 32 ribs or about 6 in. more. Bind off 80 st for the sleeve. The bound off edge should be about as loose as the cast on edge. Leave the 57 st on a separate needle. With the 108 st on the other side repeat from *, ending with 57 st. Place all the st on one needle and k back and forth until the number of ribs is the same as the back between the ribbing and sleeve. Rib 3 in. to correspond with the back, then finish with the same number of ribs of the white and color as in the back. Bind off loosely. For the collar, begin at the left side and with the color and steel needles take up 60 st (5 of each 23 cast on in front and rest of the 60 on bound off st of neck edge). K 3 or 4 ribs with steel needles then with aluminum needles until you have 16 ribs of color, 4 of white, 4 of color and end with 4 white and bind off. For a deeper collar make more ribs. This one measures 13 in. at back edge. By widening a st at the beginning of each rib after the 3rd, a wider collar with points at the side will be formed. For the cuff, take up 60 st with steel needles and color, k 2 in., then on right side of the work p a row which makes the cuff turn easily. Make 1 in. more, then with white 2 ribs, then with color and aluminum needles make 4 ribs of color and 4 of white and bind off. Sew up the under side of sleeve and cuff and under the arms, joining back to front. Around lower edge, cuff, and around collar and revers crochet sc with black. In each st of black make sl st with white. Work loosely and widen at corners so edge will not draw. The ribbing at the waist may be omitted and after making the 10 in. below the waist narrow as given above. If the girdle is used cast on 3 st with steel needle, w a st at beginning of each rib until there are 20 st. K required length, point other end by narrowing a st at beginning of each rib until 3 are left and bind these off. The white may be used for stripes on the ends. With 10 st on steel needles k 2 strips or straps and sew under the arms on the ribbing through which to run the girdle (see illustration). This is a good working model for a sweater and is well proportioned.



Front View of Spiral Sock Drawn Up On Leg and Foot

THE SPIRAL SOCK With Kitchener Toe

This is the new spiral sock with Kitchener toe. It is much easier for the amateur knitter, as there is no heel to turn, and socks made in this way can be finished in much less time. The sock is knitted in spiral shaping, and this gives it a close fit and makes the sock fit close to the foot, ankle, and leg, without causing any bumps or bulges anywhere. Fitting so closely, the socks are perfectly comfortable to wear, and are undoubtedly very much to be preferred for the amateur knitter, who finds difficulty in turning the heel of the ordinary sock.

Materials required for one pair of socks are: 1½ hank yarn; 4 needles, No. 1 Red Cross celluloid needes.

To knit: Cast on 56 stitches (16 on one needle—20 on other two). Knit 2 and purl 2 for 30 rows, then knit 4 and purl 4 until sock measures 22 inches in length. Advance one stitch every fourth row of rib, to form spiral. Change stitches to 28 on one needle and 14 on each of other two. Then make Kitchener toe as follows: 1st needle (E). Knit to within 3 stitches of end, Knit 2 together, Knit 1. 2nd needle (F). Knit 1, Slip 1, Knit 1, pass slipped stitch over. Knit to within 3 stitches of end, Knit 2 together, Knit 1. 3rd needle (G). Knit 1, Slip 1, Knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, Knit to end. Knit two rows plain (H). Repeat E, F, G, H, 3 times (making 4 times in all). Then narrow every other row 5 times. Knit the 5 stitches of your 1st needle onto your 3rd needle. You now have 10 stitches on each of the two needles. Break wool (leaving 12-inch length) and thread it into worsted needle. Hold sock so that the worsted needle is at your right and, always keeping wool under knitting needles, weave front and back together as follows: (*) Pass worsted needle through 1st stitch of front knitting needle as if knitting, and slip stitch off the knitting needle. Pass through 2nd stitch as if purling and leave stitch on the knitting needle. Pass through 1st stitch of back needle as if purling and slip stitch off the knitting needle. Pass through 2nd stitch of back needle as if knitting and leave stitch on knitting needle. Repeat from (*) until all stitches are off needles. In order to avoid a ridge across the end of the toe, fasten the wool down the side.



Spiral Sock As It Appears Off the Foot



Back View of Spiral Sock

MONARCH-FLOSS

FOR PATRIOTIC AND ECONOMICAL HAND KNITTING

IN 30 COLORS





FOR knitting women's pullovers, scarves, children's garments, and the finer kinds of woolen things, where strength and durability, no less than good appearance, are desired, Monarch Floss is ideal. A 2-ply yarn, it is made by expert spinners in our own plant from a very fine grade of Australian wool. It is uniform in size and of a beautiful, soft texture. Ask your drygoodsman to show you the Monarch Floss shade card of 30 popular colors. Where a heavier yarn than Monarch Floss is required, you will find Monarch Down—a 4-ply high grade yarn—particularly suitable.

[It is well to note that the various articles described on the opposite page can be made from Monarch Floss and Monarch Down.]

THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY, LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: DUNNVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Manufacturers of Sweatercoats, Fancy Knit Goods, Hosiery, and Hand Knitting Yarns.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(*Continued from page* 40.)

GRANDMOTHERS' DAY.

An interesting meeting of the Rutland Women's Institute was held on May 9th, in the Rutland school house. The programme was in charge of the grandmothers and the attendance proved that 'grandmas" are very popular. There were eight items on the programme, including a chorus by eight grandmas. Mrs. Sara Craig, aged seventy-nine, contributed two items. The most popular number was a song rendered by Mr. Martin, aged seventy-eight. Oldtime refreshments were sold by the grandmothers, realizing the sum of $11.90 for the Red Cross Material Fund. A collection was also taken for the adopted prisoner of war, which amounted to $11.05.

Naramata listened to Mrs. Lipsett on the subject "Laws of B. C., Pertaining to Women and Children." This Institute has decided that with the rush of ranch work necessary in the greater production campaign, the needle work section of the prize list will be occupied with such entries as best soldier's flannel shirt, knitted socks, suit of pyjamas and stretcher cap.

Sooke Institute discussed a subject which seems to be growing in favor, the subject of "Beekeeping." Mrs. Murray read a couple of articles on "Buying of Bees," "Best Make of Hives for Beginners," and the opinion of experienced keepers on the winter feeding.

West Summerland listened to Mr. Kelly, lawyer, on "Points of Law Affecting Women," suggesting some changes which the Women's Institutes could ask for.

Parksville had the pleasure of listening to the member of the Advisory Board for Vancouver Island on May 1.

Tynehead reports for May meeting, a discussion of Y. M. C. A. work and cleanliness of public schools. This is an important step in the right direction, and one that all Institutes would do well to follow.

Chilliwack's report is encouraging. This Institute has taken up the study of Canadian Civics, and is progressing splendidly in all matters relating to the subject. A labor bureau and exchange are being opened and the junior branch is a great benefit in this Institute.

West Saanich has decided to form a committee, which, working in co-operation with the Victorian Order of District Nurses, will be known as "The Prevention of Disease Committee." This committee is one of six of such in the district of Saanich, and was in response to a request from the Board of Management of the Victorian Order to the six Institutes in Saanich.

Tillicum Women's Institute illustrates the tendencies of the times, that a mother's duty to her children is not all embodied in keeping them clothed and fed. The address given by the able and experienced president upon the responsibilities of mothers to their daughters showed plainly that the future mothers and fathers of our nation must be educated upon broader lines.

Salmon Arm held its monthly meeting. The programme consisted of a paper on economic cooking of meats, while the unique feature, a debate, "Resolved that Each Family Should Have a Pig in the Back Yard," was won by the negative.

WAYS OF PRESERVING FISH.

In writing to the Department of Agriculture, Mrs. J. T. McDougall, of North Bay, states, "I have followed with excellent results the directions for canning given in the bulletin on 'The Prescrvation of Food,' issued by your Department. I am most anxious to put away some fish for winter use and would be pleased if you could give me some information regarding the canning of fish; also the preserving of small fish in oil. I think this information would be a decided advantage to the women in this section where fish are so plentiful in open season."

The readers of this Journal will be glad to read the reply given by Miss Sutherland of the Department of Agriculture:

"Make a brine of salt and water that will support a potato, and, after cleaning the fish properly, place it in brine for half an hour. Remove from brine, cut into convenient pieces and pack in glass jars with the skin toward the outside. Add one level teaspoon of salt per quart. Put rubber and top in position, not tight, and sterilize in a hot water bath for three hours. Remove jars, tighten covers, invert to cool and test the joints. Wrap the jars with paper to prevent bleaching.

"Another method. After removing the fish from the brine, it might be steamed for fifteen or twenty minutes, the skin removed, packed in the jars and sterilized for two and a half hours.

"I have never canned fish in oil, but have found a recipe which I have no doubt would be very good. To 50 lbs. of fish, mix 2½ lbs. salt, 1 lb. brown sugar and 2½ ozs. saltpetre. Rub the fish with this mixture and let stand for 48 hours. Then wash and dry thoroughly in the sun. Dip in oil heated to about 300 degrees. Pack tightly in jars, fill with hot oil, place rubber and cap in position and sterilize in hot water bath for 2½ hours. Remove jars, tighten covers, invert to cool and test joints. The fish might be put in brine as in the first recipe, rather than dry salting, and then dipped in oil. Or, it might be salted, dried and smoked, which seems to me to be a very practical way."

After trying these recipes, Mrs. J. T. McDougall writes as follows: "I have tried both recipes and found them very successful; in fact, I do not think either could be improved upon, except that, in the first recipe, I found that, adding 1 teaspoonful salt when packing the fish made them a little too salty. I tried some without adding the salt and found them as near perfection as could be imagined. Of course, the amount of salt would be a matter of taste, and I think it would be a good thing to leave it out when putting the fish in the jars, as it is much easier to add extra salt, if desired, than to take out what has been put in.

"I experimented with speckled trout and think I never tasted anything quite so delicious as 'canned speckled trout.'

"I also tried the small brook trout in olive oil and found them very good, but do not think they are worth the extra trouble and expense, as, of course, olive oil is rather a luxury just now, and this method seems like defeating its own object.

"I might add that I found the method of canning very practical and very little trouble, and the result certainly surpassed anything I had expected."

A BIG ORDER.

Planning and constructing a healthful, satisfying, tasty dinner and setting it before the family in a dainty, artistic way is as fascinating and quite as useful as designing and making a hat, or painting china. And—don't forget this—if we make it so by painstaking, competent service, quite as dignified and honorable.

The *Business* of the world is in the hands of the women of the world.

People cannot be alert, clear-thinking, clean-acting, and efficient unless they are fed properly.

The *Happiness* of the world is in the hands of the women of the world, because it is the poorly fed person who quits work, quits home, quits morality and manhood and character, quits trying,—just quits. And when a man, or woman, quits, unless we can get him back mighty quick, the game is end d. There is nothing more to be said or done.



McCormick's
Jersey Cream Sodas

are made from Government Standard Flour and in accordance with the regulations of the Canada Food Board.



Sold by Leading Merchants Everywhere



The McCormick Manufacturing Co., Limited

GENERAL OFFICES AND FACTORY, LONDON, CANADA

BRANCH WAREHOUSES

Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

78

The War-Time Holiday

(*Continued from page* 29.)

and nobody felt like spending a great deal of money on a holiday. While we puzzled, undecided, discussing summer hotels half-heartedly, a letter from a cousin solved our difficulties. If we must go camping, she wrote jestingly, why not camp on their lawn? To go camping was exactly the thing we girls wanted to do, but mother could not have come with us on the ordinary camping expedition. Here was a thing we could all do. Our cousins lived in a little country village within a couple of dollars of our home. We were sure of a generous welcome. That very night our plans were decided on.

We rented a nine by sixteen three-compartment tent, with six-foot walls. On mother's account we had this floored roughly after it was set up. It had large awning openings, both back and front, and this added much to its apparent size, as they were always open, even during the night. It was placed not twenty feet from my cousin's house, but facing out across a lovely stretch of green lawn shaded by tall maples. Ten feet from our back door was the big vegetable and fruit garden, and we had all the green peas, new potatoes and fresh vegetables that we could use, not to mention strawberries and raspberries straight from the vines. Just down the road was a farm where we might buy the most delicious cream and milk, and the village boasted an up-to-date grocery and a butcher-shop. My cousin knocked up a little shack behind the tent, where we placed our oil-stove. Here it and the unfortunate cook who operated it were sheltered from wind and rain.

We did all our own cooking (save for the hot biscuits, desserts, etc., that were surreptitiously placed on our table by generous friends), but we gladly made use of the big, cool cellar, which fortunately had an outside entrance.

We took with us two large trunks, both of which sat outside the tent. They were covered with waterproof canvas and raised slightly on boards to prevent their getting damp from the ground. We were able to keep suits, hats, etc., in one of the roomy clothes-closets which the house afforded, so the tent was never crowded with clothes. Even so, two stretchers and a bed seemed too much for a tent that one wanted to live in, so every morning one of the stretchers was carried out and placed along the shady side of the tent. At night we moved out our table and moved in the stretcher. Weighted curtains of mosquito netting saved us from the flies, which otherwise would have been a nuisance at meal times, though they bothered us at no other time.

For two very happy months the tent was our home. After a busy year it was great to have all the time one wished to read or sleep, to go for great long tramps up the little river, or hike off to the lake for a day—for old Ontario was only two miles away. We found, too, an obliging man with a motor, who was willing for surprisingly little money to make surprisingly long trips out into the country, and these were among our greatest treats. There was a tennis club in the village, which boasted a fair turf court, and this we promptly joined.

There were "swimming pools" in the little river, and when we walked to the lake we always took our bathing suits. Also there was fishing of a kind, both in lake and stream, and long, lazy afternoons in the boat drifting about with the dragon flies which frequented the river. There were delicious picnics under the big elms on the "flats," and jolly late "feeds" in the tent after an evening's driving. There were a hundred little happinesses beside, the orioles and catbirds in the trees about the camp, the saucy squirrels which chattered at us from the branches, and stole from us mendaciously as soon as our backs were turned; the wonderful still starlight nights—for the tent curtains were never closed, and always we looked up to the night blue of the country sky—and the marvel of the dawn stealing up silver-gray out of the night.

Even the rain beating on the tent roof had a music of its own, and the night wind in the trees was a friendly song. One of the loveliest things about living in a tent is this growth of intimate friendship with all out-of-doors.

In spite of the fact that we accomplished something in the way of sewing and canned and preserved some forty quarts of fruit and vegetables to ship home at the end of the summer, it was one of the most care-free holidays I have ever known. We came back to the city when it was over, vowing to repeat it at our earliest opportunity.

Such holidays, it seems to me, are open to almost every worker, and I can guarantee their value, both for pleasure and for recreation.

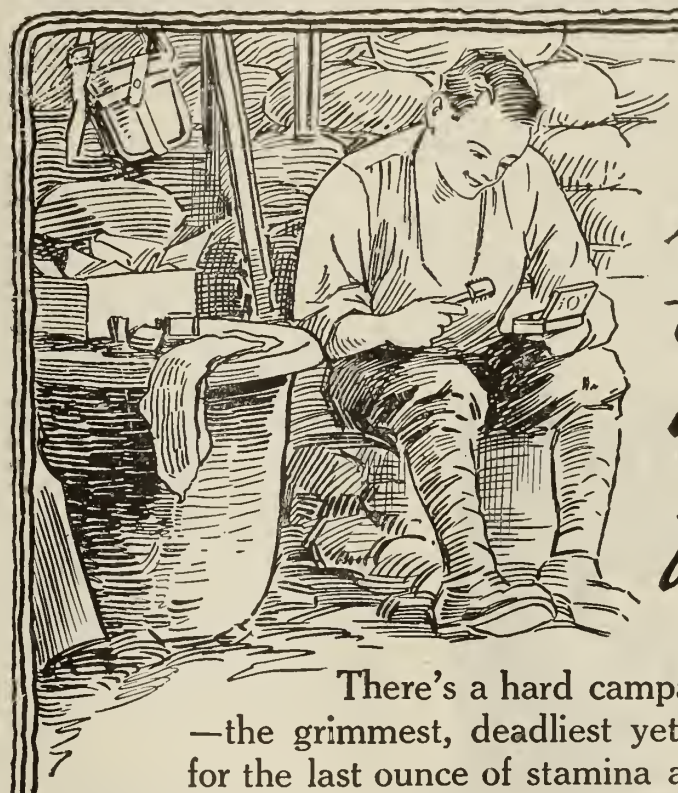
Are We Reincarnated After Death?

(*Continued from page* 10.)

law in nature which provides for the loss of these higher powers by those who exercise them for selfish motives. It might be compared to the fuse in an electric system which blows out when a current which it is not intended to bear, reaches it.

Men who have attained these powers and the perfection which is the condition of their possession are known as Masters, Adepts, Initiates, Elder Brothers, Rishis, Mahatmas and by other names. Such were the great prophets, like Moses, Elijah (who was reincarnated as John the Baptist, of whom Jesus said [Matthew xi. 14], "If ye are willing to receive it, this is Elijah who was for to come," though many people nowadays appear to be unwilling) Ezekiel, Isaiah, Daniel, Paul.

These highly developed men know a great deal more about the universe than our most eminent scientific men, and such statements as they have made in The Secret Doctrine, which was published by Madame Blavatsky and was, she said, largely dictated by them, have anticipated the important scientific discoveries of the past thirty years. The universe has its seasons, just as the earth has, and these vast periods recur in regular order as our seasons do, their occurrence being measured by cycles, such as the solar years of 25,868 years, a month of which, or 2,155 years, is the Messianic cycle, and corresponds with a sign of the Zodiac. The Kelpa is the term applied to the life-time of a world, a period of 4,320,000,000 years. This earth is said to be about 320,000,000 years old and man as he now appears has been upon it for 18,000,000 years or so; or since the later secondary period in geology. The Continents on which he flourished and on which great civilizations rose and fell, like Lemuria which now lies below the Pacific Ocean, and the later Atlantis, now covered by the Atlantic Ocean, the last fragment of which was submerged nearly 12,000 years ago, were the temporary dwelling-places of the race, which is immortal. It would take too long to tell of the astral, the pranic and the manasic worlds, beyond this material one, upon which man has a future to evolve, and for which he has bodies corresponding to the conditions there, as he has a physical body here. There is no death in the ordinary sense. As he dies in this world he is born in a higher one, and as the cycle returns, he dies there to be born again here, until he has reached perfection. For man is immortal and "his future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor have no limit."



Keep in touch with the men who are fighting for you!

There's a hard campaign under way "over there" —the grimmest, deadliest yet—a campaign that will call for the last ounce of stamina and morale. Let them know you are thinking of them, and appreciate what they are doing!

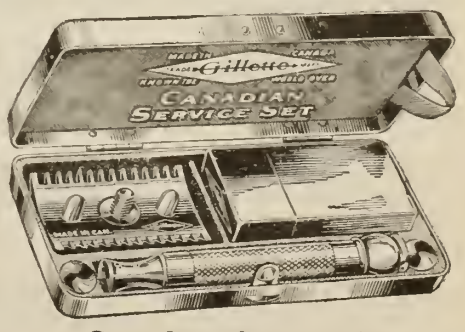
Nothing will help more than letters, cheery, hopeful and ***frequent.*** Reinforce them with sensible practical gifts, like the

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

and once in a while, a few packages of Gillette Blades to replace those lost or given away.

Clean shaving has from the first been a matter of pride and discipline, as well as a comfort with our boys. You can imagine how it refreshes and braces them up after a long dusty march or a day of hot and desperate fighting. Now it's a matter of life or death as well, for on none but a clean-shaven face can a gas-mask fit close enough for safety in these days of intensive gas-attacks.

And the Gillette has proved itself by all odds the best razor for the job. It's always keen and ready for action, even under the most unlikely conditions. To that man whose life means so much to you a Gillette would be a welcome daily reminder of a home worth fighting for. Don't keep him waiting for it! Ask your dealer to show you the new Military Sets in metal and khaki, to-day.



Canadian Service Set

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED
Office and Factory:
65-73 St. Alexander St., Montreal.

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Thought Seeds that are Being Cultivated by Parents and Teachers

(*Continued from page* 25.)

Get together and work together in the interests of childhood! Of the children Longfellow has said:

"Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplex me
Have vanished quite away.

"Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems
And all the rest are dead."

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the importance of early impressions both in the home and in the school; but there is another equally important period. Between the ages of twelve and sixteen, nature is working her tremendous revolution. Words cannot express what it means to the girl or boy who, during this development, is absolutely sure to be guided wisely, and who in years to come will look back with keen appreciation of the treatment he received both at home and at school.

As well as appreciating a teacher's true worth, parents who take an active interest in their Home and School Club understand the necessity of helping a teacher by seeing that the children are at school on time, having first made sure that these children were properly washed, clothed and fed.

Side by side with the important movement for greater food production is the fact that we do not live by bread alone. Over and over again our nurses and our soldiers have surmounted physical hunger and weariness because of the fact that high ideals fed and nourished the immortal part of their being. When these large souls return to Canada what do you think they will prize? Material things do not seem as important to them as they do to us, and they have learned the power of high ideals.

The Toronto Home and School Council hopes to renew its activities in the autumn with increased vigor, to cultivate towards greater maturity the thought-seeds planted this year. They are confident that ideas and ideals are life giving and that the leaves of the tree of life are for the healing of the nations.



TURNBULL'S "M" BANDS
FOR BABIES

are a necessity for every infant from the date of its birth.

They are made only of the softest and purest Australian Merino Wool, finely knitted, thus keeping the baby warm and comfortable.

The tapes which are attached to the tabs, front and back of the "M" bands, and go over the shoulder, carry all the strain of the diaper, absolutely preventing any stretching of the garment.

The garment is pinned to the tabs, which not only provide a firm hold for the pin, but, due to the support given by the tapes, keep the diaper snugly in proper place, no matter how active the infant may be.

Put up in sanitary boxes in sets of three. Price, $1.50 per box.

Sold by the best dry goods shops or direct by mail. Send for a box to-day, give age of baby.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT LIMITED
GALT, ONTARIO

CAREFULLY SEALED IN GERM PROOF TUBES

PURITY OATS

BRINGS TO YOUR TABLE THE DELICIOUS NUT LIKE FLAVOUR OF THE FAMOUS ALBERTA OATS

MANUFACTURED BY
Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited

Contributions to the Silver Thimble and Trinket Fund Begin

(*Continued from page* 31.)

with great ceremony. Elizabeth, then in the thirty-ninth year of her age, was attended by thirty-nine ladies and gentlemen, to correspond with the number of poor folks. These attendants proceeded to array themselves in aprons, and, bearing towels and basins of water and sweet flowers, waited on the Queen whilst Her Majesty, kneeling on the cushions provided, washed, crossed and kissed, as had been done before. After this, the Queen distributed broadcloth to make gowns, a pair of sleeves, a wooden platter, whereon was half a side of salmon, as much ling, six red herrings and six loaves of "cheat" bread, together with a white wooden dish of claret wine. Finally the towels used and the aprons worn by the attendants were bestowed on the recipients of the charity. At the close of this somewhat lengthy ceremonial, Her Majesty departed. The old chronicler who recorded these proceedings pithily remarks that "by this time the sun was setting."

As no provision was made to ensure the suitability of the Maundy gifts to the various requirements of the poor persons, somewhat rough bartering among the recipients frequently took place, and with a view to check these practices, money payments were from time to time substituted for the various doles, the last of the gifts in kind being that of the clothing for the men, which was distributed so recently as the year 1881. It having been found, however, that in most instances the men parted with the goods for less than their original cost, the sum of £2/5 per head is now given instead of clothing. Thus the Maundy alms are at the present time composed entirely of cash payments, amounting in all to about £5.

The total sum is made up as follows: (1) The gift of pence at the rate of one penny for each year of the Sovereign's age, which is handed to the selected persons in a white leather purse; (2) sums of £1/10 in lieu of provisions and £1 in lieu of the gown formerly given by the Sovereign, enclosed in a red leather purse; (3) a further gift of 35s. to the women and 45s. to the men in lieu of clothing, this last gift being enclosed in a paper packet.

The ceremony of the distribution of the Maundy alms, which is of much interest, took place in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, from 1714 to 1890. But since the latter date, the chapel having been closed, the gifts have been distributed in Westminster Abbey.

In February, 1901, after the death of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, the Lord High Almoner petitioned His Majesty, King Edward VII. to follow the precedent adopted on the demise of William IV. to which proposal His Majesty was graciously pleased to give his consent. This procedure was to the effect that the numbers on the list of Maundy recipients should be reduced to numbers corresponding with the years of the reigning monarch, and that the surviving recipients of the last Maundy of the previous reign should be placed on a supplementary list, this said list to be absorbed as vacancies occurred. It was further ordered that, meanwhile, no fresh appointments were to be made.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(*Continued from page* 21.)

of something I could do to help, besides sewing or knitting, for I just hate it?

X. Y. Z.

I must tell you of the plan a lady near Saskatoon is working out, and it has been a tremendous success. She arranged with a military hospital to supply chickens at the cost of production. She is a very busy woman, but insists that she must give some time to the soldiers, and now she has started a chicken farm for her heroes, as she calls them.

DEAR BETTY:

We are a club of girls who have been meeting at each other's houses to knit, but we want to do something a little more strenuous. Could you suggest anything for girls who live in a small town?

QUINTET.

When in New York about a month ago I saw, on the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street a number of women who had formed an organization to collect books to supply the soldiers overseas. Novels, bright, cheery ones, that had been read and were of no more use, historical books and books of poetry were taken, if they were in good condition. If you had no books you could give money which went for a subscription to a magazine for some Y. M. C. A. hut or military hospital, and the success of the venture was shown by the pile of books that mounted up every day.

BETTY O'HARA:

Do you think it possible to do any work for a military hospital at home?

A CLUB OF TEN.

If you only knew how some of the nurses are rushed to death, I am sure you would be glad to make up some surgical supplies, pads, wipes, etc. Apply to the matron of the hospital. I am sure she will be pleased to have you do it.

DEAR BETTY:

I would so much like to do something for returned soldiers. We have a large house and a motor car and I am sure I could give them a nice time, but I don't know how to go about it. A. R.

Well, my dear, you certainly have the right idea, and if a few more girls in Canada would get busy, there would not be quite so many lonesome soldier boys. The best way for you to overcome your difficulty is to telephone to

(*Continued on page* 52.)

SAVE SUGAR By Using
CROWN BRAND
CORN PURE SYRUP
for all Sweetening

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins and 3 lb. "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars.

for making homemade candy—for all baking—as a sauce for desserts—on griddle cakes and hot biscuits—use this delicious table syrup, made from corn—and thus save sugar. Ask your grocer.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED,
MONTREAL,
CARDINAL,
FORT WILLIAM.

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A King in Babylon

(*Continued from page 33.*)

in the last thing, after the coffin had been sealed up in the sarcophagus, so the roof must have been built to stand without it. Of course the weight of the sand that is heaped up over it now may make a difference, but I'll take down just enough to let the coffin past."

"You'll not try to bring out the sarcophagus?"

"Oh, no; that's too big for me to handle—besides, it isn't of much value, since it isn't decorated. I'll turn it over to the government."

We found it quite dark when we emerged from the tomb; and we hurried up the steps and across to the tents, where we found Ma Creel anxiously awaiting us.

"I thought you were never coming!" she said. "I was just going to send after you."

"Nothing wrong, is there?" asked Creel. "How is the Princess? Did she wake up?"

"No," said Ma Creel; "she didn't wake up—she just turned over and went to sleep."

"But she was asleep."

"No, she wasn't—it wasn't sleep—and it wasn't a faint. I know—I've seen too many women in faints. It was something different—more serious. But she's sleeping now, like a log."

"What was it happened?" asked Davis, who had been listening closely. "You didn't tell me anything . . ."

"I didn't think of it," said Creel. "Mlle. Roland had some hard scenes, this afternoon, and played them magnificently, for all she was worth. We ended with the burying-alive scene—I told you yesterday, you know; and she played it so well that the natives got all worked up and broke loose and tore the wall down the minute the last stone was in place. You must have heard the racket."

"I did," nodded Davis; "I supposed that was what you were doing. I was too busy to look out. Well, what then?"

"When I got through the opening, I found Mlle. Roland in a heap on the floor. The strain had been too much for her."

"Ah!" commented Davis. "And Jimmy—did he faint, too?"

"Faint?" I burst in. "I should say not! He walked away the moment it was over, without waiting to see whether the girl was dead or alive."

"He had no reason to think her dead," Davis commented. "But he has evidently got past the fainting stage."

"Yes, he boasts of it!" I said. "He told me he would never be afraid again. But I didn't think him so cold-blooded . . ."

I broke off for want of the proper words to finish the sentence.

"Where is he now?" asked Davis.

"He's in his tent," said Ma Creel. "He came in about an hour ago, and went into the tent without saying a word, and I haven't seen him since. I suppose he's asleep . . ."

"Go and see, Billy," said Creel, and in a minute I was at Jimmy's bedside.

He had thrown himself on his cot without removing even his shoes, and lay on his back with his hands behind his head and his ankles crossed. His eyes were closed and he was breathing with a slow, deep regularity which told of profound slumber.

"He's sleeping like a log," I reported.

"And you say Mlle. Roland is sleeping, too?" asked Davis, who was scrabbling thoughtfully at his beard.

"She's sleeping as though she would never wake up," Ma Creel answered. "Great, deep breaths, as regular as clock-work."

"And she didn't come out of her faint? She didn't say anything?"

"Not a word; she didn't even open her eyes. I was sitting right there bathing her forehead, when all at once she seemed to relax; then she stretched out and crossed her ankles and put her hands behind her head, and went off to sleep—what in heaven's name is the matter now, Billy?"

"Why," I stuttered, "why that's just the way Jimmy is sleeping—ankles crossed, hands behind his head . . ."

"Well, what of it?" Creel broke in, with what seemed to me quite unnecessary violence. "Didn't you ever hear of anybody sleeping like that before! I'm tired of these hysterics! Let's have dinner; I'm nearly starved!" And he stalked away to the tent.

I remember thinking, as I looked after him, that he wasn't so very far from hysterics himself. Then I noticed that Davis was still scrabbling thoughtfully at his beard.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEITHER Jimmy nor Mlle. Roland was present at dinner that evening. They were sleeping peacefully on, and Davis, who had taken a look at both of them, advised against awakening them.

"I am something of a doctor, you know," he said, as we sat down to table; "got to be, out here in the desert—and my advice is to let them have their sleep out. They have been exhausted by the day's work—they need sleep more than food. They can eat when they wake up. Besides, to wake a person who is sleeping as soundly as they are is always a shock. And they've had shocks enough."

"Jimmy didn't have any shocks," objected Creel. "He just stood around sneering."

"We burn up more nerve force sometimes holding ourselves in than letting ourselves go," Davis pointed out. "From what you told me, I judge Mlle. Roland let herself go pretty completely."

"She just cut loose," said Creel. "It was gorgeous! She almost overpowered Digby and Mustafa, when they tried to chuck her into the tomb. Digby nearly had apoplexy—and I had to plaster Mustafa's arm with a ten-dollar bill, after it was all over."

"Yes, he was over here," said Ma Creel, "and I dabbed some iodine on it and dressed it for him. I was just going to ask you what happened to him. He wouldn't tell me, but it looked like a bite—a deep bite right through his forearm."

"It *was* a bite!" I blurted out; and then I could have bitten my tongue, for Creel looked at me like a thunder-cloud.

"A bite!" echoed Ma Creel, and they all stared at me—except old Digby. He just hung his head and went on with his meal. "But I didn't know there were wild animals out here," and she cast a frightened glance into the darkness about us. "And nothing but a tent . . ."

"There aren't any wild animals!" said Creel impatiently. "For goodness sake, don't start anything else, Mary!"

"Then what was it?" Ma Creel demanded. "It was deep, I tell you—savage—clear in! Billy . . ."

But I wouldn't have answered if I had been on the rack.

"Perhaps it was a camel," said Davis, quietly, at last. "Camels get vicious sometimes."

"No, it wasn't a camel," broke in Mollie, sharply. "It was too small for a camel."

"Then it must have been a goat," said Ma Creel scornfully.

"It was the Princess bit him," explained Creel, unable to endure the ordeal any longer. "Just as he and Digby were thrusting her into the tomb, she lost control, somehow—flew off—forgot it was only make-believe, and defended herself in the only way that remained to her. And then Mustafa lost control, too, and picked her up and jammed her through the hole as though she were a bundle of rags. It's lucky she wasn't hurt! And then the natives lost control, and went whooping over us and tore down the wall! By George, it was a strenuous afternoon—eh, Digby?"

We all started to laugh at old Digby—it seemed to ease our nerves—and then, when he looked up, I saw two ugly red streaks across his left cheek-bone.

"What's the matter with *you?*" asked Creel. "Did she get you, too?"

"She tried to claw my eyes out," answered Digby, intensely.

"Nonsense!" said Creel, impatiently.

"Of course, I may be mistaken," said Digby; "but I would much sooner handle a wild-cat!"

We all laughed again, but there was a sort of painful undercurrent in the laughter. A girl who bit men savagely in the arm and tried to claw their eyes out wasn't exactly pleasant to think about.

"I'm glad you didn't lose an eye," said Creel finally; "but it will make a great scene. I am sorry you didn't see it, Professor."

"So am I," agreed Davis. "Will you have some more to-morrow?"

"Yes—but nothing so exciting. I am going to rush this thing through as fast as I can, before something serious happens to my principals."

"Don't push them too hard," advised Davis. "They both seem to be very

(*Continued on following page.*)



H·A· BRAND OLEOMARGARINE

A Table Delicacy—
A Kitchen Economy

"H.A." Brand Oleomargarine is a wholesome, nutritious and economical spread for bread. It is excellent, too, for cooking, for vegetables, soups and sauces. It makes light cakes and flaky pastry.

"H.A." Brand Oleomargarine is shipped to the grocer, in small quantities, soon after it is churned. That is why it is always fresh and uniform in flavor when it reaches you.

Spread your bread with "H.A." Brand—do your cooking with it. Think what you can save. "H.A." Brand Oleomargarine costs at least one-third less than Creamery Butter.

At Your Grocer's and Butcher's.

THE HARRIS ABATTOIR COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

SEND SMOKES

TO

OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS

It is conceded by all military men that a soldier deprived of his tobacco loses in efficiency. You are helping to win the war when you send "smokes" to the men in France.

(N. Y. Tel., Feb. 14/18.)

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

AND

OLD CHUM

SMOKING TOBACCO

The homeland favorite brands are always the most appreciated.



DAILY CAPACITY 200 to 400 CANS

HUNGER!

The Cry of the Needy

Why waste good, wholesome food when it can be saved by use of a

"National Junior No. 1" Home Cooker

With one of these Cookers any kind of Fruit, Vegetable, Meat, Fish or Poultry can be canned at a mere trifling cost. You owe it to your country. You owe it to yourself to save every ounce of food possible.

Members of Women's Institute branches would find it profitable to club together and do their canning with a "National Junior No. 1" Home Cooker.

Write for illustrated descriptive circulars.

THE BROWN, BOGGS CO., Ltd.
HAMILTON, ONT.

Of course, you can

buy cheaper teas, but

"SALADA"

is undoubtedly the most economical and what appears to be 'cheap' in price will prove to be extravagant in use. The fresh young leaves of "Salada" will yield you generous value for your money. B 115

CANADA'S LEADING HOTEL

The Windsor

Dominion Square, Montreal, Canada

700 ROOMS, 450 WITH BATH. EUROPEAN PLAN EXCLUSIVELY.

Centrally located in the heart of the shopping and theatrical district. Service unsurpassed. Rates from $2.00 upwards per day. One block from Canadian Pacific (Windsor) Station, and five minutes' walk from Grand Trunk (Bonaventure) Station. Headquarters for Motor Tourists.

Further particulars and information on application.—

JOHN DAVIDSON, Manager.

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

A dainty Solid Chocolate

Name Reg.—Design Pat.

The choicest and most expensive cocoa beans, rich, creamy milk and selected sugar blended skilfully.

No other chocolate of its kind in the world — none so charming.

A-45



A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

highly-strung and extraordinarily susceptible to suggestion. They lose control, as you call it; and every time they do that makes it easier to do it again—it becomes a sort of habit."

"Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," I ventured.

"Exactly," Davis assented. "You'll remember that, after a time, Jekyll kept slipping into Hyde in spite of himself. These two haven't got that far yet—they will probably wake up all right in the morning; but they are evidently set on hair-triggers, as it were. A touch sets them off. So you will have to nurse them along."

"I'm going to," said Creel; "but I've got to complete the picture—don't forget that."

"Will you need the natives to-morrow?" Davis asked.

"Yes. We'll do the slave-market," he added, turning to me; "and then we'll show the girl being captured by the slavers and brought across the desert. I want to get as much of that caravan stuff as possible—that's what we came to Egypt for. Then we'll take a few love scenes in the tent and beneath the palms. We'll get as many feet as we can!"

"I hope you can spare me five or six of the natives," said Davis. "I would like to get the case over to the tent, where I can keep my eye on it."

"Of course," agreed Creel, instantly. "Take as many as you need. Only I'll have to have Mustafa to keep those fellows in order and tell them what to do."

"Oh, I don't need Mustafa," said Davis, and so it was settled.

Davis hurried away after dinner to write up his notes, and Creel sat down to moil over his scenario with a disturb-me-if-you-dare look which there was no mistaking. Drawn by an irresistible fascination, I went in and took another look at Jimmy. He was lying exactly as before, breathing long and deep. There was something abnormal about it; I had seen him asleep many times, and he had never breathed like that—nor lain on his back with his hands behind his head and his ankles crossed. It was a strained, unnatural attitude . . .

As I tore myself away and came out of the tent, I found Mollie waiting for me—at least, I should have supposed she was waiting, if she hadn't seemed so surprised when she saw me.

"I thought you were off by yourself somewhere smoking your pipe," she said.

"I've been taking a look at Jimmy," I explained. "He is still asleep."

"So is that—that vampire!" she whispered. And then, after a moment, "Would you like to see her?"

"Do you think it would be all right?"

"Of course it would be all right. Uncle Warrie and Mr. Davis have both seen her. I *want* you to see her. Come along," and she caught my hand and ran, rather than walked, to the women's tent.

A night-lamp was burning just inside the entrance, and she caught this up, and swept aside a canvas flap, and motioned me through.

But I held back.

"You go first," I said. "See if everything's all right."

"Of course everything's all right. Can't you hear her?"

Yes, I could hear her—that deep, regular breathing might have been an echo of Jimmy's. I slipped through, and Mollie let the flap fall behind us. Then she drew me to the bed, and held the light so that the sleeper's face was clearly revealed.

She was lying on her back, her hands clasped behind her head her ankles crossed—and I noted with a curious little thrill that her left ankle was over her right just as Jimmy's was. Her eyes were closed, and her long, curved lashes swept the lower lids. Her breast rose and fell convulsively with those long, deep, regular breaths. But for them, she might have been dead, so motionless she was and pale, save for that livid mark across her cheek. Mollie indicated it with an enquiring finger.

"Did she really fall?" she whispered.

"Yes," I said; "but that wasn't what made the bruise. Mustafa struck her."

I saw the lamp quiver in Mollie's hand.

"How horrible!" she whispered. "How horrible! But she bit him—you should have seen that bite—deep, like a wild beast's . . ."

"Come along," I urged. "We mustn't wake her," and I pulled her toward the door, took the lamp from her hand, and set it down on the little table outside. "Now come and sit beside me while I smoke that pipe," I added. "I want to talk to you."

She made no objection, and together we walked out to the edge of the palms, where we could look off across the desert, and sat down side by side.

"There wasn't any danger of waking her," said Mollie, suddenly, as I was filling my pipe. "I made a lot of noise awhile ago, just to see, and she never stirred. I don't believe she is asleep at all."

"Not asleep?"

"No; she doesn't breathe like that when she's asleep—nobody does. She's in a trance."

"Then Jimmy is too—he is breathing just the same way."

"I know—I went in to see him."

"You did?"

"Yes—I want this thing settled—I can't stand it any longer."

"I thought for a while," I said slowly, "that perhaps Mlle. Roland was a dope fiend, and that that was the cause of her spells of listlessness and languor. Perhaps she is drugged now—perhaps those wild actions of hers this afternoon were the result of a drug; and now she is sleeping off the effects."

"But how about Jimmy?" Mollie objected. "He isn't a dope fiend—we know that—and his condition is exactly the same."

"Well, what is it, then?" I demanded.

For a moment Mollie was silent, staring out across the sand, then she turned to me impulsively.

"Do you know what I think, Billy," she said. "I think their spirits are off somewhere together—over at the tomb, perhaps . . ."

Her voice trailed off as though she were afraid to finish, and we sat in silence looking out toward the ruins, behind which the moon was rising. How beautiful the desert was—and yet how dismal—how threatening! Perhaps Mollie was right—why shouldn't she be right? I could imagine them walking side by side through some dream-world . . .

"Mollie," I said, in a low tone, "the most astonishing thing happened over there this afternoon. Davis, you know, took the lid off that stone coffin, and inside of it was a wooden mummy-case, with a face painted at one end of it; and when that lid was raised, and we looked in, I would have sworn for a minute that it was Jimmy Allen staring up at us. It was just for a flash—and then the face changed, and the likeness was gone. And then Jimmy came in and looked at it, and told us in the most matter-of-fact way, that it really was he, and that the woman he had murdered was walled up at the far end of the tomb; and that she had never died, but had just waited and waited, for four thousand years. . . . It sounds ridiculous, I know; but when Jimmy was telling it, the cold chills kept running up my spine and over my scalp, and I would have sworn it was all true, and that when Davis opens that wall . . ."

"He mustn't open it!" breathed Mollie. "You mustn't let him open it!"

"Creel tried to talk him out of it, but he just laughed at him—called it superstition, ignorant fear. He half-believes in it himself, I think, but he won't let himself be frightened. He has nerve—I'll say that for him—and he has a theory that every time we yield to unreasoning fear, we are setting the race back toward savagery."

"He's welcome to his theories," said Mollie; "but he mustn't be allowed to open that wall!"

"How can we prevent it? After all, when one thinks of it, it *does* seem foolish . . ."

"If he opens that wall," gasped Mollie, her hand clutching my arm, "something awful will happen—something *awful*—I feel it!"

I caught the hand and held it—and she didn't draw it away. After all, I reflected, I could stand a ghost or two—I could even welcome them!—if they drove Mollie into my arms!

(Continued on page 52.)

Around the Hearth

(*Continued from page* 32.)

Years ago, we used to hear considerable about "besetting sins," (we seldom hear them mentioned now), and I used to feel at times that talkativeness was mine. Many a time I tried to imitate some demure person, hoping to overcome this besetment of mine. It always made me feel very virtuous to thus restrain myself, but my resolutions were very fragile and often broken.

But one day my viewpoint changed. I had been talking to an old woman who kept a little bake-shop. She had unburdened her mind to me, and as I rose to leave she said, "Oh, don't go yet, your talk is doing me so much good."

As I walked homeward, I reasoned the matter out with myself, and concluded that if my speaking member could dispense comfort, why should I not use it rather than refrain? So the "besetting sin" was "laid away in a napkin," and the talent brought forth in its stead.

* * * * * *

"I'm not much of a talker, I do a lot of thinking but I just can't express myself," is a very common phrase.

That speech makes me somewhat impatient. Why don't those people incorporate their thoughts and send them forth? Practice speaking aloud the thoughts that course through the brain, and thus qualify for a companionable person, if not a brilliant conversationalist.

Some of our best preachers, our greatest orators, our most eloquent statesmen were very quiet men before they were called into public notice. They had to overcome diffidence, nervousness and hesitation of utterance before they attained to a state of perfection. Would you know wherein lay the secret of their progress and success?

It is this—they became obsessed with an idea and they proceeded to give it expression. As the idea grew in their mind, they expatiated upon it with their words. By degrees it became easy to express what was uppermost and absorbing in the mind and heart, and "practice makes perfect."

A really good speaker, man or woman, is one who has a message to give. The same applies to a good talker. They have something to say, and they say it in the best language they can command.

Many people consider they are bestowing a compliment by congratulating a person on being a *great* talker. Never confuse the words, because it is an offence to a *good* talker.

We all meet with "great talkers," people who keep up a continual strain of uninteresting chatter—

"But leave you none the wiser
For all they have to say."

* * * * * *

Some time ago I read an article in a magazine, wherein the writer contended that we all talk too much, that it is a disease with many, that it is most trying on the nervous system, and in many cases requires serious treatment to overcome.

Many of us know by experience that there is some truth in these assertions. We have tossed for hours instead of sleeping because of an overdose of talk. The excitement of a prolonged conversation, probably late at night, with some one whom we have not met for years, will overtax the nerves, and cause unrest.

Now, I suppose we all *do* talk too much. Better for us if we said less, and did more thinking. But if we know enough to have our quiet spells, and avoid excess, what a splendid mission to impart information.

But to return. The day wore on, the rain falling with quiet persistence. The sock grew in length, and the talking went on apace.

We gave war-time recipes, talked of women in business, in politics, making of wills, telepathy, phrenology, hypnotism, fortune-telling, even ghost stories, and gradually, or mayhap suddenly, back to the weather.

Then came a delightful change of programme as boxes and baskets once more received our attention. I once heard a man make this remark, which I never forgot—"Is it not gratifying, when eating is such a necessity, that it affords us so much pleasure?"

Never more so than on that rainy day, when the seats that had been so soft and acceptable at first grew hard and tiring as we sat hour after hour watching the patter against the window panes.

* * * * * *

Lo! the wheels began to move. We were actually pulling out! What a relief to feel we were going! As we neared the city, there was no evidence of rain having fallen. It had not rained a drop all day.

My friends dropped off at their respective streets, and I was left alone. As I gazed out of the window in the gathering dusk, I mentally soliloquized—"Well, the rain, the talk, and the day are ended. It was uneventful, but it had its lessons. It required patience to spend the long hours in such close, cramped quarters, lacking the air and exercise we so much desired, but we had food and shelter, and congeniality."

I always travel to Dreamland by way of England and France, so my mind reverted to the boys in the trenches, the long waits in the dark and mud, often cold and hungry, listening for the signal to go over the top.

"I could write a book, mother, on the various emotions as we stood there in the inky blackness of the dug-out, waiting for the boom of the guns and barrage of fire that Easter Monday at Vimy Ridge," my son wrote. Six of that unit went over. Three returned at night through the mire and sleet, saddened and lonely.

"Some days must be dark and dreary."

Peace--The Stranger

(*Continued from page* 8.)

"Refreshments for Madame Palmist," she smiled.

The boy was an opportunist. "If I might stay with you while you drink your tea, those who are waiting would think you engaged and not disturb you," he offered.

"Ah! how nice of you; to talk to a man is a rare treat in the present dearth of masculinity; and *you* should have much of interest to tell owing to your experiences at the front."

"Why, how did you know? You failed to catch the hint I gave you about the gas."

"I did, but received a 'message' later. The mind currents are working overtime to-day, and your promise of thrills was prophetic. Oh! I'm glad to be nonsensical for a minute or two, but now it's really—goodbye."

"Goodbye?" he said, in an injured tone. "Au revoir, rather."

"Run along, infant," she scoffed. "I eat little boys like you for supper every night."

"Very well," he persevered, "there are still two days of the Fair, and any time I pay my quarter I'm entitled to fifteen perfectly good minutes of your time."

"Oh! mercy, mercy!" she begged. "Do you want everyone to think us quite mad? Well, if you will have it, I'll be relieved at eight o'clock, and it might happen that I should stay awhile to view the crowd. If you were around I might be able to give you some grandmotherly advice."

"At eight then, and as for advice, I never allow it to inconvenience me in the least."

When at eight o'clock, she slipped through the curtains, he was waiting, and stepped eagerly forward—to the rather palpable indignation of the pretty girl, so young and sweet and eighteen, who had been endeavoring to hold his attention. But young and pretty girls, in this Canadian town, were so plentiful as to make the life of the returned soldier almost a burden. "And *she's* thirty, nearly, or I miss my guess," thought sweet-and-eighteen, indignantly.

And she was right; as the palmist stepped into the unshaded light, he saw her as she was, slim and dark as he was slim and dark, but in her tired white face showed every minute of her thirty years, for she had lived them all, and felt them all, and now—asked but for Peace.

(*Continued on following page.*)



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Red Border—White Panel—Blue Maple Leaves
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Peace—The Stranger

(Continued from preceding page.)

Clad in her fantastic garb, and standing under the flags of the Allies (which decorated the gallery tea room), she might, the boy thought, have stood for a picture of enemy-ridden Belgium, herself—so wan and sad and haunted. And the sight of her had upon him the same effect as had had that tragic, war-swept, battle-scarred land—the desire to help, to comfort, to fight her battles; for the gift of imagination, the capacity for suffering with which his literary temperament had endowed him, rendered him sympathetic beyond his years—and his late experiences on the battle-field had not ceased from troubling.

"You are tired," he said. "Let's find a quiet corner and have some supper."

"If I dare brave the fiery glances of your young and pretty friend—she's wondering how you can turn from her charms to the sorry glances of your maiden aunt. Oh! no, don't—I'm not fishing—and I'd have felt the same at her age, so I can sympathize."

"Maiden aunt," he scoffed, "when the lovely sibyl condescends to bestow upon this poor mortal a few moments of her time. Rest ye, tired spirit, while I seek such fare as may tempt your fairy palate—nightingale's tongue, and butterfly's wings, mayhap."

"Nay, rather, good ham sandwiches and plenty of them for your old witch godmother," she retorted.

He was gone—she had had the last word, and that word rang in her ears.

Godmother—somehow it suggested a benefactress. To him? To whom? Could she benefit him?—how? Give him something, perhaps—some emotion (a transitory one, of course) to fill his mind for the moment, and wipe away the searing memories of war.

Someone brushed past her and drew her attention to the busy scene around her; where women, who would scorn to do a hand's turn in their own homes, and girls, weary of office routine, vied with each other in eagerness to spend themselves for the Great Cause—earning comforts and necessities for our boys in hospital or holding the long line.

Godmothers, benefactors all—these women, and might it not be that they should reap some benefit themselves, some broadening or deepening of nature or character from the efforts put forth in these troublous times—these times of stress so infinitely harder on the women than on even the men grimly engaged in their conflict against oppression's hordes?

Ah! if from the dreadful, sordid, soul-sickening maelstrom of modern war could come to the women of the world one gift—the gift of helpfulness—how changed the world would be. Vanity, jealousy, levity, subordinate to charity!

"Come out of it," murmured the boy—and she dropped to earth.

* * * * * * *

It was a dull, misty winter day—as the Pacific Coast knows winter—but in the big ball-room at Government House the many-colored gowns of the women and the dancing gleams of light from the fire-place defied the surrounding gloom.

A benefit for war widows was in progress, and the musical programme now under way was being conducted by a number of the city's leading artists.

In a curtained alcove window facing the sea, the boy (freed for the afternoon from his journalistic work in the Government offices) stood talking to the young woman who in the last three months had come to mean so much in his life. She was clad again in her gypsy garb, and would presently take possession of a fortune-telling tent erected in the hall.

"Why will you not let me speak?" he pleaded. "Always you change the subject when I ask for an answer to the (to me) most vital question in the world. You say there is no one else, and that you are fond of me—is not that enough?"

"Enough? Yes, perhaps—for me; but I'm thinking, also, of you. Why shorten your boyhood by settling down with a woman who has quaffed deeply of life's draughts both bitter and sweet, and now craves only a quiet corner—and peace—if peace be anywhere waiting for me. My life is behind me—yours all ahead; they cannot meet—why, why, try the impossible task of linking them together? Such a situation could only result in disaster—and I'm so unlucky; I fear I bring ill luck to all who love me."

"Nonsense, I'm not afraid—you're too imaginative; and don't you think you're maybe making a mistake? I'm getting along well at my work, and that little legacy I came into this year will keep the wolf from the door in any case. Also," he added in a more playful tone, "that extra birthday ought to help some, since you say you're not going to have any more—that will let me catch up in no time. And remember what everyone's saying, that Canadian girls will have to be a little less particular in their choice from now on, as men will be scarce."

"Oh! I've thought of all that—but you see I have loved and lost, which is something—why not leave for some other girl the chance she might not otherwise get?"

"Does that mean—No?"

"I think so—but wait, I must go now. Later I will give you a decisive answer."

She slipped away, and the music went on, and the people wandered past him, unheeded—and still he stood, gazing tensely across the terraces to the sea—so cold to-day it seemed, that sea; no sunshine coaxed the sparkle from its depths; so cold it seemed, and grey, with white-capped billows breaking on the beach; cold as she was not cold, yet in the restless, peaceless tossing of the tide, seemed something vaguely reminding of her.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, twilight had come, when through the tangled currents in the room a message came, borne on invisible wires. He knew she'd made her choice, and felt that he must know his fate at once, so, threading his way through the crowd, he passed into the hall—someone was just coming out of the tent, and heedless of those waiting he stepped inside the curtain.

"I've come," he said.

"And I have chosen," she answered, smiling dimly, "Ah, I've thought and thought and thought, and always the answer is 'No.' Whenever I stretch forth my hand toward happiness I receive only pain. Peace and I seem fated never to meet. You also, so young and bright and hopeful, I should only drag into the shadow. To me, to-day, have come women young and women old, with oh, such tales of misery and grief—and I have tried to give to each a message of hope; for though I may not help myself sometimes I'm vouchsafed the power to help others.

"And oh! those thousands upon thousands of my sisters who need help—now, and later; for where are the men nature intended should provide homes and havens for them all? Lying dead on the fields of Flanders or hopelessly crippled and helpless. Ah! the problems that will arise from this world war; and all those women seeking the gaiety and pleasure of life that is their birthright—much thought and care and kindness will be needed to keep their feet from straying; therefore, to them I dedicate my life.

"You know I have Belgian blood in my veins—and somehow my nature seems allied to that fatal land, always longing for peace, striving for happiness and quiet domesticity; then, when the goal seems just in sight, war again, and pain and grief and death."

Someone opened the great hall door and the voice of a newsboy without came clearly through the air:

"Berlin wants peace — all about the German peace proposals—evening paper."

"Peace," she went on, "It must come, and soon—but many of the wounds this war has made, no peace can ever cure."

The curtains parted and through them stepped Sweet-and-Eighteen; so young and winsome did she seem she might have stood for fair young Peace, bringing her healing sweetness into a war-warped world.

"Oh," she stammered, "I didn't know you were engaged."

"I'm through, I can take you now," smiled the palmist.

And the boy? His health had improved, and the scars the ruthless battle-front had carved in his soul were mending. Perhaps a woman's sympathetic touch had helped in the healing process. Youth and joyousness were asserting themselves once more; and now, even through the pain her refusal had created, there leaped into his expressive eyes such an appreciation of the youth and beauty in the curtained entrance that the older woman knew positively and for all time that with *him* all was well.

He went—and mechanically the palmist took the girl's hand in hers for a preliminary survey—but in her heart a storm raged—loneliness, pain, and jealousy battled with common sense and her sense of fair play. Almost the former allies won and she thought to draw him back to her again—then, looking into the young girl's eyes and reading there all this earth holds of good—her moment of renunciation came—and passed, leaving her cold, an alien lonely soul. Youth to youth, gaiety to gaiety, and for herself—a mission, perhaps, and to once more sally forth in weary quest of Peace, the Stranger.

Annette Kellerman

(Continued from page 9.)

referred to what I already knew—that she was born in Australia. She is British through and through, and very proud of it, and was glad to be interviewed by a Canadian publisher, she told me.

It seems almost incredible that as a child Miss Kellerman was a cripple, and that it was purely by her own effort and determination she was able to walk. Perseverance and exercise have, however, developed her so marvellously that to-day she is the finest swimmer and diver in the world, and most perfectly formed.

It was quite a shock to Miss Kellerman's parents, who were very much interested in music, to find that their daughter was going to adopt swimming as a profession. However, she persistently had her own way, after many an uphill fight, and when she had become fairly experienced, she landed in America.

Her first engagement of any consequence brought her a salary of $1,250 a week. Success and fame were already within her grasp, when she was visited by a representative of certain syndicate newspapers, and told that unless she paid them $1,000 a week they would support some swimming act, other than hers. For a long time Miss Kellerman had to give way to this blackmail, which left her a very small amount to live on, considering her enormous expenses. However, troubles of this nature are now all past and her only concern is in doing all she wishes inside of twenty-four hours, so great is the demand upon her time by film concerns and theatres in all parts of the country.

Miss Kellerman was very anxious to have me see her in action; in other words, going through one of her acts either before the public or before the film. This, however, I was unable to do until she was making some of her pictures in her new production, "Queen of the Sea," which is about to be released. It was, indeed, a pleasure to be with Miss Kellerman during the taking of part of the scenes of her new picture, and from what I know of the story and have seen of the making of the film, I think the public will agree with me in saying that it is infinitely superior to "A Daughter of the Gods," or any other Kellerman production.

The story runs as follows:

Merilla, who is Annette Kellerman, Queen of the Sea, learns from the good fairy, Ariel, that she must save four human lives to become a mortal herself. That very day, under orders from Thonor, King of Evil, a ship is wrecked and the crew leap into the waves. Word that Merilla has rescued three of the men is brought to Thonor by the sirens. He determines that she shall no longer interfere with his work. His henchmen, therefore, seize her, after a chase through the deep, and she is carried before the King.

Thonor promises to spare her if she will promise never to save another mortal life. The torture chamber is the alternative, but Merilla courageously chooses it. Meantime, the Prince of a nearby country, has set sail to meet a Princess to whom he is betrothed, but whom he has never seen. It is before him, in the course of his voyage, that Ariel appears. She tells of Merilla's plight and urges him to help the Queen of the Sea. This he readily consents to do. While Thonor is upon the waters in his phantom ship, the Prince rescues Merilla with Ariel's aid.

The Queen and the Prince become sweethearts at first sight, but the fairy reminds him that his word is pledged to another, and whisks Merilla from his sight.

Thonor learns that the Prince has freed his captive and has taken chests of treasure (which belonged rightfully to the Prince's father). He starts out in pursuit of the Prince in his phantom ship, and causes a heavy storm to sweep the ocean. The Prince and his men are plunged into the sea, but Merilla's skill in the deep circumvents the King of Evil and she succeeds in bringing the Prince safely to shore.

In fulfilment of her promise, Ariel changes Merilla to a mortal then, and takes her to her kingdom in the clouds.

The little Princess who is to marry the Prince falls into Thonor's hands as her carriage hurries along the road. In her dwelling place above the earth, Merilla (to whom Ariel shows the Princess's fate in a crystal) is very unhappy without the Prince. When she sees what is happening to the Princess, she decides to save her for the Prince's sake.

Thonor, with his evil power, can see her descending through the clouds. He makes her fall to the ground, but she escapes unharmed and stumbles into the party of courtiers who were escorting the little Princess. They rejoice at their luck. The Prince has never seen the girl he is to marry and they persuade Merilla to impersonate the Princess for a few days before the wedding, until they can rescue their mistress. This Merilla consents to do.

When she stands before the Prince once more, he begs that she become his wife, to seize this final chance for happiness. This she refuses.

"There can be no real happiness bought at such a price," she says. "You are pledged to the little Princess."

"But I shall love you all my life," he replies.

Merilla goes by sea, the Prince by land, to free the Princess from Thonor's grasp. Thonor's men capture Merilla, and their chief places her in a room adjoining that in which the Princess is. Between them are a series of blades and swords, seemingly impassable without death. Merilla manages to best this barrier.

Then the good fairy appears again.

"I can only show you a way to carry word to your friends," she tells Merilla, and points to a cable stretching from the high tower in which Merilla and the little Princess are kept. Merilla walks this wire for a distance and then dives boldly 125 feet into the sea beneath. She makes her way to the Prince and he flies at once with his men to the rescue of the Princess.

There is a spirited fight in the castle between the opposing forces, in which Thonor's men are vanquished and Thonor himself is killed by the Prince. In gratitude for what Merilla has done, the Princess releases the Prince from his bond, and the road to happiness for the Prince and for Merilla is cleared at last.

The Drip of The Honey

(Continued from page 7.)

"Elmer!"

"Frankie!"

The noise of Via del Babuino drifted up to them, thin and muffled and far away.

"What is it, deary?"

"Isn't that the Pantheon, the round dome with the flat top, just beside the Madama Palace?"

"Confound that old Pantheon! Kiss me, angel!"

She raised her head slowly, pouting up the curved ruddiness of her lips. Then she hesitated. "But just one!" she said sternly.

Again there was silence, and more stars came out over the Campagna.

Then she gazed out over the twilight city of bells and domes and spires, as the dusk grew deeper about them. "Ah, Rome!" she said, with a happy little sigh. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Glorious, isn't it?" he said contentedly, as they leaned on the stone balustrade side by side.

And they sighed companionably, and were silent once more.

THE END.

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"From Contented Cows"

Hon. Dr. Cody, Ontario's New Minister of Education, Outlines His Plans

(*Continued from page* 12.)

appliances. We should aim to inform and arouse the people on educational matters so that when the time seems ripe for any advanced measures they can be properly projected and successfully carried through."

"No doubt you will find the people ready to hear you," I remarked, "for there is a great desire in many directions for information on various phases of education."

"Yes, no doubt. Already, though I have not been in office three weeks I have received literally hundreds of different suggestions for the improvement of our educational system and outlines of educational reconstruction. I venture to say that practically the whole community is prepared to tell the officials of the Department of Education how they ought to run the educational machine of the Province," he added, with a smile. "But there is a reason for that, and it is not a discreditable one. It is because education touches every one of us. Into almost every home the boy or the girl comes with a tale of weal or woe from school, so that education reaches and affects every nook and corner of our country. It is therefore natural and right that everybody should have an opinion on what is of such vital importance, and should be moved to express that opinion."

"What will be your attitude toward criticisms and suggestions?" I asked.

"I am not a czar," replied the Minister; "I am not omniscient; and," (with a smile) "honestly, I don't think that the officials of the Department really believe that they are omniscient, or do not wish to receive helpful and suggestive and constructive criticism. Indeed, I might paraphrase the words of Holy Scripture and say, 'If any one has a psalm, or a word of exhortation, or a helpful suggestion, let him rise up in meeting and give it to us, and we shall welcome it.' The Department of Education is not a Government Department alone; it is the Department of the whole people; it touches us all; and on the policy and management of the Department, of course, will tremendously depend the progress of our Province and of our Dominion. What is done in Ontario powerfully affects all the other provinces in Canada. So far as Canada at large is concerned, the public school system may be said to have come from this Province. All over our growing and wonderfully buoyant provinces in the west you find people who came from Ontario—most of them, it would seem to me, either from Bruce or Huron county! The educational and legal foundations of those Provinces were, in many cases, laid by men from old Ontario, so that what we do here is vital as affecting the whole Dominion in the way of example."

I remarked on the effects of the war in reducing the number of young men who were training in science, thus causing difficulty and delay in developing Canada's natural resources to meet our war debts; also the fact that we would not be able to get from the old lands the industrial designers on whom we had largely depended in the past.

"We all feel," replied Dr. Cody, "and we know, that we are living in a wonderful country, that our Canadian people are worthy of the most splendid opportunities that can be presented to them, and that they can profit by every educational facility that is presented. It is my hope and wish that our people should be trained to take the fullest advantage of those boundless opportunities. We use the phrase, 'Boys will be boys'; but it is well sometimes to repeat part of it in a different sense and conclude: 'Boys will be *men*.' But the kind of men they will be depends entirely on the turn given them while they are boys."

"You spoke about the special value of boys of to-day; have you any special plans for them, Doctor?"

"One point has greatly impressed me in regard to our Ontario system," Dr. Cody said. "You will remember that Dr. Egerton Ryerson had two factors in mind in projecting the system; the first was, to bring the opportunities for education within the reach of every child in the Province; the second was what I might call continuity of advance. That is, the public school was linked to the high school, which in turn was linked to and led up to the university. The system was what might be called a chain with its various links. Those two leading ideas still remain in the system, and it is not claiming too much to say that our system has been kept very fairly up to the needs of the times. But now we are in new times, and almost every system needs readjustment and needs lubrication. Now, it strikes me that our readjustment might be made on this line—I am not speaking dogmatically, and hope I shall never so speak; but this is what occurs to me:—Ninety per cent. of our children get no further education than that given in our public schools; only ten per cent. of them go as far as the high school. May it not be advisable, then, for us sometimes to view the public school not as a mere link in a chain which is never completed, but as rather a distinct and complete entity—a thing by itself—at least as affecting the masses of children? Might not that ninety per cent. who, from family necessity, must soon earn their living, be trained in public schools as though they would never get a more complete education? The question then would be, how much education can we give in the public schools that will provide not only a general mental training, but some measure of vocational training and handwork, some kind of vocational guidance into useful and suitable occupations, as well as the great inspirations of morality and patriotism? Perhaps we might do well to make more of our public school system, in the light of the actual fact that the public school, and it alone, reaches ninety per cent. of our total school population. The ideal, of course, would be to secure for as many as possible of this ninety per cent. a further period of training, with a special view to their life work. We must strive to make this ideal a reality."

I took the liberty of assuring the Minister of Education, on behalf of the public bodies of progressive citizens with whom I kept in constant touch, such as the Manufacturers' Association, the Trades and Labor Council, Boards of Trade, Rotary and Advertising Clubs, Neighborhood Workers' Association, Home and School Council, etc., that such an intensifying and extension of the work in public schools would be looked upon as a most important step in the right direction. It would prepare the great bulk of boys and girls for their life-work; would interest them in further study in part-time classes or technical schools after they went to work; would turn the thoughts of some in the direction of scientific investigations, and would guide them into occupations in which they could earn satisfactory wages and do good work; in fact, it would vitalize the whole system at a critical point. I ventured to add that the present curriculum might be improved by condensing, say, the teaching of English into one subject, thus intensifying and improving that study, and at the same time leaving room for more handwork. I then asked Dr. Cody what plans he had projected for the improvement of teachers, and for stirring up trustees and the public.

"No democracy is safe for the world," he replied, "until it is led by honest intelligence. Up and down the length and breadth of our country I believe we cannot have too much of the public explication and vindication of the great policies of the country, and of the great problems that lie before it. It is my hope to be able to go through the Province, as Minister of Education, and meet the teachers face to face, meet the trustees, and meet the school constituency, and get into as close touch as I can with the people of the Province, and see the educational problems from their point of view. Perhaps I may be able to serve the Province far better in some such way as that than merely by dealing with things in the abstract."

"In the matter of teaching," he added, "it is the personality, the vitalizing power of the teacher, that counts. A comparatively poor system will work well if it is administered by a great soul, while the best system will not do much good if a tiny-souled individual manages it. The teacher bears the great burden of the physical, the intellectual, and in no small part the moral development of those who will be the future citizens of our city and Province and Dominion. But how can we expect a teacher to teach in any inspiring fashion if he or she is in low spirits? There is nothing that will produce greater depression of spirits than financial worry and financial strain. We ought to raise public opinion steadily in our whole Province so that our people will be ready to give larger sums, not so much for buildings, which are secondary, but for the living agents who teach their children."

We discussed the position, throughout the whole of Canada to-day, of the question of Education, especially technical education, and I gave Dr. Cody various views as expressed to me, which made comparisons between different systems and Provinces as to their progress. On this point Dr. Cody said:

"In these critical times our people must be made fit for the immense opportunities and responsibilities which are now before us, and new ones which will face us after the war—those problems of reconstruction, adjustment, development that will call for all the skill and expert training we can command."

He quoted Dr. John R. Mott, who recently told an English audience, "I would rather be living to-day, or in the next ten years, than at any previous period in the world's history."

"The great thing for Canadians," added Dr. Cody, "is to fit themselves for their great task." He hoped it might not be said of us, as was written of Henrietta Maria, the consort of Charles the First, "She lived at a great time, but had no greatness of soul with which to meet it."

"In the days after the war," he continued, "the problems of education will still remain, and human nature—the raw material on which we work—will be much the same, though the conditions may differ, and the demands may be somewhat changed in consequence. One thing, however, is sure: we all realize to-day, as we never did before, the tremendous power and value of education. We have seen a false ideal taught to generations of Germans in their public schools, their gymnasia their *real-schule*, and in their universities; and we have seen the very soul of that nation poisoned We have seen the results of this pernicious teaching in the bestiality, the savagery, the ruthlessness, of many a battlefield, and of many a devastated realm. We know that it does matter what people are taught, and what they believe. What people really believe determines their conduct. More than that, we have learned by the war that it is possible to use education with tremendous effect in developing and organizing commerce and industry. We have seen Germany, by her system of research fellowships, by her application of pure science to industry, to agriculture, and to manufacturing, capture one market after the other. We see what is possible to trained and organized industry and commerce. It is lawful to be taught by our enemies; let us learn that lesson from them. Let us never forget, however, that efficiency is in itself no more a moral thing than is electricity; it depends altogether upon the end to which it is directed. Hence the perpetual need of directing moral ideas, and of moral training. The schools of Ontario can and should be made the training-ground for the inculcation of true and intelligent democracy that will help to keep the world safe, and that will make Ontario the banner province of a great, free, intelligent and skilful nation."

The Girls' "Carry On" Column

(*Continued from page* 46.)

one of the military hospitals, and tell them you want to take three or four soldiers for a motor drive. Take your mother or father with you and do your very best to give the boys a happy time. You will find you will be repaid tenfold for any effort you make for the returned soldiers.

DEAR BETTY:

I want to go into a canning factory during my holidays. What wages would I get and when would I be required? A. D. F., HAMILTON.

Some factories are giving $1.50 a day. You would be needed from May 15, to June 15, or from July 1, to October 1.

DEAR BETTY:

I have been told that Farmerettes must help with the housework. Is it compulsory? ELSIE.

All workers are asked to do two hours of housework if required, and if you really have the interest of your country at heart you wouldn't refuse, would you?

DEAR MISS O'HARA:

I will not be able to go on the farm until the fall. Is there anything I could do then, and what would the wages be?

E. T.

You could pick peaches, pears, plums, grapes or apples, and you are paid at the rate of $9 a week for a ten hour day. Especially good workers are to be paid 20 cents an hour.

DEAR BETTY:

I would like to run an elevator during the summer to release men for the farm. To whom should I apply?

M. J.

Positions of that kind may be obtained from the Government Employment Bureau, 15 King street east.

ENCLOSE A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE FOR A PERSONAL REPLY TO QUESTIONS.

A King in Babylon

(*Continued from page* 48.)

"Davis just laughs at it," I said comfortingly; "and he's probably right. He says Jimmy has moiled around over this picture so long, that it has become a sort of mania—he had a kind of heat-stroke, you know, a few days ago, and that may have helped. In fact Jimmy sat right here beside me last night and told me he was getting things all mixed up—that he couldn't tell what was real from what was only imaginary; his outside and inside worlds had run together, as it were . . ."

"You don't mean that he's gone mad?" asked Mollie, horror-stricken. "If he has, it's that woman . . ."

"He hasn't gone mad," I broke in, impatiently. "He'll come around all right as soon as he gets this infernal picture out of his head. I feel sometimes that I'm going mad myself. Let's stop talking about it—let's talk about ourselves. Mollie . . ."

"It isn't the picture," Mollie broke in. "It is something in the air—a kind of threat! I feel it all the time. I have been in wilder pictures than this, lots of times, but nobody ever went crazy before—and bit people—and tore their eyes out—not even the director!"

"Well," I said, "I think Creel has about got to the limit of *his* nerve. He'll give the order to pack up as soon as he can. He is over there now, slashing his scenario to pieces and simplifying it every way he can. But that hasn't anything to do with us. Now, look here, Mollie . . ."

"Billy," she broke in fiercely, "I can't stand it! If you grow sentimental now—if you *dare* to grow sentimental now!—I shall hate you!"

"I wasn't growing sentimental," I said resentfully.

"You sounded like it!"

"I was just going to say . . ."

"I don't want to hear it! I'm ready to fly to pieces as it is!"

"I don't see what there is for *us* to worry about," I said. "If Jimmy and Mlle. Roland want to go wandering off through dream-land together, why need we care? And if Jimmy thinks he was once a king of Egypt, I don't see that it's anything to us! And if Davis does dig out a woman who has been buried four thousand years, and who has been waiting all that time for vengeance—why, it isn't us she's after! We've got ourselves to think about, Mollie, and I have been doing some mighty serious thinking on that subject recently, as I told you the other night. And you promised . . ."

"I promised nothing!" she broke in. "Let go my hand!"

"You led me to infer . . ."

"No, I didn't! How can I help what you infer! Billy, I won't be kissed! I hate it! I . . ."

(*To be continued.*)

One of Two Things Must Happen

YOU CAN DECIDE WHICH

As publishers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, we are confronted with a perplexing situation--we must either push forward in our efforts to publish a magazine worthy of Canadian womanhood, or step back into a rut of uselessness, and allow the magazine to become unworthy of being a leader of thought among Canadian women.

We desire the former course because we believe many thousands of our women appreciate the assistance the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL has been to them, and are anxious for us to continue our policy of speaking fearlessly on vital Canadian questions.

Many causes have forced up our publishing expense enormously. Year after year we have continued to improve until now we have first call upon the work of many of the best authors, writers and illustrators in America. Canadian women will, we believe, continue to encourage the publishing of a clean, wholesome woman's magazine containing their own literature and presenting Canadian ideals.

The situation confronting us is that to keep up the high standard we have established, we must make a slight increase in our subscription price. It is not much--only fifty cents, but you need not pay the increase now if you will accept our offer of renewing your subscription at the old rate before July 31st.

Our offer is a simple one -- send us $1.50 now, and we will extend your subscription for one year, no matter when it expires. Pay now and save 50c. If you desire to extend your subscription for two years or more, send us $1.50 for each year.

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THIS OFFER WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN

Hot Weather Drinks

By
MARION HARRIS NEIL
Author of
"Canning, Preserving and Pickling."

During the hot weather there is a cry for the ideal summer drink. This, however, is difficult to find, but in the following selection will surely be found one or other to suit the palates of all



Orangeade.

Raspberry Lemonade.



A cup of tea always cheers.





Frozen Coffee.

PINEAPPLE DRINK.—Pare and remove the eyes from a large, ripe pineapple, then grate it and add the strained juice of four lemons. Make a syrup by boiling two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of honey or corn syrup, and two cupfuls of water for fifteen minutes; then add the grated pineapple and juice. When cold add four cupfuls of water. Chill thoroughly before serving.

Another Method.—Mix pulp and juice of one fresh pineapple with two cupfuls of grape juice, three-fourths cupful of corn syrup or honey, strained juice of one lemon, and one orange, and allow to stand in refrigerator for two hours. Pour over shaved ice, add two cupfuls of soda water and serve.

ORANGE CUP.—Peel four oranges, remove all the white pith and divide into sections, removing seeds and membrane. Put four tablespoonfuls of honey or corn syrup in a saucepan, add the strained juice of two oranges and simmer for a few minutes, but do not allow to boil. Remove from the fire and cool. Arrange oranges in a pretty dish, mix two cupfuls of cold water with cooked syrup and pour over oranges. Add ice in lumps to cool, and serve in glasses.

ICED CHOCOLATE.—Put seven tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and two and one-half cupfuls of boiling water into a saucepan over the fire, simmer and stir until dissolved; then add four cupfuls of sugar, stir until thoroughly dissolved, and cook for ten minutes without stirring; strain and add two tablespoonfuls of vanilla extract and pour into bottles and cork well. To use, allow two tablespoonfuls of the syrup and one-half cupful of cold milk, and two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk for every glass. Put into a large cold fruit jar, shake well for four minutes, pour into chilled glasses, and put one teaspoonful of whipped cream on the top of each glass. If liked a little chipped ice may be added to each glass.

RASPBERRY BEVERAGE.—Mash one quart of ripe raspberries, add the strained juice of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of orange or fruit juice, and six cupfuls of water, and allow to stand for four hours. Strain and add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, and stir until dissolved. Serve in glasses partly filled with shaved ice. Strawberries may be used instead of raspberries.

TO MAKE RASPBERRY LEMONADE.—Put two tablespoonfuls of raspberry syrup, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and two tablespoonfuls of honey or corn syrup into a pitcher, add two tablespoonfuls of shaved ice, and fill up with soda water. Serve in glasses with a thin slice of lemon on the top. Or make raspberry puree by rubbing raspberries through a sieve. Put two tablespoonfuls of this puree into a tumbler with one tablespoonful of lemon or orange juice, and sugar to taste. Add a little crushed ice, and fill up with soda water. Serve with straws.

ICED TEA.—Four cupfuls of boiling water, three lemons, one-half cupful of honey or syrup, five teaspoonfuls of tea and ice. Chip the rinds from two of the lemons, add this to one cupful of the water, add the honey or syrup, and boil for eight minutes. Cool, add the strained juice of two of the lemons. Put the tea into a pitcher or earthenware pot, pour over it the remainder of the water—which must be freshly boiling—let stand for three minutes, and add the lemon mixture. Strain this at once into a bowl containing a small block of ice. When cold, pour into glasses one-third full of cracked ice. Cut the remaining lemon into very thin slices, and add a slice to each glass. One or two ripe berries will add to the flavor and appearance.

ICED COCOA.—Two cupfuls of water, two cupfuls of milk, five tablespoonfuls of cocoa, two tablespoonfuls of honey or syrup, one-half cupful of cream or evaporated milk whipped, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract and ice. Mix the cocoa and the honey or syrup, add a little of the water, mix to a paste, and add the remainder of the water. Bring this to the boiling point, boil for three minutes, add the milk, and bring to the boiling point again. Remove from the fire, cool, and add the vanilla. Pour into glasses or cups one-half full of crushed ice, and top each glass with a tablespoonful of the whipped cream or evaporated milk. This makes a delightful dessert for luncheon, and is a good substitute for ice cream.

TO MAKE COCOA EGG NOG.—Beat to a stiff froth the white of one egg, and add gradually, while beating constantly, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cocoa and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Add to one-half the mixture, while beating, one cupful of cold milk. Serve in tall glasses, and pile remaining egg mixture on the top.

TEMPERANCE PUNCH.—Mix together the strained juice of six oranges and five lemons, add three cupfuls of strawberry syrup, one can of grated pineapple and two cupfuls of grape juice. Make a syrup of two cupfuls of water, one and one-half cupfuls of tea, and two cupfuls of honey or sugar. When cold add to the fruit mixture, with two diced bananas and enough water to make one gallon of liquid. Serve in glasses with wafers or crackers.

FROZEN COFFEE.—A very cooling beverage for warm weather is frozen coffee. To make this, coarsely ground coffee is steeped in milk in a percolator or double boiler, using three tablespoonfuls to each quart of water. After thirty minutes' infusion in the hot milk the mixture is carefully strained, and one cupful of sugar, or one-half cupful of honey dissolved in it. When chilled, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract and freeze. This is served in tall glasses with a spoonful of whipped cream on the top.

ORANGEADE.—Squeeze the juice from one orange, add one cupful of water and two tablespoonfuls of sugar or honey, and stir until dissolved. The sugar or honey and water may be boiled for ten minutes, allowed to cool, and then added to the juice.

Lemonade is made in the same way, using one lemon instead of the orange.

EGG MILK PUNCH.—Two eggs, six teaspoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of shaved ice, one-half cupful of fruit juice, and one-eighth teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg. Mix in the order given, cover tightly, shake well and strain into glasses, with the nutmeg sprinkled over the top of each glass.

TO MAKE EGG NOG.—Beat the yolk of one egg add one tablespoonful of sugar or honey, and beat until light, then add one-half cupful of milk, fold in the stiffly beaten white of egg and add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract, a little powdered nutmeg, or one tablespoonful of lemon juice.

BOSTON CREAM.—Pour four cupfuls of boiling water over one pound of lump sugar and one ounce of tartaric acid, and allow to stand until dissolved and cold. Then add two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract and the stiffly beaten white of one egg, and bottle for use. One-half fill a tumbler with this mixture, nearly fill with ice water, stir in a pinch of baking soda, and drink while effervescing.

BARLEY WATER.—Barley water is both cooling and nutritious. It should be made fresh every day. Wash one ounce of pearl barley in several waters. Boil it for five minutes in two cupfuls of cold water, which must be thrown away; then add four cupfuls of water, and let it boil down to two cupfuls. Strain it and sweeten with honey or corn syrup, then flavor with a little lemon juice or a little powdered cinnamon. One cupful of seeded raisins may be boiled with it.

IRISH MOSS DRINK.—Wash one ounce of Irish moss well, and soak it for several hours in cold water. Drain it out of this water, and put it into a saucepan with two quarts of cold water, and simmer slowly five hours. Strain and sweeten to taste with honey or corn syrup. A little lemon juice may be added if liked.

Irish moss, or Carrageen moss, is a seaweed. Its nutritive value is considerable, and it also contains iodine and sulphur.

Iceland moss can be made in the same way. Iceland moss is a lichen, which grows on barren rocks, principally in northern latitudes. It contains an acid which gives it an unpleasant flavor. A pinch of baking soda added to the water in which it is soaked will help to counteract this.

APRICOT EFFERVESCING DRINK.—Bruise sufficient apricots to make two cupfuls, boil with one cupful of honey or corn syrup for ten minutes, then add one ounce of tartaric acid, bottle, and cork well. For a tumbler three parts full of ice water, add two tablespoonfuls of the above syrup and a pinch of baking soda, stir, and drink while effervescing.

MINT JULEP.—Chop two bunches of mint leaves, add three cupfuls of ice or cold water and allow to stand over night. Boil two cupfuls of honey or corn syrup with five cupfuls of water for ten minutes, and then chill, add strained juice of one lemon and mint water. Serve with crushed ice, and garnish with fresh mint leaves.

CURRANT DELIGHT.—Boil four cupfuls of honey or corn syrup with fourteen cupfuls of water for ten minutes, add two cupfuls of fresh tea, five cupfuls of currant juice and six oranges, and six lemons cut in very thin slices; then add a large piece of ice and serve in glasses.

RHUBARB DRINK.—As well as being a very refreshing beverage, this is a most wholesome drink for children. Boil seven or eight stalks of rhubarb in four cupfuls of water for ten minutes. Strain the liquor into a pitcher, in which you have the thin rind of one lemon; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar or honey, and allow it to stand for a few hours, and it will be ready for use.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Bruise the raspberries and add two cupfuls of vinegar to every pound of fruit. Allow to stand for one week, stirring every day, then strain through a jelly bag, and add two cupfuls of sugar to every pint of juice. Boil this for three minutes, and let it stand until quite cold.

Bottle and seal.

CANNED GRAPE JUICE.—Pick over and wash sound Concord grapes, rejecting all that are soft and bruised, but leaving a few of the stems. Put them into a preserving pan with a little cold water, but not enough to cover, and cook slowly until the skins break, stirring and mashing occasionally with a wooden spoon.

Boil for about two hours and then drain through a jelly bag. Do not press or squeeze or the juice will be cloudy.

Measure the juice, and to each quart allow one-half cupful of sugar. Reheat the juice to boiling point and cook for thirty minutes, removing the scum as it rises. Add the sugar, which has been heated in the oven, cook for five minutes, turn into hot sterilized bottles and seal airtight while hot.

If preferred, the grape juice may be canned without the addition of sugar, and glass jars may be used in place of the bottles.

LEMON SYRUP.—Twelve lemons, one-half pint (one cup) water, one pound lump sugar. Rub the lump sugar on the rinds of six of the lemons, and put it into a preserving pan with the water. Boil until clear, then add the strained juice of the twelve lemons, and simmer very gently, not allowing it to boil, for five minutes. Pour into bottles, which must be dry, and, when cold, cork securely.

UNCOOKED GRAPE JUICE.—Wash and weigh the grapes, then crush, and to every six pounds of the fruit add one quart of water in which two ounces of tartaric acid has been dissolved. Allow to stand over night. In the morning, press through a fruit press or strainer, then add three-fourths the same amount of sugar.

Bottle cold.

CHERRY SYRUP.—Choose sound, ripe cherries, stone, and place them in wide-mouthed glass jars, with layers of crushed lump sugar between the fruit.

Cork securely and place in a can with sufficient cold water to reach up the necks of the bottles, bring to boiling point, and boil until the fruit looks dry and shriveled, then remove the pan from the fire and leave until cold.

This syrup keeps excellently if left in the bottles as it is; but, if preferred, it may be strained into sterilized bottles and corked and sealed.



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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



AUGUST
1918

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The Canadian Home Journal

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The Next Issue is the Enlarged Advance Fall Fashion Number

The September Number will contain nine pages of Fashions, all carefully selected to meet the needs of women who wish to dress smartly and at the same time modestly—their chief interest being in war work rather than finery. The newest features which mark the early Autumn garments will be shown, and our readers may with confidence use these styles from which to plan their heavier clothing and remodel last year's garments. There will be nothing extreme, nothing requiring the extravagant use of either cloths or trimmings—in short, the new Autumn fashions shown in the September Canadian Home Journal will be dignified, up-to-the-minute in style and beautiful.

* * *

"THE QUEEN'S TEAR BOTTLE."

Another fairy story by Virna Sheard will appear in the September Number, complete in one large instalment. This will be illustrated by Norman Price, who has in the past so beautifully interpreted for our readers the work of Virna Sheard.

* * *

"AFTER THE WAR—SHOULD WE HAVE A FOOD CONTROLLER?"

A. Frank Reade will write on this subject in his series of articles, entitled "After the War—What?"

The view taken by some that as long as the war lasts we should not consider plans for reconstruction after its completion is, we believe, exceedingly short-sighted and unwise. Now is the time to plan, consider and adjust to suit the changing conditions. Watch for Mr. Reade's article on this important subject.



"September in the Northern Canadian Forests"

Painted by J. W. Beatty, R.C.A.

* * *

"THE X-RAY IN DENTISTRY."

Not guesswork, supposition, or hearsay, not what we say or what the person next door says, but the actual facts as set forth by dentists and doctors constitute an article on the above subject in our September issue.

Many are suffering from various diseases which could be easily cured if they would have their teeth examined and treated. Doctors and dentists have proved this, and trace remarkable recoveries directly to the removal or treatment of diseased teeth, which in some cases looked perfectly healthy and sound. The X-ray is to-day playing a most important part in dentistry, revealing trouble at the roots of the teeth, which when discovered can quickly be cured.

* * *

"WITHOUT AN EGG IN THE HOUSE."

What would you do, if suddenly forced to bake or cook? Marion Harris Neil will tell you in the September Number a host of good things she has discovered which can be made without eggs. This is a most valuable article, and will be gladly received by all housewives who are sometimes faced with this problem.

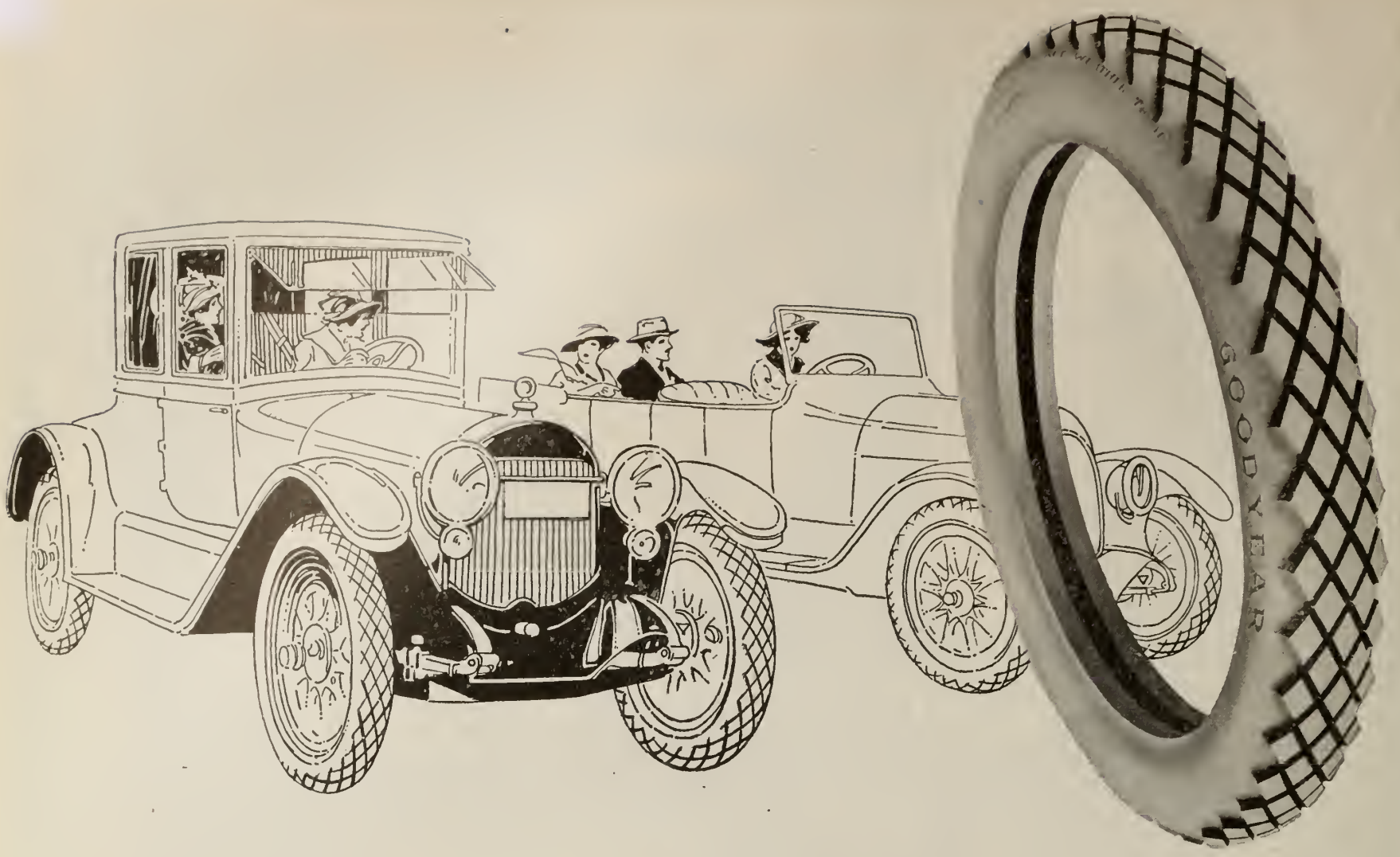
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Marion Harris Neil's second article is entitled

"OUTDOOR MEALS FOR EARLY FALL."

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Goodyears are Fashionable Tires, Too---

Perhaps style plays a minor part in the selection of tires--

But where fine appearance is a factor --there Goodyear Tires are first choice.

You'll notice this Fashion on all cars of extra luxury--the bigger, costlier cars; sedans and limousines. Goodyear Tires seem the natural accompaniment of a special finish; extra equipment; wire wheels.

But it is a more commercial factor that has made Goodyears the largest selling tires in the world.

It is their long mileage and freedom from trouble--which mean lower tire-costs.

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Because of the manifold advantages of Goodyear Tires in comfort, appearance, security and freedom from trouble, many users are led to overlook their most important virtue, which is economy. Goodyear Tires actually do cost less to use. The greater mileages they deliver in the end make their selection a matter of economy as well as preference.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited



Women appreciate even more than men the advice and assistance of the Goodyear Service Station Dealer. Watch for this Emblem.

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA



Canadian Home Journal EDITORIAL

August *Nineteen-Eighteen*

LET THE MEN HELP. The President smiled at the visitor's apparent surprise as the figures of the exceedingly large amount of Red Cross and Patriotic work for the year were read at one of the many Women's Institute meetings held this Summer.

"Our secret," she explained, "is just that we let the men help. They were very glad to have a share in our work. I believe all men would enjoy helping their womenfolk in their war work, but they are seldom given an opportunity. We women want all the glory ourselves," she added knowingly—for the President was over seventy and she had acquired much wisdom.

"It was this way: The men raised or give the money and we women did the work, thereby accomplishing more than either could achieve alone."

Such splendid advice seemed too good to be kept within the bounds of one small meeting, so the visitor passed it on that all societies might benefit therefrom.

* * *

MORE FISH USED. The campaign to increase fish consumption is having results. In the Canadian army stationed or in training in Canada, 200,000 pounds of beef were saved in the month of May, and approximately the same amount in the month of June, by the substitution of fish. In the West a train load of flat fish every few days from Prince Rupert is sold at popular prices under the auspices of the Canada Food Board. In Toronto recently 100,000 pounds of mackerel were sold within one week as the result of a special campaign.

* * *

MORE MARKET BASKETS IN WAR TIME. What is the matter with the markets in Canada? This question is being seriously considered by the Canada Food Board, and Mr. Thomson, the Chairman, is striving to again bring into general favor the once honored market basket.

European cities have led the world in municipal advance and their markets have figured largely in this connection. In London and Paris wholesale as well as retail public markets are conducted on a vast scale. On the North American continent the municipal market has been a much neglected quantity.

War has shed a new light on the situation, however, and instead of suffering from prevailing conditions, the market has bigger opportunities than it ever had before. What practically every family is worrying about these days is the rising price of everything from potatoes to pennibs. Anything that means dragging the H. C. of L. down from its lofty pedestal is hailed with acclaim. The municipal market is one way to do it and an effective way at that.

It will very likely be contended here that market prices are very rarely lower than the prices prevailing at local stores. Maybe not, but the fact remains that the market sets the scale for local prices and that in towns where there is no market the general tendency is for prices to be abnormally high. It is only reasonable to assume that no dealer would find it paid him to sell at higher rates than the farmers on the market.

But it takes the united efforts of producer and consumer to create a flourishing market. Its success or failure depends very largely on the consumer. Where a market is dead and alive it is a sure indication that the women of the community need to have their eyes opened to the benefits of one of the best institutions that any town can have.

There is a feeling among general dealers that markets are injurious to their interests. They are—in so far as they keep their prices from sky-rocketing! This is an end to be desired by all consumers, who, after all, constitute the major part of the community.

Markets are usually operated only two or three days in the week, and they increase general trade rather than detract from it, for they bring in their wake a big influx of country people who are going to spend money while in town. Indeed, many a city in Europe has grown up round a market and it has never yet been known to retard development, while in nine cases out of ten it has had a good share in hurrying it along.

Markets do not spring to life involuntarily, however. In the early days they did, by the very nature of things. Nowadays they need the stimulus of community enterprise. Location is of the first importance. Clean, sanitary surroundings are necessary. The farmers need encouragement in the shape of co-operative townspeople who will turn out to see what they have. It is a case of give and take in marketing. The first principle is the community spirit.

How is Canada off for markets? There are five at Montreal, five at Winnipeg, three at Edmonton, two at Calgary and Toronto, and one at Ottawa, Owen Sound, Peterborough, Sault Ste. Marie, St. Catharines, Berlin, Brantford, Chatham, Fort William, Galt, Guelph, Hamilton, Kingston, London, Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, New Westminster, Vancouver, Victoria, Moncton and St. John.

The trouble is that most of the markets in Canada need a thorough cleaning-up. They need the backing of all the people, and they need a clientele of women who put marketing in the "old-fashioned" way among the foremost of their war-time duties.

When Canada reaches the stage where she has a perfect network of well-equipped, up-to-date, live markets patronized by all and sundry, then she will have taken a big step forward in food conservation. Expansion is rapid once community interest is stimulated and the press and moving picture companies can do much to forward the campaign. It is up to the women of Canada primarily.

The fashion has been set at the capital. Long rows of automobiles disport themselves democratically beside hucksters' carts on marketing days, and Cabinet Ministers' wives rub elbows with the humblest citizens in their hunt for fresh country produce at reasonable prices.

There are many things to be considered about it, but where markets already exist the woman who neglects them is working against her own interests and is failing to make the best of her opportunities.

OUR AIM

To publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome, and truthful.

To be a leader in thought, and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To, as far as possible, publish and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature, and their own country, with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.





If summer sun and dust have begun to coarsen your skin, the special Woodbury treatment for this trouble will make it fine and soft again. For full directions for this treatment see the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap



If neglect has made your skin sallow, sluggish, lifeless, it needs stimulating. Try the famous Woodbury treatment for rousing sallow, sluggish skins, given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Your skin needs special care in summer

to keep it soft, attractive, free from blackheads, blemishes and the coarsening caused by exposure

THINK how constantly your skin is exposed to sun and dust in summer. Strong sunlight coarsens its texture — irritating dust every day carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes.

Are you using the right cleansing method for your skin? Or the proper treatment to keep it fine in texture? You can live out-of-doors as much as you like, and yet keep your skin active, healthy, clear, radiant.

Take your hand mirror to the clear daylight, and examine your skin closely. See whether it is not already showing the effects of summer exposure.

If you find blackheads or blemishes, if your skin is beginning to grow coarse, begin at once to see what the right method of cleansing will do for it, and the proper treatment with a soap specially prepared to meet the needs of the skin.

Try this famous treatment for blackheads

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold — the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice.* Dry the skin carefully.

Use this treatment persistently. Make it a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash-cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Treatments for all the common troubles of the skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 5c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 5208 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

MADE IN CANADA



"Granny wakened from her nap and shrieked objurgations at T. B. for an hour."

Our Neighbors at the Tansy Patch

"Every one of them is crazier than the others, ma'am" vehemently asserts Salome, maid-of-all-work

By L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," and "The Cats of the Tansy Patch."

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE.

PART I.

WHEN, during our second summer at the Tansy Patch, the whiskers of one of our cats were cut off mysteriously we always blamed a small boy pertaining to a family living near us, behind a thick spruce grove. Whether e were right or wrong in this conclusion I cannot say. None of us, not even our redoubtable Salome, cared to accuse any member of this family openly. We had too well-founded dread of "Granny's" tongue. So nothing was ever said about "Doc's" whiskers, and our amiable relations with our neighbors remained undisturbed.

They were certainly a curious assortment. Salome always referred to them as "Them lunatics behind the bush," and asserted vehemently that "everyone of them is crazier than the others, ma'am." She thought it quite dreadful that Dick and I should allow the children to consort with them so freely; but the children liked them, and we ourselves found an endless source of amusement in their peculiarities. They were even better fun than our cats, we thought.

The head of the house was a handsome, middle-aged man whom we seldom saw and with whom, save on one memorable occasion, we never had any conversation. His legal name appeared to be William Conway. His offspring called him "Paw," Aunt Lily always referred to him pathetically as "My poor brother," and Granny called him "My worthless skinamulinx of a son-in-law." What his wife had called him I wot not. She had died, it appears, eight years previously, when Millicent Mary Selina Munn Cook Conway had been born. If she resembled her mother it is not probable that her bereaved spouse sorrowed as one without hope.

When Timothy Benjamin, the oldest son—better known, it may be said as T. B.—paid us a long, friendly, first call, Salome had asked him bluntly, "What does your father do for a living?"

"Nawthing, mostly," was T. B.'s frank and laconic response.

"Then how do you get along?" demanded Salome.

"My old beast of a granny has a little money. We live on that," said T. B. easily. "Folks round here call paw lazy, but he says no, he's just contented."

"Does he never work?"

"Nope. He fiddles and fishes. And he hunts for buried treasure."

"Buried treasure?"

"Yip—down on them sand-hills 'cross from the hotel. He says Captain Kidd buried millions there. He keeps a-digging for it, paw does. Says when he finds it we'll all be rich."

"Your father'd better be digging in his garden," said Salome, severely. "I *never* saw such a scandal of weeds."

"That's what Granny says," retorted T. B.

Salome was squelched for the time being. The thought that she and Granny could be of the same opinion about anything enraged her into silence.

Of Mr. Conway's prowess as fisherman and treasure-seeker I know nothing, but I can testify to his ability as a violinist. When he fiddled, on his tumble-down "back stoop," on the summer evenings, the music that drifted over to the Tansy Patch, through the arches of the spruce wood, was enchanting. Even Salome, who prided herself on her ear for music, admitted that.

"It's angelic, ma'am, that's what it is," she said with solemn reluctance. And to think that lazy good-for-nothing could make it! What could Providence have been thinking of, ma'am? My good, hard-working brother John tried all his life to learn to play well on the fiddle and he never could. And this Bill Conway can do it without trying. Why, he can almost make me dance, ma'am."

That would have been a miracle, indeed! But Dick and I often did dance, on our own stoop, in time to the witching lilts of the invisible musician beyond the spruces.

In appearance Mr. Conway looked like a poet run to seed. He had a shock of wavy, dark auburn hair, a drooping moustache and a goatee, and brilliant brown eyes. He was shy or unsociable, we did not know which. At all events, he never came near us. "Jest too lazy to talk, that's all," T. B. assured us. "Paw hasn't nothin' again' yous."

The first member of the family to call on us—and the only one who ever paid us a formal call—was Aunt Lily—Miss Lilian Alethea Conway, according to the limp, broken-cornered card she left behind. The formality of her call consisted in her leaving this card. For the rest, she stayed the afternoon, took supper with us, and then remained for the evening.

"I am not, my dear Mrs. Bruce, a soulless society woman," was her somewhat unnecessary introductory remark. She swam up the steps—she really had a very graceful walk—and subsided limply into a rocker. She wore a rumpled dress of pale blue muslin with a complicated adornment of black velvet ribbon, and her long, thin arms were encased in cream lace gloves—remarkably nice gloves, of their kind, at that. Some of Granny's money must have gone into those gloves. She had a pale, freckled face and reddish hair. Yet she was not absolutely lacking in beauty. Later on I saw her once in the moonlight and was surprised by her good looks. Her features were quite classical and if she had known how to do anything with her hair she would have been a pretty woman.

I asked her to come into the house, but she assured me she preferred to remain outside.

"I love to sit and watch the golden bees plundering the sweets of the clover," she said dreamily, clasping her lace-covered hands. Neither bees nor clover were noticeable about the Tansy Patch, but that did not worry Aunt Lily. She rolled her large, blue eyes upon me and added,

"I adore the country, Mrs. Bruce. The city is so artificial. Don't you truly think the city is so artificial? There can be no real interchange of soul in the city. Here, in the beautiful country, under God's blue sky, human beings can be their real and highest selves. I am sure you agree with me, Mrs. Bruce."

I did, or pretended to; Salome and I knitted the afternoon away while Aunt Lily swayed idly and unceasingly in her rocker, and talked quite as idly and unceasingly. She told us all there was to be told about her family and herself. She kept a diary, it appeared.

"I must have some place to pour out my soul in, Mrs. Bruce," she said pathetically. "Some day, if you wish, I will show you my journal. It is a self-revelation. And yet I cannot write out what burns in my bosom. I envy my niece Dorinda her powers of expression. Dorinda is a poetess, Mrs. Bruce. She experiences the divine afflatus. My poor brother can express the deepest emotions of his soul in music, but I can only wield my halting pen. Yet my journal is not devoid of interest, Mrs. Bruce, and I should not object to sharing it with a sympathetic friend."

"I should like to see it," I assured her—sincerely enough, for I suspected that journal would be rather good fun.

"I will bring it to you some day then," said Aunt

(Continued on page 18.)

The Second of a Series of Articles on Reconstruction in Canada

After the War---What?

By A. FRANK READE.

The Human Problem of Reconstruction---Some Important Reforms---A New Starting-Point---Women Coming Into the New World---Judges and Officials Should Be Put Into Productive Work

WHERE shall we begin on the problem of reconstruction of Canada? That is really the chief problem at the start. The process should be very similar to that of construction, which always begins with a rough plan or sketch, a study of details, then the finished working plan, followed by the clearing of the ground, the digging of the foundation, and the superstructure. Such a programme cannot be worked out in its entirety when the project is not construction, but reconstruction; for we must bear in mind that there are some things we cannot change, no matter how desirable they are, or how eager we are for changes. The site, for example, cannot be changed. But, fortunately, no Canadian wants to change that. The geographical site on which the Canadian people live and work and love and struggle is ideal; so we may safely leave it to the poet's panegyrics and pass on to the edifice that is to be reconstructed and the grounds that are to be improved and differently laid out.

We must keep in mind always that in the process of reconstruction we are not dealing with bricks and mortar and material things, but with people; with human beings who have ideas, habits, traditions, attachments, sentiments, languages, degrees of training and skill, methods of thinking and working, modes of living and worshipping, limits of understanding and of education, as well as institutions of religion and philosophy, that must be thought of, and in some instances must be regarded with the most tender care.

The question of language is a serious one; not merely that we have in Western Canada nearly fifty foreign languages and dialects—for the people there are intermixed with English-speaking people, and are practically all, especially the young, ambitious individually to make English their common tongue—but the real language problem is massed in the Province of Quebec, where nearly a third of Canada's total population speaks only French, and does not understand what the other two-thirds are saying or writing. But the situation is even worse in the English-speaking parts of Canada, such as in Ontario, where practically none of the English-speaking people can either speak or read French. This vexed question is merely touched here because of its bearing on the broad question as to ideals for Canada, which we must now discuss.

Canadian Ideals Lead the World.

Just as the architect and builder start with a plan before proceeding with construction, so we should have some plan, some ideals, as to what we desire or intend to do.

Canada, speaking nationally, has just passed the half-century of life as a Confederation of the Provinces, and therefore should be old enough to have some settled ideas and ideals as to national life. When the Confederation was formed in 1867, the basis was: Executive authority vested in the British sovereign through his representative, the Governor-General; a general legislature or parliament for the federated provinces, charged with matters of common interest to the whole country, and composed of Senate and House of Commons, provincial governments charged with control of local matters in their respective sections. Here we have, briefly stated, British connection; a strong central government, with the sovereign's representative at its head, controlling all national matters; provincial autonomy in all matters not of general (Dominion) concern.

These were the ideals of our statesmen fifty years ago, as to the form and method by or under which the Dominion of Canada should live and develop; and it is assuring to all Canadians, as it has been inspiring to nation-builders in other lands, to know that the Fathers of Confederation proved to be "wise master-builders." Their edifice of statesmanship, which was the first experiment in federal government, was imitated by Australia in forming its Commonwealth, and later in the Union of South Africa. It is being followed also in the organization of India. In this connection, it is worth while relating that the name of the Canadian Confederation was suggested by Sir Leonard Tilley, who, on reading the 72nd Psalm, was struck with the remarkable description of Canada's geography in the eighth verse:

"He shall have Dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

In other words, from Atlantic to Pacific, and from the River St. Lawrence to the Arctic regions, where Stefansson is even now exploring on behalf of the Dominion Government.

Reforms Afford a Starting Point.

While Canadians may congratulate themselves on having a stable form of government with which to start their national life, there should be—and there is—a widespread desire to improve on the methods of the founders of the firm. Those old Fathers of Confederation were red-hot party politicians, and though they united for the great crisis in national life, they soon ranged themselves again on old party lines, and it has taken fifty years' time and another national crisis to bring back a union government.

But we have gone farther this time, and have abolished the chief feature of party government—the system of patronage and party pull, which vitiated the entire public service, filling necessary offices with inefficients, creating soft jobs and sinecures for party favorites, and wasting the public money most recklessly. Indeed, the example of union government has been imitated in other fields, particularly the newspaper sphere, and in many cases the two partizan papers of larger towns and cities have united. As the result of a recent case in Ontario, a small town weekly paper is able to boast that it is "the only Liberal paper in Blank County," but it is hot enough in its utterances to meet the entire county's needs.

Our ideals to-day are in advance of those of fifty years ago in respect of union government, for not only is this union to be permanent, but three important reforms—abolition of patronage, prohibition of the liquor traffic, and woman suffrage—have already sprung from the union. All these changes are strong, radical, and in the right direction; and we may fairly take them as a starting-point for further developments along progressive lines.

Having wiped out partyism, old party methods, shallow party cries and irritating party questions, let us start on broader lines, introduce new ideas, use new terms, and get a new outlook. Let us think of Social Progress now, instead of Party Success. Let us get the true idea of democracy—the building up of the people; securing for the people a good living wage; proper housing; minimum working hours; fair distribution of the proceeds of production; the best possible training towards efficiency; a sound education that will enable them to understand social problems, so that they can intelligently take part in their solution.

Social progress must be secured, at any cost; and the social progress must be made orderly, systematic, purposeful, sure. There must be created in every member of the community—that is, in every man and woman, in every boy and girl—a deep feeling of social responsibility. Selfishness must give place to sociality; all members of the community must learn to work together for the common good; prejudices of class, of rank, of wealth, of race, of religion, must give place to broad charity, to helpfulness. The new standard of patriotism must be willingness not only to die for Canada, but to live for it—to live unselfishly, desire to help in every good work, willingness to teach what we know, to pass on to others what has helped us, anxiety to assist in removing evils, temptations, dangers, and to make our community and nation safe for democracy.

The New "Orientation."

The key-words of reconstruction are—production and service. Production means doing productive work in the best and most thrifty way, by the most efficient methods. It means the elimination of useless occupations; the turning of every man and woman to useful, productive work. It means, in the final analysis, the examination of every man's work, as to what sort it is, and the turning of unproductive work into productive channels, or else destroying it. National service is coming, that will put a stop to all confusion as to what is real service for the community and the nation, and what is wasteful, unnecessary or positively dangerous and evil.

We must get a new "orientation"—to use the new word, which is so suggestive in this connection. That is, we must turn and look in another direction. We have been taking things for granted too much. We have been doing what we have been "used to," never thinking what it was all about. We have gone to meetings of the village, town, city or county council, and have seen men sitting around the table, and have heard them discuss community matters—the wise men of the community—never a woman. It seemed all right; it had always been so; this was a man's job; why women at such a place? (We never thought "why women?"—fact is, we took it all as a matter of course, and thought nothing at all about it.) Now comes the new orientation: we look for women around these boards now, and wonder—oh, how we wonder—that we never thought of them before. Why, these men are talking about things they don't understand at all. What do they know—the most of them, at any rate—about women's problems, such as the protection of young girls, the care of old women, mothers' pensions, the struggles of

(Continued on page 40.)



HONORING MANITOBA'S HEROES.

An interesting ceremony took place at Government House, Winnipeg, when Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, conferred a number of medals on the wives and relatives of several of Canada's heroes. Two returned officers, Captain L. M. Moffatt, of the 44th Battalion, and Lieutenant T. G. Vant, 15th Canadian Machine Gun Company, were accorded the Military Cross for valor at the front. Both were wounded. In all the other cases the presentations were made to relatives owing to the death of the proper recipient. The photograph shows Sir James Aikins, officers of the Staff of Military District 10, and the recipients of the decorations, and was taken outside Government House immediately after the ceremony.

Smoked Glasses

By MARTINA GARDNER OWEN.

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX.

How One Recruit Was Added To The Army

THE effect was that of a royal October landscape, hung in the light of a blue and green tinted, north exposure, stained glass window. Children played by the hearth. The open fire beamed impartially on tangled curls and cropped boyish heads. Its crackling lent a minor accompaniment to the shrill treble of young voices. As an ideal home picture, both coloring and composition were faultless. But this masterpiece of the Artist of the Fireside was chilled by the mother's fretted, unsympathetic eyes.

"Can't you leave that tiresome paper, Evan, and put the children to bed?" she demanded petulantly. "It's seven now, and I have the dishes to do yet. Miss Grey said that she would call for me at eight o'clock, sharp."

"What for?" her husband demanded a bit dazedly, jerking his attention from an engrossing column.

"For the concert, of course. I told you about it last night," Jeanette explained testily. "Other women go out with their husbands occasionally. I never can, because I married a physician, and he may be summoned at any minute to soothe some other woman's nerves. Miss Grey offered to call for me, and sister Julia will stay with the children. So I am to have a little diversion if I can get ready in time," she finished meaningly.

Dr. Scotney started to explain that it was a man who needed him to-night, a man who was about to face the crisis of typhoid fever. Before he could frame a word, Jeanette had whisked angrily from the room. He heard the spiteful hiss of the hot water faucet and the sharp clink of silver. His strong, kindly face darkened and his hands clenched ineffectually. They relaxed as his glance fell upon his children.

"Come on, kiddies," he invited, swinging the smallest mite to his broad shoulder. "First one upstairs leads in a pillow fight."

A disapproving protest from the kitchen jangled into the laughter. It failed to soar to the heights of the nursery.

"Look out, daddy, I've got the hard pillow!" shrieked eight-year-old Roland.

Evan entered into the romp with the abandonment which is possible only to the hard-working man who has learned the value of play. After ten minutes he terminated the frolic with a quiet but authoritative word.

"We like to have you put us to bed," chirped Witch Marian as the father buttoned and unbuttoned small white garments with his skillful surgeon fingers. "Mother never has time for fun or stories. She just jerks our clothes off, tells us to say our prayers quick and to jump into bed."

"Mother is tired, dear," Evan reproved gently. "Now we'll have prayers, and then you shall each choose a story."

"O, goody," cried Harold. "Let's ask God to send daddy to put us to bed every night," he whispered to his younger brother.

Mrs. Scotney was drawing on her gloves when her husband descended the stairs, again seated himself by the library table and resumed his interrupted reading. She dropped into the opposite chair and turned the pages of a magazine idly. The lines of her face softened with the moment of rest and of relaxation.

"What have you there that is so wonderfully fascinating?" she quizzed. "Is it a serial, and is the hero about to be shot by a band of masked desperadoes? Or is it merely an account of the gymnastics of a new germ?" "It's a current magazine with an article which describes the work of the doctors in the base hospitals, just back of the front line trenches," explained Evan. "There is a constant demand for competent medical men who have the necessary experience and the physical endurance."

"A good opportunity for some young fellow just out of college," commented Jeanette, listlessly. The subject had not stirred her to a ripple of interest.

"Why not for an older man with established practice and family?" Evan asked quietly.

"How perfectly absurd!" Jeanette flashed. "In the first place there are quite enough unmarried slackers to fill the posts. Then a married man's duty is to his wife and children. He has no right to go where, in all probability, his life will be forfeit and they will be left unprotected. Even if he should come back alive and unwounded his practice would be gone and he would have to start all over again. I should never consent to your going, and that's flat, if that is what you are hinting about, Evan Scotney." Then, briskly arising, "There's Miss Grey's ring. Call up Julia and tell her I'm off. The children might sleep safely, but it is well to guard against all possible danger. Goodbye." She touched his forehead in a perfunctory kiss. "Sorry you can't come along."

The unaccustomed silence of the house which followed her departure was broken a few minutes later by a sweet, merry voice:

"Good evening, doctor brother," it saluted. "I have been waiting patiently for five minutes for you to look up and say, 'How do you do?' I opened the door quite noisily, too. Speaking of the value of the ability to concentrate, I could have collected all of the family silver—if that fascinating article had been long enough. May I have that paper after you go?" she requested, as she tossed hat and coat on the sofa and fluffed her auburn hair.

"It wouldn't interest you, little sister," Evan discouraged.

"But it interests you," she persisted, "and my intellect from yours is not further removed than is Vimy Ridge from our own peaceful Main Street."

She selected a willow rocker and added a sofa pillow that made a bewitching background for her white wool dress and clear complexion.

"If Rob or Ned were only here now," Evan commented, quizzically. "Too bad to waste such tactics on an old married man," he added with an amused twinkle.

"Thirty-five is not old at all," Julia declared, serenely, displaying a daintily shod and silk stockinged foot. "You were married when you were a mere infant; that is all. There are plenty of young bachelors on my eligible list whose birthdays antedate yours. Be a good sport and let me practice some more, will you? They say that the way to fascinate a man is ——"

"Don't say 'through his stomach,' I beseech you," deplored Dr. Scotney. "I have too many cases of chafing dish dyspepsia on my hands now."

"Don't jump at conclusions, goosey," Julia admonished. "I intended to complete my sentence by saying: 'To lead him to talk about himself.' How long have you?"

"Fifteen minutes," Evan calculated, looking at his watch.

"Plenty of time," she dimpled. "You are a young man, understand. You have been waiting in my parlor while I powdered my nose and crimped my hair and tried on three gowns in order to decide which is the more becoming. It was quite necessary to decide correctly, because I fully intend that you shall propose to-night, though you aren't in the secret. During the interim you discovered that magazine and found something that interested you. Curtain's up."

Dr. Scotney grinned indulgently. He was accustomed to Julia's caprices. They had amused him when she was a chubby faced child and later as a hobbledehoy school girl. Now that she had turned overnight into a young lady they were even more diverting.

"I believe you were reading visions between the lines of your paper, Evan. Won't you tell me about them?" Julia cooed sweetly.

"Just some accounts of the medical work which is being done within sound of the roar of the big guns," Evan returned, dropping easily into the character of one of Julia's young swains. "Nothing to interest a sunnyside-o'-life girl like you."

"But it does interest me," Julia differed. "I believe there's a strain of warrior blood in my veins. The very thought of those grey, huddled heaps in No-Man's land; of the procession of stretcher bearers and of comrade's-shoulder-supported men crawling up from the trenches along paths that grow redder as they pass—well, it makes my heart beat to drum time and my eyes to see the old flag waving in the battle breeze. If I don't read and talk about things that set me to shuddering it's because I want to save my energy and my sympathy for cases of real need which I can actually help. I can do nothing for the soldiers themselves. I may be able to do something for

(Continued on following page.)



"I believe you were reading visions between the lines of your paper. Evan, won't you tell me about them?"

SMOKED GLASSES

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

those whom they leave behind. Suppose, my young medical student, that you really had your degree and that your mother were enough of a Spartan to bid you Godspeed. What would you do?"

"I'd enlist for active service at once," Evan vowed earnestly, entering into the play with zest. "I'd extract shrapnel and soothe from shell shock and amputate splintered limbs instead of puttering with a lot of silly women whose only trouble is that they have no real work to do; that they fritter away their days at silly teas and over senseless cards; that they never treat their muscles to actual exertion nor their lungs to pantingly breathed outdoor air."

"But you wouldn't get as much money as you get here," Julia commented, in a voice that was innocently sweet. Evan could not see the wicked sparkle in the blue eyes gazing so low-lidded at the flickering flames.

"How much can I get here?" he demanded, fiercely, forgetting the character that he had assumed. "Enough to keep up a house exactly like that of the other houses in the village. Enough to clothe and to feed my family and to pay for a few books, a life insurance and an occasional trip. Perhaps I can make enough to send my sons to college if they are worth the effort. I sometimes doubt it. Life here seems to give the present generation mental rickets. Other men's sons turn out to be namby pamby. Mine may. But they won't if they have to fight their way up, and if they have the example of a hero father. Anyway, what is gold compared to honor? Besides," he added, whimsically, "My practice will soon be ruined here. Half of the ills of life are imaginary, and they do not tarry with those who are straining muscles in the doing of things that are worth while. And it won't be long until everyone here will be too busy solving real problems on life's blackboard to play tit tat toe behind the teacher's back."

"But my sister won't let you go," blazed Julia, facing him suddenly. "She prefers to have you putter around here where she has always lived. I know all about the splendid chance which she forced you to turn down last winter, too! Medical students indeed! Mending soldiers' rent bodies and agony-seared souls is a work for healers who know life as well as medicine. You think I am only a child. At my age our grandmothers were rocking their second babies. I've read and observed and thought and I can see. Jeanette is all right at heart, but she has allowed her eyes to be covered with the smoked glasses donated by the Demon of Domestic Dullness. She wasn't always like this. I remember her wedding morning. I was only a child then. I woke to find her kneeling by the eastern window of our little room, watching the sun rise. I crept out of bed to throw my arms about her. She put her head down on my shoulder and said:

"'O, Julia, I am so happy. Evan is so good, so true, so kind, my lover and my king. I want to be worthy of him. Little sister, help me always to be his inspiration, his comrade, his better self. God grant that I may never make it hard for him to do that which his honor demands.'

"Now I intend to help her," Julia rushed on with the impetuosity of youth. "She would have let you join a special expedition to China to fight the Bubonic plague then. There is no reason why she shouldn't send you overseas now as bravely as the other women have sent husbands and lovers, brothers and sons. The home is in her name. There is a good bit of solidly invested money and she had a profession before she married. She is a strong, healthy young woman and the children are all safely past the teething period. She needs something to open her eyes. I am going to do just that. I shall ——"

"Stop!" Evan had risen to his feet and stood as if dazed before the furious onslaught of the girl's words. Now he spoke with the voice which neither nurse nor patient, nor officious relative had ever dared to disobey.

"You will in no way interfere. You forget that you are speaking of my wife, the mother of my children. We will settle our own domestic difficulties—if difficulties there be which I do not concede. Thank you for coming over this evening." His voice had grown coldly formal. "I have an engagement now. Good-night."

Dr. Scotney stepped out into the starshine and closed the door. Could he have seen through the solid oak, instead of the silent, crushed little figure that he had left he would have beheld a thrillingly alive and vivacious young woman. She bowed triumphantly to her reflection in the glass and murmured to the daring eyed vision that dimpled back at her:

"Oh, no, you'll not Interfere! You are flattened into a door mat and you will creep away and hide. You are a sly little puss and you found out just what you wanted to discover. And you will now sit down and plan some amateur theatricals with yourself as the villainess, your sister as the Awakened Wife and Brother Evan in the limelight before the final curtain as the Happy Husband."

Evan shrank from the next meeting with his sister-in-law. He could not quite remember what he had said. He was sure that he had not mentioned Jeanette's name. Yet he had the uncomfortable feeling that he had bared his soul for this slip of a girl. He knew that she was quite capable of executing any plan, however venturesome. He had helped her through too many girlish escapades to have the slightest doubt on that score.

However, his fears were quickly soothed. Julia came over quite as often as before. She made no reference to the conversation. At first she wore such a hurt, childish expression that Evan melted. Probably the infant had not realized what she was saying. Moreover, the babies adored her, and she was so devoted to Jeanette. The doctor became quite kind in his desire to make amends for his harshness. Julia revived by degrees and soon they were back on the old familiar footing. Evan had completely forgotten the episode when a telegram was handed him some weeks later. He tore it open and found that it was from a physician in another part of the state, a man who had been a college friend of his father and who had helped Evan himself with many a bit of sage counsel when he was a young practitioner. He read:

"Come for consultation. Arrange leave practice. Stay week. Important."

Evan glanced at his watch. The express was due in exactly eighty minutes. He hurried into the living room. Julia was there, tranquilly mending. The baby played at her feet.

"Where's Jeanette?" he demanded.

"She has gone to a meeting of the club," Julia responded. "Harold and Roland are at school. Sister took Marian with her. Mrs. Lawton suggested that she could play with her Molly under the care of the nurse. Anything wrong?"

"A telegram from Dr. Ryall," Evan explained, hurriedly. "Important consultation. I really ought to leave on the five-forty. Can you get Jeanette by phone?"

"Yes," was the judicial response, "but it would spoil her afternoon and disturb the meeting. Why is it necessary? I can pack your bag. I always pack daddy's. Jeanette hasn't been out for an afternoon in a month, and she was anticipating such a pleasant time. There is a celebrated author present and you know that Mrs. Lawton is an ideal hostess. If Jeanette knew that you were going she would feel obliged to rush home and pack your bag and see that you had on fresh linen and a newly pressed suit. Too bad to deprive her of the afternoon's pleasure."

"That's so," Evan commented after a moment's thought. "Very well. I'll write a message for her. Pack the bag while I see Oswald and arrange for him to take over my practice. He'll be only too glad. He's having a hard time to get a foothold. Three doctors for every patient now. I'll be back in half an hour."

When Evan returned, his bag was ready and his clean linen and fresh suit were on the bed. In exactly thirty minutes he appeared in travelling trim, kissed the baby and gave Julia a note.

"Give this to Jeanette, please," he said. "Good-bye, little sister. You are a trump. Take care of my family."

He was off in a whirlwind rush for the train.

"Am afraid I have called you here on a fool's errand, my boy," the genial old doctor remarked as his guest emerged from the sleeper the next morning. "My patient rallied miraculously. It turned out to be quite an ordinary case after all."

Evan's face showed distinct disappointment.

"Tut, lad," the doctor rallied. "You look positively sorry that the man is recovering."

Evan pulled himself together.

"It wasn't that," he declared. "But I had been looking forward to the week with you. You are always as good as a tonic and I'm feeling rather done. However, it doesn't matter. I can get the morning express."

"Now, why?" the old man demanded. "I've a chance to go on a fine camping trip and to bring a friend. Your practice is arranged for. Your wife doesn't expect you. Why not come along?"

Evan found a fresh objection for every hour of the day. Each was overruled. Next morning the two men took an early train which would end at a trail—a trail which would plunge them into the heart of the woods. Evan had written a letter to Jeanette the night before and entrusted it to Dr. Ryall. It had been posted—enclosed in a fresh envelope to Julia.

It was a long, healing week spent close to nature. They fished and hunted and trapped. There were fragrant evenings by the dancing camp fire when Evan drank in the shrewd old man's philosophy or laughed at his kindly humor. Too, there were dreamless nights on beds of balsam, and awakings to a plunge in the sparkling stream and to trout for breakfast. Mother Nature yielded the balm which she always gives to those who ask her to soothe their workaday hurts. It was with steadied nerves and with a saner outlook upon life that Dr. Scotney turned his face homewards.

At the end of the journey he swung from the train and hurried toward his office. There might be important mail. He was anxious to get Oswald by wire and to inquire about the progress of the more important cases. At the door he stopped in utter bewilderment. Jeanette, red-eyed and white cheeked, was sorting over his private papers.

"In the name of ——," he began, but Jeanette rushed into his arms and burst into a torrent of weeping.

"There, there, pet," he comforted awkwardly. "What is the trouble? Has anything happened to the children?"

"O, you've come back, you've come back," she managed to gasp between her sobs.

"Come back?" he repeated, wonderingly. "Of course I've come back. What else would I do?"

He held her close until her sobs were quieted.

"Now tell me all about it," he insisted.

"You were gone when I came from the club," she began, in a trembling voice. "The children had stopped to play on their way home from school and knew nothing about you. Baby said: 'Papa say bye, bye,' but I thought you had just gone for a call. Julia was in a hurry to get home and I suspected nothing wrong. When you didn't come for

(*Continued on page 36.*)

DR. BELAND

Canada's Greeting Upon His Return From Europe.

By J. W. BENGOUGH.

Little Bateese, go on de garden now,
And pick de flower pure w'ite and bring to me,
Dat's for put on de botton-'ole for show
Docteur Beland is 'ome from 'cross de sea.

Pick de w'ite flower, dat's match de soul of 'im
In all de year 'e suffer grief and pain,
Weeping de bitter tear till eye is dim
For bride dat's die, 'e will not see again.

W'ite flower—dat's like de love de docteur show
De poor Belgique w'en she is trample down;
Not try for ron away from dere, Oh, no!
But, lak de hero, stay for face de Hun.

W'ite flower—dat's tell de story how he look
W'en he is prisoner of de brute de Bosche,
Lak' rose dat's 'mong de ogly blisters took—
I go and fight dose devil too, ba gosh!

I lak' for strangle such beast on de t'roat
Dat's murder pauvre mere and little child,
And drown de babies w'en dey'll sink de boat;
Give me de gun, Bateese, my blood is wild!

Ah! I'm old man—pas' age for armee now,
But young Canayan habitant he'll go;
De beeg young feller strong as ox or cow,
He's got de stuff, by gar, let German know!

De w'ite flower on my botton-'ole, dat's prayer
De bon Dieu bless you always, chere Beland,
And w'en Quebec boy 'e get over dere
'E'll settle wit' dose Bosche, you understand!

TO MY MOTHER

If I should die, grieve not that one so weak and poor as I should die—
Nay, though thy heart should break, think only this:—
That when at dusk they speak of sons and brothers of another one—
Then thou canst say "I too had a son. He died for freedom's sake."

(Unknown.)

MARY BRITTEN WRITES

A Second Letter to Her Sister in Canada

By SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN.

36 *The Buildings,*
Angel Road, N.W.

MY DEAR SISTER:

IN your last—enclosed in half a pound of marg., for which we are truly thankful, as it does seem worth its weight in gold these times—you remark I had not mentioned Flossie's young man before speaking of her getting rid of him, and I notice though smudged in places you would be pleased to hear the particulars. I will do my best as it is no secret and never was, and now F. herself agrees with me that a man with no chin has that much against him whatever size his eyes may be or good his hand-writing. From this you will see that F. has dropped the veil and no longer keeps herself to herself, which is a lot more agreeable all round.

The very first day of Flossie's going on the buses her father pointed out the likelihood. Says Alf, "That girl will be bringing a young man here off one of them Generals, mark my words," he says, and F. never denied but that was how he made her acquaintance. I believe it began with him putting her right with her change and you know how one thing leads to another when the heart is young and him a regular on her route. Soon it came to conversation and one evening, much to her surprise, he begged her to accept of a rabbit, the next day being Sunday and very tasty it was done my way with a dumpling or two and an onion. That led to the pictures, and the first thing we knew he was sitting down to tea with us and I noticed he was particularly fond of sardines. You will ask when all seemed so satisfactory why break it off and I can only tell you it has as much to do with her father as anything else. From the very first Alf thought there was something, but him being so sensitive since he was buried in France I didn't take much notice. Hard to please, Alf is now, with any stranger, which you can't blame him, seeing all he's been through and so many walking around protected.

It was Mabel began it.

"Why don't you give him a hint to cut his hair?" she says to F., and F. replies, "I guess he's got enough to do cutting other people's," which was the first we knew of him being a hairdresser, F. not being one to tell all she knows, not by any means. She went on to pass a remark about the grapes being sour, which I needn't dwell on, sisters being sisters as the sayin' is all the world over. But Alf pricks up his ears. Alf isn't fond of hairdressers, not as a class. He says out there they're the exception and not the rule. "Well," I said, "if he was rejected on account of flat feet that wasn't his fault," I said, but Alf seemed to smell something.

Up to now, when this Mr. Pepple was there we had kept the conversation on air raids, submarines and the food controller, and I must say he expressed himself very well, though generally managing to slide the subject off on to Irene Vanbrugh or Gladys Cooper, when the details was at all horrible. He didn't seem as if he could stand them, so one evening when young George had been giving us all a regular turn with something he'd heard, this Mr. Pepple he passed his cup to change over the subject and his hand shook so it clattered in the saucer. Alf he noticed it, and presently he says to P., "What do you think about this here war?" Alf says sort of artful.

"I don't like war," says P.

"Neither do I," says Alf. "And I been there, so I know," he said. "I don't arf like war—there's a whole lot of things I like better," says Alf, "but leavin' war in general out of it, what do you think of *this* war?" Alf says.

This Mr. Pepple he straightened his collar behind where there wasn't nothing the matter with it and he replies:

"I don't see as this war is different from any other."

"Don't you?" says Alf. "Then you got poor eyes."

"Oh, father," says Flossie, "Mr. Pepple's eyes are his best feature."

"There's a kind of eye that's very good at reading the wrong sort of print," says Alf, "and there's quite a few of them about just now," he says. "Now, what I ask this gentleman is: Do you consider the Huns is in the right?"

"I ain't considered it," said Mr. P.

"Oh," says Alf, "ain't you? Then may I ask what you *'ave* been exercising of your mind on the last three years?"

"Suppose they ain't in the right what's that to you or me?" says P.

"If they ain't in the right they're in the wrong," Alf tells him. "And where there's a right and a wrong there's got to be a fight and always has been. We got to see it through."

"Not me," says Pepple.

"If we *are* going to 'Her Dream of Diamonds,'" puts in Flossie very nervous, "I don't want to hurry you, Mr. Pepple, but—"

"No," says her father, "don't hurry the young man. I understand," he said to P., "that you were rejected for flat feet."

"Flat feet, one man business, only son of a widow," says P., "and if they wanted more I could give it to them."

"Maybe you're a Pacific," says Alf.

"Maybe I am," says P.

"Maybe you're a Conchy," says Alf, and gave him a look.

"It wasn't necessary," says Pepple, "I had me flat feet."

"Had you?" says Alf. "Got 'em still?"

"Why yes," says P.

"Then use 'em," says Alf, and opened the door to him.

None of us have ever seen him since. F. thinks he takes the Tube. Alf says maybe he goes on his flat feet.

Your affectionate sister,

MARY BRITTEN.

P.S.—The present one is cross-eyed and in khaki. He gets on splendid with Alf. F. thinks his chin is his best feature. "Yes," says Mabel, "you could take a ride on it." "To Berlin," says F. You can't down our Flossie since she's been on the buses.

THE SHERWOOD FOREST

By JEAN GRAHAM.

There is no spot in England associated with more romance of fairy lore and outlaw adventure than ancient Sherwood Forest, where the trees are many centuries old and the velvet sward is softened and enriched by the dews of many summers. To the courtesy of a returned Canadian soldier, one of our boys who went "over the top" at Vimy, I am indebted for these two photographs of "the heart of Merrie England." Of course, it is of Robin Hood that we think, when we hear of this forest of the old land, and the words of Alfred Noyes come to us with their magic summoning of long ago scenes.



THE MAJOR OAK.

This wonderful old tree is about fifteen yards in circumference and twenty-two persons can stand inside it. All the limbs are supported by iron braces to the main trunk. The top of the tree was lost twenty-three years ago.

"Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows .
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen,
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by;

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day."



WOODLAND DEPTHS OF OLD ENGLAND.

Here are seen some of the Monarchs of Sherwood Forest. These trees were considered too old for ships in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

ROBIN HOOD

Robin Hood, Robin Hood, wind your horn again,
Break the Sherwood silence, call your merrie men!

Robin, England staggers, horrible in pain;
Leave your sleepy forest, thunder down the plain.

Dim your olden glory, shame your olden skill—
Trench can never stop you, bog nor barren hill!

That is Vimy Ridge there, rising from the mud;
Vimy Ridge was captured by the British blood!

Robin, Robin, Robin, summon all your men!
God and Merrie England! take the field again!

—*New York Sun.*

Teaching Truths Concerning The Beginnings of Life

By DR. LAURA S. M. HAMILTON.

A Talk To Mothers

NEARLY a year ago, in the Department of Baby Welfare, we discussed the subject of the best age at which to send a child to school, and in the June number of the Journal, we considered the subject of Venereal Disease.

At first glance one would not suppose that these two subjects had any connection with each other, yet I hope to show in the following paper that underneath all other remedies proposed for the relief and cure of the plague, that burdens the whole civilized world to-day, the teaching of the child is the remedy paramount that will by the mercy of God eventually deliver the world from this curse.

Those of you who read the article a year ago will possibly recall that my final conclusion as regards the right age to send the ordinary child out from home protection was to be judged by what the parents had been able to teach him or her at home. That is, a child should not be sent into the mimic world of school till certain truths concerning life, and its origin, had been truly and lovingly explained at home.

It is logical rather than Utopian to conclude that the man or woman who has been trained from infancy to understand some of the beauty of life and its beginnings, to glimpse the mystery of that Eternity from which we come and to which we go, to realize the truth of life that we carry from Eternity to Eternity, and bequeath beautified or sullied to countless generations—that such a man or woman will not wantonly wreck the life that has been given into his or her keeping.

That this is not a mere dream has been proven even now by the reverent living of those, comparatively few though they be, who have had the good fortune to have been so taught or to have imbibed from some source a pure conception of the Creator's plan of propagation of life.

A few generations of such reverent lives would cause the curse of venereal disease, and all the network of misery consequent on a wrong conception of God's Greatest Thought, to pass from the world as some of the so-called "medical" practices of the dark ages have done.

The practical question that faces the parent first, and the teacher of children second, is the best form in which to help the child to understand the truth that is his.

Much has been written and taught along this line, and a perusal of some of this, most of it painstaking, and careful work, lies within the power of every person who is able to read. It is no more difficult to understand than some of the instructions given as to the making of a child's dress, or the intricacies of the published recipes and menus for "war-time saving." It is vastly more interesting and instructive reading.

In my own experience the child itself almost invariably points out the way to help, and the path of instruction to follow; if the parent is wise and patient enough to watch for the turning of the little mind in that direction. Yes, and the parents need to be industrious enough to be ready for question or remark when it comes, and not find themselves in a suddenly embarrassed position on unfamiliar ground, or ground that has only been considered by them in the coarse or ignorant vocabulary of lazy and unbeautiful minds.

In a foot note at the end of this article I hope to append a list of some of the latest and best books on these subjects, trusting that my readers will select those that fit their particular need.

To a little child that has not been in some way injured or hurt mentally, its own beautiful little body is one of the very first things that awaken a curious interest. And right here on the part of many thoughtless people comes one of the very first sins against the child, and against God's Beautiful Thought. No baby should ever be given the ghost of a thought that any part of that exquisite little body is unclean, or unholy, or needful of concealment. Drop that poison in, and you have already turned the child's face toward the regions of death.

The contrary should be persistently taught, yes, and insisted on, in the face of much opposition and many stumbling-blocks deliberately placed by the giant Ignorance in your own and the Baby's path. You will have to watch the nurse and the washer woman, your grandmother and your best friend. But after a while your "very peculiar ideas" will be respected, and before that time your child's ideas will have taken some form. See to it that that form is clear and correct in regard to function, and nomenclature, in so far as the child can understand. Otherwise, teach him physiology and hygiene.

Little lessons from Nature probably come next, and in that the parent teacher of to-day is vastly better off than the parent of even a decade ago. Books of all grades, of great beauty of form, and so inexpensive as to be within the reach of any purse may be had at any good store or from any publisher.

Here let me say a word along the line of the purchase of literature for little children, or any children for that matter. The buying of good books, not haphazard, nor even according to the Sunday school selection, is absolutely necessary in every home. Books should be purchased corresponding to the need of each particular child, and containing the information required by each special occasion. I have in mind now one very happy ordinary home, where the young mother is ambitious that her boy should have the best in moral, and mental, as well as physical development. But every book that she requires to purchase to prepare her mind to meet the opening needs of that new mind, has to be obtained through friends, on the quiet as it were, because her husband considers the buying of books on such subjects as an extravagance for people in their position. Yet you will never go into that home but what you may see a novel or new magazine lying around that he has bought for his own recreation. He has no intention of being selfish, or, mercy, *stupid!*—but let me whisper it softly, he being a man with the best intentions in the world, is both, where it comes to understanding the needs of a very little child. Could we as men and women only meet and face, and then endeavor to provide for our limitations, even as we put on an extra wrap to provide against a drop in temperature, how much more wisdom we would show.

Little lessons in hygiene, little lessons in physiology and anatomy, little lessons in Nature study, little lessons in love and reverence to God (the favorite portion of the Bible of "the man of the house"—aged six—which he found after hearing it read, laboriously read himself and then learned to recite, is the first ten verses of the first chapter of the Gospel of John). Other little lessons about the house and kitchen, when fish or fowl are being prepared for cooking. Then one day all the different parts of the puzzle will slip one by one into place, and not suddenly, or fearsomely, but gladly, beautifully, reverently, tenderly, the child mind will get its conception of the whole of God's Beautiful Thought. And best of all that he himself is part of that Beautiful Thought.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

The marvel to me always has been that parents deliberately, or carelessly, depute other persons, teachers, Sunday school teachers, school mates, or even chance acquaintances on the street to give to that mind which is their own creation its first conceptions of the Life Truths.

Nature works slowly and "by degrees." So does Nature's Master. The human mind does not receive readily or with good results those impressions given with sudden violence. Such are apt to be lasting or to produce results entirely different from what was intended.

Therefore, all such teaching is best done as I have described, gradually, and slowly. Let me illustrate two examples of the result of the opposite course.

The mothers in both these cases were thoughtful, cultured women, both able and willing to teach what was right to their respective children, but somehow each had missed just the psychic moment. The fathers I was not acquainted with.

In the first instance the boy was about seven years old, when his mother discovered, to her horror, that he was practicing the habit of self-injury. The child was perfectly innocent of wrong doing, but already his nerves were showing the results of the habit. He told his mother quite frankly that he had been shown how by another little boy a few years older living on the same street. This older child was the son of a somewhat prominent church officer, a man with a high, narrow forehead, and anxious large eyes, who exercised himself greatly as to the experience and regularity of attendance of his fellow church members. I subsequently discovered that his son had instructed in a similar manner several more of his playfellows on the street, the thing being for a time like an epidemic, all traceable to the one source.

This mother, in her horror and disgust, gave her boy such a deep impression of the wrongness and awful results of the habit, that as she regretfully told me in relating the incident, she almost reduced him to nervous prostration, he being a sensitive, high-strung child, and it was months before he would trust himself for any time away from her protecting presence.

Now such an experience is painful for both child and mother, and it seems to me that the little lad might have been taught the twenty-fourth Psalm, and the need for "clean hands," obedient hands that do not meddle with sacred things, and a pure heart that "the King of Glory might come in." This, together with the knowledge that God had given him as a trust certain organs, to do a certain work in this body, that work being to manufacture fluids that would make him strong and fit and a man, that these little organs would do their work surely and well as he grew older, if he took good care of them, did not hurt or meddle with them, kept his hands clean and himself unashamed. Had the child been taught something thus tenderly and truly, no other lad could have taught him an evil habit.

The other case was one of a large family, and the little boy in question had somehow just been missed in this particular teaching. So he reached eleven years without any definite knowledge of himself. Then in the public school he came under the care of one of those truly good and great teachers who are endeavoring to make up for what parents neglect, and if it be possible to warn the little ships that set out from their harbor of dangers ahead.

It was so well known that Mr. X. instructed every boy ere he left his class along these lines that parents had come to accept it as a matter of course. In the special case I refer to the boy got "such a big dose all at once" that the shock of the knowledge almost made him ill, and the usefulness of the much needed instruction was greatly nullified by the child's unpreparedness, for which I do not think the teacher was in the least to blame.

This instance only is one of many that go to prove that such first impressions should be given slowly and by degrees in the shelter and language of home.

A peculiarity so marked that it might almost be called a characteristic of much of the literature for instruction of little children along the lines we have been considering is the elaboration of the mother function, and either complete omission of or very cryptical allusion to that of the father. Stories, allegories, and illustrations of the egg, and the work of the mother abound; the father is dismissed with a few if any words at all.

This is not fair. It may give the girls all the instruction they need. It does not do the same for the little father to be. I was brought up against this some time ago in reading a nature study story to a couple of little boys, both under seven. After listening patiently and expectantly for some time one of them looked at me and asked eagerly in regard to the making of that new baby. "Well, but what does the daddy do?" He was such a little lad I felt for an instant as if I were standing on a height, but those frank, eager eyes were fixed unwaveringly on mine. Then I made the plunge, and in a perfectly casual tone I told him. "The daddy has the little new life from God first in his keeping, and he gives it to the mother to take care of for him." It was perfectly satisfactory. We have talked about the matter several times subsequently. The logical result the following shows: We were walking, the small boy and I, along one of the main thoroughfares of the city the other day, when we met a group consisting of a huge, heavily built, muscular man, strolling with his pipe in his mouth, his hat on the back of his head, on the inside of the pavement. Beside him wearily trailed a little slight, pale, worn woman, evidently his wife. One child dragged at her skirt. She pushed a heavy baby carriage containing another in front of her. It was up grade, too. Her steps were very burdened, for unknown to my small escort she carried yet another "close beneath her heart." But he had seen enough. With indignation growing in his eyes he gazed at the man till at last he burst out with, "What's the matter with him? Why doesn't he help her? *They were his children first.*" A little later we met them again. Now places were exchanged, the man wheeled the carriage with one hand and carried the tired toddler on the other arm, oh, so easily. "Look, look," said the boy eagerly, as if to vindicate his sex "He *is* a gentleman after all."

But isn't my point proved? "*They were his children first.*" With such a knowledge as this, where were the deserted baby? Where the prostitute girl? Where the man who would "murder his own children" by wanton living, or by contracting or giving venereal disease? Is not this the solution underlying all other of the social problems of to-day? Does not the fact that public opinion permits me to write as I am now doing show that "the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world" is gradually penetrating our darkness, which hitherto has indeed "comprehended it not."

Nothing of the various forms of evil connected with "sins of the body" need ever be taught to little children, unless, as in the case of the child taught the evil habit, it has been thrust upon them by outside influences, and then it should be dismissed as

(*Continued on page* 36.)

Set the Pace in Your Own Home Town

By

EDITH HALSTED LORWAY.

Be a Leader in Your Community in the Food Conservation Movement by Holding an Educational Food Sale. This Article Will Tell You How This is Accomplished.

ONE—Two—Three—ready—go! The food campaign is on! The next three months will be the crisis time of the war, as far as the food situation goes. We must produce, and we must conserve; but now here is the problem. The summer drive is also on, and the Red Cross in Europe is sending out an S.O.S. call for more ambulances and more medical supplies of all kinds. Ambulances, surgical instruments, etc., mean cold cash. Therefore all the various local branches of the Canadian Red Cross must combine the saving of food with the raising of money. How best to go about it?



Everyone buys when it's for the Red Cross.

There is no use arguing that in war-time people should not expect to be fed when they attend public socials. People in the cities are now pretty well educated up to that idea; but in the rural districts where there are no movies to start an idea and bright colored posters do not everywhere catch the eye, public opinion travels more slowly. So let us in these few paragraphs lay aside theories and confront practical points, two of which we must combine. At our sales of baking, etc., we think we hear someone say, "Why have a sale of baking at all?" We know of no other way to reply than to say, "Attend a few Red Cross meetings in a small town and learn how difficult it is to think of ways and means of raising money in which food does not figure as the chief drawing card." Farmers driving in from the country to a social can hardly conceive of the idea of starting upon the return drive without having had something to eat; and when the local talent is limited concerts cannot be given continuously, for the public tires easily of the same thing, even when given in aid of the Great Cause. Let us, however, return to the discussion of our two points concerning this feeding matter. Our first point is that we must waste nothing. Cakes and pies must not be cut up and placed on plates at various tables. This method of serving people is bound to entail waste, for it would not be sanitary to utilize pieces of cake or pie left on the plates. Even untouched pieces and such are more or less wasted through becoming stale. We must put into vogue the method used in many private parties, *i.e.,* pass the cake around, cutting off each separate piece as wanted, the same with pie. This naturally makes a little more work, but must be done. Then any parts of cake left can be sold and be quite sanitary.

We now arrive at our second point, namely, that of education. Unless the military law of rationing is put into effect we cannot coerce the public. We must lead them gently, we must make war-time eating attractive, and we must make public opinion so strong against the unnecessary consumption of frosted cakes and "double faced pies"; that is to say, pies with an upper and lower crust and the unnecessary making and eating of fudges and creams that it will be considered positively bad taste for these gay luxuries of cakes, pies and sweets to flaunt themselves upon our tables in their peace time gowns. We must subdue them into wearing the sober gowns of war-time. They must lay aside their fine white coating of frosting and shiver upon our tables in their naked state of unfrosted tops. Pies must take off their top crust and benevolently smile upon us in the form of custard, lemon and pies of such cast. If the more sturdy raisin and date pies will come without their upper crust we may favor them by letting them wear the beaten white of eggs or, perhaps, a little whipped cream; that is, if such pies happen to live in a farming district where eggs and cream are at present plentiful.

Lastly, what about all our gay little candies? Shall we let them frisk around full of sugar, or will we put the fudges and creams to bed till the war is over and bring out the chocolate-coated nuts and dates and dress up our molasses candies in their Sunday-go-to-meeting garb?

This educational system can best be carried out in rural districts through the free use of attractively gotten up posters and articles in the local papers; by the use of movies (if we can persuade the Government to make use of our town hall for that purpose), and last, but perhaps not least, competition sales of war-time baking; at which sale posters and bulletins should be freely used and especially should prizes be given to girls and children for war-time candies and sweets, for through the children the homes are often influenced. Attractively gotten up booklets of war-time recipes can be sold, the proceeds to go toward some patriotic cause. Also a little booklet called "War-time Ditties for Children" containing suitable food verses for them could be sold.



An old Italian Hurdy-gurdy "plays" its part and brings in many dollars.

It Pays to Advertise.

First and foremost we must believe in the slogan that "It Pays to Advertise." At least a couple of weeks beforehand get out your posters. Paraphrased Mother Goose Rhymes may not be the most original thing one could use, nevertheless they seem to take as well as anything. For instance, the following Simple Simon verse can be used on a poster:

Simple Simon met a Pieman out to take the air,
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman "Where is this fine fair?"
Said the Pieman to Simple Simon, "Right in Smithfield Town,
There sell we the war-time bread, old Germany to down,"
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman, "Pray say the date"
For even war-time cake like I, and that is no mistake."
Said the Pieman to Simple Simon, "Saturday afternoon,
Everything will be fresh and fine so you can't come too soon."

Posters should be made on a very large sheet of cardboard usually procurable at the printer's and someone in your town who has a talent for drawing should be able to suitably illustrate the verses. If there is no such person, the colored pictures can be cut from nursery books or magazine covers. Once you get them started ideas will present themselves.

Making the Sale Novel and Attractive.

Now let us talk about the sale itself. We must still hold fast to our idea that a prosaic subject such as the food campaign will go ahead with much more speed if the vehicle in which it travels is fed by the gasoline of novelty and attractiveness. So get the young people interested and have them wear costumes suitable for the booth to which each may be assigned.

The Bread Booths.

Let us pretend the first booth to which we come is a bread booth. The girls or women on this could be dressed in caps and aprons or even a baker's costume, with the band across the cap saying, "Soldiers of the Kitchen."

Loaves of bread can be hung all around this booth and posters can be used at the sale as well as before hand. The following are suggested:

"Brown bread hot, brown bread cold,
Brown bread from the sale one day old."

"Take your brown bread hot in your puddings, muffins pancakes, etc."

"Take your brown bread cold from our war-time sale of baking."

"Homemade Bread Sold Here."

Let us now move on to the cake table. There, instead of loaves of bread, we find strings of raisins, attractively festooned—(for we are urged to use raisins in our war-time cake to save on sugar *in* the cakes and icing *on* the cakes). The head of this table could be dressed to represent the Queen

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A KING IN BABYLON

By BURTON E. STEVENSON.

In which the mystery grows more complex, the same gray shape re-appears, this time accompanied by another

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

AND then suddenly her voice stopped in her throat with a sort of gurgle, the hands which had been holding me away fell limp, a slow shudder ran through her, and I saw her eyes fix themselves in a stare of horror over my shoulder, out across the sand . . .

It was a moment before I dared turn my head . . .

For an instant, I saw nothing; then, far out, a dim shape moved . . came nearer . . .

It might have been the shadow of a cloud—but there was no cloud in the sky. It might have been a whorl of sand caught up by the wind—but there was no wind or at most a gentle breeze. It came nearer, with a strange, gliding motion, as though swept along on wings; and then my heart gave a sickening thud, for it was the same gray shape I had seen once before—in the tomb! And as I stared, it resolved itself into two shapes, moving side by side—as though hand in hand! In another moment, they reached the first group of palms and disappeared.

I knew what was in my own mind—I knew the same thought was in Mollie's. I dared not look at her; I dared not let her see my eyes; I just sat there, still holding her han , staring at the spot where I had seen them last!

It was Mollie who stirred first.

"We must be going back," she said, and rose wearily to her feet and brushed the sand from her dress.

I didn't want to go back; I was afraid to go back; suppose that trance was ended . . .

Nevertheless I rose and followed her. There was nothing else to do.

From a little distance, we caught the sound of voices, and saw a dim group sitting around the table. Evidently they had seen nothing—but the shadows would be invisible beneath the trees. . .

I felt Mollie shiver—I shivered myself, as I strained my eyes to see who was in that group; and then I breathed a sigh of relief. There were only Ma Creel and Digby and Creel himself. Perhaps, after all there *had* been a cloud . . .

Creel saw us first.

"Hurry up!" he called. "We've got some lemonade!"

"Who said lemonade?" asked a voice behind him, and I saw the tent-flap raised, and Jimmy stepped out into the dim light. "Gracious, but I had a sleep!" he added, stretching luxuriously. "What time is it, anyway?"

"It is nearly eleven," said Creel.

"What!"

"Yes—you seemed so tired, we just let you sleep. How do you feel?"

"Like a new man!" said Jimmy.

My eyes had been on the other tent-flap, from the first moment. I knew it would be raised—I knew it!

"And I also!" cried Mlle. Roland, as she came toward us. "Or, at least, like a new woman! I feel as though I had slept a year!"

Jimmy was regarding her with a strange smile, but she walked straight past him, apparently without seeing him, and sat down beside Creel at the table.

"But I am thirsty!" she said, and held out her glass.

CHAPTER XXV

CREEL had us at work at dawn next morning, and we kept hard at it all day, save for the noon siesta; but there were no such sensational incidents as there had been the day before. Jimmy and the Princess were both effective, but there was no merging of the imaginary in the real—no loss of control. It was just good acting.

And both of them seemed to be their natural selves. The girl had apparently forgotten all that had happened the day before—though she had still that bruise on her cheek—I could see how carefully she had painted it out—and must have wondered how it came there!—and chatted with all of us impartially and more brightly than had been her habit since the journey into the desert started; while if Jimmy still believed himself to be the re-incarnation of Sekenyen-Re, he certainly gave no sign of it. And we all breathed more freely, and did our best to wipe certain disquieting incidents from our memories, and were even a little hilarious in our reaction from the nervous tension of the previous night. In a word, we were just the average motion-picture company, doing our work as well as we could, and having the best possible time on the side!

During an interval when Creel was getting a scene ready, I walked over to Mollie.

"Things look different by daylight," I remarked; "excursions through dream-land, and such like!"

She looked up at me scornfully.

"You've got a mighty short memory, Billy Williams!" she said.

"I can't make up my mind how much of it is memory and how much imagination!" I retorted. "The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that it was all imagination. We didn't really see anything . . ."

"*Didn't* we!" she sniffed.

"Or if we did, it was only a drifting shadow. We were all worked up, you know."

"You may have been—I wasn't."

"Mollie," I said, "you don't really believe . . .

I didn't finish the sentence—it seemed too absurd to express in words. But she understood.

"Yes, I do!" she retorted. "I believe just that!"

"Well," I said, "whatever it was, it came at a most unpropitious moment. May I see you again to-night, Mollie?"

"No," she said; "I've had enough of ghost-hunting."

"I wasn't thinking about ghost-hunting," I began; but just then Creel shouted that he was ready, and I had to leave it at that.

We did the slave-market, and the way Mlle. Roland blazed back contempt and defiance when the king strolled past and looked at her appraisingly was beautiful to see. (Creel had found it impossible to work out Jimmy's idea with the means at his disposal, and had reverted to his own.) She was also superb when the eunuchs dragged her into the king's presence, and he looked her over brutally, and waved her away to the harem. The scenes that followed, where her hate changed gradually to a consuming passion, were also consummately done.

"Of course," said Creel, as these progressed, "we ought to have a palace to do these in, but I'm afraid to wait till we get home. So we will do the best we can out here—and then, if we *do* get home, we'll make re-takes of some of them."

"Why shouldn't we get home?" I asked, but he only shook his head.

He did wonderfully well, I thought. He had the tent, of course; and one beautiful spot near the pool served as a corner of the palace gardens; and another spot with a lovely clump of palms in the background served as another corner. Always the white-clad eunuchs were on guard; and Ma Creel and Mollie were in attendance—Mollie, the former favorite whom the new one had supplanted, and who was plotting revenge with the prime minister—Digby. We did the slavers' attack—using the native camp, this time; and then we did some caravan stuff—the slavers making off across the desert with their booty—and by that time there wasn't light for anything more, even had we been able to attempt it. We were all dead tired, but Creel was triumphant.

"Another day like this," he said to me, as we were washing up, "and I don't care what happens!"

"It doesn't look as if anything were going to happen," I pointed out. "Everything is normal again."

"Too blamed normal!" Creel growled. "To-day's scenes didn't have the snap that yesterday's had."

"No," I agreed; "nobody spit in anybody's face; nobody bit anybody, nor tried to scratch anybody's eyes out!"

"Maybe we'll have better luck to-morrow," said Creel hopefully.

"Better luck?" I stared.

"It is that sort of stuff which makes a picture, Billy," said Creel; "you know that as well as I do. I'd have no objection to getting bitten or scratched, if it helped make a good picture. I'd welcome it! Any good actor would! I wish I had more actresses who bit and scratched and raised Cain generally when the action called for it! Hello! What's this?"

There was the tramp of feet outside, and then the curtain-flap was thrust back, and Davis appeared—very dirty and evidently very tired, but with shining eyes; and close behind him toiled six natives, carrying the gilded coffin of Sekenyen-Re, while two others brought up the rear lugging the wooden chest.

"Good Lord!" protested Creel. "You're not going to bring those things in here!"

"I am, though," said Davis, cheerfully. "I want them where I can keep my eyes on them—the coffin especially. It's too precious to take any chances with!"

"But there's scarcely room to turn around, as it is."

"I'm going to put it on my cot," said Davis. "It won't be in the way there—at least, not in anybody's way but mine—and I can sleep on the ground beside it. There's room in that corner for the chest."

Devotion to duty always silenced Creel, and he stood aside now without another word while the natives squeezed past and deposited the mummy case on the professor's cot, and the canopic chest in the corner he had indicated.

"That's all," he said, and waved them away, and then he got out his electric torch and began to examine the hieroglyphics with which the sides of the coffin were covered, quite forgetful of the fact that he was streaked with dirt and that dinner was waiting. He was fairly smacking his lips with joy. Creel's face softened as he looked at him—he understood the artist's enthusiasm.

"Come and get washed up," he said. "Those pothooks can wait. Dinner is ready—and you look fagged out."

"I am," Davis admitted, and snapped off his torch. "Getting that wall down was a harder job than I expected. It was like adamant—talk about Roman work—it isn't in the same class with the early Egyptian! And the tomb was like an oven!"

"Let me have your torch," said Creel; and while Davis washed his hands and face and brushed the dust out of his hair we took another look at the coffin. For the first time we appreciated its full beauty. "The face isn't in the least like Jimmy's," said Creel, as the light came to rest on the staring eyes. "I wonder how it ever affected us like that?"

I was squinting down at it, and I wasn't so sure.

"Perhaps it was the way we were looking at it," I suggested. "Even now, it looks somehow as though it *might* change to Jimmy's at any instant."

Creel was squinting too, with his eyes curiously puckered; and after a moment, he nodded without speaking. Then he ran the light around the edge of the lid.

"Have you opened it?" he asked Davis.

"I lifted the lid and looked in, to be sure everything was all right."

"And was it?"

"Oh, yes—the mummy is there, beautifully wrapped. I'll not try to unwrap it till I get it home to the museum—it's too delicate a job."

"Then you're done out here?"

"There is still the rear wall of the tomb to open. I'll do that to-morrow."

"Oh," said Creel, slowly, "so you have quite made up your mind to open that wall, too!"

"Certainly—I thought that was understood. I was wondering if I might have Mustafa."

(*Continued on following page.*)

What Has Happened in the Previous Chapters

A NEW YORK company of moving picture actors goes to Egypt to film a picture which it is believed will make a tremendous "hit." Davis, an Egyptologist, joins the party at Luxor, and with an outfit of camels, donkeys, etc., they journey into the desert. While Davis accompanies and directs them, his real object is to complete excavations in certain ruins in which he believes he will find the tomb of an ancient king.

He is correct in his supposition and the tomb of Sekenyen-Re is unearthed. The plot of the picture and the real become strangely interwoven in this land of mystery and superstition, and it often remains for the old Egyptologist to give a reasonable solution of the many uncanny happenings.



A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

"What do you want with Mustafa?"

"Fact is," said Davis, "if I can't get Mustafa to help, I will have to do the job myself. I tried to set the natives at it this afternoon, and they refused. Refused point-blank. I couldn't budge them."

"What was the matter?"

"Some ignorant superstition. Perhaps they know the meaning of that sign—it is wonderful how those old superstitions persist sometimes! Anyway, I couldn't get them near that wall."

"But Mustafa is a native," Creel objected.

"He's a Copt—it isn't exactly the same thing. He doesn't believe in signs—at least not in old heathen ones. I think he reasons that a heathen sign couldn't have any potency against a Christian. Anyway, he is willing to take the risk."

"For a consideration, I suppose?"

"Exactly. May I have him?"

"I'll see," said Creel, somewhat grudgingly, and handed back the torch. "You can have him part of the day, I guess."

"Thanks. It won't be any great job to make a hole in that wall big enough to squeeze through. That's all I want."

"I don't suppose there is any use trying to dissuade you?"

"Not a bit," said Davis, briskly. "It's all in the day's work, you know. I wouldn't be playing the game if I didn't open it."

"I understand," Creel nodded. "But there is one thing—I wish you wouldn't say anything about it. My people have quieted down; I have a feeling that if they knew about this, it would upset them."

"All right," Davis agreed; and with that we went out and joined the others at the table.

"What were you men gassing about so long in there?" Ma Creel demanded.

"Davis has brought over his great find," Creel explained; "the coffin of Sekenyen-Re, erstwhile King of Upper and Lower Egypt—with the gentleman inside—at least, part of him! There is also a small box which, I understand, contains his innards."

"But look here," objected Ma Creel, "I don't fancy sleeping so near the thing. I abhor corpses."

"My dear madam," said Davis, "this corpse has been dead four thousand years, and I don't see how it could possibly harm anyone!"

"I don't see what that has to do with it," retorted Ma Creel. "It isn't any deader after four thousand years than it was the first day!"

"But this is quite a consecrated mummy, Mary," said Creel. "It is going to prove that the Bible is true!"

Ma Creel sniffed.

"As if I needed a mummy to prove that! I don't think you ought to joke about such things, Warrie."

"I wasn't joking," Creel protested. "I was merely repeating what the professor told me,"

"It is true, madam," said Davis. "I hope to find, in the hieroglyphs on that coffin—perhaps also in papyrus documents inside the wrappings—proof of the sojourn of the Children of Israel in the land of Egypt."

We were all silent for a while, after that. I suppose we were all a little awed. I know I was—the thought was rather overpowering. I glanced at Jimmy and Mlle. Roland, where they sat opposite each other at the far end of the table, to see how they took it; but they seemed quite unaffected. They had taken no part in the conversation; they had gone on with the meal as though they had not heard it. Now, as I looked at them, they gave me the vivid impression of talking together. They did not so much as glance at each other, but somehow I was sure they were in communication—close, confidential communication—as though their spirits were talking, without need of words . . .

And I saw again those two shadowy shapes crossing the desert, hand in hand . . .

"Wake up, Billy!" said Creel's voice, and he gave me a startling slap on the shoulder. "Come along!"

"Along where?" I asked, and looked around to find that the others were already on their feet.

"Davis is going to show the ladies his great find. Are you coming Jimmy?"

Jimmy looked across at Mlle. Roland, a little smile twitching the corners of his lips.

"Shall we go?" he asked; and there was an undercurrent of challenge in the words.

"I certainly intend to go," she answered, rising.

Somehow I found Mollie's hand snuggled close in mine.

"I'm frightened!" she breathed as she pressed against me.

"Then don't go," I said.

"Yes, yes; I want to see it—I want to see . . ."

She stopped and drew away. But I knew what she meant; she wanted to see if that painted face really looked like Jimmy Allen.

Creel had taken the lamp from the table; Davis had produced his flashlight; the rest of us crowded into the tent after them.

I should explain, perhaps, that our tent was not divided by canvas curtains as the women's was. It was quite open, with our five cots set side by side, with just room for a small folding-chair and a bag for our personal belongings in between. Davis's was nearest the entrance, and then came Jimmy's, and then mine, and then Creel's, and then Digby's. It was on Davis's cot the coffin had been placed, and we were right on it as soon as we were inside the tent.

"Oh, oh!" cried Ma Creel. "It *is* gorgeous!"

And then we stood looking down at it while Davis pointed out the royal cartouche, and explained the meaning of some of the symbols with which it was covered. Mollie had pressed up closer, still holding my hand, and stood staring down at the painted face.

"Well?" I whispered.

She shook her head slightly, and I saw her screwing up her eyes; and then she gave a sudden gasp of horror—and I knew that the face had changed . . .

"Come away!" I whispered; but again she shook her head, and stood as though fascinated . . .

I looked around at the others—Davis, intent and eager; Creel deeply interested, evolving another feature perhaps; Digby and Ma Creel with furrowed brows, trying to understand; Jimmy listening with that little ironic smile, as though he knew far more about it than Davis, but found it not worth while to say so or to correct his mistakes; Mlle. Roland, close beside him, clutching his arm with a revealing intimacy; her face very white, her lips working . . .

Jimmy turned and looked down at her.

"Don't you think it a good likeness?" he whispered.

I saw her close her eyes and sway forward . . .

"Look out!" I cried.

And the next instant, before I could so much as move, she crashed heavily forward across the coffin.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I KNEW that Jimmy Allen had whispered those words to test her; I knew that he felt her going, and that he could have caught her if he wished; but he never so much as moved a finger, and for a long breath, he stood quite still, looking down at her. Then he bent and caught her up with sudden fierceness, and turned and faced us, and I saw that his face was a-glow with triumph.

It was as though he had won a great victory after desperate struggle; and he stood a moment so, holding her close against him with a sort of ownership, and looking around at us defiantly.

It was Ma Creel who got her wits back first.

"Take her over to our tent, Jimmy," she said authoritatively. "We'll undress her and get her to bed. The poor thing has been worked to death." And she shot her husband an accusing glance. "Come along, Mollie—I'll need your help."

I half expected Jimmy to disregard the order, and walk away into the desert with the girl in his arms. But he didn't. Ma Creel was too matter-of-fact, perhaps, to permit of any heroics. At any rate, after the merest instant's hesitation, he walked quietly out of the tent, the two women after him.

Creel drew a long breath.

"Well!" he began, and ran tremulous fingers through his hair. "We've got to go through all that again, it seems! Do you really think it is overwork?" he asked, turning to Davis.

"No," said the latter, "I don't. It's an overwrought emotional state. These fainting spells are clearly cataleptic.

(Continued on following page.)



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A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

Perhaps she has had them all her life. Now she'll probably go off into a trance-like sleep again."

"It's something between her and Jimmy," I put in. "Didn't you see how she clung to him? Didn't you see him whisper to her? Didn't you see his eyes just now?"

Creel nodded.

"He's in love with her, of course," he said; "has been since the moment he laid eyes on her; and she . . ."

"Do you remember how she looked the first time she saw him?" I burst out. "You didn't get the effect of it as I did—I never saw such loathing in a human countenance!"

"She said she couldn't go on," Creel explained to Davis; "sprang to her feet and tried to get off the boat. But it was too late—the engines started just then—and she quieted down. In fact, she sort of apologized afterwards—said it was nerves, or something like that. But I have felt ever since that, away down in her heart, she hated the sight of him."

"Yet she clung to him to-night," I said, feebly.

Davis was scrabbling thoughtfully at his beard.

"Then that is what the fight has been," he said.

"And you think he has won?" asked Creel.

"*He* thinks so, anyway," said Davis. "But I'm not so sure."

"By George, you're right!" Creel agreed. "That girl has got the devil in her if any woman ever had! She'll strangle him in his sleep some night!"

"Yes," assented Davis, slowly, "I feel the same way . . ."

And then he stopped suddenly, for the tent-flap was raised and Jimmy came in. If he had heard that last sentence, he gave no sign.

"She's all right," he said, in answer to our look. "Sleeping like a baby. I feel dog-tired myself. I'll turn in, if you don't mind."

"I thought I would study these hieroglyphics awhile," said Davis, hesitatingly; "but if it will disturb you . . ."

"Dynamite wouldn't disturb me," Jimmy assured him; and he sat down on his cot and began to unlace his shoes.

Creel said something about having some work to do on the script, and gathered up his manuscript and took it over to the property-tent, where there was a table and a lamp. I sat down outside the tent, and got out my pipe and lighted it, in the hope that Mollie would smell it and come out; but she didn't; and at last, realizing how tired I was, I resolved to go to bed.

I found Davis, with his torch propped on a chair, bending over the coffin, intent on his study of the hieroglyphics; he greeted me with a nod so curt that it was the plainest sort of invitation to pass on. In the next cot Jimmy slumbered peacefully—on his side, I was glad to note—his back turned to the old Egyptologist. I passed on to the third cot, got out of my clothes, into my pajamas, and stretched myself out luxuriously.

It had seemed quite dark inside the tent as I came in from the bright moonlight, save for the reflected glow of Davis's torch; but as I lay staring up into the night, I gradually perceived that it was not really dark—that the wonderful night outside penetrated the canvas with a luminous glow . . .

How long I slept, I don't know; but I awoke suddenly with a start, and lay listening, with a strange sense of apprehension. I could hear some one breathing regularly at my left, so knew that Creel had come to bed without disturbing me. But from the other side I could detect no sound—and yet I remembered distinctly that when I first lay down I could hear Jimmy's breathing quite clearly. I peered cautiously in his direction; but the light was so dim, I could not be certain whether he was there or not. I might have stretched out my hand and made sure, but I dared not. Something held me back. I was afraid of what my fingers might encounter!

Beyond Jimmy's bed, I could see the coffin rearing its great shape against the open tent-flap—there was something sinister in the way its shadow fell across Jimmy's cot. Where was Davis sleeping, I wondered. Had he really rolled himself in his blanket on the ground, in order to guard his treasure? But what was it he feared? What could happen to it?

As I lay there staring at it, trying to muster courage to stretch out my hand into its shadow, it seemed to me that its painted sides began to give out little flashes of light, and a sort of phosphorescent glow gathered above its gilded top, and hung there, gently waxing and waning. Perhaps there was a phosphorescent quality in the gilt—I had heard of such things; or perhaps . . . I shivered slightly. Where was it I had read that all decaying things possessed a certain phosphorescence?

I turned over impatiently and closed my eyes and resolved to go to sleep. Such imaginings were morbid—it was folly to give way to them. It made no difference to me whether Jimmy was there or not. Suppose he was not there—it was natural enough that he should have gone outside to smoke a cigarette, or get a breath of fresh air—yes, or keep an engagement for a meeting! Whatever the source of the phosphorescence, it was essentially the same thing, and absolutely harmless.

But there, in the silence of the night, all my senses seemed preternaturally quickened; an odor of musk and spices drifted across my nostrils; in the stillness behind me, I fancied I could detect a stealthy movement—a soft rustle, as of a woman's gown . . .

My eyes had snapped wide open again; and I lay there listening, listening; and a little stream of perspiration ran down across my temple and dropped off upon the pillow; my heart was hammering in my throat—I could stand it no longer—I turned and looked . . .

For a moment I saw only what I had seen before—the square coffin against the light of the entrance; the faint glow above it; the prickle of light along its side—and then my heart gave a sudden leap—for there *was* something else . . .

Above the coffin a gray cloud hovered—a translucent cloud, for it only dimmed the light behind it; a cloud whose edges I could not distinguish, but which nevertheless reminded me of a human form; a cloud which wavered uncertainly this way and that . . .

And then, against the light, I distinctly saw the occupant of the coffin *sit up*—I saw his head and shoulders coming, apparently, right through the lid; a strange white shape, but indubitably a man; and I saw him hold out his hand to the floating cloud, as though in welcome, and rise; and together they glided from the tent . . .

And then Creel and Davis were standing over me, the latter playing his torch into my blinded eyes.

"Take it away!" I gasped, and pushed the torch aside and sat up; and then from the farther cot I got a glimpse of Digby's frightened face.

"What in heaven's name is the matter?" Creel demanded. "I thought you were being murdered!"

"The mummy!" I gasped. "It—it got away—it walked right out of the tent . . ."

I saw the panic in Davis's face as he stepped quickly to the coffin and ran his ray of light over it.

"Nonsense!" he said. "It hasn't been touched."

"You were dreaming!" snapped Creel. "Go to sleep again!" and he turned away to his cot.

"I *wasn't* dreaming!" I protested hotly. "I was as wide awake as I am this minute. I saw the mummy sit up through the lid, and hold out its hand to the cloud, and they glided away together . . ."

"Look here, Billy," broke in Creel savagely, coming back and standing over me, "don't you go crazy, too! Two maniacs are all I can stand . . ."

"I'm not crazy! I saw it, I tell you . . . and there was an odor of musk and spices . . . and the rustle of a woman's dress . . ."

"There is a faint odor of spices about the coffin," broke in Davis; "there always is; and as for the rustle of a dress—well, the breeze in the palms outside would explain that."

"But it won't explain what I *saw!*" I said. "Besides, where's Jimmy?"

For the light from Davis's torch had swept across Jimmy's bed, and we had all seen that it was empty.

"I don't care where he is!" said Creel, still more savagely. "What you saw, if you saw anything, was that madman getting out of bed. Your heated imagination did the rest."

I couldn't deny that it *might* have been that; I *might* have got my perspective wrong in the darkness—but I didn't believe it. And then there was the cloud. I saw Creel's gesture of exasperation when I mentioned the cloud.

"Anyhow, I think we ought to find

(Continued on following page.)

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A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

Jimmy," I said at last, realizing the uselessness of argument. "You said yourself, Professor . . ."

Davis clicked his tongue impatiently.

"I know I did—even I get infected with this foolishness sometimes—it's in the air! Well, I'm willing to take a look for him—I see there is no chance for sleep until we do!"

I fumbled around and found my shoes and slipped them on.

"I'm going too," I said; and then, when we got outside, I was surprised to find Creel at my elbow.

"Three fools are no worse than two!" he muttered, but he didn't meet my eyes. "We'll find that idiot sitting under a palm smoking a cigarette. And he'll laugh at us! What the devil is that?" he added, for from the direction of the native camp the night wind bore to our ears a sound as of a low crooning.

It was little more than a murmur; but it rose and fell on a gamut of only three or four notes in a manner inexpressibly weird. For an instant Davis was as startled as Creel and I; then I saw him smile.

"The natives have got a chanter at work to keep off the evil spirits," he said. "They have been uneasy since they learned I was going to open that inner tomb."

Creel muttered something to the effect that they couldn't be any more uneasy than he was, but Davis only shrugged, and we walked on across the oasis. We saw no sign of Jimmy, and at last we came to the little slope, right at the edge of the desert, on the other side of which the natives had pitched their camp. From the midst of it, clear and piercing in spite of its subdued tone, came the chant.

And then, as we topped the rise and looked down upon the camp, we saw the chanter, squatted on his haunches, and around him the sleeping fellahin.

"Let's have a word with the fellow," said Davis. "He may have seen our man."

We threaded our way between the natives, huddled in their cloaks and sleeping soundly, evidently with complete faith in the efficacy of the chant to ward off all things evil; and then we came to the chanter where he sat, with head thrown back and eyes fixed on the heavens . . .

He turned his head with a jerk when he heard us coming, and the chant ceased abruptly; then, when he recognized us, he sprang to his feet, and replied in a bated voice to Davis's brief questions. The latter motioned us away at last, and we followed him out from the circle of sleepers. Before we had taken the second step, the chant began again.

Davis led us right to the edge of the oasis. Then he stopped and looked out across the sands.

"He says there are ghosts abroad tonight," he said. "He says they are dancing about the tombs. He says he saw them quite clearly when the moon rose; and that two from the oasis joined them . . ."

He stopped, and we all stood staring out at the group of mounds which marked the ruins. In my own mind, I had not the slightest doubt that Jimmy was over there—and that he was not alone.

"Shall we go and see?" asked Davis abruptly, and peered into our faces.

I shrank back. I didn't want to go. I regretted that I had insisted upon this wild adventure. I didn't want to see—I was afraid to see . . .

But Creel was made of sterner stuff.

"Come on," he said, between clenched teeth. "If we are ever going to get to the bottom of this mystery, now is the time!"

And he started resolutely out across the sand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IF the natives had seen us, they would have been more certain than ever that there were ghosts abroad, for, from a distance, we must have had a sufficiently weird look as we set out across the sand. Close up, we were ridiculous rather than weird, with nothing on but shoes and pajamas; and, as we looked at each other, the tension with which we had started out from the shadow of the trees suddenly relaxed.

"The ghosts will run at the first glimpse of us," laughed Creel. "They will be scared to death. They'll be outghosted! That wouldn't be so bad for a comedy reel, Billy—the ghosts scared out of their wits by the people they are trying to frighten!"

Davis laughed grimly; and we plodded on in silence. I suppose Creel was turning the idea over in his mind, for he chuckled softly once or twice. And then we were at the edge of the ruins, and clambered up the first of the mounds which topped the excavation.

I don't know what I expected to see there—a *danse macabre*, or some such horror, perhaps—and I strained my eyes from end to end of it at a single glance; but it lay white and empty in the moonlight.

"No ghosts there," said Creel. "Suppose we take a look in the tomb." And he started down the stair.

The black entrance to the tomb seemed to me unspeakably sinister and threatening, but Davis switched on his torch, and he and Creel stepped through without hesitation. I followed, wondering if they were really as fearless as they seemed, or if their knees were secretly knocking together as mine were.

Davis cast the beam of light about the outer chamber, and I saw that it was piled with the debris of the wall which had masked the entrance to the corridor.

"I had to take down nearly all of it before I could get the coffin out," he said; "it was a hard job."

"How about the roof?" Creel asked.

"I think it will hold," said Davis, and threw the light up over it. "Hello! There's an ugly crack!"

It *was* an ugly one, running from side to side across the chamber.

"I'd hate to be in here when that came down," said Creel; "or in the inner tomb. It would mean burial alive for certain!"

Davis was examining the crack attentively.

"The wall was built to brace the roof more than I thought it would be," he said. "The Egyptians must have foreseen the possibility of great masses of sand being heaped above it and provided in this way for the extra weight. But I don't think it will come down—not for a while, anyway. Of course I could build the wall up again—but that would be an awful bother. Still, it might be worth while, if only to preserve the place."

"If you are going to work in here at all," said Creel, "you ought certainly to do it—unless you're tired of living! I'm not sure I want to go in, even for a minute."

"Nonsense!" said Davis. "It won't fall unless something shakes it," and he stepped forward into the corridor. Then he stopped suddenly and held up his hand. "Wait!" he said. "Listen!"

We listened with bated breath, but not a sound broke the stillness of the tomb.

"What was it you heard?" asked Creel, at last.

"I don't know," Davis answered hesitatingly. "Perhaps it wasn't anything—but it seemed to me there was a sort of rustling . . ."

"Like a woman's dress," I said. "I know. It's in there!"

"Nonsense!" said Davis again, and went resolutely forward.

I don't believe I should have followed, if Creel hadn't been behind me, pressing me on. I *knew* what was there—I *knew* what we should see—and every step required an effort of will, for my feet were like lead. And then my heart leaped suffocatingly, for Davis gave a sudden, sharp cry, as the torch was dashed from his hand and fell clattering to the floor. And the next instant, something brushed past me, with a rush of air, and a flicker as of wings . . .

Davis was fumbling around on the floor, swearing softly to himself; and then something clutched my arm.

"It's only me," said Creel's voice. And then, in a lower tone, "Did you feel it?"

"Yes," I said.

"Something that rushed past . . ."

"Yes."

And then the light shot out again.

"Come along, you fellows!" Davis called. "What are you standing there whispering about?"

"Billy and I were comparing notes on the ghost," said Creel. "What did it look like—you must have seen it."

"I saw nothing," said Davis sharply. "There wasn't anything to see."

"I suppose you just dropped the torch," said Creel. "Let me see the back of your hand."

(Continued on page 27.)



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Our Neighbors of the Tansy Patch

(*Continued from page 7.*)

Lily, "and when you read it, remember, oh pray, remember, that it was written by a being with a tired heart. I suffer greatly, Mrs. Bruce, from a tired heart."

I did not know whether this was a physical or an emotional ailment. Salome understood it to be the former and asked quite sympathetically,

"Did you every try a mustard plaster at the pit of your stomach, Miss?"

"I fear that would not benefit a weary heart, Miss Silversides," sighed Aunt Lily. "Possibly you have never suffered, as I have, from a weary, wounded heart."

"No, thank the Lord, my heart's all right," said Salome, briskly. "My only trouble is rheumatism in the knee j'int. Ever have rheumatism in your knee j'int, Miss?"

No, Aunt Lily's knee joints were all right. In fact, Aunt Lily proved to be a remarkably healthy woman. Her wearied heart evidently found no difficulty in pumping sufficient blood through her body and her appetite, as supper-time showed, as anything but feeble.

"When I can forget what might have been, I am happy," she sighed. "I have had my romance, Mrs. Bruce. Alas, that it should be in the past tense! I once thought I had found my true soul mate, Mrs. Bruce, and I dreamed of happy, real marriage."

"What happened that you didn't get married?" queried Salome, pricking up her ears. Salome is always rather interested in blighted romances, despite her grim exterior.

"A misunderstanding, Miss Silversides—a misunderstanding that sever d two fond hearts. He wedded another. Never since that sad day have I met a man who could stir the dead ashes of my heart to tingling life again. But let us not talk of my sorrows, dear friends. Will you tell me how to can peas?"

When Aunt Lily went away I asked her to come again and she assured me that she would.

"I think you will understand me—I have always been misunderstood," she said. Then she trailed her blue draperies down the hill to the wood, looking, when kindly distance had lent enchantment, quite a graceful, romantic and attractive figure.

"Did you ever hear such a lunatic, ma'am?" demanded Salome. "Her and her soul mates and her tired hearts! Her hair looks as if she'd swept it up with a broom and her nails weren't cleaned and her stockings were scandalous dirty. And yet, for all, there's something about the creature I like, ma'am."

That was the eventual verdict of our household upon Aunt Lily. In spite of everything there was a queer charm about her to which we succumbed. The same thing could be said of that absurd diary of hers, which she brought over to us during our second summer. It was as ridiculous, and sentimental, and lackadalsical as Aunt Lily herself. And yet there was an odd fragrance about it that lingered in our memories. We could not, somehow, laugh quite as much over it as we wanted to.

T. B. was also an early and frequent caller. He was thirteen years old, in our first summer at the Patch. He had thick, fair, thatch-like hair and keen blue eyes—the only intelligent eyes in the family. He was, it developed, much addicted to creeping and crawling things; he always had bugs, toads, frogs or snakes secreted about his anatomy. The only time he ever had a meal with us a small green snake slipped from the pocket of his ragged shirt and glided over the table.

"Do you think he is *human,* ma'am?" Salome asked, with bated breath, after he was gone.

"He is a born naturalist," said Dick. "He is making a special study of ants this summer, it appears. Snakes are only a side issue at present. If he could be educated he would amount to something."

There did not seem to be much likelihood of this. T. B. himself had no illusions on the subject.

"There ain't any chance for me—never was and never will be," he once told me gloomily.

"Perhaps your grandmother would help you," I suggested.

T. B. grinned.

"Perhaps—when stones bleed," he said scornfully. "I don't s'pose the old beast has enough money. None of us knows how much she *has* got—she just doles it out. But she wouldn't give *me* any if she had pecks. She hates me. If there's any money left when she dies—s'posen she *ever* does die—Joe's to get it. He's her baby."

If Joseph—T. B. was the only one who ever called him Joe—was Granny's favorite he was not the favorite of anybody else. However we of the Tansy Patch might differ concerning the other members of the Conway family we all united in cordially detesting Joseph. He was such a sly, smug little wretch—"a born hypocrite, that child is, ma'am," declared Salome solemnly. We had no proof that it was really he who had cut off Doc's whiskers, but there was no doubt that it was Joseph who painted poor Una's legs with stripes of red and green paint one day. Una came home in tears, quickly followed by T. B. and Aunt Lily, the latter in tears also.

"I would rather have lost my right hand than have this happen, dear Mrs. Bruce," she wailed. "Oh, do not cherish it against us. Your friendship has been such a sweet boon to me. And turpentine will take it off—it can't be very dry yet."

"Jest wait till Granny goes to sleep and I'll lambaste Joe within an inch of his life," said T. B.

He did, too; when Granny wakened from her nap she heard the sobbing Joe's tale and shrieked objurgations t T. B. for an hour. T. B. sat on the fence and laughed at her; we could hear him and hear Granny also. Granny's vocal powers had not failed with advancing years, and every word came over distinctly to the Tansy Patch through the clear evening air.

"May you be eaten by pigs," vociferated Granny—and we knew she was brandishing her stick at the graceless T. B. "I'll bite your face off—I'll tear your eyes out—I'll rip your heart out! You blatant beast! You putrid pup!"

"Oh, listen to that awesome woman, ma'am," said Salome, shuddering. "Ain't it a wonder she isn't struck dead?

But Granny was every inch alive—except that she could not walk, having what Aunt Lily called "paralattics in the hips." She was confined to a chair, generally placed on the back verandah, whence she could command a view of the main road. From this point of vantage she could scream maledictions and shake her long, black stick at any person or objects which incurred her dislike or displeasure.

Granny was of striking appearance. She had snow-white hair and dead-white face, and flashing black eyes. She still possessed all her teeth, but they were discolored and fang-like; and when she drew her lips back and snarled she was certainly a rather wolf-like old dame. She always wore a frilled widow's cap tied tightly under her chin, and was addicted to bare feet.

(*Continued on page 38.*)

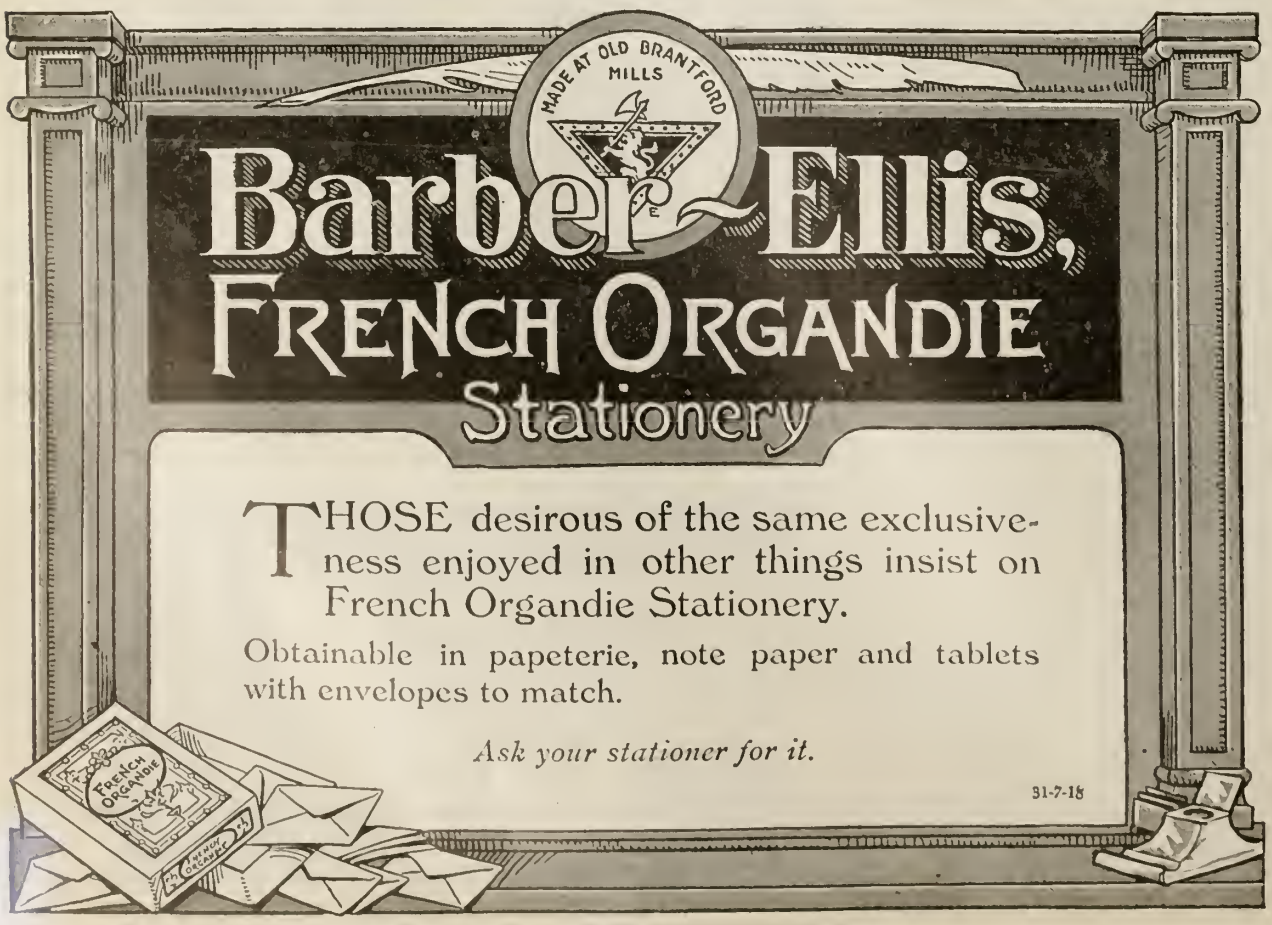


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Remember she is surrounded on every side by busy, ambitious girls, each pursuing her own course of study and ever keeping her thought upon graduation day. Your daughter will probably become enthusiastic over music one week and write home that this is what she must study. Perhaps the next week another friend will take her to the Art rooms and relate wonderful tales of sketching expeditions and studio work, and then to learn to paint seems the supreme joy. The next week there is a recital and the pupils studying elocution and expression so arouse her admiration that she decides to study that. And so it goes. Unconsciously your daughter is finding herself, and just as naturally as the flower unfolds in the light, she slips into the course of study which she loves most after she has seen all.

This is one of the greatest advantages of boarding school. It is a little world in itself, and each girl learns to discriminate, to assert her own personality and to solve her own problems.

For all information write to:

Alma College
St. Thomas, Ontario

The King of the Milkweed

By ETHEL BAIN.

A Story for the Girls and Boys.

"Well, of all the things to do," chattered Bushy, the Squirrel, as he watched the atom of life on the milkweed plant. "Here, stop. What are you doing that for?" he asked of the caterpillar as it busily devoured the shell of the egg from which it had just emerged. The caterpillar mumbled something, but the squirrel interrupted it. "Don't you know that it's rude to talk whilst you're eating?" It did not answer, but kept on eating until the last piece had disappeared, then turning its quaint baby face upwards, in a tiny voice it squeaked, "Now what were you saying, Mr. Giant?"

"I'm not a giant, I'm a squirrel," retorted Bushy. "You don't know what a giant is. Wait until you see Mr. Grizzly Bear, for he is a giant. But say, why did you eat your shell? My, but you must have been hungry to do that."

"Yes. I'm hungry," replied the green caterpillar. It was so plump and looked so funny with its yellow face marked with two black arches and its bright green body with its bands of black and yellow. "You ask me why I've eaten my shell," it went on. "Well, I'll tell you. I have eaten my shell so as to destroy all signs that an egg was ever laid there. That bad Ichneumon fly is always attending to everybody's business but his own, and so that he shall not know there was an egg—well, I have eaten it. I suppose instinct makes me do it. I don't know, I'm only a baby."

"Won't you catch cold with no clothes on?" Bushy Squirrel anxiously asked of the naked worm.

"Cold!" the caterpillar squeaked. "Oh, no, for in about three days I shall make my first moult and I have to make three more before I am fully grown. Perhaps if this nice weather keeps on I shall be ready to go into the chrysalis stage in twelve days, but there, I'm so hungry, do please let me eat"—and not waiting for an answer, the future butterfly began to devour the leaf it was on.

"Well, I'd rather have my cosy fur coat, than yours, for all its bright colors," chattered the Red Squirrel as he scampered away.

For the next week he forgot all about the gaily colored worm he had met, until, as he was passing by the milkweed plant one morning, he saw it again, but dear me, how it had grown. It was nearly two inches long now and the surprised squirrel watched it marching along, the long, slender black filaments which grow from the second segment, twitching nervously as it sensed a stranger near.

"Well, well," gasped the squirrel. "Well! But how you've grown. I hardly knew you."

"I know you, Red Squirrel"—the fat caterpillar squeaked, "but I haven't much time to talk now, for I'm looking for a safe place where I can change into a chrysalis."

"A chrysalis!" chattered Bushy. "What is a chrysalis?"

"A chrysalis is the case I wrap myself up in, and I sleep a great deal when I am in this stage, but all the time there's a big change going on, because I'm not a worm any longer, for I change into a butterfly."

"You a butterfly! Never!" laughed the Red Squirrel.

"Of course I'm going to be a butterfly," retorted the now angry caterpillar. "You just wait and see what happens. Come along and see where I make my chrysalis case and then you'll know where to look for me." Off he marched, and Bushy Squirrel, who is always so inquisitive, followed him.

The caterpillar was hard to please, but at last he decided to hang from a piece of jutting rock. There he began to spin his silken case. "See you again in about two weeks," he cried to the astonished squirrel, who was watching him. Soon he disappeared from view, but still the squirrel could see him wriggling about inside the silky threads.

A few days later Bushy returned to see if the caterpillar was there. No worm, but such a pretty chrysalis was hanging in the same place he had last seen his little friend. The whole body of the chrysalis was an emerald green with a gold and black belt and many dots of black and gold on the shini g green body.

"My, but he's going to be lovely." Bushy Squirrel cried as he watched the plump case swinging gently to and fro in the summer breeze. "Why, it's only holding on by that tiny black ball. Well I never!" He sat watching it for a long time, then remembered what the caterpillar had said before he closed his case. "Twelve days," he chattered. "I'm coming every day until I do see him, only I'm sure I can't see how he'll come out of that alive." As he returned to his tree house he still wondered, but he never got any farther than wondering, for his little brain could not grasp one of the most wonderful mysteries of Nature. Every day he visited the rock and as he watched on the eleventh day he saw signs of life. "He's alive. He's alive," he cried and rushed home to tell his wife. Soon they returned and this time Mrs. Squirrel had packed the lunch basket, for she said if there was anything to see, they had better stay right there. And well for them that they did, for the next day the something that was alive in the chrysalis case was wriggling, wriggling, wriggling. They watched it closely, but it was well on to high noon before the case burst open, then to their astonished eyes there appeared something, but surely that was never the fat green caterpillar. Painfully the wonderful fly climbed out, often stopping for breath. It seemed hours before it was out of its prison, but at last it was free and slowly moving along the sunny rock spreading its gorgeous wings.

"Oh! oh!" gasped Bushy, and Mrs. Squirrel very softly and sat very, very quiet for fear the beauty might vanish. The butterfly opened its deep orange colored wings to their full width, which is four inches. Then the squirrels could see that on each of the four wings was a black border dotted with white. The black was so velvety looking that it seemed as if the edge was decked with glistening pearls. Then every vein that formed the framework of the wings was traced in black, whilst across the tip of each front wing was a black band and on this band were more lovely pearls. They noticed, too, that along the outside black border of the wings the pearly dots were all in twos. Two by two all the way round, and on the black body were more pearls near to the throat.

Slowly to and fro the butterfly moved its wings, gaining strength every minute until it seemed to poise and get ready to fly away; then Bushy, the Red Squirrel, cried, "Oh, don't go, please. Won't you speak to us?"

The butterfly was startled, for it had been so busy exercising its wings that it had not noticed the little wild folk. It turned, then cried, "Why, it's the Red Squirrel. Well, here I am again. I said I'd be ready in twelve days or so, didn't I?"

"Indeed you did," Bushy replied. "What's more, I've been watching you, and yesterday when I came you wriggled so much that I felt something great was going to happen, so I made Mrs. Squirrel come too, and we watched by you all the night."

"That was kind of you," said the butterfly, "and now you do believe a caterpillar can turn into a butterfly, don't you?"

"Sure I do, and I'll fight anyone who says it can't."

"Well, I'm going to try my wings now," cried the one-time worm. "If nothing happens, I'll come and see you, so good-bye for the present."

"Won't you tell us what your name is?" Bushy anxiously called, as the brilliant fly rose lightly into the air. He circled once then flew down and gently swept his wings over the squirrel's face. "I'm the Monarch butterfly," he cried, then, light as gossamer, he flew off and the squirrels were left alone.

That same evening as Night cast her cloak over the tired earth, the squirrels waited to see the Barn Owl as he passed their way. Noiselessly he came, and they were unaware of his presence until he spoke. "What did I tell you about stopping out late, Bushy?" The Red Squirrel laughed as he answered. "We were waiting for you, Mr. Owl, for we wanted to ask you what a monarch means"—and then Bushy told the wise bird about their little friend.

"Monarch," said the Barn Owl, "means a king."

"A king," chattered the squirrel, "he surely was a king indeed."

(*Continued on page 27.*)

The Girls' "Carry On" Column

By BETTY O'HARA.

Girls: Twelve Thousand Scientifically Trained Women Are Needed For Every Million Soldiers—We All Must Work If We Would Win.

The Interesting Story of Physio-Therapy

Hart House has been the centre for research along the line of functional re-education of soldiers for some time past, and so successful have been the treatments and so marvelous the cures that the Canadian authorities have now decided to place it in the various military hospitals throughout the country.

To do this it is necessary to have, as in the case of massage, a number of girls to give these treatments, and it is for this reason that many girls from all over Canada are now flocking to Hart House.

The plan for girls who are to help in this work is rather different than for many courses heretofore given. It lasts about four or five months, and is entirely voluntary except for a small allowance which is to cover your laundry and car fare. The girls must provide their own uniforms and be responsible for their own subsistence. For this reason the applicants are brought from all the hospital cities to Hart House, where they will take the course, and when finished they will return to their home towns and give the treatments in the military hospitals; which by that time will be provided with the apparatus.



Uniform worn by the girls on whom the success of the new treatment of Physio-Therapy largely depends.

These girls, as a rule, are procured through the St. John's Ambulance Brigade of the different military districts, a V. A. D. course being necessary for the completion of the course. The studies are varied and just about as difficult as one would wish. Physiology and Anatomy, with special study of nerves and muscles, is taken: kinesiology, the study of muscles; psychology and the best way to treat patients physically; at the same time not losing sight of the fact that, if the best results are to be obtained a mental interest and stimulus is absolutely necessary. A special study is made of all wounds, their nature, treatments, and the results of such. A class is also given in which the typical and difficult cases are impressed on the minds of the pupils by seeing the actual patients. Orthopedic movements are also taught to some extent, this being necessary when a soldier's wound has rendered the part affected so useless that he is unable to move it himself. To complete the study a thorough knowledge of the apparatus used is essential, and the study of this, needless to say, plays a large part in the course.

This apparatus is of a mechanical nature, the movement of which is obtained solely by the patient's own effort. There are over one hundred and fifty of these devices, each one of which is calculated to bring about the exercise and use of some particular joint or muscle of the body. Apparatus for co-ordination of movement is also a very important factor in this work. In many cases of head injuries, the brain sometimes loses the power to send the messages to the nerves and muscles; and although the part affected may be in itself perfectly normal, yet on account of the brain not functioning properly the movement is jerky and sometimes entirely gone. Sense of distance and direction of movement are often destroyed by these brain injuries. There are three different kinds of treatment given in this re-educational work: passive, active and resistive. In passive work the operator gives orthopedic movements or helps the patient to move or exercise the part affected by moving the machine. Active—when the patient becomes stronger he moves the machine and does the exercises himself under the careful eye of the operator. Resistive—when the brake is put on the apparatus which makes the machine harder to operate, and this tends to strengthen still more the weakened part.

One splendid part of the apparatus is a foot piece, which is designed to bring back the circular movement of the ankle joint. The patient's foot is strapped in the machine which is adjusted to a larger or smaller circle, according to the power of movement of the patient. An apparatus which brings back the movement of the hip joint is another splendid invention. The man's ankle is strapped into the apparatus; he stands perfectly straight and swings his leg backward and forward without bending the knee; this indirectly has a tremendous effect on the movement of the hip joint. Another use for this apparatus is for the knee joint, in which treatment the patient assumes a sitting posture. In this case the knee joint is bent, as he brings his leg backward and forward. This loosens the joint as well as strengthens the muscles which control all movements of the leg. The same principle applies to the apparatus of the arm and shoulder. For the co-ordinative movements a man is instructed to touch a button with his fingers and then touch different holes. You will be much surprised to know that this is very difficult for some of these men, and much hard work and patience are required to bring this simple everyday movement back to normal. The same thing with the foot. Some men cannot put their foot on a certain step or mark you have laid out for them, and the result is a jerky hit or miss movement which is painful to witness.

One case particularly interested me. It was that of a soldier who had received a wound in the head, affecting the brain. As a result, he was partially paralyzed; his speech had entirely left him and his movements when he took a step resembled those of a child just after it had learned to walk. However, he is improving wonderfully, and in time will get back the use of his limbs to a considerable extent. Efforts are now being made at Hart House to bring back his power of speech.

Often as a result of having splints on the arm or leg for an indefinite time the part becomes stiffened and useless. Treatment is given to cure this. Adhesions from scar tissue often cause trouble, and the use of the member is brought back by means of exercise with the apparatus. The difference in the result of the treatment between this and massage is: the massage feeds the nerve or muscle by increasing the circulation, but functional re-education strengthens and brings back the use of the limb by the exercise of the part affected. For this reason, both treatments are sometimes given the same patient. The idea of a dial on each piece of apparatus does much to stimu-

(Continued on page 27.)





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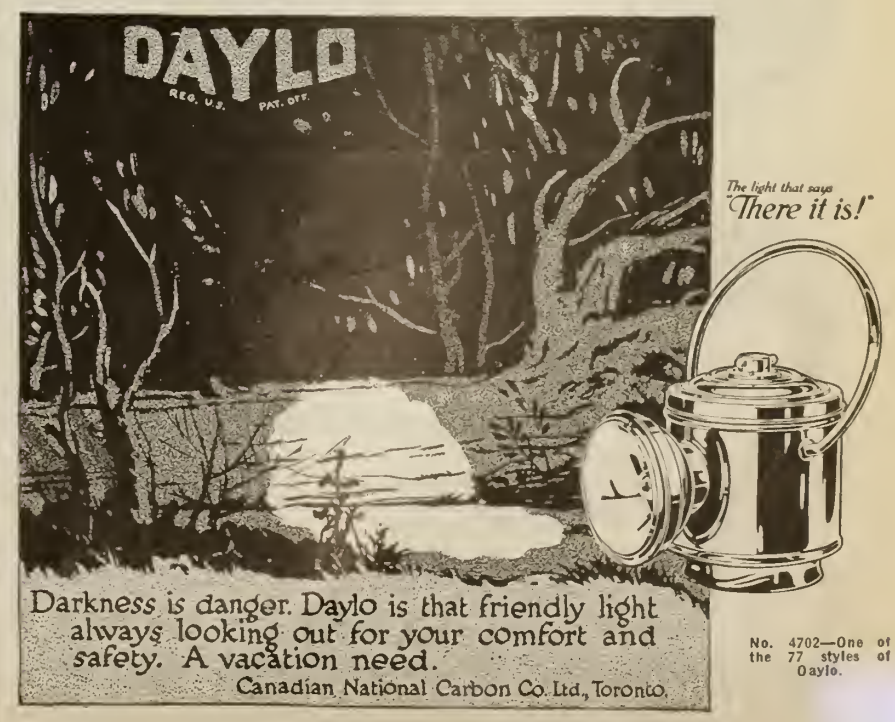
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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

Pickle These Vegetables and Use Them During the Winter

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Canning, Preserving and Pickling."

Pickles Serve as a Very Acceptable Substitute for Salads During the Winter Months When Fresh Green Vegetables are Scarce and High Priced.

In the making of pickles the quallty, strength and flavor of the vinegar are all essential. It is the vinegar that gives the flavor to the condiment. Vegetables and spices may be all that are desirable and be ruined in the cooking by using a cheap acid vinegar.

BEET PICKLE.—One quart of boiled beets, one quart of raw cabbage, one cupful of corn syrup or honey, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of grated horseradish, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of black pepper, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and vinegar to cover. Chop the beets and the cabbage, add the syrup or honey, sugar and seasonings, then cover with cold vinegar, pour into sterilized jars and seal.

Another Method.—Slice cooked beets. Put into a saucepan enough vinegar for the number of beets prepared, add one cupful of corn syrup or honey, one cupful of brown sugar to one quart of vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste, and when the vinegar is hot, put in the beets, let them remain on the fire until heated through, then seal in jars.

INDIA RELISH PICKLE.—Grind twelve apples, six green tomatoes, six mangoes, one package of seeded raisins, two cupfuls of brown sugar, four cupfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of celery seed, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of salt, and cook for one hour, stirring occasionally. Pour into jars and seal.

CORN PICKLE OR RELISH.—Two dozen ears of corn, three-fourths cupful of salt, three quarts of vinegar, six onions, one red pepper, two green peppers, one bunch of celery one cupful of brown sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of corn or maple syrup, one tablespoonful of celery seed, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of powdered ginger and two heads of cabbage. Cut the corn from the cob. Put the cabbage through a food chopper with the onions, peppers and celery stalks. Put the vegetables in the preserving kettle and pour over one-half of the vinegar. Mix the sugar, syrup and spices together and add the remaining vinegar. Combine mixtures, bring to boiling point, and then simmer gently for fifty minutes. Pour into jars or crocks and seal.

MUSTARD PICKLE.—One large white cauliflower, four cupfuls of small onions, one quart of string beans, one quart of green tomatoes, two quarts of cucumbers, and soak in strong brine for twenty-four hours. Then boil these ingredients separately until tender, drain and pull the cauliflower to pieces, chop tomatoes, beans and cucumbers slightly and mix all together. Into a kettle put six cupfuls of vinegar, and when hot stir in one-half pound of made mustard, one-half ounce of turmeric powder, one-half cupful of corn or barley flour rubbed smooth in two cupfuls of vinegar. Stir until it begins to thicken, then add one-half cupful each of honey or corn syrup and brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of celery and mustard seeds, and one-half cupful of oil. When hot pour over the other ingredients and seal in jars or bottles.

APPLE RELISH.—Twelve apples, two onions, three green peppers, one red pepper, one cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of grated maple sugar, one lemon, one-half tablespoonful of powdered ginger, one-half tablespoonful of salt and two cupfuls of vinegar. Core, peel and chop the apples, peppers and onions, add the sugars, salt, ginger, raisins and lemon sliced very thin and the seeds removed. Mix thoroughly, and cook for two hours, then bottle and seal.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Pick over, wash and drain one peck of mushrooms, slice and put over the fire in a saucepan with one cupful of water. Cook until the mushrooms are soft, stirring often, and then press through a sieve. To the pulp add two cupfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of paprika, two tablespoonfuls of mustard, one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, ginger, mace and cloves. Cook for thirty minutes longer. Then bottle and seal.

Or, wash and break firm, fresh mushrooms into pieces. Put a layer in the bottom of an earthenware vessel, sprinkle with fine salt, then add more mushrooms and salt until the materials are used. Cover and put away for three or four days, stirring with a wooden spoon four times each day. Then mash to a pulp and strain, squeezing out all the juice. Cook for fifteen minutes, and then measure. To each two cupfuls of the liquor allow two teaspoonfuls each of allspice, cloves, ginger and whole white peppers, then add one sliced onion, one blade of mace, three bay leaves and one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. Cook until thick, stirring occasionally, strain, cool and bottle. Seal securely.

LEMON PICKLE.—Twelve large lemons, one-half cupful of salt, eight cloves of garlic or two chopped onions, one tablespoonful each of powdered mace, nutmeg and allspice, one teaspoonful of red pepper, five tablespoonfuls of mustard and one-half gallon of vinegar. Peel the lemons very thinly, place them in layers with salt in a jar, and leave for one week until they are quite soft. Put them into a jar with the garlic or onions, the spices tied in a muslin or cheesecloth bag, and pour the boiling vinegar over. When cold cover securely. Keep from two to three weeks before using them. They should have a brownish, almost semi-transparent look, and the vinegar should be quite thick.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Choose very small onions for pickling. Peel them under water, and use a silver knife to prevent their discoloring. Put one quart of onions, one quart of white boiling vinegar, one ounce of white peppers, three cloves, one bay leaf, one blade of mace, one-half ounce of allspice and one tablespoonful of salt into a saucepan and bring them to boiling point, then simmer until the onions turn clear. Pour into jars and seal.

Or, peel two quarts of small white onions, add one-half cupful of salt, and allow to stand over night. Place in a colander, pour over cold water and then drain well. Tie four tablespoonfuls of mixed spices in a bag. Boil one quart of vinegar with one cupful of brown sugar for eight minutes, throw in the onions, add spice bag and allow to boil up, and pour at once into jars and seal.

CUCUMBER PICKLES. — Twenty - four cucumbers, four cupfuls of small white onions, four cupfuls of vinegar, one cupful of honey or corn syrup, one teaspoonful each of celery seeds, ginger, mustard seeds, allspice, mace, cinnamon, salt and turmeric powder. Slice vegetables, sprinkle with salt and allow to stand for one hour and then drain well. Put vinegar and spices into preserving kettle, add vegetables, and allow to come slowly to boiling point. Pack into jars and seal.

Or, select medium-sized cucumbers, wipe and pack in a stone jar. To one gallon of vinegar use one cupful of salt one-half cupful of made mustard and one cupful of brown sugar, heat thoroughly, but do not allow to boil. Pour over cucumbers while hot. Keep cucumbers under the vinegar by means of a weighted plate.

PICKLED BEANS.—Remove strings and cut one peck of beans into one-inch pieces and cook in boiling salted water, until tender. Drain the beans and save the water in which they were cooked. Add to bean liquor, one cupful of vinegar, one blade of mace, one bay leaf, and one-half cupful of grated maple sugar, allow to boil for ten minutes, then add beans and cook for five minutes longer. Pour boiling hot into jars and seal at once.

PICKLED PEARS.—Wash eight pounds of pears, but do not pare. Stick four tablespoonfuls of whole cloves into the pears. Make a syrup with two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of grated maple sugar, one-half cupful of golden or corn syrup and two cupfuls of vinegar, add spices, and a few pears at a time and cook the pears until tender. Fill jars and seal.

Gooseberries may be done in the same manner.

Savory and Sweet Money Savers

By MARION HARRIS NEIL.
Author of "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes."

Summer Food Should Be Carefully Prepared

During the month of August the market stalls have a supply of carrots, beans, squash, corn, egg-plant, cauliflower, beets, tomatoes, etc. The berries are nearly gone now, though a few blackberries and raspberries are still to be found; in their place we have a choice of peaches, apricots, plums, pears, apples and grapes. Salads can be had this month in abundance, and if their cleanliness can be assured they make the most wholesome food for the vacation season. If they are eaten freely with a good supply of oil they do away with the need of aperient medicine, which seems to be associated with a change of food, air and water. Tomatoes and cucumbers are quite free from the dangers which frequently lurk among the green leaves of fresh salad, and if the salad materials are limited in this way, the balance must be set right by a more plentiful supply of fresh fruit.



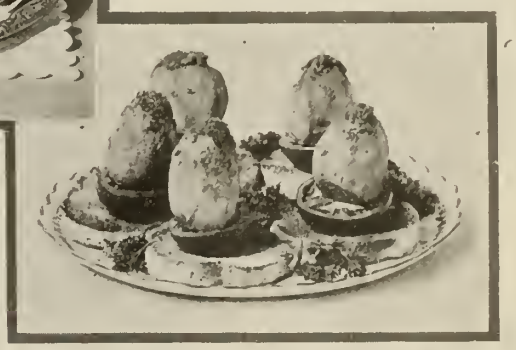
Potato Straws, Cauliflower and Peas.



Cabbage salad.



Prune and cocoanut pudding.





Potatoes on tomatoes.

Potato Border with String Beans and Cabbage.

Cabbage Salad.—Remove the centre from a firm cabbage. Chop the cabbage very fine, add enough tartare sauce to hold the cabbage together and fill into the shell. Decorate with olives. Place the cabbage on a plate and surround with baked or fried beets.

For the tartare sauce, make one cupful of mayonnaise dressing and stir into it one-half cupful each of mixed chopped pickles, olives and parsley. Slice cold cooked beets, dredge the slices with cornstarch, seasoned with salt and pepper, brush over with milk or beaten egg, toss in cornmeal or breadcrumbs and bake in the oven or fry in smoking hot fat; drain and use.

Potatoes on Tomatoes.—Wash and peel five potatoes, then boil in boiling salted water until tender, drain and scoop out the centre of each with a sharp knife. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a small saucepan, add one tablespoonful of chopped onion and fry it without browning, then add the potato pulp, four tablespoonfuls of chopped cooked chicken, one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls of hot milk or left-over sauce. Divide this mixture into the potatoes. Cut two tomatoes in slices, press out a little of the pulp, and stand a stuffed potato on each slice; melt a little butter substitute and brush over the potatoes with it. Place them on a greased baking tin, and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. Serve on rounds of toasted bread and garnish with parsley.

Prune and Cocoanut Pudding.—Grease a fireproof dish. Wash one pound of prunes, and let them soak for forty minutes in boiling water. Roll out scraps of war-time pastry rather thinly and line the bottom of the dish with it. Put a layer of prunes, stoned, on the top, squeeze over a little lemon juice and add two tablespoonfuls of honey or corn syrup. Then place another layer of pastry over the top, sprinkle with cocoanut and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Potato Border With String Beans and Red Cabbage.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan, add one cupful of mashed potatoes, a little salt and pepper, and four tablespoonfuls of hot milk. Cook over the fire until it ceases to stick to the spoon. Then flour a board, turn the potato onto it, and roll into a straight even roll. Arrange it in a circle on a dish and fill the centre with hot cooked string beans and garnish with stewed red cabbage. Serve hot.

To Stew Red Cabbage.—Trim one red cabbage, removing any damaged leaves and the hard part of the stalk. Cut it in halves and shred it finely. Then wash the cabbage carefully, drain it, and scald it in boiling water for five minutes. Drain again and put the prepared cabbage into a saucepan with two cupfuls of stock or water, add two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute rubbed into four tablespoonfuls of barley flour, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Put the lid on the pan and cook gently for one hour on the top of the range or in the oven. Serve hot. Red cabbage is a good accompaniment to game.

Potato Straws With Cauliflower and Peas.—Cut peeled and sliced potatoes into thin match-like pieces. Soak for one hour in cold water, drain well, dry thoroughly, and fry in smoking hot fat, then drain and keep hot.

To Cook the Peas and Cauliflower.—Cook one tablespoonful of cornstarch in four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute for a few minutes, then add two cupfuls of boiling water, and cook until smooth, stirring constantly, then add four cupfuls of green peas and one cauliflower broken into flowerets. Cook uncovered until the vegetables are tender, drain and add salt and pepper to taste. Serve with the potatoes on a hot dish.

Banana and Date Salad.—A delicious salad is made by combining diced bananas and dates stuffed with chopped nutmeats. Serve with mayonnaise dressing made without mustard.

Another nice salad is made from equal parts of shredded fresh pineapple and chopped celery. Mix with mayonnaise and serve on crisp lettuce nests.

Coffee Blanc Mange.—At breakfast time make extra coffee. Strain two cupfuls of coffee into a saucepan and allow to heat. Mix two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and a pinch of salt with two-thirds of a cupful of milk. When the coffee boils, stir in the mixture, and keep on stirring until smooth and thick, then cover it closely, and cook for a few minutes longer, remove from the fire and pour into a wet mold. When cold turn out and serve with milk or stewed fruit.

Fish Mayonnaise.—The remains of any kind of cooked fish can be used for this dish. Divide the fish into pieces, carefully remove all the bones and dark skin. Wash and prepare one lettuce; after it is well drained season it to taste with salt and pepper and place it in a salad bowl. Arrange the fish on the top of the salad; this must be done neatly. Pour over some mayonnaise dressing. If liked, a layer of mayonnaise may be put between the salad and the fish at the time of preparing the dish. Garnish with slices of cooked beets and gherkins.

Pineapple Custard.—Cut one medium-sized ripe pineapple into small pieces and cook it in a saucepan with one cupful of water and two cupfuls of corn syrup or honey. Let it just simmer until the syrup is thick. Strain two cupfuls of scalded milk over the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and then stir over the fire until it thickens, but do not allow to boil again. Pour it into a bowl and when cooled add the pineapple and syrup. Allow to get quite cold, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and serve.

Beans en Casserole.—Soak over night two cupfuls of beans. Cook next day until tender, then drain and mash. Grease a casserole or fireproof dish, in it put a layer of the beans, then a layer of stuffing made of two cupfuls of breadcrumbs or cornmeal, one-fourth cupful of melted butter substitute, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful each of pepper and powdered sage, and moisten with one cupful of hot water. Over the stuffing put a second layer of beans, dot with butter substitute and bake in a moderate oven until well browned. Serve with brown or tomato sauce.

Smoked Haddock With Barley.—Wash, drain and boil in boiling salted water one cupful of barley; when soft drain the barley, and put it in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter substitute, cover and keep hot.

Remove the skin and bones from a good-sized smoked haddock, cut the fish into neat pieces and put them into a baking tin with just enough milk to cover, bring slowly to the boil and then cook gently for forty minutes. Then add two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, a little pepper and two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, and cook for ten minutes longer. Make a bed with the barley on a hot dish, arrange the haddock on the top and pour over the sauce. Serve hot.

Tomato and Cereal Soup.—Heat two sliced tomatoes, four cupfuls of water, one sliced onion and two cloves to boiling point, then add one-half cupful of rolled oats or any cooked cereal, and cook for one hour. Rub through a colander, add one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one-eighth teaspoonful of baking soda and one tablespoonful of butter substitute. Reheat and serve with crackers. One-half can of tomatoes may be used in place of the fresh ones.

Nut Roast.—Take cooked peas and put them through a sieve or colander. Then mix them with an equal amount of chopped nut meats and season to taste. Place one-half of this mixture in a greased baking dish, and over it spread a dressing made as follows:—Pour boiling water over four slices of toast, cover and allow to stand for eight minutes, then break it up and mix with it one-half cupful of milk, pepper and salt to taste. Cover the dressing with the remainder of the nut mixture, pour one-half cupful of milk over all, and bake for one and one-half hours. Cut in slices and serve with any preferred sweet sauce or with cranberry sauce.

Questioner.—Most any kind of fish suitable for eating may be canned successfully at home, if care is taken to use only very fresh fish and if the different canning steps are taken carefully.

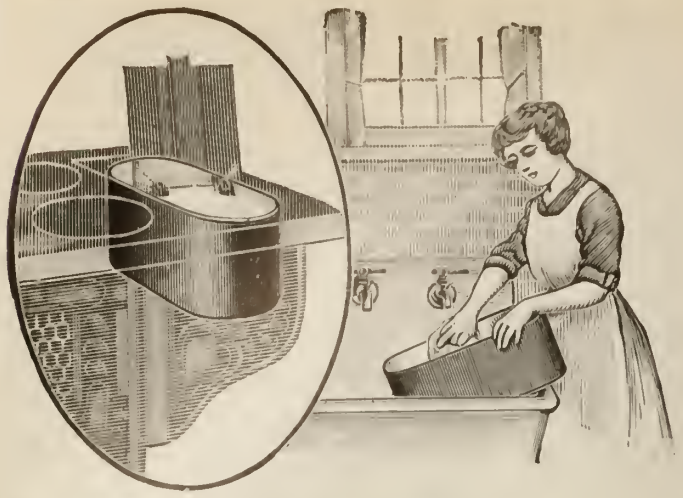
Canning Fish.

Clean the fish as you would for the frying pan, removing the bones when possible. Make a salt and water brine that will support a potato, and place the cleaned fish in this brine for thirty minutes. Remove from the brine, cut into convenient sized pieces for the jars, and pack with the skin toward the outside. Put sterilized rubber and tops in position lightly and sterilize in a hot water canner for three hours. A wash boiler containing a rack and boiling water to come three-fourths up the jars may be used as a hot water canner.

When using coarse scaled, thick skinned fishes, cut off the fins or make an incision on each side of the fin and pull it out. Make an incision through the skin along the back, another along the belly, and connect these two by a third encircling the body just behind the head, impale the head on a hook or sharpened nail driven through a plank, take hold of the skin at the angle of the two incisions at the back of the head and remove it by pulling toward the tail. Thin-skinned fishes, like herring, should be scaled, not skinned.

Cut off the head, remove the intestines and other organs, and take out the backbone by making a cut with a sharp knife on each side, inside of the body cavity. Wash thoroughly, taking particular care to remove the blood along the back.

Cut the fish into strips to fit the length of the jars to be used and rub with dry salt, using a level tablespoonful to each pint jar of fish. Fill the jars with the pieces packed as tightly as possible, put on the rubber rings, and place the caps on the jars loosely, so that the steam can escape. Put water in the jars. Cook in a pressure cooker for one and one-half hours after steam pressure registers fifteen pounds or the temperature is at 350 degrees F. Tighten the caps of the jars and permit cooling. Use the cooker as directed by the makers. There are several kinds on the market and Marion Harris Neil will furnish addresses of manufacturers on application.



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One thing a hot water reservoir should do—heat water.

And one thing it should be—easy to clean.

The Pandora flue system does the one—heats the water by carrying a continuous steady volume of heat to and along the length and depth of the reservoir.

The Pandora reservoir is easy to clean because it is seamless porcelain—enamelled white, with round ends. It can be lifted out with ease and washed as readily as a vegetable dish.

Different from the old-time, dark, built-in metal "tank" that had to be emptied with a dipper and cleaned by guess.

But the reservoir of the Pandora Range is modern, convenient, sanitary and good to look at, just like the Pandora is in every other way.

"The Magic of the Pandora"—Booklet Free

This is one of the many features of the Pandora Range described in "The Magic of the Pandora," a little booklet full of information that every woman will want before she buys a range. Write for it to the nearest McClary branch.

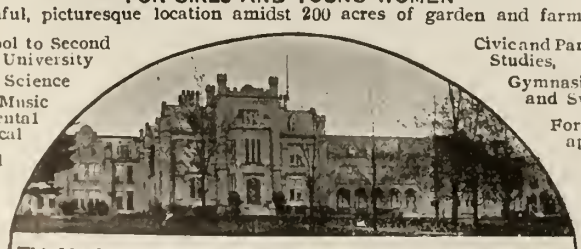
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52

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This Ideal City-Country School Re-Opens September 11th, 1918. 93

JUDICIOUS RECREATION AN ECONOMY

For the Family:

Many nearby, quiet and healthy places where it is high and dry and the air cool and invigorating, are listed in recent Canadian Northern pamphlets. Ask for list of "Summer Hotels and Boarding Houses," with rates; and for great fishing and canoeing expeditions get "Where to Fish and Hunt," Any C.N.R. Agent, or write Gen'l Pass. Dept., Montreal or Toronto.

LAKE SIMCOE
SPARROW LAKE
SEVERN RIVER
MUSKOKA LAKES
Parry Sound and
French River Districts
RIDEAU LAKES

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

Fish—A War Time Food

Recipes from the Fish Exchange, Boston, Mass.

Use the Sea Food and Conserve the Land Products.

Fish is an ideal summer food, giving strength without unnecessary warmth. In warm weather the food problem is vastly different from the same problem in cold weather. During the latter period, foods should supply the body with heat, while in the summer months a food which gives the least possible heat with the requisite amount of nourishment should be selected.

During the cold weather, the average digestion will look after itself, but when warm weather sets in even the man with a steel armored digestive apparatus must beware. This is the reason that many persons practically become vegetarians during the summer.

There are few persons, however, who do not feel the need of one hearty meal a day, and to such fish is to be recommended. Sea foods aid instead of impeding the digestion.

Because of the many different ways in which it may be served, fish may appear on one's table either as a "heavy" or "light" food. Plainly fried, baked, or broiled, or served as a salad, no more easily digested food of great strength-giving qualities can be found. Served in other manners, it is heavy enough to satisfy a gourmand, without, however, putting his stomach and temper out of gear. Again, fish is an economical food. Summer, as a rule, is a greater drain on the household purse than winter. Even though fewer meals be eaten, and meat, that expensive commodity, be eaten more sparingly and seldom, the bills seem to mount. Vegetables are somewhat costly, and fruits even more so. To meet the hundred and one expenses which summer—even a summer in the city—entails, the housewife must keep a sharp eye on her food bill.

Out of a pound of fish she can make a delicious luncheon dish, and if she be clever, have enough left for a salad for supper, or, if the evening be cool, for a warming chowder, which will take the chill off the evening air.

It is generally acknowledged that meats, if used at all, should be consumed most sparingly during the warm season. Inhabitants of torrid countries live on fish, fruit and vegetables, relying on the fish for the muscle-making elements.

To cook fish properly does not require the understanding of any mystic art, nor any particular trouble. But it does require knowledge. Like all simple matters, it is enough when you know how. Incidentally, there is hardly any variety of food susceptible to so many variations of cooking as fish. A cod, for example, may be fried, baked, boiled, planked, made into patties, salads, and served in a hundred ways. In food value, and in taste, it is equally satisfactory whether served fried, plain, or made into an elaborate dish.

In purchasing fish, the housewife should remember that a pound of many varieties of fish will feed as many persons as twice that quantity of most varieties of meat, many varieties of fish having a particularly high nutritive value.

By a little careful study of her local markets, the housewife should be able to keep track of the fluctuations in the prices of the different varieties of fresh fish, and take advantage of them.

Baked Salmon.—Salmon may be baked, broiled or boiled. The New England Fish Exchange cook book offers the following suggestions for cooking the fish:—

Take salmon steaks weighing about one pound each. Place these in a buttered saucepan with four cupfuls of stock, four tablespoonfuls of butter and salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, parsley, and any other herbs desired. Let come to a boil, then cover and simmer for thirty minutes. Drain the fish. Thicken the liquid with flour and cook for ten minutes. Then add two yolks of eggs. Spread a layer of mashed potatoes in a greased oval baking dish. Remove skin and bones from salmon and place the steaks on the potatoes. Cover with potatoes, pour some of the sauce over all, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown.

Boiled Salmon.—Rub the fish with a little salt, tie it in a cloth and boil slowly for three-fourths of an hour. Serve with egg or caper sauce.

Broiled Salmon.—Sprinkle slices of salmon with chopped parsley, mixed herbs, salt, pepper and olive oil. Arrange on a well greased gridiron and broil over a clear fire, basting occasionally with oil seasoning. Serve with a white sauce.

Grilled Halibut, New Style.—Take one slice of halibut, about one pound, pour over it a little oil, season with salt and pepper, place on a greased broiler and cook for eight minutes on each side. When nice and brown, arrange on a hot platter and pour over the following sauce. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one-fourth teaspoonful of dry mustard, and salt and pepper to taste.

Baked Finnan Haddie, Club Style.—Boil a finnan haddie for eight minutes and then cut it into small pieces. Place the fish in a greased baking dish and cover with a Welsh rabbit sauce. Sprinkle over with grated cheese and bake until brown. Serve hot.

Baked Oysters.—Open some fresh oysters and leave them in the deep shell. Put a small piece of butter on each oyster and then a slice of bacon about one inch square on the top of each one. Sprinkle a few cracker crumbs over them and place in a hot oven for six minutes. Serve at once.

Boiled Codfish.—Cover a three pound fresh codfish with well salted fish stock and let cook for thirty minutes, without boiling; then take out the fish and drain it well. Lay it on a hot dish and garnish with sprigs of parsley. Serve with a cream parsley sauce separately.

How to Make a Gallon of Fish Stock.—Pour three quarts of water into a saucepan, add a handful of salt, one-half glassful of vinegar, one carrot sliced, one onion sliced, half a handful of whole peppercorns, one bunch of parsley, three sprigs of thyme and three bay leaves. Bring to boiling point and simmer for fifteen minutes. Cool and use when needed for various methods of cooking fish.

Steamed Mussels.—Wash and clean the required amount of mussels thoroughly; place them in a closely covered saucepan or kettle after adding a cupful of water for every half peck of mussels. Boil from ten to twelve minutes or until they are all well opened. Strain the broth and serve the mussels on a large, hot platter. Serve them with melted butter, and a cup of the broth to each person. Remove the beards, and eat the same as steamed clams. One-half peck of mussels will serve five people.

Stewed Eels.—Skin and clean the eels; cut them into short lengths and lay them in cold water for thirty minutes. Put them into a saucepan, add enough water to cover them, and cook them slowly for thirty minutes, or more, according to their size. A large eel may require one hour to make it tender. Drain the fish well, cover with white sauce, seasoned with paprika, lemon juice, onion juice, salt and chopped parsley. Simmer for five minutes and serve hot.

Fresh Crab Flakes a la Tokio.—Cut a green pepper, a red pepper and six mushrooms into thin shreds. Stew in a little butter until tender, add two cupfuls of cream and boil for five minutes, then add one pound of fresh crab flakes. Season to taste with salt, paprika and melted butter. Arrange a border of mashed potatoes on a hot dish, pour the fish mixture into the centre and bake in hot oven until brown. Serve hot.

Lobster, Bungalow Style.—Melt six tablespoonfuls of butter, add two teaspoonfuls of finely chopped onion and cook until brown, stirring constantly. To this add two teaspoonfuls of flour and stir until well blended, then pour in gradually one cupful of stewed and strained tomatoes, well seasoned with salt and paprika, and bring to boiling point. Now add one and one-half cupful of cooked lobster meat cut into small pieces. Serve very hot in the lobster shell.

Baked Blue Fish, Home Style.—Wash one medium sized blue fish, split it and remove the bones, then cut the fish in six pieces. Into a baking pan put four tablespoonfuls of butter, one onion chopped, and one-half cupful of chopped celery. Place in the fish, pour over a little melted butter, season with salt and pepper and bake for ten minutes. Now add the strained juice of one lemon and one cupful of canned tomatoes. Bake for fifteen minutes and serve hot.

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

The Thrift Car



Model 90—Just What a Car Should Be

CANADIANS select their favorite automobiles for one or more of *five* reasons:

Appearance, performance, comfort, service or *price.*

One car may be famous because of its number of cylinders, another for its body design, another for its low price—

And so it goes until you come to Model 90 and then you discover this important fact back of the great number now in use;

Model 90 has been purchased because it *combines all five* of these essentials for complete satisfaction.

True, in many cases its quality *appearance,* big-car stylish design, and distinctive color scheme primarily influenced purchasers.

Again, in many, many cases it is the *performance* of Model 90 that makes it first choice. As a matter of fact, performance is its major virtue.

It is not only the things Model 90 *does,* but the *way* it does them, that makes Model 90 owners so enthusiastic—

The way it consistently meets every driving need day-in-and-day-out, through congested traffic, over steep hills, in fair or bad weather, and for short or long rides, proves its adequacy for every motoring need.

A large number of Model 90 owners when asked the reason for their choice have mentioned *comfort* first.

When you have inspected this car and driven and ridden in it, you, too, will understand why comfort accommodations have contributed so much to Model 90's fame.

Service is not listed among a car's specifications, and by service we do not mean the service the car gives alone, but the service that the dealers and factory behind the car are ever ready and able to give.

In making a survey of the reasons for the popularity of the Model 90 car, seldom has its moderate *price* been mentioned first—

Yet, even if it were lacking in some of the five advantages it *does* combine, its price still would warrant its great popularity.

And to-day, above all else, a car must be *economically* efficient.

Five points of Overland superiority:

Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service and Price

Willys-Overland, Limited

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons
Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ontario.
Branches: Montreal, Que., Winnipeg, Man., Regina, Sask.

MOIR'S *Chocolates*

With their smooth, thick coating and centres of creams, nutmeats and jellies, make the holiday a real joy.

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"Canada Food Board License No. 5-776."

Read SET THE PACE IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWN

If you want new suggestions for your club

SEND SMOKES

TO

OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS

It is conceded by all military men that a soldier deprived of his tobacco loses in efficiency. You are helping to win the war when you send "smokes" to the men in France.

(N. Y. Tel., Feb. 14/18.)

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

AND

OLD CHUM
SMOKING TOBACCO

The homeland favorite brands are always the most appreciated.

A Puzzle For August

By TOM WOOD.

Hidden in the words of the speakers, in the first four pictures, may be found the names of four RIVERS, which have become famous in connection with the great war.

Numbers 5 and 6 represent "Square Words," i.e., four words of four letters each. Guess what each little picture represents, place in proper order and they will read the same from the top down, and from left to right. Can you guess the words?



Also give the words you can make, using the letters in "Something."

Two prizes will be given, first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete in this contest.

Answers must be received before August 31st to be included.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF THE JUNE PUZZLE.

1—Saskatchewan.	5— R I N G	6— L E A F
2—Quebec.	I D O L	E C R U
3—Regina.	N O T E	A R U M
4—Chatham.	G L E N	F U M E

First prize is won by David Scott, 43 Rosebery Avenue, Ottawa, Ont., and the second by Jean Love, 15 Charles Street West, Toronto.

Address all answers to The Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(*Continued from page* 21.)

late the effort of both patient and operator, as by this method the progress of each day's work is plainly visible.

While in Hart House the girls give treatments under the supervision of the instructresses, one for the arm and one for the leg treatments. The girls, however, when they are sent out to the various hospitals, are put on their own resources and are obliged to detect at once where the trouble is, whether it exists in the lower arm or upper arm, or if the trouble is a paralysis of some nerve received through a brain injury. It seems a very simple matter to be able to put a man in a machine and ask him to swing an arm back and forth. It is. But it is another proposition to keep a patient keyed up to the top notch of interest day in and day out, and to be able to put your finger on the cause of the trouble, if the best of results are not forthcoming. This is the work of the girls who are taking the course of physio-therapy, and if you could only see the interest the patients take in the work and the marvellous cures that have been effected, you would have little doubt as to the benefit of this treatment, for, although it has exploded many old ideas, it has even in this short time proved its worth.

The girls at present wear navy blue uniforms and the same colored veils with white collars and bands. This, however, is subject to change, as it is now the intention to have the girls who take this course connected with the St. John's Ambulance Brigade.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Would you please tell me if V.A.D.'s are sent from Canada to England? What are the expenses of the course? What are the requirements of an ambulance driver for overseas service? I especially wish to go overseas.

GORE BAY.—Yes, V.A.D.'s are sent from Canada overseas. The average cost of a V.A.D. course is $2.50. This varies, as it depends on the number in the class to a great extent. If you wish to drive an ambulance overseas it will be necessary to qualify as a V. A. D. nurse and go overseas in that capacity and do nurse's work. If, however, when you get there you can prove your capability as an ambulance driver and have some knowledge of automobile mechanics and there is a vacancy in this department, you stand a splendid chance of getting a position as ambulance driver. This is the only way this can be accomplished, as up to the present time there has been no call for Canadian Ambulance drivers to go overseas.

I can drive a car, and I would love to work with the Women's Ambulance Corps. I would like to know what would be required of me.

DEAR LEILA.—There is no Women's Ambulance Corps in Canada. That is, the Government is not yet taking girls on for that work. If, however, you would like to drive an army car, you might like to become a driver of an R.A.F. car. They are now taking girls on for that work. You must know how to drive a car and have some knowledge of road repairs, and be able to pass the test in driving set by the Royal Air Force. It will be necessary to come to Toronto to take this position. The wages, however, will enable you to live comfortably. I am sending you by mail the address of the department of the R.A.F. to which you may apply.

Is the V.A.D. course a correspondence course or a series of lectures given locally? Does this course guarantee work in a military hospital or overseas work? Please send information as to where the course is obtainable.

SUMMERLAND, B.C.—The V.A.D. course is a series of lectures given locally. The fact that you take this course does not absolutely guarantee work in a military hospital in Canada, but if you produce first-class letters of reference, you have the same chance as any other girl. As to the overseas work, you must serve a certain length of time in Canada and prove yourself capable before you are sent overseas. I am sending you the address of the provincial secretary for B.C. He will give you any information as to the classes given in B.C.

The people in our town are interested enough in the war, but we want to start something to get everyone to work to help the Red Cross. What could you suggest?

DEAR WAR WORKER.—A splendid plan was worked out in one of the cities of the United States a while ago. Everyone brought some rubber article and placed it on a block in the main street. Automobile tires, hot water bottles and rubber in all shapes and forms found refuge there. This was sold and the proceeds given to the Red Cross. An enormous amount of money was procured, and it was a most exciting and interesting procedure. Try it and see.

What do you think a club of twelve girls could do for the soldiers who are returned? We live in a small town, and we are forty miles from the nearest military hospital.

DEAR GIRLS.—Why not start a canning kitchen in your town? In this way you could preserve hundreds of jars of fruit, and send it to the military hospital nearest you. You have no idea how tired the returned soldiers get of the hospital diet. It seems to lack the pleasing varieties they are used to.

NOTE.—Space does not permit the printing of more of the many questions which have come in to Betty O'Hara. She is answering all, and will gladly reply to still more of our girls' letters sent to her. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a personal letter.

THE KING OF THE MILKWEED

(*Continued from page* 20.)

And so it is, the Monarch butterfly or "King Billy," as it is often called, is very regal looking and stands out amongst its kind, by being one of the few butterflies that migrate, for in the fall of the year the King Billies get together in clouds, then wing their way to the southland returning north the next season. Do you know King Billy? Shall I tell you where to find the eggs and caterpillars? You will have to look carefully for the eggs are so tiny, but you will find them on the broad, thick leaves of the milkweed plant. In color they are a pale green and cone shaped and always you will find them on the middle rib of the leaf. Often you will see the King Billy sipping nectar from the flowers of the golden rod, for this flower is one of his favorites. Can you find him? Won't you try? Then you will see and learn for yourself the wondertul life story of one of Mother Nature's children, for she is always waving her magic wand over the earth and changing the ugliest of worms and grubs to things of living beauty.

A KING IN BABYLON

(*Continued from page* 17.)

He turned Davis's hand over and directed the light of the torch upon it. Across the knuckles was a livid welt.

"Just like mine," he said. "No doubt that same stone fell out again!"

Davis snorted.

"I struck my hand against the corner of that pillar," he said.

"What was it brushed past us?"

"There wasn't anything brushed past us."

"Yes, there was; I felt it—so did Billy. It darted past with a rush of air . . ."

And then suddenly Davis threw back his head and laughed.

"I remember now," he said; "I *did* see the ghost—caught just a glimpse of it before the light went out."

"Well?" Creel demanded.

"Well," said Davis, "it was flying around the pillars, and it looked to me uncommonly like a bat. It may, of course, have been a ghost in disguise!"

(To be continued.)

ADAMS
California Fruit Gum

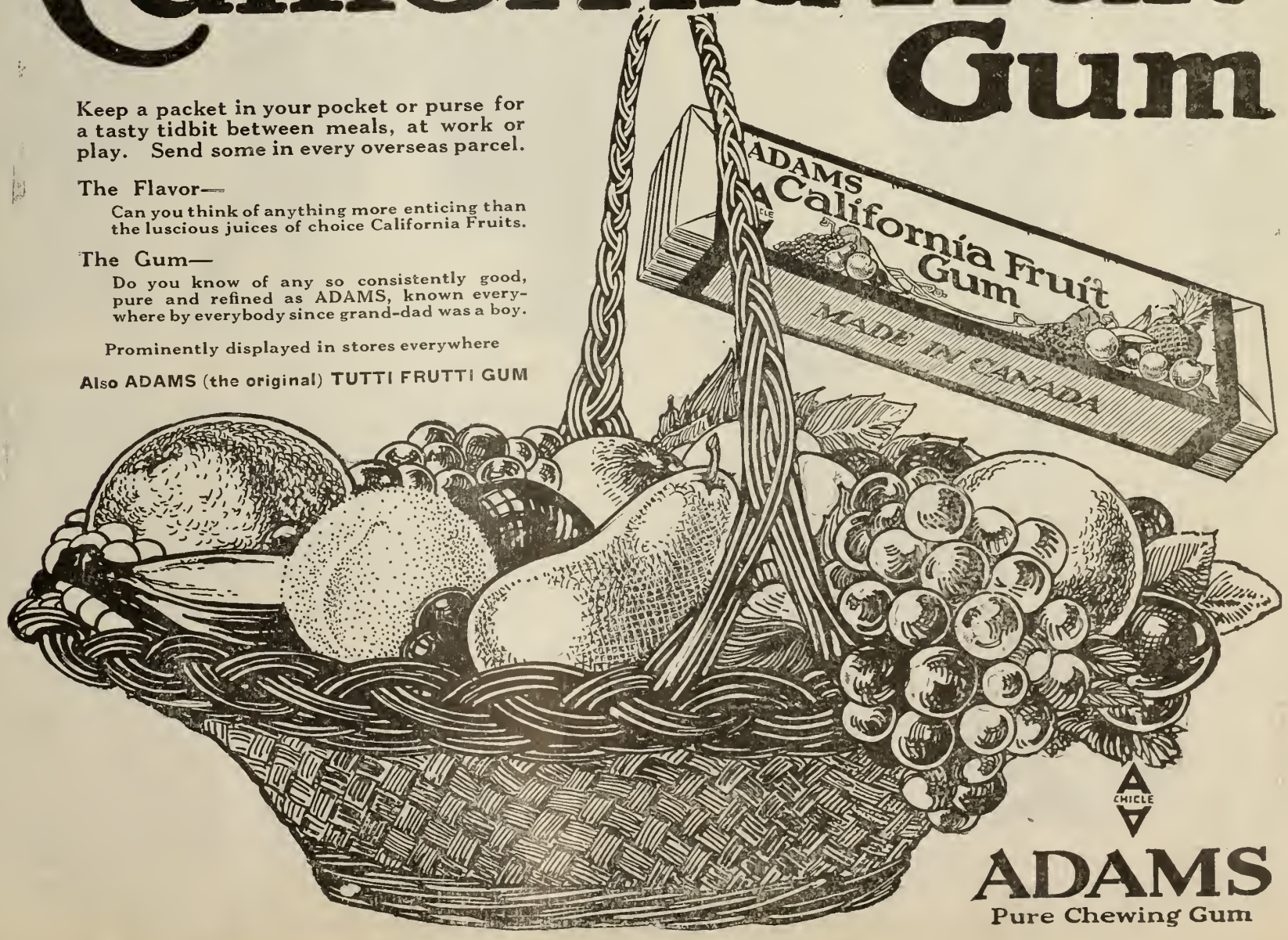
Keep a packet in your pocket or purse for a tasty tidbit between meals, at work or play. Send some in every overseas parcel.

The Flavor—
Can you think of anything more enticing than the luscious juices of choice California Fruits.

The Gum—
Do you know of any so consistently good, pure and refined as ADAMS, known everywhere by everybody since grand-dad was a boy.

Prominently displayed in stores everywhere

Also ADAMS (the original) TUTTI FRUTTI GUM



ADAMS
Pure Chewing Gum

For Morning and Afternoon Wear in Town or Country

7815—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40- or 45-inch organdy. No. 7854—Ladies' Sleeveless Overblouse or Sports Coat (20 cents). Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch rose-color wool Jersey—1⅛ yard white wool Jersey for collar and revers. No. 7688—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires for skirt with inserted pockets 2½ yards 44-inch plaid worsted. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The ideal Summer sports frock consists of a white voile or organdy blouse, a sleeveless sports coat or overblouse of Jersey or satin, and a simple skirt of plaid worsted or of sports satin. The overblouse may match the skirt in color, or when the skirt is of plaid material the overblouse may match the dominant tone of the plaid. This blouse slips on over the head, and is tucked on the shoulders front and back. The overblouse is in drop-shoulder style, falling slightly over the shoulders, and the fronts may be turned back only to the waist-line, or they may be turned back as illustrated to the bottom of the overblouse and faced with contrasting material. The skirt is a two-piece model closing at left side, and with inserted or hanging pockets. At foot of page the overblouse is shown again with embroidery squares No. 12444, blue or yellow, 15 cents.

7799—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch voile or Georgette crêpe—2½ yards wide, 8 yards narrow filet lace banding—2 yards velvet ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. No. 7688—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires for skirt without pockets 2½ yards 40-inch voile or Georgette crêpe. Width at lower edge 1⅞ yard. Tho simplicity of line is featured on the S mmer frocks, they are nevertheless very dainty and charming, and fashioned of the new voile and other cotton fabrics they are quite inexpensive. The trimming for these frocks may consist of tucks or insets of lace, and filet is particularly attractive when combined with voile. While this frock is a one-piece model, it may be shortened as illustrated to form a redingote effect worn over a separate skirt. Below the girdle the redingote may be seamed together, or it may be open at the sides as worn here, the edges finished with a facing, and trimmed with lace insertion. The dress closes at the back, and is gathered slightly on the shoulders in front which is always a pretty style for sheer fabrics. Plain sleeves may replace the flowing sleeves illustrated. The dress may be worn with oval collarless neck, or it may be open low in front showing a vest. The skirt is a plain two-piece model closing at left side seam.



7690—Ladies' Tucked Blouse with Peplum (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch voile. ½ yard organdy for collar and cuffs. Very smart to wear with separate sports skirts are these peplum blouses, many of them like this model in panel style with fine tucks front and back. The closing is arranged on the shoulder and at left side-front under a tuck. A two-piece circular collar finishes the round neck, and gathered sleeves may replace the flowing sleeves.



7838—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch check gingham for waist —2½ yards plain gingham for skirt, cuffs, and collar—¾ yard 36-inch white voile for overcollar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. For informal Summer wear nothing is more serviceable than the gingham frock. The entire dress may be made of check gingham, or, as in this illustration, the long-waisted body section may be of the check gingham, while the skirt is of plain gingham matching the check. The fronts of the waist roll back in revers attached on the shoulders to a square collar, and the front opening of the waist is filled in with a vest of white voile which is joined to a collar of white voile which overlays the gingham collar. Provision is made in the pattern for long sleeves should these be preferred to the short ones illustrated.

7820—Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 44-inch tricotine —¼ yard 27-inch black satin for collar—3½ yards braid Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. For cool days in Summer in the city as well as the country a simple dress like this of blue serge or gabardine is very useful. The dress buttons in front, the closing to be continued to the top of the standing collar, or if preferred, the fronts may be rolled back and the collar worn flat. The front of the dress is gathered below a square yoke, and the sleeves may be shortened. Two rows of wide silk or Hercules braid on the skirt relieves the plainness, but this is not absolutely essential to the good style of the dress. The fronts are slashed for inserted pockets.

7709—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 45-inch organdy—5 yards filet lace—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The fashionable irregular lower edge is displayed on this frock, both in the long waisted body section and in the tunic. The closing is on the left shoulder and left side-front, and instead of the neck-line illustrated, a V neck with rolling collar may be selected. Full-length plain sleeves may be substituted for the flowing sleeves that are illustrated. Over a two-piece skirt closing at left side seam, is dropped a three-piece tunic which is attached to the waist. Narrow frills of organdy alternating with filet banding form a dainty trimming

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Afternoon Frocks of Graceful Lines for Stout Women

7878—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 2 bust. No. 7677—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt 20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower dge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size equires 6 yards 36-inch white voile—2½ yards 36- nch check voile—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Plain and check voile in combination make adorable ummer frocks, and for these pastel shades of blue, ink, yellow, or lavender with white may be selected. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and under the eft arm, and is somewhat in jumper style draped oward the underarm. A pointed collar finishes the neck, and the sleeves which are sewed into the arm- ic'es of the underbody, may be in three-quarter lowing style, or long one-piece models gathered to wo-piece cuffs may be chosen. Completing this lainty frock is a two-piece skirt closing at left side eam and with a two-piece gathered tunic. The tunic nay be open front and back, it may be closed all around, or have draped sections at sides.

7858—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 44-inch navy blue serge—9½ yards braid. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. This frock of blue serge shows the new long-waisted effect. The center-front and back of the waist are in panel style, extending up to form a deep yoke. Under the girdle is joined a three-piece side-plaited skirt with straight lower edge. The waist closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front, and three-quarter length sleeves with turn-back cuffs may replace the long ones.

7872—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 7886—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 36-inch printed voile—1 yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—3 yards filet lace—⅜ yard 27-inch taffeta for girdle—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Figured and printed voile and Georgette crêpes are among the most attractive of the Summer materials, and are very fashionable for afternoon frocks. Daintiness is given to this model, which is very becoming to stout women, by the trimming of filet lace banding and white Georgette. The blouse is open in front to show an inset vest with V or square neck. Two styles of collars are provided, and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length. The blouse closes at the side-front, and is mounted on a sleeveless underbody with high, square, or V neck. Very attractive in style is the skirt which displays the modish tunic to be made with a plaited apron panel front and back, or if preferred, the tunic may be introduced at the sides only omitting the plaited panel. The foundation skirt is a two-piece gathered model closing at left side-front.



7743 — Ladies' Tunic Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch tan voile—⅝ yard 27-inch white voile for collar and cuffs. No. 7688—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch voile. Width at lower edge, about 1⅞ yard. Long graceful lines are given to this frock of pale tan voile by the tunic which is attached to the blouse under the cord girdle. It is plaited in front below a square yoke, and for the long gathered sleeves with deep cuffs, flowing sleeves in three-quarter length may be substituted. The tunic may be made with irregular or straight around lower edge. It is worn over a simple two-piece skirt closing at the left side seam, and with inserted or large hanging pockets. Coarse machine-stitching makes an attractive finish. This stitching should be done with coarse silk floss, and may be in the same shade as the tan voile of the dress, or it may be old blue, or rose-color. The thick silk cord girdle is a new suggestion, and is very attractive. It may be bought complete, or silk tassels may be sewed to silk cord.

7863—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅞ yard wide and 2¾ yards narrow filet lace—1½ yard velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. These redingote frocks work out very attractively in sheer fabrics like Georgette crêpe and chiffon voile. White Georgette crêpe is selected for this model with trimming of filet lace and black velvet ribbon. The waist opens in front over an inset vest with V neck, and a soft fulness is thrown over the bust by the gathers on the shoulders in front. Quite smart in style are the long sleeves gathered to deep cuffs, but for these may be substituted short sleeves with turn-back cuffs. Over the two-piece skirt which is gathered at the back, is arranged a tunic that forms an apron panel effect front and back. The skirt closes at left side seam.

7592—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch black Georgette crêpe—1¼ yard white lace—⅝ yard white Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for piping—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Into the armholes of the underbody the sleeves are sewed, and the blouse armholes are finished with a piping of satin. A band of white lace is applied to the underbody showing through the Georgette crêpe of the blouse.



7818—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch Poiret twill—3½ yards 36-inch taffeta—½ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The long lines of this frock of wool and taffeta adapt it particularly to the figure that is inclined to embonpoint. The tunic may be pointed or straight, and is mounted on a two-piece skirt closing at the left side seam.





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Quaintly Charming Frocks for Summer Social Functions



Dress 7698 — Dress 7902 Emb. 12461 — Dress 7625 — Dress 7576 Emb. 12377

Dress 7739 Emb. 12413

7739—Misses' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 44-inch white organdy—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 12413, blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents. Summer-time frocks will be largely of cotton fabrics, among which organdy holds first place for afternoon wear, in white or pastel colors. Very simple and girlish is this model with plain gathered collarless blouse closing at the back, and with long or short sleeves. The skirt is a one-piece gathered model. The gathered peplum sections may be omitted.



Dress 7695 — Dress 7883 — Dress 7648

7698—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6½ yards 36-inch plaid voile—1½ yard white voile—⅞ yard 36-inch net for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The tunic falling in deep points in front and shortening up toward the back is a most attractive feature of this charming frock of plaid voile. The waist closes on the shoulder and under the left arm, and is in jumper effect, worn over a front-closing underbody into the armholes of which the flowing sleeves are sewed. Another style of sleeve slashed at the elbow is provided in the pattern. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model with straight lower edge.

7902—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—6 yards wide, ⅞ yard narrow, filet lace banding—2 yards ribbon for girdle. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Embroidery on collar and cuffs No. 12461, blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents. For afternoon social functions Georgette crêpe frocks are highly favored in white, flesh-color, and biscuit, and filet lace makes a dainty trimming. The blouse is in jumper effect, closing at shoulder and underarm, and the flowing sleeves are sewed into large armholes. The back of the waist has extensions carried around in girdle effect in front. Attached to the front-closing underbody is the two-piece gathered skirt which closes at left side seam, and on this is mounted a one-piece gathered tunic.

7625—Misses' Evening Dress (20 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 44-inch organdy—2¾ yards wide and 4 yards narrow satin ribbon. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Charmingly youthful is this evening frock of lilac organdy with apron tunic over a draped skirt.

7576 — Misses' Evening Dress (20 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch organdy for skirt—¾ yard 36-inch satin for bodice and trimming—1¾ yard 10-inch lace for sleeves and shoulder draperies. Width at lower edge 2 yards. Embroidery No. 12377, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. The draped bodice of flesh-color satin gives a charming touch of color to this frock of white organdy, and the satin is used for the ruchings, the upper one in festoon style. No pattern for these.

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Just What Girls and Boys Need for Vacation Time



7419—Child's and Girls' Circular Cape. (15 cents). Six sizes, 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 44-inch check cloth—¾ yard 44-inch plain cloth for collar, revers, and belt—2⅞ yards 36-inch lining. Instead of the open neck and large collar illustrated, this cape may close to the neck with a standing collar as a finish.

7866 — Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch percale—¾ yard 36-inch linene for collar and trimming. Scallop No. 11854, blue or yellow transfer, 10 cents. The waist closes in front, the two-piece skirt at left side.

6069—Child's Overalls and Guimpe (15 cents). Seven sizes, 1 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste for guimpe—1¼ yard 36-inch galatea for overalls. The overalls close on the shoulder, and the guimpe sleeves may be long or short; the short sleeves with turn-back cuffs.

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Conservation and Education Were Outstanding Topics at Quebec Convention

The fifth annual convention of the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs met at Macdonald College on June 12th and 13th. Sixty-four members were in attendance, representing all but two of the thirty-seven clubs.

In the absence of Dr. Harrison at Petawawa, the delegates were welcomed by Prof. Lochhead, who said that he was glad to welcome them for two reasons at least; first, that they represented the new spirit in the progress of Quebec, and secondly, because of their potential power as an organization representing the rural women. He commended the clubs for their war work. One of the finest things in this war had been the service of women, who, in a spirit of self-effacement, had done wonderful service in every kind of work. He hoped that there might be some means of organization whereby the women of the towns might aid the rural women, bringing about a better understanding and raising the standards of living in both town and country.

Mrs. Yeats, of Dunham, replied to the address, and believed that the clubs were realizing more deeply the significance of their motto, "For Home and Country," and that not only in their more individual work as homemakers, but in the broader duties relating to the school and community, and now more particularly since the granting of the franchise, women must study and strive to prepare themselves for the great opportunities that were theirs.

Mrs. N. C. Macfarlane, demonstrator to the clubs, then read her report as follows:

The year 1917-18 has been for the Quebec Homemakers' Club one of marked activity and progress. The clubs recognize as never before the importance of their object, not only in respect to the home and community, but to that larger collection of homes and communities—the nation. "The object of the Homemakers' Clubs shall be to study the most scientific way of conducting home work in order to economize, strengthen and preserve the health of the family; to discuss the best expenditure of money in order to secure the highest conditions of home life; to provide better financial, social and intellectual advantages for farm boys and girls and yet keep them on the farm; to carry on any line of work which has for its object the welfare of home or community life."

In connection with the first clause of this object, the club members are making every effort consistent with doing their share of the necessary war work to become more thoroughly acquainted with the subjects of food and food preparation, the school lunch, sanitation, medical inspection, household financing and the better arrangement of work in order to save time and energy. The studies in respect to foods have been well supplemented with practical demonstrations, that on canning being especially appreciated, as a factor not only in preventing waste, but by insuring the housekeeper a means of having a supply of fresh fruits and vegetables throughout the year, a most important one in maintaining the health of the family.

To aid in the matter of food control, the secretaries of the clubs have been placed on the mailing list of the Canada Food Board, and all important items from the Canadian Food Bulletin are read and discussed by the clubs for the purpose of fulfilling the demands and requests of the office as intelligently as possible. When any announcement is not fully understood, the secretary is requested to write directly to the office for information. Constructive and not destructive criticism is the object of the clubs. Forty practical demonstrations on the making of meat and wheat substitutes were given to the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs and other organizations by Miss Babb, assistant demonstrator. From their previous studies along the lines of food and nutrition, the clubs were well prepared to use the advice and instruction given to the best advantage, and reports show that the demonstrations were of real help to the housekeepers in their efforts to aid in conservation and substitution. This year the clubs are planning a gardening campaign, from which we hope to hear results at the next convention.

The many applications for literature from the Circulating Library on the subject of household accounts proves that the second phase of our aim is not neglected and that we are awakening to our responsibilities as consumers. Let us repeat once more that it is more important to teach a woman how to spend a dollar wisely than to tell her to save it, for wise spending is the truest conservation, and we can only spend wisely when we have a knowledge of food values, textiles and household furnishings, nor should we neglect to make a comparison in our budget between the amount spent for material comforts and that spent for the higher things of life, such as education, both mental and spiritual, of the children of to-day, who are to be the citizens of to-morrow.

The School Fair work, which will in the long run greatly help to keep the boys and girls on the farms by arousing their interest in and creating a greater respect for the professions of homemaking and agriculture, received even more than its usual share of attention, many of the clubs assisting with the prize list and doing a great deal to encourage the children to exhibit at the fairs. The Macdonald College demonstrators to the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs, co-operating with the Government demonstrators and the Macdonald College demonstrators for rural schools, gave nearly four months of their time to this work. Sixty-eight practical demonstrations on bread-making, cake-making and canning were given in the schools at various centres throughout the province. The School Fair Cookery Bulletin was revised and a new edition published.

It is now three years since the Homemakers' Clubs in Pontiac County, believing that the girls should have an equal opportunity with the boys for instruction in school fair work, arranged that demonstrations be given in the schools. At that time very few fairs were held in the province, but the work has increased so rapidly that the demonstrators to the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs find that in the past year they have had to encroach on the time which should have been devoted to club work, and as both are of equal importance, we hope that sufficient help may be obtained to sustain each.

The Travelling Libraries established in October, 1914, were called in and checked over. No books were missing and no damage was done other than the ordinary wear and tear to either books or cases. The library records showed that in all 520 books had been loaned since that time to the members. We urge that clubs which have not already made use of the Travelling Library should place their names without delay on the waiting list. These libraries contain the standard works on household science subjects and every homemaker should make an effort to do some reading along these lines every year. We note with pleasure that the clubs at Stark's Corners and Wyman are starting libraries for the use of their own clubs. We suggest that they arrange to have their librarian's name on the mailing list of the Publication Departments at Washington and Ottawa, in order that they may receive the list of monthly publications and add to their library anything which may be of value to them. Many of these bulletins are inexpensive, and contain a vast amount of information in an easily digested form.

The reports of the respective clubs show no diminution of effort in regard to Red Cross and other patriotic endeavors. The value of the work done, together with the amount of money contributed, represents a total well over $4,000.00. Despite the deep gloom of the war cloud, when one reads a report showing how a small group of a dozen or more busy rural women, who rise with the sun and cease not their labors until long after its going down, have raised two hundred dollars for Red Cross purposes and knit numerous pairs of socks as well, it is impossible not to see the silver lining. One sees a vision of days after the war, when this same spirit of patriotism will be directed toward the improvement of the schools and other essentials to the welfare of the rural community.

Last year an appeal was made that an effort be put forth to induce every woman in each vicinity where there was already a club to become a member and thus declare herself an ally of those who had banded themselves together under the motto, "For Home and Country" The reports show an increase in membership of 210, but there is still much to be done. We recommend that the clubs make a list of the women in their respective districts, in order that they may keep before them a constant appeal for their help and support in this work. The aim of our society is such that, if fully understood, no woman in any district can afford to do without us, nor can we afford to do without her. It was also advised that at least two meetings a year be devoted to subjects relating to education, that the men of the community be invited to attend and, whenever possible, leading educationists be invited to address these meetings. The reports show that there has been a great deal more co-operation between the men and women in the rural work, but very little was reported in respect to meetings suggested.



BINBROOK, ONTARIO, WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

This Institute has adopted a Belgian child, and is keeping two prisoners of war in addition to the regular Red Cross and patriotic work.

Owing to pressure of work due to war conditions and the increase of School Fair projects, no organization work could be planned by the demonstrator, and the five new clubs organized this year owe their existence largely to the efforts of individual club officers and others interested in rural work, who succeeded in interesting the women of these districts to the extent of calling a meeting, at which the demonstrator and the officers of leading clubs were given an opportunity to present the aims of the organization.

In this coming year we feel that considerable time must be set aside for further organization. In the opening years of the war, Red Cross and other obvious forms of patriotic work absorbed the attention of people so completely that for a time it was almost forgotten that the Homemakers' aims were as truly patriotic as those of any other society. Our efforts along this line usually met with the remark: "Oh, the war will soon be over, and then we shall concentrate our efforts on the home and community." But the war has gone on, and the events of the past year have made it plain to the most skeptical that the homemaker has a large, distinct and important part to play in deciding the issue of this great struggle. The three important factors in the winning of this war are man-power, sufficient food, and money. In these days of conservation of food, clothing, everything, in fact, that will provide for our armies overseas and money to buy Victory Bonds, the nation turns to the homemaker. She is ready and eager to do her part, but alas she has been untrained for her profession. In the majority of cases she knows as little of food values as the clerk from the store knew about military drill. When the civilian is asked to serve his country in the capacity of a soldier, he is put under competent officers and thoroughly drilled for his work. Is it demanding too much that in future our homemakers be drilled for their work—the homemakers who have in their charge the army of the coming generation, whose duty it is to build up a strong and united Empire? In the meantime we have organizations such as the Homemakers' Clubs, upheld and supported by the Schools of Household Science. With these clubs it should be a matter of duty to extend their influence and do all possible to assist the homemakers of the Province.

The problems of homemaking, which involve all the important questions relating to conservation to-day, were studied by our clubs and similar organizations in other provinces before the demands of the war made food control necessary. As a natural result, we were already prepared to co-operate in a practical way with the authorities of the Food Board.

Here in our Province the Homemakers' Clubs were the first organizations to receive practical demonstrations on school lunches; one of the most important types of conservation, viz., conserving the health of the child; the canning of fruits and vegetables and the making of meat and wheat sub-

(*Continued on following page.*)

Canadian Women's Institutes

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

stitutes, the last named being put on even before the Food Pledge Cards were issued. All this is not merely for the sake of idle boasting, but that we should truly appreciate the work we are doing and its place in the making of the nation. In these days of stress and mighty endeavor, we, as an organization, should not fail to play our part. It is requested that every club make itself responsible for one organization meeting, and arrangements be made for such as early in the year as possible.

The Homemakers' Clubs' petition to the Government requesting a yearly grant was presented again this year by Mr. William Hodgins, member for Pontiac County. Letters were sent to the representatives in the counties in which we have organized, requesting their support for this petition. Encouraging replies were received from Messrs. Hay, Vilas, Mercier and Bissonette. The Minister of Agriculture has offered us a grant of ten dollars to each County Executive, but for this year only on receipt of a short report. This grant, though not as much as we hoped for, is encouraging, inasmuch as it shows recognition of our object on the part of the Government. Our progress toward a permanent provincial grant seems slow, but if we continue to do good work, our efforts will, I am sure, ultimately bring us success.

Last year we bade good-bye to Miss Fisher as head of the School of Household Science. This year we greet Miss Hill, who takes, as you may see, the same deep interest in our welfare as her predecessor, often sparing members of her staff to assist in the work.

Since our convention was held last June the franchise has been granted to the women of Canada. The rules of the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs forbid the discussion of religion and politics from the narrow standpoint of creed and party, and we are determined to stand by this rule, but the leaders are fully awake to the grave responsibility involved in this new order and shall endeavor to meet it by preparing studies along general lines of Civics and Government.

The first address of the afternoon was given by Miss Robina Stewart, R.N., Johns Hopkins, who read a paper on the "Conservation of the Child." Miss Stewart, from her wide experience, gave much valuable information in relation to the child welfare movement, its importance and its methods of work, following this with practical advice in regard to the necessity for the care of young children. The delegates felt that they had gained many new ideas in regard to this matter of such vital interest.

The next speaker was Mr. Desilets, of the Department of Agriculture, Quebec, who explained the work of the Cercles de Fermieres, the organization among the French-speaking women corresponding to the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs. It was felt that the aims and work of the two organizations were practically identical, and that much could be gained by each from a better mutual knowledge and co-operation. Both Mr. Desilets and Mlle. Anctil, of the Montreal French Technical School, who followed with further explanations, expressed their desire and hope that such co-operation could be brought about.

At the evening session Prof. McCready, of the Resources Committee of Ontario, spoke on "Education for Country Life." He believed that the reason the educational system of to-day was unsuited to the rural districts was because the people there did not demand a better one. He stated the probable reasons for this apparent indifference, and proceeded to outline a form of education, both for the one-teacher school and for the more desirable consolidated school, which he believed would meet the rural need, and urged the clubs to do all in their power to improve their school conditions. A brief discussion followed, led by Miss Drummond, of the Macdonald College High School.

After the session, Miss Hill held a reception for the delegates and members of the staff in the Main Apartment, where a pleasant social time was enjoyed and refreshments served by the graduating class in Household Science.

The following day, in Room 117, Miss Zollman gave a very practical and much-appreciated talk and demonstration on Dressmaking and Remodelling, showing how to choose and alter patterns, test and prepare materials, cut, construct and fit garments, afterwards giving many valuable hints on combinations and adaptations in the remodelling of old garments.

The members then proceeded to Room 101, where Miss Kirby illustrated in a very capable way the prescrvation of fruits and vegetables by demonstrating the canning of beans, beets, tomatoes and rhubarb. Methods of drying were also clearly explained, and a number of samples of canned and dried products were on exhibition.

Instead of proceeding to the dining-room for lunch, the members returned to Room 117, where the Household Science students had prepared for each a school lunch. Each delegate opened her package and spread out its contents, then went to a central table, where she was served with a cup of tea, which she took back to her place. This novel form of demonstration was apparently much enjoyed, and the lunches served seemed amply satisfying.

The afternoon session, in charge of Mrs. MacFarlane, was taken up with the discussion and passing of resolutions previously drawn up by the Provincial Executive and further reports of branch clubs, a number of members leaving the meeting early in order to visit the barns, where Prof. Barton conducted them through to see the cows at milking time and to visit the horse stables and the piggery.

The last session was held in the Assembly Hall in the evening. Mrs. MacFarlane introduced Miss Canon, of Cornell University, who has charge of the rural study clubs of New York State. Miss Canon outlined the growth and work of these clubs, whose organization is similar to that of the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs. The special work done by the study clubs during the war was explained and the fact emphasized that, because they were organized and had previously studied household problems, they were ready to act effectively when the emergency arose.

Miss Hill, in giving a resume of the convention, spoke of the way in which the two leading topics, Conservation and Education, had been carried out, and touched briefly on the main thoughts of the different speakers. She then dwelt on the oustanding features of the convention as it had appeared to her from listening to the addresses and reports, and said she felt that throughout it all ran the keynote of co-operation and a community spirit which showed itself in the work done in the past and planned for the future "for Home and Country."

Food Conservation.

Literature published by the Canada Food Board was sent to many of the secretaries of Ontario Branch Institutes, where summer meetings were held, for distribution to those in attendance. The chairman of the Board, Mr. H. B. Thomson, made a special appeal to the officers and members, quotations from which will be found below:

"On the occasion of your summer meeting, I want to thank you for your splendid co-operation with us and also to urge upon you the necessity for continued and even greater efforts than in the past. The food supply of our Allies is still dangerously low. Their cereal supplies are almost exhausted, and this continent has already shipped all its surplus. Amounts which will be available from more distant countries cannot possibly be large. Our own remaining supplies are small, and from them we must still share with our soldiers and Allies. The Mother Country and our Allies are also calling upon us for largely increased exports of meat, cheese, butter and other fats, and we must not fail them. The necessity for conservation is more urgent even than at any time heretofore. The next two months especially will be an exceedingly critical period, and we must do our utmost to support those who are 'bearing the brunt' of war sacrifices.

"In order to save wheat, the Canada Food Board has made arrangements for the milling of large quantities of corn flour, barley flour and other substitutes, and these are now available in ample quantities to meet domestic demands. No excuse should be accepted from dealers, because they can obtain plentiful supplies from the millers. The Women's Institutes can do more than almost any other agency in the Province to encourage the use of these substitutes. Fish, also, is available in large quantities if the demand for it can be so stimulated and organized as to make it practicable for local dealers to handle supplies of fish and offer them to consumers at only a moderate advance over wholesale cost.

"Another extremely important way in which the Women's Institutes can give invaluable leadership in rural communities is by encouraging utilization to the utmost extent of vegetable gardens. Great quantities of vegetables have been grown this year in all parts of Canada. These represent an important food resource, of which we should take the fullest possible advantage. As the fresh vegetables become available, they can be used in making a wide variety of appetizing, nutritious and healthful dishes. They are an important addition to our food supply, and their use will mean a large saving in those foods which are required overseas.

"The gardens will do much more than provide for present requirements. The surplus production should be canned, dried or stored, and thus made available during the fall and winter months. By so doing, every housewife can contribute to the attainment of the final victory. This work should be promoted and encouraged by Institute workers. There are many other ways in which you can help, but these will vary in different places, and your own organization can find many opportunities for food service.

"Co-operation of the organized women of Canada is required to-day as at no other time in our history. This is a time when the woman in the home can do vital war service. Well-fed soldiers will win the war. Such is our slogan. Let us see that provision is made to the limit of our power for feeding not only our soldiers, but also our civilian Allies overseas."

ONTARIO REPORTS.

Extract from a report of the clinic held under the auspices of the Emo Women's Institute, following medical inspection conducted by Dr. MacKenzie Smith, of the Women's Institute Branch:

"The good done by the clinic cannot be expressed in words when we consider the amount of suffering the thirty-seven children operated on have been saved from. I have asked a number of mothers about their children since the operations, and the answer invariably is: 'He seems a different child.' No sore throats and no colds. We had no trouble conducting our clinic, and not one patient gave us an anxious moment after the operation.

"Again thanking you, I am,

"Yours respectfully,

"MRS. GEO. A. LOCKING."

The Zurich Institute is planning some special work along the line of school improvements. The members are striving to make the school a more home-like place, considering the fact that so much of their children's time is spent in the school.

North Bruce Women's Institute Meeting a Big Success.

At the annual meeting thirty-eight representatives were present from the different Branches in the District, with the exception of the Branch at Tobermory. The reports were one and all exceedingly good. Of course, patriotic work was predominant, being naturally the first care of the women, but they showed their earnestness of effort and willingness by giving a good deal of attention to other matters, such as food conservation, medical inspection in the school, school gardens, libraries, etc. It would take too long to give a report of all the activities.

Our Lion's Head Branch had the best financial report. The president, Mrs. Hacking, stated that they make a systematic canvass each month of residents of the town for Belgian Relief and Red Cross work. All lunches are cut out and all non-patriotic socials barred. Just lately they have been holding a series of meetings in the town hall, where addresses are given by persons who can authoritatively give information and answer questions called up by war-time problems, such as "Do the soldiers really get the socks?" This is a question often asked. The first meeting of this kind was so good the Institute was asked to "carry on," and addresses have been given on "Peace at the Present Time," "Salvage of War," and other subjects.

Spry Branch hit on a bright idea for beating the middle man out of his profit. They bought a fleece, and are having the wool made into yarn, which it is

(*Continued on page 35.*)



Begin the day with
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Its use permits the saving of other and more expensive foods.

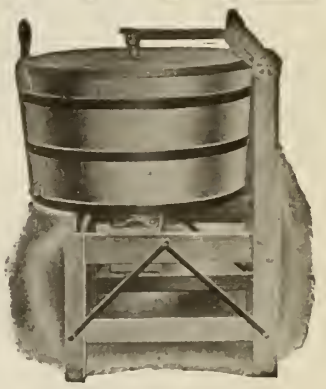
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Consolidated Financial Statement of the
National Council, Y.M.C.A. of Canada
CANADA - ENGLAND - FRANCE

The National Council of the Y.M.C.A. herewith presents a complete statement of its finances for the year 1917, covering its entire service Overseas and in Canada.

The Executive Committee of the Council arranged last November to have a complete statement for the year 1917 ready for publication before the recent Red Triangle Fund Campaign, but owing to conditions arising out of Military operations in France, this has been unavoidably delayed. It is presented now at the earliest date that existing conditions have permitted.

The portion of the following statement which concerns England and France has already been submitted to the Overseas Military authorities. Audited statements of the funds handled have been submitted to the Militia Department at Ottawa and for the past two years regular accounting has been made as well to the authorities in England and in France. In addition to the regular audit in France, the canteen business is checked every month by the Military Field Cashiers, to determine the amount which is paid to Military units as indicated in the Expenditures. Printed copies of the audited statements are posted up in the huts for the information of the soldiers.

The General Operation Account shows on the one hand the entire receipts of the National Council; first, from the gross sales of its Military canteens in Canada, England and France, and second, from subscriptions received during the year. On the other hand, there is shown the entire expenditures for the year, including, first, the cost of the goods sold in the canteens and, second, the expenditures connected with the entire service which is carried on under the direction of the National Council.

The Balance represents the excess of receipts over expenditures. Of this the sum of $118,351.43 was the balance at the National Headquarters at Toronto, and the remainder was Overseas. This balance at the end of the calendar year represents the amount available to carry on operations until the time of the campaign in 1918. While the financial statement is drawn up on the basis of the calendar year, the receipts from the campaign of one year have to serve until the campaign of the next year. The above balance at the National Headquarters was by April 30th, just before the new campaign, not only used up but changed to a deficit of $237,930.13. This deficit was, however, offset by the balance overseas, which has to be maintained there as a working balance to carry on operations.

The item of $240,524.86 is a special amount which had to be expended for the purchase of canteen and other supplies in Canada for shipment to France. Beginning with June, 1917, on account of the scarcity of supplies in Great Britain, much of the purchasing formerly done there had to be transferred to Canada. The long period of time required for the shipment of these supplies to France involves the continuous employment of a large sum. The amount expended for this purpose, as at December 31st, has had to be treated as an expenditure and placed in a Reserve Account against the merchandise in hand. It is, however, a possible asset and will, when realized upon, be devoted to other forms of service to the soldiers, when it is no longer required to maintain the canteen service in France.

It was possible to provide for this expenditure only because the amount asked by the National Council in 1917 was oversubscribed by more than the amount required just at the time the Canadian Purchasing had to be undertaken. But for this it would have been necessary either to borrow this large amount or greatly curtail the service in France.

It is to be remembered that the goods at the front in France, where the greater part of the stock is carried, are subject to enormous risks. The English Y.M.C.A. in the German offensive of March and April suffered losses in huts and canteen supplies of nearly One Million Dollars. In the more recent offensive the American Y.M.C.A. has suffered losses nearly as large, and the National Executive have deemed it a matter of prudence to be prepared to meet a similar loss if it should fall on the Canadian Y.M.C.A.

The National Council has from the first declared the policy of devoting to the service of the soldiers whatever balance remains in the Military Fund at the close of the war. This policy has been made known to and accepted by the Overseas Military authorities. The need for the Y.M.C.A. service will continue all through the period of demobilization and the plan of the National Council is to use whatever balance then exists to keep up the efficiency of the service to the soldiers during that important period.

The National Council of the Y.M.C.A., under which the Military Work is conducted, is a representative body of the various Y.M.C.A.'s throughout Canada, but it has no authority over or financial responsibility for any local branch. The funds which it handles have no connection with those of any local branch of the regular Y.M.C.A. It wishes to make clear, therefore, that the funds which are acquired in or subscribed for the Y.M.C.A. Military Work have not been and will not be used in connection with the regular work of any of these branches, but will, according to the policy already announced, be kept in the Military Work and devoted exclusively to the service of soldiers.

The service represented in the expenditures of the accompanying statement covered at the opening of the present year, 96 centres of operation in France and 76 in England, including all regular camps and units, base camps, convalescent camps, hospitals, railway troops, cavalry, London and Paris, and forestry units from the north of Scotland to the south of France.

There were on the Overseas staff 133 Secretaries carrying honorary commissions, 50 of whom were at the expense of the Y.M.C.A. for pay and allowances and the remainder at the expense of the Government. There are also a considerable number of other ranks, non-commissioned officers and men, detailed to the Y.M.C.A. staff by the Military authorities. A number of these, who are given non-commissioned rank because of special responsibility, are at the expense of the Y.M.C.A. for the extra pay over that of their regular rank. Civilian help is also employed where required and where circumstances permit.

In Canada the soldiers are served in 38 centres, including camps, barracks, Red Triangle Clubs, hospitals, naval stations and on troop trains. This has required approximately 100 Secretaries, who work on a civilian basis and are entirely at Y.M.C.A. expense. There is also required a considerable staff of employed helpers, exclusive of the committees of ladies who render their service free.

The scope and variety of the entire service, in so far as expenditures can reveal them, are indicated in the accompanying statement.

Signed on behalf of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.

G. H. WOOD,
Chairman.

F. L. RATCLIFF,
Chairman of Finance Com.

CHAS. W. BISHOP,
General Secretary.

General Operations for the Year ended 31st December, 1917

RECEIPTS

Operating Balances brought forward from 1916:—		
(a) At National Headquarters	$ 6,730.22	
(b) In England and France	59,963.43	
		$ 66,693.65
Remittances from Canada in 1916 received Overseas in 1917		123,606.67
Gross Canteen Sales:		
In Canada	153,544.03	
In England	594,263.21	
In France	2,233,990.09	
		2,981,797.33
Subscriptions received in Canada:		
Ontario and Quebec	765,227.55	
Western Provinces	226,826.16	
Maritime Provinces	134,736.48	
Interest earned	4,601.42	
		1,131,391.61
Subscriptions received Overseas:		
France	14,328.93	
England	3,821.42	
Interest earned	2,397.74	
		20,548.09
Adjustment of Exchange between Canada, England and France		5,716.62
		4,329,853.97

EXPENDITURES

	Canada	England	France	Total
Cost of Goods sold in Canteens	$ 103,683.67	$462,890.46	$1,801,912.22	$2,368,486.35
Transportation and Transport Equipment for Canteen Goods	.....	7,753.96	13,168.72	20,922.68
Loss from Damaged Goods, Fire, Shell Fire and Submarines	.....	.....	33,386.01	33,386.01
Canteen Equipment	2,131.25	15,202.21	14,159.95	31,493.41
Administration of Canteen Service, including Warehouse expenses	7,214.45	2,340.44	8,058.12	17,613.01
Huts, Hut Equipment, Tents and Decorations	18,312.80	103,418.29	121,031.11	242,762.20
Percentage of Canteen Sales given in Cash to Military Units for Extra Rations, Comforts, etc.	.....	.....	71,587.28	71,587.28
Free Distribution of Drinks, etc., including Service to Wounded	.....	.....	84,807.08	84,807.08
Free Distribution of Athletic Supplies and Prizes	.....	12,179.31	39,509.20	51,688.51
Free Distribution of Stationery, Magazines, Religious and other Literature	9,009.45	24,103.92	37,061.81	70,175.18
Free Cinemas, Concerts, Lectures, Pianos, Music and Gramophones	5,100.36	35,019.24	60,254.23	100,373.83
Automobile and Transport Equipment and Maintenance	1,925.85	8,700.35	23,189.34	33,815.54
Supervision of Military Camps (Canadian figures include Salaries)	14,456.66	4,043.29	.....	18,499.95
Administration Headquarters including Office Expenses (Canadian figures include Salaries)	14,106.52	8,777.40	4,544.82	27,428.74
Pay and allowances of Overseas Secretaries, not on Government pay; extra pay and rations of non-commissioned officers and men on Y.M.C.A. staff Overseas; wages and board of civilian help Overseas, and salaries of Secretaries in Military branches in Canada	40,976.68	47,640.03	33,509.54	122,126.25
Rents, Rates, Heating and Lighting	5,766.82	10,469.43	15,828.34	32,064.59
Office Equipment	.....	3,204.27	.....	3,204.27
General and Sundry Expenses including Travelling, Postages, Telephones, etc	16,913.78	7,333.03	2,731.65	26,978.46
Interest and Exchange	.....	.....	448.85	448.85
Information and Records	.....	874.41	.....	874.41
Educational Work	.....	7,532.69	.....	7,532.69
Hospitality League Work in London	.....	973.33	.....	973.33
Expenses of sending workers Overseas	5,327.60	.....	.....	5,327.60
Amount paid to the British Y.M.C.A. for work among Canadian Soldiers	.....	35,797.50	35,797.50	71,595.00
For work among troops in Mesopotamia	5,400.00	.....	.....	5,400.00
Cash paid in Canada for Purchases of Canteen and other supplies for France, still in transit	.....	.....	240,524.86	240,524.86
For work in Military Barracks, Hospitals, Discharge Depots, on Troop Trains, etc.:—				
In Ontario and Quebec	28,535.18	.....	.....	28,535.18
In Western Provinces	27,350.31	.....	.....	27,350.31
In Maritime Provinces	15,753.62	.....	.....	15,753.62
For work on Transports, in Munitions Plants and Internment Camps	14,463.25	.....	.....	14,463.25
Naval work at Halifax	9,640.04	.....	.....	9,640.04
For work with Boys on Farm Service	9,573.91	.....	.....	9,573.91
				$3,795,406.39
Advertising, Printing, Organization and Collection Expenses in connection with Financial Campaigns	.....	.....	.....	54,243.09
For General Work of National Council, part of which is Military Administration and the remainder National supervision of Territories, Boys' Work, Student, Industrial and Railroad Departments, funds for which were subscribed in conjunction with Military Funds by agreement of regular contributors	.....	.....	.....	64,155.62
Balance of Receipts and Expenditures carried forward to 1918, of which $118,351.43 was at the National Headquarters, Toronto	.....	.....	.....	415,848.87
				$4,329,653.97

AUDITOR'S CERTIFICATE

We have audited the books, vouchers and accounts of the National Council Headquarters at Toronto, and of the Central Territorial Division, for the year ended 31st December, 1917, and have been furnished with the audited statements of the Maritime and Western Divisions of the National Council for the same period. We have also been furnished with the Annual Statement for England for 1917, duly audited, and the Annual Statement for France for 1917 with the auditor's Certified Statement for the six months to June 30th. Owing, we understand, to Military restriction on civilian travel between England and France, it was impossible for the auditor to go to France and complete the audit to 31st December, 1917. We have agreed the Canadian and Overseas statements with the above General Statement, which combines them, and, according to the books and statements furnished, the above statement in our opinion, correctly sets forth the operations of the National Council at home and overseas.

Toronto, July 3rd, 1918.

OSCAR HUDSON & COMPANY,
Chartered Accountants.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(*Continued from page* 33.)

expected will not cost them more than about one-third the present price of yarn.

The Colpoy's and Mar Branches both had splendid patriotic work reports. The Colpoy's Bay Branch have sent socks and Christmas boxes to their boys, had concerts and bazaars for Red Cross, sewing class and lunches. Mar, besides knitting socks and sewing, have a mite box, sent Christmas boxes and contributed to the W.C.T.U. fund for hot chocolate for the firing line.

Patriotic Food Show at the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto.

The readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, who may attend the above Exhibition, should not omit a visit to the Patriotic Food Show Building. Food conservation and substitution are of vital importance to those who are serving their country in their own homes.

It will be of interest to know that Macdonald Institute, Guelph, has charge of the exhibit of fats, sugars, rations and also war breads; the Household Science Department of the Toronto University will demonstrate with fish; the Women's Institute Branch will have charge of the fruit and vegetable exhibits, where not only will the various ways of preparing vegetables be emphasized, but also the canning and drying of the same.

The demonstrators will be in their respective circles from 9 a.m. until 9 or 10 p.m., and information on the above mentioned exhibits may be obtained.

BRITISH COLUMBIA REPORT.

Surrey Institute Studies Bees.

On June 5th the members of the Surrey Institute met at Mr. Hugh's Apiary, where they enjoyed a demonstration on bee keeping. This is an industry peculiarly suited for women, and one which the majority of women who have attempted it have made a success. Certain sections of British Columbia are ideal for bee culture. It is, therefore, gratifying to see the proportion of Institutes that are bringing this industry to the front; no more patriotic action could be taken at the present time.

Kaslo listened to Mr. Keen, Speaker of the Provincial Legislature, on "Guardianship of Children and Minimum Wage for Women." Mrs. Norman gave a talk on "Canning and Preserving," Miss Hayes, "Strawberries, and How to Can Them."

Sooke met, and discussed "Home Canning." Canning clubs could be inaugurated in the districts to the great benefit of all. This is a line of work that the women's clubs of the United States have taken up to the mutual benefit of the country and city.

Tappen Women's Institute met on June 5th. Topics for discussion were: "British Columbia Laws." and "Some of the Little Things that Help to Build Character." The members of the Institute all over British Columbia are showing in no uncertain manner a determination to know and understand "Laws," and the object and result of "Laws."

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Every Mother, Wife, Daughter, Sister, Brother or Son

Should wear a Service Flag Pin and write letters on Service Flag Stationery.

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One Maple Leaf for each of your loved ones gone to serve for Home and Country.

Beautifully Enamelled Gold Outline Service Flag Pin, 50c.

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Order to-day from your dealer or write us direct.

Canadian Service Flag Company

57 Queen Street West, Toronto

Teaching Truths Concerning The Beginnings of Life

(Continued from page 12.)

a "mistake" as rapidly as possible. To guard little children from stories of wrong and horror by which they are terrified, or their minds fouled by adults or other children forms no small part of the parents' task.

We pass on from this to the methods of instruction of older boys and girls of the period of adolescence. With the development of their own bodies comes the application of the various truths you have been trying to teach them from Nature or in allegorical form. Let the application be made tenderly and beautifully; let it be in connection with flower-life, with color, and sunshine and gladness. Give to them the thought of fullness, of development and the greatness of the trust that God, their Father-Creator, has put into their keeping.

Then slowly and carefully, without shock or tale of horror, point out that from the beginning of the ages it has been the Arch Fiend's plan to spoil or destroy any or all of God's beautiful work, and against this, God's most beautiful thought, has he levied his most vigorous onslaughts. Show them how the breaking of law brings its own punishment, and the slighting of a trust is sin. Never let them have to say in awful bitterness of soul, as they view a broken, ruined life, when their years are but few, "This would never have happened if Mother and Father had taught me about such things, *but they did not, and I did not know.*"

There occur to me, as I write, several instances, and that these are personal experiences will possibly be forgiven me when I say that, as such, I can vouch for their absolute accuracy.

Many years ago, before the thought of studying medicine had come to me at all, I had the good fortune to read Dr. Mary Wood-Allen's little books, which are classics for this teaching. I was so glad to find someone who put into language the thought of the beauty of God's work for which I was trying so hard to find expression. Thus, when other girls but a few years younger came to me with their puzzling questions, I told them eagerly and as well as I could the story as it had come to me, always in connection with flower life and beauty.

I count it among my great blessings to have had some of these girls come back to me in later years. Three of them, now happy married women, have at different times said to me somewhat as follows: One said, "I never think of the birth of a baby or of marriage relations except in connection with a flower; you told me about it that way, you know." Another, a trained nurse before her marriage, said: "I can see you yet, sitting there with a flower in your hand, explaining things to me, and then warning me so earnestly agaimst possible dangers I might meet."

The third is a mother of a number of children. All may be called "better babies," because each was deliberately planned for and greatly desired.

One day, in chatting to her, remembering that she had been a motherless girl, I said: "How did you ever get such sane ideas about all these things?" She turned a pair of surprised eyes on me. "Why, you told me all I ever knew about them." "I! Why, my dear, how could I have told you, when I did not then know myself?" "Not the actual facts," she replied, "but you *set my thought in that direction,* and the rest was easy to follow out."

That is it—the thought set in the right direction, and all is well. And, oh, my readers, wasn't it worth while? It was unpopular then, and rather peculiar, but even that was of no moment when one considers the harvesting.

The books written by Dr. Wimfield S. Hall are cheap, simple, scientifically true and adapted to all ages:

"The Mother's Reply," "An Open Letter to Parents"—For mothers of young children.

"The Doctor's Daughter," "Life's Story"—Young girls.

"Life Problems"—Older girls and young women.

"John's Vacation," "Strength of Ten"—Young boys.

"Chums"—Older boys and young men.

"Sex Hygiene"—Parents and adults.

Smoked Glasses

(Continued from page 10.)

dinner and when you weren't here by ten o'clock and there was no message I began to get worried."

"No message!" interjected her husband. "But I left a letter with Julia. She knew that I went to consult with Dr. Ryall."

"Then why didn't she tell me?" besought Jeanette, piteously. "She just hinted things and we found that you had taken your bag and that Dr. Oswald had your practice and I remembered what you had said about going to the front and we thought that you had gone there and were never coming back. We decided not to tell anyone, not even father and mother, for a week, but just to say that you were away on business and if there was no word by that time ——" she broke down again.

Evan was still too bewildered for more than an inarticulate murmur.

"You may go now and I'll bid you Godspeed." Jeanette consented, dabbling her eyes with a crumpled ball of wet linen. "I realized the truth as I lay awake in the dark. I would have given worlds for the touch of your hand." She took it up now and pressed it against her wet cheek. "Or even for the memory of a farewell unshadowed by anything except the sorrow of parting. Perhaps God will be good and send you back to us. But if it is necessary that you sacrifice your life for the greater good——

"I've been reading and I know that many a life is saved and many a boy kept from becoming a permanent cripple, because the surgeon is on the spot and has the nerve and the skill to act quickly. You may be instrumental in sending hundreds of other men back to waiting wives and mothers and babies even if you never come home to us. I dreamed last night of the boys who were undergoing operations without chloroform . . . and who were calling for their mothers . . . over in those hospitals which are so close to the firing line that no woman is permitted to enter."

"I can't understand Julia," ejaculated Evan, with a guilty fear that he *did* understand. "I'd like to shake the little wretch. You must have been in torment for a week while I was—"

"Some surgeons use the knife for cancer instead of permitting the victim to suffer for years," observed a cool, clear voice at the doorway. "This seems to be the proper cue for the entrance of the heartless and designing maiden." Julia's burnished hair was wind-tossed and her cheeks glowed from vigorous outdoor exercise. "Come on, Witch Marian," she added to the wee mite by her side. "Run and hug papa and then aunty will tell you a fairy story."

Papa, returned, had charms, but one of aunty's fairy stories would have demoralized the following of the Pied Piper himself. Julia ignored the fusillade of questions and accusations which were hurled in her direction and calmly extended her arms to the child.

"Once upon a time, Witch Marian—" the voice was low and musical, but there was a penetrating quality about it which made it perfectly audible above the exasperated voices of the other two. Evan saw that he must listen or resort to physical violence. He chose the former alternative.

"There lived a grey fairy and a green fairy and several pretty little rainbow fairies," the tale continued. "Now the grey fairy was once a beautiful sea shell pink fairy, but when all of the little rainbow fairies came and when she found herself in her own little house o' dreams she was so busy that she neglected her own gossamer soul dress and it became drabbled and soiled. Then she was the grey fairy."

Jeanette was listening intently.

"The green fairy was the grey fairy's sister," the voice crooned on. "She was just the naughtiest fairy ever! She

(Continued on following page.)

Set The Pace In Your Own Home Town

(*Continued from page* 13.)

of Hearts and the following jingle used on a poster:

"The Queen of Hearts she made some cakes
All in a war-time day,
The Knave of Hearts he thought those cakes
Fit to steal away.

Won't You Come and Steal Away One of Our War-Time Cakes?

"In return for which we will steal away a few of your pennies to help—" (name of cause for which sale is being given).

The Candy Booths.

Without any decoration the candy booth is, of course, attractive to the children. Nevertheless let us trim it up a bit. Popcorn balls hung by bright colored ribbons are appropriate for this table inasmuch as we are urged to use corn instead of flour, and molasses instead of cane sugar. At each corner of the booth place tins of corn syrup and honey—(these being advocated as the best of substitutes for sugar). The recipes of war-time candies are easily obtained either from the various magazines or from the Educational Department of the Food Board at Ottawa. All lovers of chocolate will be glad to know that there is plenty of chocolate and cocoa, and we are urged by the Government to use more freely this nutritious food. The chief change in our war-time candy is, instead of chocolate cream to have centres of dates, cherry, nut, etc. Therefore, the following lines are suggested for the chocolate poster:

Give me quick a chocolate cream, that's what I used to scream,
But give me now a chocolate nut and sweetly then I'll beam.

The following is suggested for the molasses poster:

Molasses candy is sticky and good, molasses candy is yellow
Molasses candy is best of the bunch, fit for a good little fellow.

The Pie Booth.

The only difference that one can really make between war-time pies and peace-time pies is in the matter of crust. For instance, serve a deep apple pie instead of an ordinary pie and sell custard, lemon, etc., pies. Really the best way to do with pie is to substitute and use puddings made with bread crumbs, and what is really better than a "Brown Betty Pudding"? While these puddings could hardly be sold at a bazaar still the housewives of the community will be able to make dishes appropriate for the table and the follcwing poster could be used:

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his war-time pie,
He took one bite as if by right, and said: "What a good boy am I."

Many attractive decorations could be used for this table.

War Ditties for the Little People.

Now let us come to an interesting booth where are sold little booklets, "War Ditties for Children," and a booklet of war-time recipes. If you have a branch of Girl Guides in your district you might get them to compile these booklets.

The best way to present this to them would be to have a competition between the different patrols, awarding the prize to the patrol handing in the best recipes. The captain and the patrol leaders between them can design and make the appearance as attractive as possible. If you have no Girl Guid s in your district, this is a form of patriotic work which would probably appeal to any group of girls.

Appropriate sayings or verses can be scattered throughout the book, as, for instance, in the "Hints on Gardening" section: "Live close to Nature for great content."

Our "War Ditties for Children" we must make just a dear little book, for which you would gladly part with at least fifteen cents. It would hardly pay, of course, to have these little books printed, but perhaps you could get someone who would be generous with his time to typewrite them off; and if the girls are still good-natured, they could help to make attractive little covers, as well as help to compile the jingles.

Please, dear reader, do not smile at our samples for these ditties, for the writer does not come from a poetical family, but we feel sure that when you make up the real book you will be able to think out better verses yourself. The following is merely suggested to put on the poster for the booth at which these little books are to be sold:

Jingles, jingles to the children tell;
It honestly will help grim hunger to quell.

"War Ditties for Children" Sold Here.

Needless to say, we will jot down only a few ditties, but the verses given for the various posters, especially the ones for the candy, might also be used.

A Song of Bread.

Mary, Mary, do you always eat *white* bread?
Ask your daddy to buy for you *brown* bread instead.

Wishing.

I wish I had a sugar mountain ever so high,
Filled with all the goodies for which children sigh;
And I wish somewhere I'd find a whole pile of ships,
Or perhaps I'd whittle them from bamboo chips.

Then with you I'd take a trip across the deep, blue sea,
And say to French children, "These cakes are from me;
I've far more to eat than is good for me, they say,
So let's 'divvy up' and hold old Bill at bay."

Now, dear reader, what are you going to do about this war-time sale of cooking? Will you not take the initiative in your district, or if you have neither the time nor strength to do it yourself, interest some friend who has, and make the conserving of food *attractive* as well as practical. You know from your own experience that if a thing becomes stylish, so to speak, the rank and file of people will fall into it quicker and with more spirit than if they read volumes of books on the same subject or listened to the most oratorical of speeches. Make it "the thing" in your district to serve unfrosted cakes and war-time candies only. We emphasize again—make it stylish.

The old saying is still true that "great oaks from little acorns grow," and small ideas sown here and there through rural communities (for of such communities is Canada largely composed) will soon mount up to a mighty wave which will sweep from "the Atlantic to the Pacific"; and surely every housewife wishes to be riding upon the crest of that wave, holding firm over her heart, for the sake of her boys in France, her merit badge of a "Soldier of the Kitchen."

Smoked Glasses

(Continued from preceding page.)

was always playing pranks and pulling curls and getting into all sorts of mischief.

"There was a king fairy, too, with a heart of gold. But the grey fairy had forgotten that he was a king. She couldn't see his heart nor his crown. Nothing but his everyday. brown robe."

"Was there a dragon?" demanded Witch Marian, wriggling onto her knees and putting both dimpled hands on aunty's shoulders.

"Yes, and he was such a funny dragon," twinkled Julia. "He had a queer name, too. He was called the Dragon of Domestic Dullness. 'Course you never heard that name before. And

(*Continued on page* 41.)

AN IDEAL SUMMER OUTING.

The Provincial Government of Ontario earned the gratitude of all lovers of out-of-doors when it set apart, in 1893, nearly two million acres of heavily timbered land starred with beautiful lakes and winding streams, as a preserve for the wild things and a recreation ground for the people. They called it Algonquin Park. Away up in the "Highlands of Ontario," 200 miles north of Toronto, 170 miles west of Ottawa, and two thousand feet above the level of the sea, this lovely region remains to-day unspoiled, a perfect refuge for the creatures of the forest, and an ideal camping ground for the sportsman and business man. The Grand Trunk operate hotel and log cabin camps, which offer first-class accommodation in this wild and rugged playground. Illustrated descriptive literature may be had for the asking. Write C. E. Horning, D.P.A., Toronto.



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All Druggists sell Vinolia Liril Soap 10c a cake

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Royal Vinolia Face Cream 25c and up.
Vinolia Face Powders 50c and up.

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Are a necessity for every Infant from the date of its birth

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The tapes, which are attached to the tabs front and back of the "M" bands, and go over the shoulder, carry all the strain of the diaper, absolutely preventing any stretching of the garment.

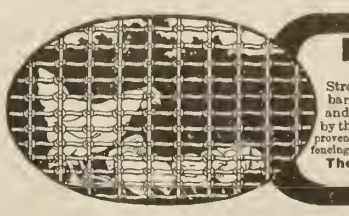
The diaper is pinned to the tabs, which not only provide a firm hold for the pin, but due to the support given by the tapes keep the diaper snugly in proper place, no matter how active the infant may be.

Put up in sanitary boxes in sets of three. Price $1.50 per box.

Sold by the best dry goods shops or direct by mail.

Send for a box to-day—giving age of Baby

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A Real Fence—Not Netting
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—and here is another economical hot weather delicacy by Mrs. Knox



Knox Butter Scotch Rice

Wash one-third cup rice and cook until nearly tender in a double boiler with two cups of milk, scalded, and one fourth teaspoonful salt. Meanwhile cook together in a shallow pan one cup of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter until it gets very dark brown, but not burnt. Add to this the rice and milk and finish cooking until the rice is tender and the carmmel melted. Soak one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water until it is softened and then dissolve it in one cup of hot milk. Strain into the cooked rice mixture and turn into a cold, wet mold.

MRS. KNOX'S Book on "Food Economy" contains many more delicious and inexpensive recipes for cool, summer dishes like the one above—most of them made from little odds and ends of meat, vegetables and fruit that are ordinarily thrown away She has prepared this book to help the patriotic housewife keep her pledge to Mr. Hoover and at the same time to serve low-cost foods that are appetizing and nutritious. Every recipe approved by the Food Administration. Send for a copy. Free for your dealer's name and address.

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Our Neighbors at The Tansy Patch

(Continued from page 18.)

It was war to the hilt between Granny and Salome from the start. Granny attacked first, without the slightest provocation. Salome had gone through the spruce wood to call the children home to dinner. Perhaps Granny found Salome's expression rather trying. Salome always did look very well satisfied with herself. At least, something about her seemed to grate on Granny's nerves.

"Yah!" she shrieked vindictively, "your grandfather hanged himself in his horsestable. Go home, jail-bird, go home."

Outraged Salome was too much overcome to attempt a reply. She came home almost in tears.

"Ma'am, my grandfathers both died most *respectable* deaths."

"You mustn't mind what Granny says, Salome," I said soothingly.

"Indeed, ma'am, nobody should mind what a lunatic says. But it is hard for a decent woman to have her grandfathers insulted. I do not mind the name she called me, ma'am, but she might respect the dead."

Granny respected nothing on earth. T. B. who, although he hated her, had a certain pride in her, told tales of her repartee. On one occasion a new minister had stopped on the road and accosted Granny over the fence. He was young and callow, and perhaps Granny's eyes disconcerted him, for he certainly worded his question rather inanely.

"Can you tell me, madam, where I am going?" he asked politely.

"How should I know where you are going, gosling?" retorted Granny. Then she had burst into a series of chuckles which had completed his discomfiture. The poor young man drove hastily away, crimson of face—"looking like thirty cents," declared T. B. with a relish.

On another occasion Granny routed an automobile. One, filled with gay hotel guests, had stopped at the gate. Its driver had intended to ask for some water, but Granny did not allow him to utter a word.

"Get out of this with your demon machine," she yelled. She caught up the nearest missile, which happened to be her dinner plate, and hurled it at him. It missed his face by a hair's breadth and landed squarely, grease and all, in a fashionable lady's silken lap. Granny followed this up by a series of fearsome yells and maledictions, of which the mildest were "May ye never have a night without a bad dream," and "May ye always be looking for something and never finding it," and—finally—"May ye all die to-night. I'll pray for it, that I will."

The dismayed driver got his car away as quickly as possible and Granny laughed loud and long.

"My old Granny's the limit," declared T. B.

If Joseph was Granny's favorite, poor Charity was her pet detestation. Charity was the oldest of the family; she was eighteen and a good-hearted, hard-working creature. Almost all the work that was done in that house was done by Charity. Consequently, she had little time for visiting, and her calls on us were few. She was a dark, rather stocky girl, but had her share of the family's good looks. She had dusky red cheeks and a very pretty red mouth. Granny vowed that Charity was "a born fool"; Charity was very far from being that, but she certainly did not possess very much "gumption," as Salome said. She had no taste in dress and went about one summer wearing an old rose gown with a bright scarlet hat.

"Oh, if only something would happen to one of them, ma'am, before they dislocate my eyes," groaned Salome.

One day something did happen. A glad Salome told us of it.

"Charity Conway won't wear that dress again, ma'am. Yesterday when she was going to church she found a nest of five eggs in the field. So she put them in the pocket of her petticoat and when she got to church she forgot all about them and sat down on them and the dress is ruined, ma'am. It is a good thing, but I am sorry for poor Charity, too, for Granny is mad at her and says she won't buy her another dress this summer."

PART II.

If Charity came to see us but seldom, Dorinda made up for it. Dorinda was a constant guest. Dorinda was sixteen and Dorinda wrote poetry—"bushels of it," so said T. B.

The first time Dorinda came she wanted to borrow some mutton tallow.

"I have chapped hands and I find it difficult to write poetry with chapped hands."

"I should think you would, miss," said Salome; but she got out the mutton tallow.

Dorinda bored us to death with her poetry. It really was the most awful trash. One line, however, in a poem which Dorinda addressed to the returned soldiers of the Boer War, always shone like a star in our family memory.

"Canada, like a maiden, welcomes back
her sons."

But Salome thought it wasn't quite decent!

"If there was only a wood-pool near here!" sighed Dorinda. "I can write my best only by a wood-pool."

"Why not try the pond?" suggested Salome.

"My Muse," said Dorinda, with dignity, "only inspires me by a wood pool."

I cannot remember the names of all Dorinda's poems. Some of them were, "Lines on a Birch Tree," "Lines to My Northern Birds," "A Romantic Tail," and "Lines Written on a Friend's Tansy Patch."

Dorinda was stout but very good-looking. She had magnificent hair—great masses of silky brown curls. She always dressed it beautifully, too. But, like all mortals, Dorinda was not satisfied.

"I wish I was sylph-like, Mrs. Bruce," she sighed. "A poetess should be sylph-like."

The relations between Dorinda and Aunt Lily were not as cordial as their common addiction to literary pursuits might pre-suppose. There was some antagonism between them, the cause of which we never knew. But it resulted in T. B. hating Dorinda with an unbrotherly hatred and deriding her poems unmercifully.

One little white blossom of pure affection bloomed in the arid desert of T. B.'s emotional life. He loved his Aunt. She sympathized with his pursuits and, in spite of her lackadaisical ways, was not afraid of his snakes. T. B. would not allow Granny to abuse Aunt Lily.

"How did you stop it?" queried Salome, anxiously.

"The first time she turned her tongue loose on Aunt Lily I went up to her and bit her," said T. B., coolly.

"You ought to bite her oftener," said Salome, vindictively.

"There ain't none of the rest of us worth standing up for," said T. B. "Granny's tough biting."

T. B. figured conspicuously in Aunt Lily's diary. She seemed to centre her maternal affection in him.

"I wish I could educate T. B.," she wrote, "but alas, I am poor. How bitter a thing is grinding poverty! My poor brother is a genius, but he makes no money. And I fear he will never find the treasure he seeketh. Like myself, he is misunderstood and unappreciated. My beloved T. B. lacks many things which should pertain to youth. I patched his best trousers to-day."

Many of T. B.'s speeches and exploits figured in the diary.

"For, perhaps, in spite of all, he may be famous some day," wrote Aunt Lily, "and then this neglected diary, written by a woman whose hopes in life have been blighted, will be of inestimable value to a biographer in search of material. I have noticed that the boyish pranks of great men are of surpassing interest. I could wish that T. B. used less slang. But English undefiled is seldom heard to-day. Alas, for it! I feel that T. B.'s association with the refined family who are now sojourning at the Tansy Patch may be of great help to him."

I don't know that we "helped" T. B. very much, but Salome tried to do him good in a spiritual way. She was much horrified to find that T. B. was a skeptic and prided himself on it. Accordingly, Salome took to lending him books and tracts and bribing him to read them, with doughnuts. One of them was the "Memoir of Susanna B. Morton"—an account of the life and early death of a child of extraordinary piety. Salome used to read it and weep over it Sunday afternoons. T. B. enjoyed the book, but scarcely, I fear, in the way Salome desired.

"Ain't Susanna a holy terror?" he would say to me with a grin. T. B. had a sense of humor and that book tickled it.

Una, too, told him sweetly that she meant to pray for him; but this roused T. B.'s dander instantly.

"You ain't! Don't you dast! I won't be prayed for," he shouted.

"Oh, T B., aren't you afraid of going to the bad place?" whispered poor Una, quite aghast.

"Nix on that"—contemptuously. "I don't believe there's any hell or heaven either. When you die that's the end of you."

"Wouldn't you like to go on living?" asked Dick, who enjoyed drawing T. B. out.

"Nope. There's no fun in it," said the youthful misanthrope. "Heaven's a dull place from all the accounts I've heard of it. I'd like a heaven full of snakes and ants and things, though. There'd be some sense in that kind."

"How are your ants coming on?" I queried.

T. B. was transformed in a moment. He sat up, eager, alert, bright-eyed.

"They're durned int'resting," he exclaimed. "I sat all day yesterday and watched their doings in that nest below the garden. Say, but they're quarrelsome little cusses—some of 'em like to start a fight 'thout any reason, far's I can see. And some of 'em are cowards. They gits so scared they just double theirselves up into a ball and let the other fellow bang 'em round. They won't put up no fight. Some of 'em are lazy and won't work. I've watched 'em shirking. And there was one ant died o' grief 'cause another ant got killed—wouldn't eat—wouldn't work—just died. Tell *you*, I wish humans was as interesting as ants. Well, so long. I must be gitting home to dinner."

Always in the winter, which we spent in our town home, the children kept up a correspondence with T. B. He wrote very interesting letters, too, allowing for eccentricities of grammar and spelling. Aunt Lily wrote me wondrous underlined epistles, full of sentiment, and Dorinda sent us a poem every week—on "Memories of Other Days" or some kindred subject. We often wondered what life must be in the house beyond the spruces in winter, when Granny must perforce be cooped up indoors. Salome shuddered over the thought of it.

It was not until our fourth and last summer at the Tansy Patch that we were ever asked to partake of a meal in the Conway establishment. One day, not long before our final departure, T. B. came over and gravely handed us a formal invitation, in Aunt Lily's handwriting, on a soiled, gilt-edged correspondence card. We were asked to supper the next evening at seven o'clock. Salome got one, too.

"Surely, ma'am, you'll never try to eat a meal in that house!" she exclaimed. "Why, I *have* heard that they've been known to mix up cakes *in the wash-pan*, ma'am. And remember the dog and the soup, ma'am."

"But they threw the soup out," said Una.

"I think Mr. Bruce and I must go," I said. "I do not want to hurt Aunt Lily's feelings. But you can please yourself about going, Salome."

Salome drew a deep breath.

"I'd rather go to supper with the king of the Cannibal islands, ma'am," she said. "But if you are determined to go, I'll go too, and we'll all be poisoned together."

I really believe Salome was curious. She wanted to see what sort of meal "them lunatics" would put up.

We all got a surprise. The Conway supper table was as pretty a one as I have ever sat down to. The linen was spotless. The china and silver old and good—evidently relics of Granny's palmy days. The decorations of ferns and wild flowers were charming, and the awful lamp, with its hideous red globe, which stood on a corner table, cast a very becoming rose-light over everything.

"You see, we can put on style when we want to," said T. B., slyly.

All the family were dressed up for the occasion. "Paw" in a dark suit and white shirt, was handsome and presentable. Aunt Lily for once had her hair done nicely and she and the girls, in their pretty muslins, looked quite charming. Even Granny had on a new black silk and a fresh cap; and, if she could only have held her tongue, might have passed for a decidedly handsome and aristocratic old dame. But that Granny could not do.

"I hope you've got more in your head than you carry on your face," she said when Dick was introduced.

Having said that, however, she behaved herself quite well during supper.

(Continued on following page.)

Our Neighbors at the Tansy Patch

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

The bill of fare presented to us was surprisingly good and—what was still more surprising—quite fashionable. Charity must have studied household magazines to some effect. Everything was so delicious that we could not but enjoy it—despite sundry disconcerting recollections of gossip concerning snakes and wash-pans. We had angel cake that night and, whatever it was mixed up in, it was toothsome. Salome, in particular, was much impressed by the "style" and menu. She never spoke quite so scornfully of them afterwards.

"They may be lunatics, ma'am," she said, as we went home. "But that silver was solid, ma'am, and that cloth was double damask and there was initials on the spoons; and when all's said and done, ma'am, there's *family* behind them whatever they've come to."

"I hope you got your craws full," was Granny's parting salutation.

We all noticed how pretty and chipper Aunt Lily was that night. She was quite bright and animated. The reason therefor was disclosed soon after when Aunt Lily informed us that she was going to be married. She was very well satisfied about it too, in spite of her tired heart and blighted life. We discovered that the bridegroom elect was a common-place farmer living near the hotel.

"He's no beauty," T. B., informed us, "and Granny twits Aunt Lily with it. But Aunt Lily says she'd marry him if he was as ugly as a gorilla because it is his soul she loves. I dunno nawthing about his soul, but he's got the dough and he's going to educate me. Aunt Lily told him she wouldn't have him if he didn't. I'm going to live with 'em, too. Say, won't I be glad to get away from Granny's tongue and Dorinda's poetry? It makes me feel young again."

"How on earth will that woman ever keep a house, ma'am?" said Salome. "I pity that poor man."

"He is very well able to keep a servant." I said, "and I have always had a suspicion that Aunt Lily is not by any means as die-away as her looks, Salome. The woman who arranged that supper table must have something of what you call 'gumption.' Anyhow, everybody is so well satisfied that it seems a pity to carp."

"Oh, I like the creature and I wish her well, ma'am," Salome rejoined, with a toss of her head. "And I'm glad poor T. B. is to have his chance. But say what you will, ma'am, George Black is marrying into a queer lot, and that is my final opinion, ma'am."

Aunt Lily meant to give up keeping a diary, so she informed me.

"I shall not need it," she said. "I can pour out my soul to my husband. I have put the past and all its sadness behind me. Will you help me select my bridal suit, Mrs. Bruce? I *did* want to be wedded in a sky-blue gown—the tint of God's own heaven, Mrs. Bruce. But George says he would like a plain dark suit better and I believe that a wife should reverence and obey her husband. I am no new woman, Mrs. Bruce, and I believe in the sacredness of the conjugal tie. The secret of life is devotion, Mrs. Bruce."

"I'm very glad you are taking T. B. with you," I said.

"I could not dream of leaving him behind, Mrs. Bruce. My heart is knit to his. I trust that in my home his surroundings will be more uplifting than they have hitherto been. In an atmosphere of calm and joy I feel sure that he will develop, Mrs. Bruce."

The next week Aunt Lily and T. B. went to the new atmosphere of calm and joy and we departed regretfully from the Tansy Patch. As we drove away in the still evening we heard "Paw" fiddling gloriously on his stoop; and as we turned the corner of the road and passed the house Granny shook her stick at us with a parting malediction.

"May yer potatoes always be rotten," she shrieked.

But—"Paw's" fiddle followed us further than Granny's howls, and our memories of our Tansy Patch neighbors were not unpleasant ones.

"When all is said and done, ma'am," was Salome's summing up, "them lunatics were interesting."

THE END.



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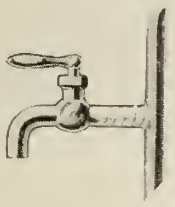
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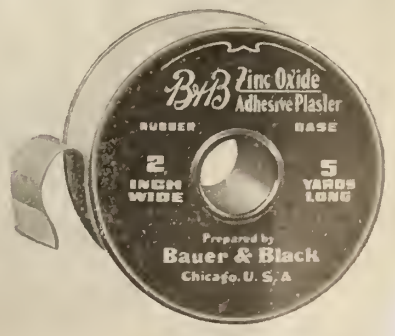
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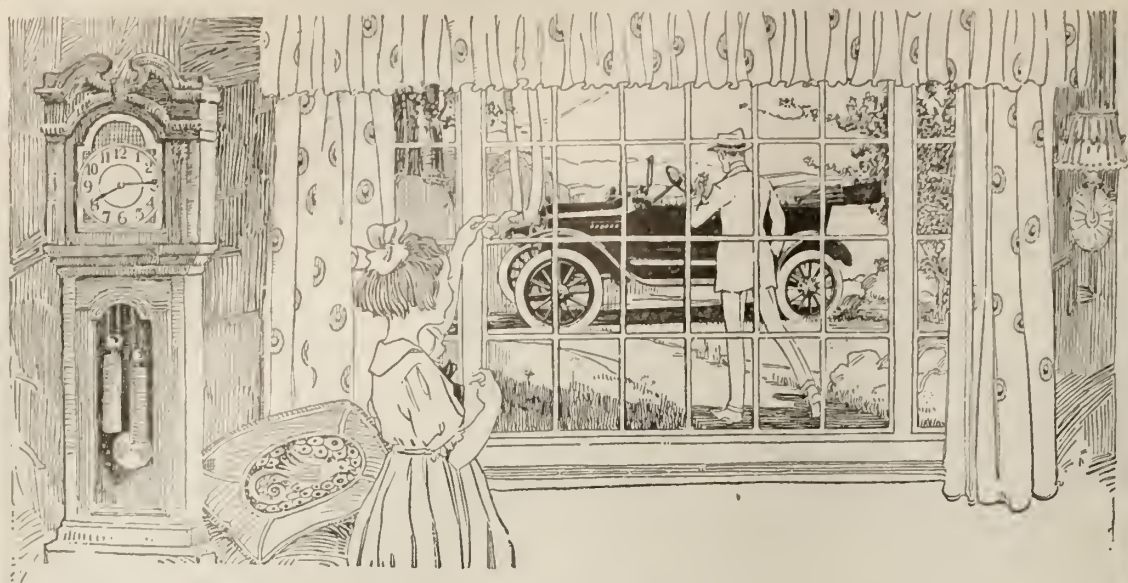
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TIME wasted on street cars and other ways by some men during the year would buy a Ford Car for them, figuring their time at its money value.

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Sit down and figure up what a Ford would save you in time and money, and even without considering the added comfort and convenience in your daily life, we believe you will be convinced that you should get your Ford without further delay.

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31

After The War—What?

(Continued from page 8.)

widows with poverty and low wages, and the like? (Surely reconstruction is needed here.)

Or we go into a court-room, and hear the judge and lawyers, and see the officers and the jury—all men; not a woman official, and never a woman called on the jury, even when the prisoner is a helpless woman accused of a crime in which she took part as the victim of a man who has escaped arrest and will never be even tried for his crime. But now we must turn around, get a new orientation on these problems, and do some social reconstructing here, for these problems concern the community—and women form half of every community.

Useless Judges and Officials.

Or we peer a little farther into the sacred mysteries of official life, and we find judges, court clerks, sheriffs, registrars, crown attorneys and a host of minor officials (this in Ontario at least) with so little to do, and costing so much in salaries and fees, that we wonder if the Provincial Government doesn't need a push or a pull around, so that they can get a new orientation, and perhaps do some useful reconstruction, and save a lot of money for the war-debts! Some of these county judges have so little to do that they get quite rusty in law matters, and rusty in temper as well. Why not bunch four or five counties in a group, and have one or two able-bodied and bright-brained judges who would go about to the towns and villages and hold court when cases require them? And as for the sheriffs, registrars and all the other officials, why not have a central office in the district formed by the group of counties, and man (or woman) it with enough officials to do the work well, and send the surplus officials off to dig, or plow, or make boots, or do something productive and useful to the community? Better still, why not set these well-informed and experienced officials to teach the older scholars in public and high schools the nature of our civil and social life and institutions, so as to give them broad ideas of citizenship? Also, why not get these officials to give public addresses on community life in its various phases, explaining the relation of the village or town to the county, and the county's relation to the Province, and the relation of the Province to the Dominion, and so on. Such officials would be the most competent persons to speak of these things from practical and official experience, and they would thus add interest and value to school and community life. The money now spent on them in salaries and fees would be productive in the most important sense by improving citizenship and social conditions in the community.

How to Develop Leaders.

Leaders are needed in every community; but leaders already exist, in the persons of the clergymen, doctors, lawyers, town and city officials, manufacturers, merchants, school-teachers, labor advocates, retired men and women who have had wide reading and experience of life. All these should be utilized for social instruction and guidance. Members of Provincial Legislatures and Dominion Parliament also should be leaders in all such matters as these; and if the people were really desirous of knowing about social, political, economic and other questions of direct concern to every community, they could obtain the services of these legislative leaders. By such activity, carried on in debating clubs, social centres, communities and groups, the people would have developed from among themselves men and women who could with profit handle any ordinary subject of discussion for the benefit of the public. Singing and dramatic representation of historical events, pageants of local interest, and all such forms of entertainment and enlightenment as could be utilized, would develop the talents of the community in a surprising manner, and bring about reconstruction and improvement on the safest and sanest possible lines.

Let us think reconstruction; let u desire it and determine on it, and l us begin to practise it in our own pe sons and circumstances, rememberi that a community, a city, a nation, t world, is made up of individual men a women, and the characteristics, a habits, the training, the ideals of on t,

(Continued on page 42.)

Monarch Floss

Write for Shade Card

THE good old-fashioned occupation of hand knitting is now enjoying an astonishing revival in popularity. Wherever you look you will see ladies busy with the knitting needles, producing socks and other comforts for the soldiers and innumerable articles for use in their own home circles.

And what occupation could be more suitable as a pastime than to knit, whether from motives of patriotism, economy, or both?

Almost limitless are the things you can make with a set of knitting needles and a few balls of the beautiful Monarch Floss.

This beautiful yarn—Monarch Floss—is a 2-ply yarn, made in our own plant by expert spinners from a very fine grade of Australian wool. It is uniform in size throughout every inch of its length and of a beautiful soft texture, giving the garments made from it a softness, elasticity and finish that you will be very proud of indeed.

Ask Your Dealer For Monarch Floss



Monarch Floss is Made in

30 SHADES

And put up in one-ounce balls. All good dealers carry a full range of this popular yarn. They can also supply you with "**Monarch Down.**" This is recommended where a heavier yarn than Monarch Floss is required. Like Monarch Floss, it comes in 30 shades, put up in convenient one-ounce balls.

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Old Dutch saves work, worry, time and money in the kitchen. Cleans all utensils quickly, thoroughly, hygienically.

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL





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WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Your Real Success In Life Is YOUR BABY

It is your baby who shall inherit the country our boys are redeeming and saving to-day, by dying for it. It is really for the baby that the war is being fought.

It is upon the baby of to-day that the great work of Reconstruction will fall, and we must see that they are prepared for the responsibilities.

No child can be mentally and morally strong who is not physically strong.

Are we giving the baby a fair chance? Surely not. Listen: In the Province of Ontario in 1916, 7,000 babies died under one year of age; 9,352 under five years of age.

A large number of babies die because their mothers do not know how to care for them, not because they do not love them.

The baby's chief needs are:

FARE, CARE and AIR

Fare: Your baby will have the best chance of living if breast fed. Nearly every mother can nurse her baby if she desires. Seven to ten times more "Bottle Babies" than "Breast Babies" die every year. Breast-fed babies can stand heat, sickness and dirt much better than "Bottle Babies."

Very often a baby's digestive organs are injured because the mother caters to the child's wishes rather than to the needs of the child.

A child will thrive on milk alone for the first twelve months.

Many babies cry from over-eating as well as from hunger. The following diets for various ages will be of value to mothers:

FROM THE BOTTLE TO TABLE FOOD.

Diet, 12-18 Months.

Note—All cereals to be used by children should be cooked for four hours; all vegetables for 30 minutes.

First meal, 6 a.m.—Milk, 8 to 10 ounces, and thick barley water. The juice of one-half and later of a whole orange may be given at 9 a.m.

Second meal, 10 a.m.—(1) Milk with stale bread.

Third meal, 2 p.m.—(1) Chicken broth, with stale bread broken in, (2) drink of warm milk if desired, stale bread.

Fourth meal, 6 p.m.—(1) Milk with stale bread.

Fifth meal, 10 p.m.—Milk, 8 to 10 ounces, and thick barley water, 2 ounces.

No bottles after the first year; drink milk from cup or glass. Use pasteurized or scalded milk.

Diet, 18-24 Months.

Breakfast, 7.30 a.m.—(1) Juice of whole sweet orange, (2) cereal cooked at least three hours, corn meal, sweetened (one-half to one teaspoonful of sugar), with milk. Glass of milk, warmed, with very stale and preferably dry bread.

Second meal, 11 a.m.—Glass of warmed milk with very stale bread.

Dinner, 2 p.m.—Choice of (1) one cup of broth or soup made of beef, and thickened with farina, (2) soft boiled or poached egg, one-half baked potato and glass of warmed milk. Dessert, stewed prunes.

Supper, 5.30 p.m.—Well cooked cereal with milk, glass of warmed milk, stale bread and milk.

Give at least four glasses of milk a day. No food between meals. Water several times a day.

Diet, 2-3 Years.

Breakfast, 7.30 a.m.—The juice of one sweet orange. A well cooked cereal, oatmeal, sweetened (one-half to one teaspoonful of sugar), poached egg with stale bread or toast. Glass of warmed milk.

Dinner, 12 to 1 p.m.—(1) Soup, chicken, thickened with peas, (2) chop, (3) asparagus, baked potato. All vegetables should be very thoroughly cooked and mashed. Glass of warmed milk. Dessert—Stewed prunes.

Supper, 5.30 p.m.—Well cooked cereal, bread and butter and cocoa, apple sauce.

No food between meals. Water several times a day. Out-of-doors as much as possible.

Diet, 3 to 6 Years.

Three meals a day: 7.30, 12.30, 5.30.

Milk should be the main article of diet.

Cereal must be cooked three to four hours.



Scene outside Baby Clinic, Brampton, Ont., June 25, 1918.

Oatmeal should be given several times a week on account of its action on the bowels.

Bread—Dried off—not browned—in oven. Whole wheat or graham bread is best. Graham or saltine crackers can be given, and zwieback.

Care: (1) *Bathing.* The best time for baby's bath is before the morning feeding, between 8 and 9 o'clock. He should be bathed daily. Baby should have his own towels, and wash cloths. The temperature of the water should be 90 degrees to 100 degrees F. In hot weather frequent sponging will make the baby feel comfortable.

(2) *Clothing.* All baby's clothes should be loose and roomy, hanging from the shoulders. Do not put too many clothes on the baby. In summer he only requires a shirt and diaper and thin muslin slip. In winter, protect him from cold and draughts, but do not put on so many clothes that he will perspire.

(3) *Sleep.* A baby must have sleep. Out of twenty-four hours, a young baby requires 18 hours' sleep; at six months, 16 hours; at one year, 14 hours. The sleeping room should be darkened and well ventilated, windows open top and bottom; protect baby from draughts.

Air. The baby should be in the open air as much as possible, sleeping and awake. Mosquito netting should be used to protect him from flies. In cold weather, protect him from draughts.

Exercise. The baby needs exercise. This will make him grow.

Have we all got sufficient of the spirit of universal motherhood to want to see that every baby has a fair chance in life?

Every man and woman in the Province of Ontario should see that a Better Health Campaign is started at once.

The Government will assist you. The Provincial Board of Health is particularly interested in the child up to six years of age, and will send to any part of the Province:

A CHILD WELFARE EXHIBIT

free of charge, upon request. This exhibit consists of posters, a model layette and photographs illustrating baby welfare work in England and Canada.

2. A trained nurse to accompany the exhibit.

3. Free moving pictures in connection with the exhibit.

4. Free child welfare clinics for infants and children under six years of age.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture, through the Women's Institutes Branch, is prepared to carry on a limited amount of medical inspection in the rural schools, and to assist in the holding of clinics.

PLANS FOR MEDICAL INSPECTION.

through the co-operation of the Women's Institutes and School Boards.

1918.

Procedure Necessary in Arranging for Medical School Inspection and School Clinics.

1. Any Women's Institute wishing to promote or assist in bringing medical school inspection to a community will first have to secure the consent of the Board of Trustees of the schools concerned. The schools inspected in any one centre should include at least three rural schools and not less than one-third of the pupils examined must be from the rural communities. A central committee composed of one representative from each Board of Trustees, two representatives from each Women's Institute concerned, and one representative from each municipality (or such other representative committee as may be approved by the Department of Agriculture) shall have direction of the work.

2. The Department of Agriculture will furnish a lady doctor, who has had experience in medical school inspection, on condition that the committee in charge will furnish the necessary clerical assistance. A person experienced in office work or who has acted as secretary in an Institute will serve the purpose. The Department does not assume responsibility for either salary or travelling expenses of the assistant.

3. The Institute or central committee will be required to provide and pay for the necessary transportation for the doctor and assistant. The Department will pay for the board and lodging of the medical inspector only.

4. The Department will supply cards on which to keep records, also notification slips.

5. If a community desires a second inspection six or more months after the first, the Department will be glad to co-operate upon conditions as outlined above, except that the committee in charge will be required to pay in addition the living expenses of inspector throughout the inspection period.

CONDITIONS UPON WHICH THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE WILL RENDER ASSISTANCE IN THE HOLDING OF CLINICS.

The persons operated upon must have been examined in connection with medical school inspection carried on under the direction of representatives of Women's Institutes and School Boards. Assistance will not be rendered for clinics at which less than five patients are to be operated upon.



Baby Clinic, Port Hope, Ont.

The Department of Agriculture will make grants to Women's Institutes upon the following conditions:

$30.00 for a one-day clinic.

$50.00 for a two-day clinic.

The local committee or sub-committee appointed by them in co-operation with the medical inspector will be expected to make arrangements for clinics including the financing of the same. Definite arrangements should be made with the doctors as to the fee which each is to receive. The Department has found the leading surgeons willing to render services in connection with the clinics at a very reasonable rate.

The Department should be informed several days in advance as to the plans made for clinics.

For full information write

The Ontario Department of Agriculture

PARLIAMENT BLDGS., TORONTO

DR. G. C. CREELMAN,
Commissioner of Agriculture.

HON. G. S. HENRY,
Minister of Agriculture.

ONTARIO



Baby Clinic, Port Hope, Ont.

Neōlin Soles

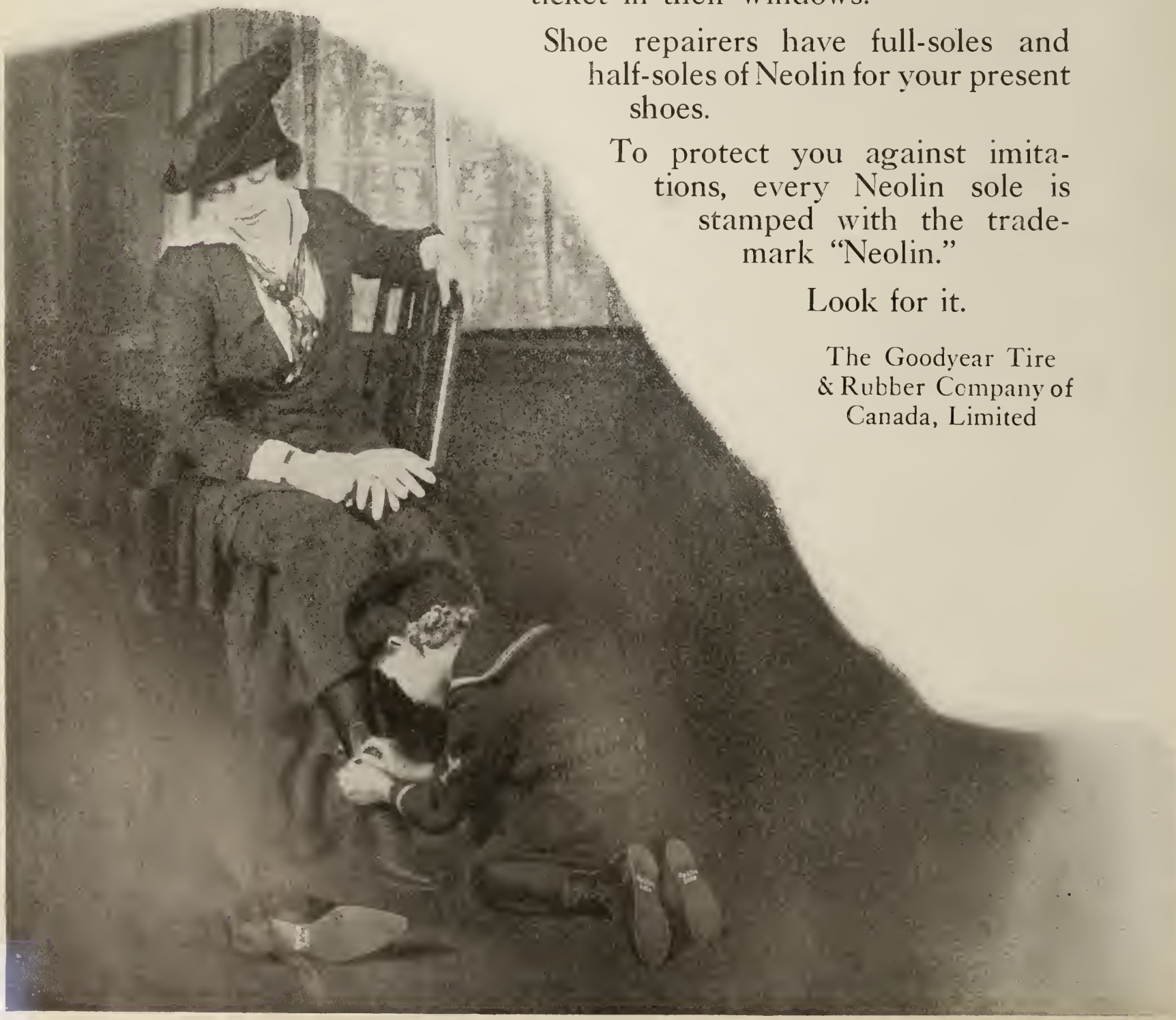
We'll Return Dry-footed

It's a regular slop-foot day out -- drenched sidewalks and mud-surfaced crossings. But mother and son will go and come foot-dry. Wet-foot colds are not for them. Their shoes are Neolin-soled.

What a blessing is Neolin to mothers these days of sudden coughs and insidious sore throats. A blessing for its water-tight protection.

And a blessing every day in the year for its lasting wear that saves on shoe-bills, especially for the kiddies. For its shape-holding that keeps wet uppers smart. For its quiet tread that will not scratch floors or furniture.

Shoes for the whole family come Neolin-soled -- many styles and prices. Shoe merchants who stock them show the Neolin price ticket in their windows.



Shoe repairers have full-soles and half-soles of Neolin for your present shoes.

To protect you against imitations, every Neolin sole is stamped with the trade-mark "Neolin."

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The Canadian Home Journal

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The Canadian Home Journal is published on the 25th of each month preceding the date of issue by

The Canadian Women's Magazine Publishing Co., Limited

Volume Fifteen — WILLIAM G. ROOK, President, Toronto — Number Five

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The October Number will be the Largest Number of Canadian Home Journal Ever Published

It will contain many additional pages of important matter of interest to Canadian women and will substantiate our assertion to our readers that the increase in price would be followed by a greatly enlarged and improved magazine.

The following short stories will appear in October:

ON THE KOOTENAY TRAIL.

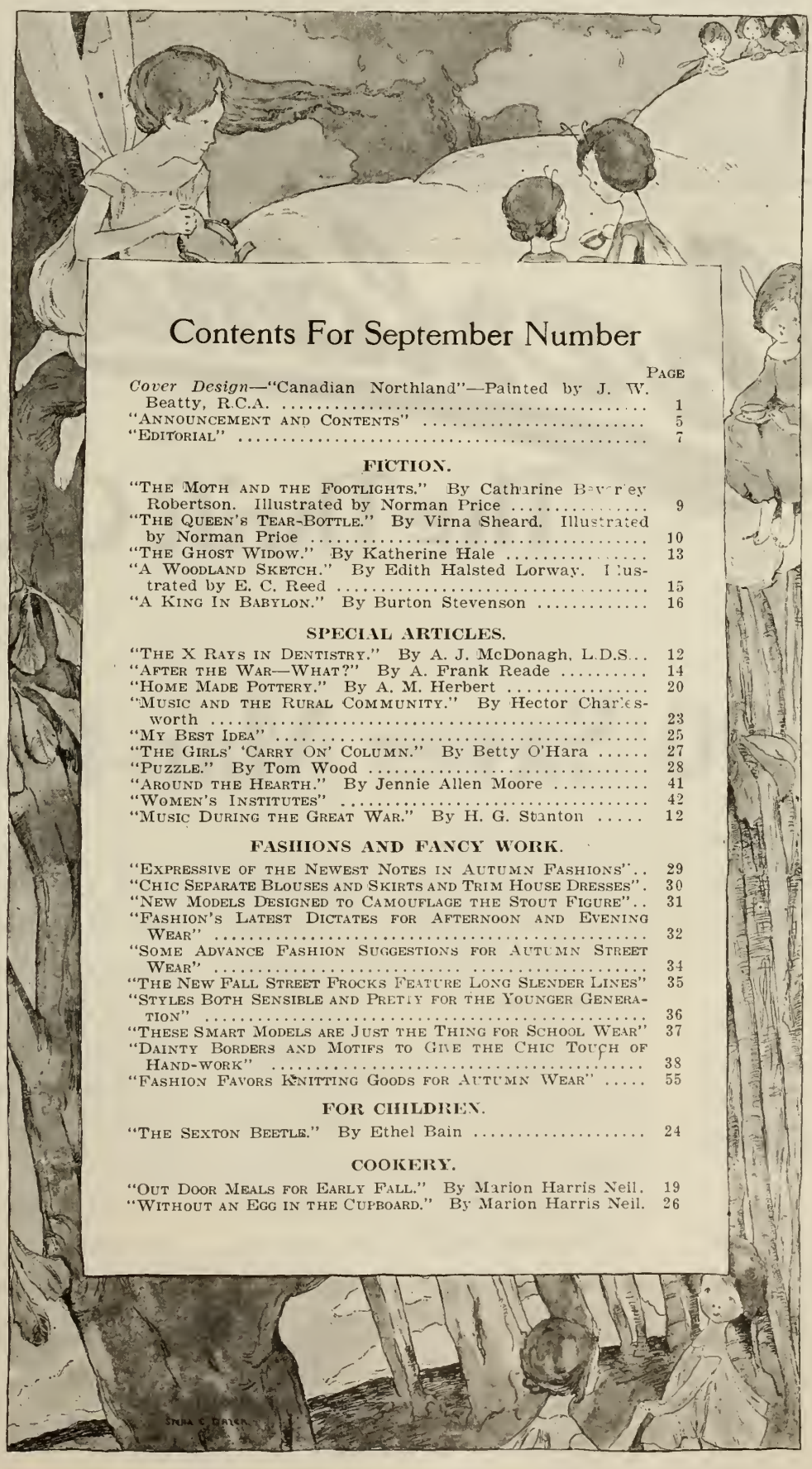
By Eric A. Darling. A gripping story of a man's search for gold in the far North. This sketch is illustrated by one of America's outstanding illustrators, Dan Sayre Groesbeck, who is now overseas fighting with a Canadian Battery. While travelling from Chicago overseas, Mr. Groesbeck remained for a few weeks in Canada, and we were thereby able to secure some of his work for "Canadian Home Journal." There will be three drawings by this artist in the October number, each an example of the excellent character work for which Mr. Groesbeck's illustrations are famous.

THE ROSE ENCHANTED.

Another of Virna Sheard's delightful Fairy stories, complete in two instalments. Illustrated by Norman Price.

THE BIRD IN THE BUSH.

A French-Canadian story by Cameron Nelles Wilson, illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore.



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THE AUTUMN WIND FAIRIES.
Drawn by Stella E. Grier.

ARE YOU TRYING TO WRITE?

If so, do not miss Katherine Hale's article in the October number. It contains advice for all who are striving to express their thoughts in both verse and prose. Miss Hale tells why there are such large numbers of people writing verse at the present time—there is a reason. Watch for this article.

CULINARY MATTERS.

The Cookery pages for October must not be overlooked. The subjects taken up by Marion Harris Neil are as follows:

"Wholesome Foods at Reasonable Cost."

"When Our Friends Drop In."

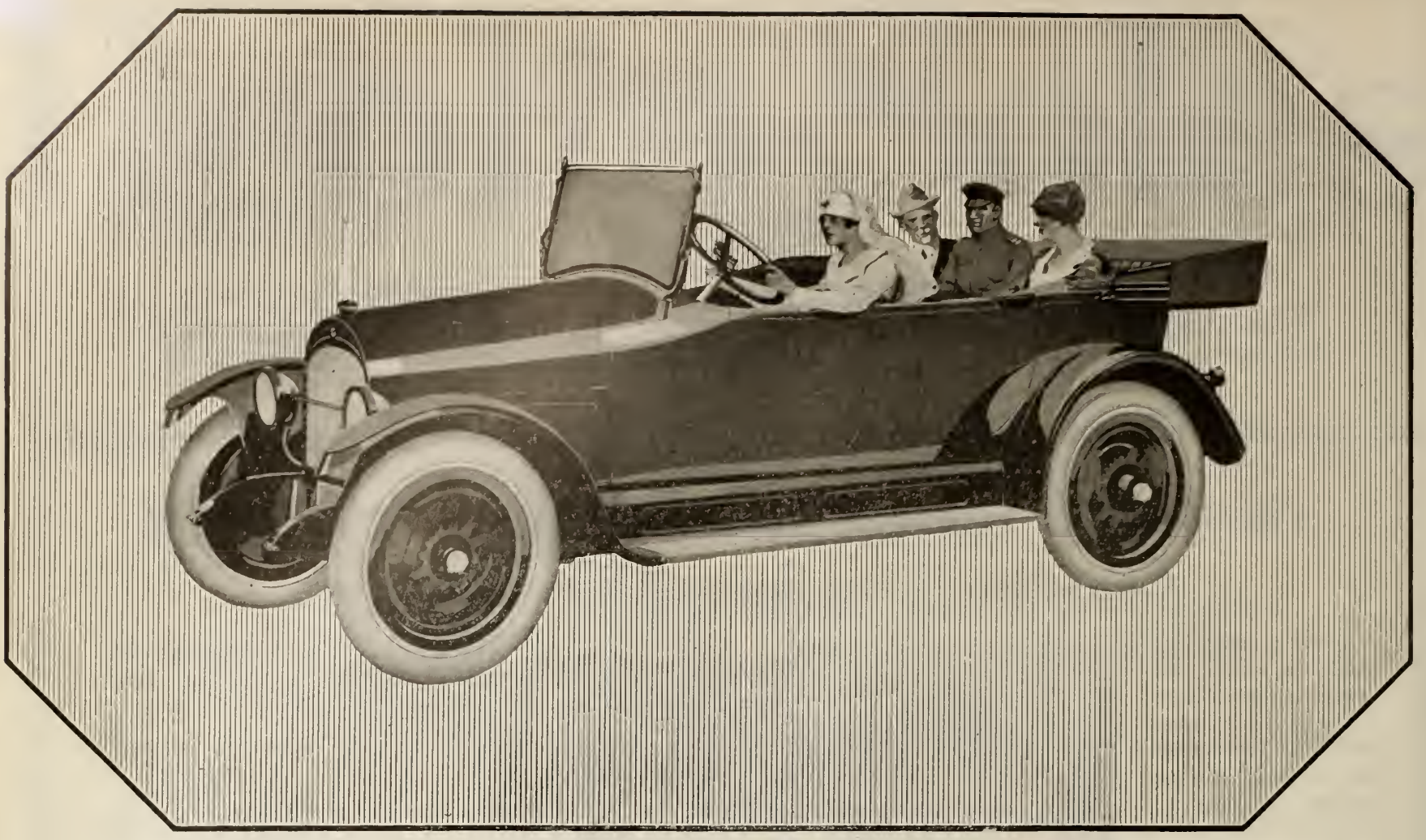
"The Usefulness of Salt."

A MOVIE FAVORITE

W. G. Rook has interviewed another of the popular film people, and a complete account of this "star" will be published in the October number.

FASHIONS.

Seven pages will be filled with Fashions in the October number, showing the newest costumes, neckwear, blouses, skirts, coats and millinery, suitable for Fall wear. These are "Pictorial Review" Fashions, and patterns may be purchased for all designs illustrated.



Overland

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Canadian Home Journal

EDITORIAL

OUR AIM

TO publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome, and truthful.

To be a leader in thought, and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To, as far as possible, publish and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature, and their own country, with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.

ENGLAND DRIVES WOLF FROM THE DOOR. When you think that before the war there was barely enough foodstuff in England to last for ten weeks, it seems marvellous to learn now that England is almost self-supporting; that next year Canada may keep her golden bushels of grain at home which otherwise would go to the Mother Country.

The report of the British Food Production Department is inspiring in that the number of acres now under cultivation throughout the United Kingdom has increased by four millions, and that in two years.

From the "Literary Digest" we obtain many cheering facts: In 1916-17 the United Kingdom produced enough foodstuff to carry them for one-fifth of a year; in 1917-18 enough to last for one-fourth of a year and the prospects are that in 1918-19 England will be nearly self-supporting—providing for four-fifths of the year.

The British Minister of Agriculture gives to women a very large share of credit due for increased cultivation, calling it one of the outstanding achievements of the war. If the sacrifices made by the women, of comfort for discomfort, and luxuries for hardships, have been great, they have also received compensation, in that to many of them life in the open has brought back the greatest of all gifts—health—and given them the inspiring feeling of helping bring victory nearer.

Before the war, women in England were employed chiefly as cotton and wool operatives, in domestic service, sewing, and to a slight extent in clerical work. The average pay was seven shillings and sixpence per week. The war has at least put an end to sweated women's work. To-day women in England are better fed, better dressed, have better houses and better furniture than ever before, one reason for this being that the money comes into their own pockets, and they know how much they can count on and how to plan their weekly budget.

Women are not only working in munition factories and on farms, but are building ships. A Glasgow shipbuilder said the other day that if the Government would provide the yard, he would build a ship entirely with woman labor, keeping only five or six men to train and supervise.

Taking into consideration the facts that England is almost self-supporting, that the submarine menace is daily being lessened, that shipbuilding is increasing, the situation must be disheartening for the enemy, and give renewed hope and encouragement to the allies.

One of the secrets of the women's success in their "back to the land" movement lies in the fact that they have worked together as one force, the educated and uneducated, trained and untrained, and the feeling and hearty co-operation between the leaders and the rank and file, have been a revelation of what Patriotism has meant to them. Patriotic work has been their slogan. Many of the finest parks in England have been cut up and used for cultivation. There are few, if any, flower gardens to be seen now. Instead are sturdy regiments of vegetables—a truly formidable army against the Hun, and proving that in re-discovering her own wonderful land resources, England has also driven the "wolf from her door."

ALL WOOL AND A YARD WIDE. Thanks to the careful planning and forethought of manufacturers, importers and dealers, the better cloths and garments for the coming winter contain the usual amount of wool. Women have heard much and read more about the inevitable shortage of wool, and scare tales have predicted that all the new suits, coats and dresses for the coming season would be mostly cotton. However, now that Autumn has arrived and we are able to inspect the Fall and Winter goods, we find them quite as fine in quality, beautiful in color, and as well made as in former years.

This does not mean that there is an abundance of wool, but it shows that at least for another Winter there will be but little change in the quality of our clothes. The manufacturers are working in closest co-operation with the Government, and if the time comes when some must go without wool, it will be those at home in comfortably warmed houses, not the boys in the trenches. This is exactly as every true Canadian woman would wish. Until that time let us appreciate the efforts of those who have made it possible for us to secure our usual supply. Conserve wool—yes. It is too precious to be wasted, but at its present cost there are few who can afford to waste it.

THE SUBMARINE SEEKS SAFETY ON THE SURFACE. A paradoxical state of affairs has arisen in connection with the German U boats, of which the enemy so proudly boasted and upon which they relied to bring ultimate starvation to England. Now we are told that these boats, built specially for the purpose of submerging and destroying with their torpedoes, are rendered helpless when they go beneath the water, so deadly is the new depth bomb employed by the allied "chasers."

An interesting article in the "Scientific American" explains that in the early stages of the war the merchantmen were practically unarmed, and the submarine could therefore effectively and easily attack above the water. When the merchantmen were later fitted with guns, the U boats were driven under the water and forced to resort to torpedoes in attacking the large vessels. But to-day sees a complete change, for aircraft, mine-fields (one of which covers an area of 22,000 square miles), drifters, destroyers and chasers with their deadly depth bombs have made travelling beneath the water more difficult than on the surface. During the diving process the submarine is at the mercy of the enemy, for we are told that while diving, manoeuvring to avoid being rammed cannot be accomplished skilfully. The submarine may be and generally is better armed than the average destroyer, but as soon as it gets below the surface the deadly depth bombs are immediately brought into use by the chaser, and the life of the U boat is at an end. In short, the submarine is no longer a submarine, but an ordinary surface craft.

ENGLISH BOYS AND GIRLS ARE GATHERING HORSE CHESTNUTS. There is a campaign being carried on in England at the present time among the children which it is hoped will result in the saving of much valuable grain for food. The common horse chestnut has been found to contain properties which may be made use of, for food and in industrial processes,—the children are therefore asked to gather as many of these nuts as possible and send or take them to a place prepared to receive this unusual crop. It is estimated that two hundred thousand tons can be gathered, every ton of which will save half a ton of grain for food.

In many countries these nuts have been used for years as food for animals. In Geneva horse chestnuts are used extensively for stock, a single sheep receiving two pounds night and morning. Poultry and pigs eat them after preparation.



If your skin is pale and sallow, try the new steam treatment given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." With your Woodbury's Facial Soap you will get one of these interesting booklets



What causes skin blemishes

Every girl ought to have a clear attractive skin . . . . The way to remove blemishes and to remove their cause

EVERYONE is immediately attracted by a *clear* skin—soft, free from blemishes and unsightly spots.

Every girl longs for it.

If your skin is not as clear as you would love to have it, find out just what is causing the blemishes that keep you from having this charm which everyone feels the moment they see a clear, lovely skin. Then start at once to remove not only the blemishes, but their *cause*.

What skin specialists say

Skin specialists say they are tracing fewer and fewer skin troubles to the blood—and more to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores with dust, soot and grime.

To keep your skin clear from the spots and blemishes caused in this way, you must remove the blemishes you already have and be eternally vigilant to *prevent* the appearance of fresh ones. New skin is forming every day, as old skin dies. This is Nature's way of helping you. You must do your part to keep this new skin clear as she means it to be.

How to remove skin blemishes

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use this treatment *regularly* until the blemishes disappear, and supplement it with the regular use of Woodbury's in your daily toilet. Rub the cleansing antiseptic lather thoroughly into the pores, and rinse first with warm water, then with cold. This will keep your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes. Before long you will be rewarded with the clear, radiant skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

You will find that the 25 cent cake of Woodbury's will last for a month or six weeks of any facial treatment as well as for general cleansing use for that time. It is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.



MADE IN CANADA

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 5209 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

A special treatment for an oily skin and shiny nose is among the famous treatments given in the Woodbury booklet you get with the soap. Secure a cake today and the booklet that goes with it

The Moth And The Footlights

By CATHARINE BEVERLEY ROBERTSON.

Illustrated by Norman Price.

A Story of Life Behind The Scenes, And The Struggles And Ambitions of Little Patsy

PATSY'S tired little feet felt vainly for a firm and solid footing. Flickering lights danced madly before her aching eyes. She gasped for breath.

"Indeed, indeed, I wouldn't mind having nothing to hang onto," she told herself, "if only there were something to stand on! I am so tired—so very, very tired! I wonder how much longer I must swing from these clouds? If only I could get a really firm hold on one of them, it wouldn't be so bad.—How funny! They were footlights before—not clouds—and I got into this dreadfully-uncomfortable, painfully-annoying position by trying to climb across to the stage, where all the beautiful people were! Oh, dear! Clouds are so thin and feathery! I can't hold on much longer—oh—oh—I'm falling! —I'm falling!"

And—sure enough—so she was! She landed in the middle of the sleeping car aisle, all smothered in green burlap, and horribly sore all over—especially in her wrist, which hurt awfully. And then the porter came and brought his little ladder, and she climbed into the "upper" again; and dreamed awake, till morning.

The train was late, and Patsy would *not* spend a whole dollar for breakfast in the diner, so she nibbled a cake of chocolate instead, cheering herself with visions of coffee and rolls, and a boiled egg, at a cheap and nice restaurant near the Grand Central Station. She gazed out of the big window at the majestic Hudson and the Palisades; and worried her little cake of chocolate as a small puppy might worry a rather stale and very unsatisfactory bone. She told herself that New York probably wasn't such a dreadful place after all, and that lots of other girls had gone on the stage and become famous, just as she was going to do; and that there *wasn't* a dreadful, sinking feeling somewhere around her heart at all, at all!

But she might as well have tried to persuade herself that there was no sinking feeling in her poor little "tummy." Poor Patsy! When the train at last rushed into the black tunnels that lead to the New York Central depot, her little thumbs curled up inside her tiny fists, her big eyes blinked hard, and she had definitely decided that she just couldn't keep from crying another minute, when suddenly she heard the echo of her little brother's voice; sounding just as it did as he ran beside the train, pulling out of the home station back in Canada. "Good-bye, Sis: Play the game, old sport; And—and don't blubber!" Her eyes stopped blinking; her thumbs took up a determined position on the outside of her fists, where the thumbs of all pugilistically-inclined young "Soldiers of Fortune" belong.

With a grinding of brakes the train came to a stand-still. Patsy grabbed her suit case and staggered to the vestibule. She almost ran along the platform, shedding, "No, thank you's" to shining-faced, red-capped porters. She followed big, weirdly-designed fingers pointing to "the street." Then she found herself in the shadow of the big, black "Elevated"; and completely surrounded by raucous-voiced individuals whose verbal intercourse with their fellow-men seemed limited to the one idea: "Taxi!"

Patsy stood on the sidewalk and gasped. She had forgotten all about the coffee and rolls. Then she dashed for the middle of the street where the cars were. Her life was saved by a big policeman who grabbed her, just in time, from under the wheels of a taxi. Restraining her first impulse to embrace the man of buttons, she gasped: "Please put me on a car—*please*—a Broadway car." She knew that she must take a Broadway car; they had told her so in the letter from the girl's club where she was going.

So the policeman put her, coffeeless, roll-less, eggless, on the rear platform of a car. She walked in with a sigh of relief, and was called back, and "down" by a conductor with an unclean celluloid collar and an East-side twang, who explained to her with biting sarcasm, the "pay-as-you-enter" system.

Then came the first sight of New York streets—everything so big that Patsy felt smaller than ever. She was dreadfully afraid that the conductor would forget to tell her when they reached One-hundred-and-tenth street, so she was kept busy looking for the number at each corner.

After a twenty minutes' ride of bewildered amazement, she found herself standing at the corner of One-hundred-and-tenth street and Broadway, looking at the number of the house on the corner, and peeping again at the number on the piece of paper in her pocket-book.

With that lope peculiar to the fragile traveller burdened with a suit-case, she started for the club.

When she arrived, the doors of the dining-room had just opened for lunch, and she smelled coffee! Patsy felt that she could hardly wait to have the nigger elevator boy show her to her room. When she came downstairs, however, minus her hat and gloves, and stood at the door of the big dining-room, full of girls — strange girls — a wave of terror, of desperate loneliness swept over her, hot tears rushed to her eyes, and she stumbled blindly out through the door again, upstairs, and into her little room. She turned the key in the lock, and walked up-and-down — up-and-down — biting her lips, setting her teeth; determined that she would not "blubber!"

Then came a knock at the door; and a voice just bubbling over with friendliness, called: "May I come in?"

Patsy opened the door, and felt her hand clasped by a big paw. Through her swimming eyes, she saw brown, quizzical eyes smiling at her; and she heard the jolliest voice in all the world saying heartily: "I'm Nell; one of the old girls. Been crying?"

Patsy shook her head, and her mouth took on a funny, crooked little curve.

"Why not? It's one of the unwritten laws of the club that every new girl shall weep on my shoulder, the day of her arrival. Believe me, my dear, it's the correct thing to do!"

"I never cry—well, hardly ever;" and Patsy smiled the funny little crooked smile again.

"Are you hungry?"

"Oh, no!" But Nell had heard before, that funny high falsetto that proclaims a big, lumpy ache in the throat. "I don't think I'll take any lunch; I don't feel like eating anything."

"Well, we'll just get acquainted while I have mine. I'm starving—didn't get up for breakfast this morning. Maybe you could eat a roll and drink some coffee—yes?"

Patsy began to giggle; then she laughed outright. "Coffee and rolls? Nell Whatever-your-name-is, to tell the truth, at this precise moment I'd gladly relinquish all my hopes of fame and fortune for a cup of coffee, a roll, a little pat of butter, and a boiled egg! But I *couldn't* go into that dining-room all alone! Take me under your wing, Nell, and I'll try to behave like a human being instead of a—a—"

"A prune?" enquired Nell.

"What's a prune?" said Patsy.

"A prune, dear child," said Nell, "is a half-human individual with a marvellous family-resemblance to quite half-a-million other half-human individuals, ancient and modern. She slowly simmers her way through life, until she is so stewed in the sickly-sweet juice of her half-baked emotions, that her sense of humor has utterly evaporated!—I hope that I make myself clear?"

"You do," giggled Patsy.

"In that she 'emotes' when it would be wiser to think," proceeded Nell; "she is like unto all other prunes that are—that have been—and that will be! I may add that 'the woods are full of them!' "

"I'm not a prune—indeed I'm not!" protested Patsy earnestly. "I'm just lonely and tired. I've been travelling all night, and I fell out of the berth, and had horrid dreams; and mother's away back *there*, and I'm away off *here*—and I want her—and—"

"And some coffee and rolls?"

"Yes—and a b-b-b-boiled egg—" and Patsy fell in with the traditions of the club—in short, she wept on Nell's shoulder, wept copiously, but without bitterness—unprunishly!

When stately Anne discovered that the new blonde girl's aspirations were dramatic, she sighed: "Poor lamb! Another to the slaughter!" and asked her to tea in her room.

Anne, Nell and Margaret hailed respectively from the United States of California, Maine and Matrimony. Margaret also came from Alabama—which accounts for her nick-name among her cronies — "Balmy." "Balmy" lived in New York—not because she liked it particularly, but because New York was so big that no one knew about the big, beautiful husband who had fallen in love with another girl; at least no one but Anne, and Nell—and she wanted them to know.

Nell liked New York. Nell was a peculiar girl in some ways. She loved New York! She came from Boston! Anne, like unto Nell and Margaret, was "in the business." She was the only one of the three girls who played "leads." She was a leading-woman simply and solely because she was "the type"—and she was perfectly cognizant of the fact. Her exquisitely-chiselled features were the joy and delight of Nell; whose pug nose and sunburned skin were her despair! Anne's well-groomed blonde hair and pink-and-white cheeks were really a great comfort to Margaret, too, whose complexion and hair were distinctly "washed-out"—as she expressed it: "Dunducketty mud color!" Anne was quite the most business-like person who ever wore a hundred-dollar gown to a manager's office—and walked home to save car-fare!

"I'm a clothes-horse," she told the scandalized Patsy, as they drank their tea. "I can't act, and I know it! I used to think that I was the greatest thing that ever struck Broadway; but I stopped fooling myself many moons ago! Now Margaret can *act*. Ye gods! Wait till you see her, with a decent part. Why 'Balmy' can do more acting in ten minutes than I can do in three acts and an epilogue! But she *can't wear clothes*—and that's her tragedy. For the managers' slogan is this, and the sooner you realize it, the better for your career: 'Talent is from the skin out!' I am a leading woman—not an important one, I grant you—but still I get a very decent salary, and would have had quite a little bank account if I hadn't been ill all last season. And Margaret—poor lamb—gets work only when the part is one that requires no style to speak of, and can't be played by a 'clothes horse.' "

"I can't believe it!" said Patsy.

"You will, dear, all too soon," replied Anne, grimly. But she made such a lovely picture of beautiful blondness that Patsy could hardly wait to get back to her room, to write to her chum about the beautiful leading lady who was going to condescend to be her friend.

"Let me see," mused Anne. "How had we better start you off? Of course you haven't any money to speak of—so you'd better go in for the distinctly ingenue type—that doesn't cost so much in the dressing line. Or perhaps I'm mistaken? But if you have a large bank account, you're the first stage-struck girl I've ever met who thought it necessary to a stage career."

"But I'm not stage-struck," expostulated Patsy: "It's a very real ambition with me. I've wanted to

(*Continued on page* 51.)



"She landed in the middle of the sleeping car aisle."

The Queen's Tear-Bottle

A Fairy Story
Told To The Man-Who-Was-Rich

By VIRNA SHEARD.

Illustrated by Norman Price.

IN a country that is called new, there was a great new city, and in that city, among many others a high, white building, and in the building there was a room wherein sat a Man-Who-Was-Rich.

The room was most beautiful, though only in a stiff, uncomfortable sort of way, because it had been made for business, and not pleasure.

There was a heavy carven desk, and a heavy carven table, and a heavy carven chair upright and hard. The panelled walls were of mahogany.

The Man-Who-Was-Rich sat before his desk with his overcoat on, for the room was cold. He had turned the collar up to his ears, and his face wore an expression not pleasant. Bushy grey eyebrows drawn together, and a close-shut mouth accounted chiefly for the expression—that is outwardly, although his eyes were of a flinty-grey and inclined to be cynical at the best of times. But only extreme discomfort could loosen his tongue, and he was suffering from discomfort now.

A thin veil of grey lay over furniture and floor. It blurred the windows where a film of frost did not creep across them. It lay an impalpable thing on the gilded steam pipes; it showed faintly on ledger and day-book.

The Man-Who-Was-Rich glanced around with an exclamation of annoyance. At that moment the great office door opened and a brisk sort of little man stepped in.

"Didn't hear me ring, so I just came along to see if you were down," he said chirpily.

"Beastly weather—eh, what?—O yes, I know—I know. Weather doesn't count with you. But conditions might, now?—Conditions. No coal—plumbing on the rocks—roads simply awful—trains blocked—everything on the bias! Might as well lock up, eh?—Blizzard going strong still—" glancing at the window.

"I shall stop down-town my usual hours, Jenkins," answered the Man-Who-Was-Rich. Then as an afterthought—"Have you seen the woman who dusts?"

"Not for days," he returned. "She hadn't the sense to send a substitute either. So thoughtless. But I cheer myself with Wilde's philosophy—Oscar Wilde, you know. You remember his classic? 'Remove not Dust! It is the bloom of the Ages!' Pretty thought, eh?"

The other smiled grimly. "That fakir!" he said.

"From my point of view, genius!" laughed Jenkins. "Well, good-bye till the weather becomes civilized. Horribly cold in here! Look out for pneumonia, old man. Horribly cold! Seem to be getting up a bit of steam though—bye-by."

The door closed. A metallic clicking followed. A spasmodic symphony from the gilded pipes.

The Man-Who-Was-Rich rose and shook himself, as though from a sudden icy wave.

"Outrageous!" he said. "Outrageous—in such a building. There is absolutely no excuse!" He touched the bell; pushed it harder, waited. No one answered. Then he sat down heavily at the desk again. A quick step came along the hall. A knock.

"Come in!" he called.

An office-boy entered,—a boy in his early 'teens, with the quick movements, the keen face, and the sharp tongue of one who had learned early to fend for himself. He wore the blue clothes and brass buttons so beloved of his kind, and he carried a dust cloth that apparently he loathed.

Ducking his head with more deference than he usually accorded, he swept his eye around the neglected room.

"I come in to dust, sir," he explained. "Don't want to disturb you—but the dust-lady ain't been round these three bad days."

"What detains her?" questioned the man shortly.

"Couldn't say, sir," the boy replied, busy with the despised rag. "Coal is short on the East Side, I hear. Mebbe she ain't had her share. The blizzard's been sumpthin' fierce. Mebbe she jest couldn't climb through."

"Perhaps not," admitted the other.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

No sound followed but the disjointed clicking of the pipes.

"Where is the janitor?" queried the Man irritably, breaking in on the pipes.

"Got a swelled knee from somethin'," said the boy. "In bed, sir."

"Oh!" answered the Man.

"Yes, sir," assented the boy. Then he volunteered a few words.

"Isn't much doin'. Most of the offices closed today, sir—froze out. Bells on this flat on the blink. Some of the gentlemen couldn't get down, I guess. Traffic blocked most everywhere."

"I got down," said the Man.

"Elevated?" inquired the boy, working briskly.

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"O, yes sir," he answered. "My car."

About all the grey bloom was gone now, and the boy stood by the door. He grinned cheerfully.

"Anything else, sir?"

"No —" the Man said. "No, thanks." "I'll look in about noon," the boy volunteered. "Guess you expect your two clerks, don't you, sir?"

"I have been expecting them all morning," answered the Man-Who-Was-Rich. The words were bitten off.

"Yes, sir," nodded the boy. "Too bad, sir—but—hopefully, "mebby it's a good day fer them to be off. All the mail trains delayed, you know. Electric an' telephone wires jest naturally took this time to strike work too—ain't no excuse I can see."

"I wondered at the silence," remarked the other, looking up. "Underground wiring too—perfectly absurd to have them out of order. Are they working at them, do you know?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Cold work, too, sir,—down below zero."

"I imagine so," he assented.

"Yes, sir. Well, I'll be in at noon to see if you need me."

The Man-Who-Was-Rich heard the light steps swing along the hall. Silence returned. The pipes had ceased clicking, but accomplished little.

An hour passed. The Man decided to go home, then remembering his car was ordered for four, and that the telephone was useless, decided not to go. At best, he detested the Elevated, and the Elevated at noon, and on such a day, was anathema.

Lunch would be a break though. He concluded to take lunch early. There was a place two blocks away where he often dropped in.

Turning up his coat collar, he went out. An icy sleet stung his face, and the wind between the high buildings almost carried him off his feet. Drifts of snow swirled along the pavements, and where the asphalt was uncovered it was of a slipperiness unbelievable. A man going headlong across the street knocked against him heavily, and he fell.

When he got up he felt shaken from head to foot. With an exclamation of rage he retraced his steps slowly to the tall building. Every joint in his body seemed racked. He was dizzy from the fall, and now the beating sleet made him see red.

For a moment the Man-Who-Was-Rich clearly realized that he was no longer young. He took the elevator up to his office, shook himself free from snow and sat down again at his desk.

Presently came the quick steps of the office boy, and his knock.

"Come in!" answered the man, rather eagerly.

The boy came in. He was a cheerful boy.

"Shall I fetch you some sandwiches, sir?" he asked.

"Why, yes—you may," consented the Man.

"All right, sir," he nodded.

When he returned he bore a small Japanese tray whereupon was a tumbler, a bottle of milk and a blue plate decorated with four good-sized sandwiches.

"Light fare, sir," he grinned, "but jest better'n goin' out in the blizzard—"

"Much better—thanks," assented the Man-Who-Was-Rich.

"Yes, sir. Shall I go now, sir—or is there anything else—"

"O, you may stop a moment," said the other. "I will see, presently."

He ate a sandwich. Another. Another. Then the last. Also he drank the milk.

"They are very good," he remarked then, "these sandwiches. Better than any I remember for—for quite a while."

The boy grinned. "Me mother made them, sir," he explained. "There's jest her an' me. I got the milk by luck."

"Your mother made them?" he questioned harshly. "Have I taken your lunch?"

"Oh, no, sir!" he laughed. "Only a bit of it. I got plenty left."

"Well, it was decidedly good of you," said the Man. Taking some coins from his pocket, he held them out. The boy shook his head.

"No—no thank you, sir," he said. "Mother made them sandwiches, so I guess they were hers. She's got queer ideas—on—on—on hospitalities."

The Man-Who-Was-Rich slipped the coins back in his pocket. He looked the boy over.

"Where do you take your lunch?" he asked. "And are you sure you have enough left?"

"Sure? Yes, sir!" he replied. "Us office fellers get our lunch together all in one room. Bring it with us—you know. Say, we have a pretty gay time! We have an hour. We divvy up lunch mostly. Then we have shows. But I guess you wouldn't be interested?"

"Go on," said the Man.

"Half-hour shows, sir; any feller that can do a song or dance or give a monerlogue—"

"12.30 to 1.30." He nodded. "It's 12.20 now," taking a Waterbury out of his pocket.

"Ah, indeed," said the Man-Who-Was-Rich. "And to-day—what do you have to-day by way of entertainment, for instance?"

"The Egyptian," he answered. "The Egyptian, sir."

"I don't understand exactly," remarked the other. "I thought you gave these—these affairs yourselves. The office-boys;—talent might be developed that way, one would suppose."

"O, yes, sir, we do give them," he assented. "But the Egyptian blew in, an' needed the coin, so we let him go ahead. He's great, too!"

"What are his tricks,—this Egyptian?" questioned the Man-Who-Was-Rich, a slight vibration of interest in his voice. "Sleight-of-hand? Snake-charming—the Mango-flower or imitation of it—that sort of thing?"

"O, no, sir! He tells stories," explained the the office-boy.

"Quite likely," acquiesced his listener. "Most of them do, the Orientals—and so on—"

The boy looked puzzled, then smiled.

"Y're wrong, sir. It's yarns he tells. Jest yarns, ye know. About things that sort of couldn't be. Made up ones you wisht was true. 'Rabian-Nights stuff. He keeps you jumpy to know how they are goin' to pan out."

The Man-Who-Was-Rich raised his grey eyebrows.

"O, I see," he said. "But to get such an effect from a lot of practical boys, why he must be an artist, one would say. Where does he come from—this Egyptian fellow?"

"Down round by the East River Side. He lives among the Turks an' Armenians an' Dagoes that wear turbans—when they get here, mostly, or fezzes."

"Oh," smiled the other. "In some foreign quarter."

"Yes, sir, I've heard he works at beaten metal. I met him once with his old father. Taller'n him yet, sir, fer all his age. I bet you, sir, you would think that old man was a thousand years old! He's got a white beard like—like Niagara Falls!"

The Man-Who-Was-Rich laughed. It was a long time since he had laughed that way.

"Indeed," he nodded. "Quite an apt description. So this Egyptian, son of the ancient party, is coming to-day to tell you office-boys impossible yarns—is he?"

"Yes, sir," he answered. Then as by inspiration. "Would you like to come along and hear him, sir? Kinder dull on this flat. Won't you come along?"

The Man glanced around. It was dull. A silent telephone, frost-clouded windows. He turned to the office-boy.

"Why, thanks—I think I will," he replied.

"We'll be on our way, then, sir," said the boy with alacrity.

They went down the echoing halls. The boy took the stairs, and the Man-Who-Was-Rich followed; after an almost incredible descent they entered a narrower passage and passed into a darkish room with court windows. About a dozen boys were gathered around an open grate fire. A coal fire, red and bright. The place was warm.

"They let us have the grate lit at noon, sir," explained the boy, "for the pipes don't do much business in this room."

The Man seemed to find this satisfactory. They all rose and nodded to him, making way as he approached. His boy brought a chair for him over by the warmth. There were wooden chairs and a wooden table in the room.

An open fire was pleasant, the Man-Who-Was-Rich remarked to him as he sat down.

(*Continued on following page.*)

The Queen's Tear-Bottle

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

"Yes, sir," he agreed. The others seemed overawed, and their voices died to whispers.

"This sooth-sayer of yours?" questioned the Man. "Has he arrived?"

"O, the Egyptian?" grinned the boy. "I hear him outside a-shakin' the snow off. We can take an extra bit of time to-day, most all the offices bein' closed, but yours, sir."

"I should consider mine closed also," he answered.

The boy acquiesced. "Here comes Abydos Khon!" he said; then *sotto voce:* "It's only when he's up against it we can get him, sir. We mostly take up a collection before he begins an' hand it in."

"Ah, indeed!" said the Man-Who-Was-Rich.

The door swung open, and into the fire-lit room a man entered.

The boys all saluted him noisily, and he bowed to all collectively, but impressively.

"This is Mr. Mavor—John W. Mavor," announced the office-boy to him. Then—"Mr. Mavor, meet Abydos Khon!"

The Egyptian saw a tall, heavy man, worn of face and grey of hair. A man of poise, a perfect product of his time.

The Man-Who-Was-Rich saw one who seemed to belong to other places and other days. His face, neither old nor young, was of an almost flawless beauty of feature. His eyes were strangely luminous, and his hair thick, but silvery white. He wore it cropped about his ears, as a child's hair is often cropped. On his feet were high boots of brown leather—the uncouth boots of Russian peasants, and he wore a heavy cloak of coarse brown woollen stuff. This cloak was fastened about the waist by a leather belt with a silver buckle. It was hooded, and had wide sleeves. Almost it gave the impression of being the surtout of some holy order.

Having greeted all, the Egyptian sprang lightly onto the table. There he sat cross-legged in the old, old fashion of the East.

One boy took a cup from its peg and passed it around until twelve dimes were collected. Then he threw in his own. The Man-Who-Was-Rich held out his contribution, a large piece of silver.

The boy shook his head. "No, thank you, sir," he said. "You are a guest. We have one now and then—mostly boys from the other buildings. But it's understood. Abydos Khon is always satisfied."

Sweeping the silver into his hand, he gave it to the Egyptian, who placed it in some pocket of his surtout. No atom of his dignity was lost. He bowed, including all. Then the boys gathered closer to the table, their brass buttons twinkling with every movement of their restless young bodies. Settling down, they turned expectant faces towards Abydos Khon. They had overcome their first shyness of John W. Mavor, and he felt he had lost any formidable aloofness. Besides, the story-teller only was the man of the hour.

Abydos Khon sat very still. His face shone in the fire-light, as though cast in bronze. The silvery hair had a metallic glitter; the silver buckle on his belt gleamed against his rough cloak. His hands were folded together in a repose unspeakable, and his whole body was a thing set in perfect calm.

But though he might have posed for the figure of a graven image, from his eyes looked out a spirit as of living flame. When every face was turned towards him, the Egyptian spoke, and his voice was low, but clear as temple-bells at twilight.

There was no flaw in his English, but a cadence and rhythm separated it from all English the Man-Who-Was-Rich had hitherto heard.

He leaned forward in his chair to listen.

The Egyptian began slowly, his face rapt as in a dream.

"I will relate to you, my little ones," he said, "the story of the Queen's Tear-Bottle.

"It is a most ancient story, being handed down from the priests of the Temple of Amen-Ra—the Lord of the Sun and the Horizon—unto this day.

"It has been written upon the stones of the walls of palaces, and enrolled upon illuminated papyrus. It has been painted in imperishable colors on the Sarcophagus of a King. It has been told by word of mouth, and sung and chanted; and made into a dance also—a dance of death and tears—and it has been played by players before light-hearted court people, and it has been woven into books of romance.

"But the time is short, and I cannot give it to you as it should be given, with flowers of speech and music of lute and string, and colored lights and golden tapestries and the scent of incense. Nay, with my poor voice only can the story be told. So of your kindness have patience if it unfolds not to your liking.

"Now, in the rich days of Egypt, before the gods of different strengths were dead; when the Pharaohs were on the throne, and Karnac was a city, when the Israelites were slaves, and the priests, my far-off kinsmen, made burnt-offerings to Amen-Ra and the littler gods, his satellites, there was a mighty King in Egypt.

"Great was this King, and greatly to be feared. Yet he was just, and well beloved of his people. His bow-men and spear-men and charioteers were as the sands of the sea, and his tame war-lions were many. Also he owned slaves from every country, and his camels and herds were legion. His palaces shone with amber and beaten silver, and his silken tents had walls of embroidery, while the arabesques upon the hangings were set in jewels, and there were golden bells above the curtained doors. Vast were his treasures and hidden in many places. Chests of gems, and bags of coin, and boxes of attar-of-rose and ointments of the Orient.

"But of all this mighty King's possessions, he loved but one thing only, and that was his wife, Aureanta. Not in the East and not in the West had one been found so beautiful! In the South she knew no rival. But they had brought her captive to the King from the far North—so of the North one might not speak, for the Queen averred that others there had no less beauty than she.

"Now, although Aureanta had been brought captive to Egypt, she was the daughter of a northern Prince, whose army had been overthrown.

"So, although they called her but a beautiful barbarian, she was versed in many things, new and strange in the land of the desert, and looked and seemed a very princess even from the day she came bound to Egypt.

"When the King saw her, he marvelled at her white and gold beauty, for her skin was as the leaf of the white lotus, and her hair gold as a wheatfield in the sun.

"And the King loved her madly and made her his wife, against all the counsels of his wisest men and readers of the stars—as is the way of Kings.

"But the Queen Aureanta loved him as well; therefore, in spite of the wise men, there was joy and dancing at the wedding feast, and no shadow rested upon the land of Egypt for many days. It was the time of roses, and the young King and Queen were often seen walking in their garden beneath the palms. And the people, so seeing them, were happy, for it is a beautiful thing to look on youth and love and summer weather.

"Yet this is but earth, and so trouble approached. Dark as a cloud that blots out the sun, it came nearer and nearer on silent wings.

"For reasons no man could tell, the gods seemed angry, and sacrifices were offered to them in the temples, by day and by night. The smoke of them blackened the air incessantly; the sound of incantations and prayers was never still. The temple-bells rang from dawn to dark. But it availed not. The gods were angry. It seemed they liked not to look upon too great joy. Rumors of wars were on the wind, and wars broke out. Little wars at first, and then those that were greater.

"From Asia came the Persians, hordes and mighty hordes of them, and the tribes of the Hittites, long the enemies of Egypt, and these banded together Then also the Bedouins joined their train, and outlaw Arabs came who knew no ruler, but were beyond all grace.

"The King of Egypt gathered his bowmen and spearmen, and took his army of sworded chariots, and swiftly made dread battle upon these, the oncoming foes; and he pressed them back the way they had come, though the roads ran red with blood and were salted by the bones of the fallen.

"With bows and arrows and two-edged spears and catapults they fought, and also with liquid fire and the sworded chariots that mowed the battalions down as grain.

"The Great Gates of the walled city, wherein the Queen and the people remained, were fast closed.

"Outside the walls many smaller enemies camped, awaiting the day when perchance they might break in and pillage and kill and bear away slaves.

"Still to the borders of the sea the King pursued his enemies, and the battle raged by night and day.

"Throughout Egypt the wells had been poisoned, and the people on the little farms died by hundreds, and the food grew less and less, and pestilence was in the air.

"In the palace within the city walls, the young Queen from the North sat among her terrified maidens. She had put away her robes of beauty and wore a woollen mourning gown of white, girdled at the waist with a woollen cord only, and her golden hair was unbound.

"As they were there together, a sound of running came over the mosaic floors of the palace, and a youth entered, panting and spent, the dust thick upon him.

"He threw himself at the Queen's feet. 'What now, Cresta?' she cried, trembling. 'O, quickly! Tell me what news has brought you thus spent and troubled!'

" 'The battle still rages on the border, your Majesty, but to-day we lose and the King hath been wounded—yet not grievously. He sent me that you might not by chance hear worse report, and also to bear to you his love.'

"She stooped and touched the boy, 'Rise,' she said, 'O dear runner. Return to the King. Tell him I catch my falling tears in the crystal bottle he gave to me. They fall through all the hours of his absence. Tell him I will lay them on the altar of the gods—as my sacrifice. Bear to him also my eternal love!'

"The runner departed, and the Queen sank back upon her floor-cushions. From beneath the woollen folds above her heart she took a crystal bottle, and as her tears fell, they were caught and held within it. Many and bitter were her tears, and long they fell. All through the day they fell ceaselessly and through the night—for she thought of the battle lost, and the King wounded and spent.

"But on the morning of the next day an old, old Minister of State came to the Queen.

" 'Your Majesty,' he said, in his quavering voice, 'the people need bread. There is, indeed, wheat in the city, but the people have no money wherewith to buy it.'

"Then the Queen called her maids-of-honor. 'Bring all my jewels,' she commanded, 'and my golden ornaments, and all my coin stamped with the King's seal.'

"This they did and laid them at her feet. The Queen gave them to the Minister of State, sealed in caskets and held in leathern bags—and she summoned her pages to help him bear them away.

" 'Take them,' she said, 'to the dealers in wheat that they may

(*Continued on page* 45.)



"As her tears fell they were caught and held within it."

The X Rays In Dentistry

And Its Miraculous Power in Locating Disease

By ANDREW J. McDONAGH, L.D.S.

Only a few short years ago, perhaps not more than a decade, one would necessarily need a full quota of audacity to assert that a single inoffensive-looking little tooth, which gave no apparent trouble, might be the cause of serious illness or death. Nevertheless, to-day that is quite a common statement in medical and dental papers. The popular belief has been to regard the teeth as a sort of non-vital appendage, nothing more than instruments for mastication.

Observe the change which has taken place in dental and medical literature in the last few years. Take up almost any journal devoted to the healing art, and observe the space which is given to this subject; and as a natural consequence, we find in the minds of the general public, particularly in certain localities, a firm belief that all the physical ills to which humanity is heir are either caused by or directly aggravated by an unhealthy condition located in the mouth. And you will find, as a result, serious thinking men and women going to the dentist and begging him to extract all of their teeth, because of some ailment of which they do not know the cause.

Now the question arises, what has brought this about? How much truth is there in it, and what results are obtained?

About twenty-three years ago, Dr. Conrad Roentgen, an experimenter with electrical currents, who lived in Germany, discovered by accident what he was pleased to term the X Ray, meaning a ray or an energy, the properties of which were not known, and to-day this peculiar phenomenon is called an X Ray. By some who wish to give the honor to the discoverer it is called the Roentgen Ray.

This ray has a unique property or power of penetrating substances usually considered opaque, and by this power it is possible to make photographic imprints of the different densities of any substance; consequently, it is quite possible, by casting a shadow through a living bone upon a sensitized plate, to tell where any of that bone had been dissolved out or destroyed by disease. In this way one can tell the location of an abscess in bone; consequently it was discovered that there were many abscesses in the jaws of people which had never been suspected and could not possibly have been discovered without the X Ray.

Here we see one of the great reasons for the present belief that the teeth are responsible for a great deal of the ill health of the nation.

Coupled with this discovery was an astounding assertion published broadcast throughout the country by Dr. William Hunter, of London, England, in which he claimed that over 90 per cent. of the cases of anæmia, pernicious and otherwise, which came under his care were directly traceable to mouth conditions. Dr. Hunter was emphatic and very insistent in his condemnation of unhealthy conditions of the mouth, and his words had a great effect. True, he was not the first to make these assertions, but he was the most forceful up to his time.

Dr. Osler, Dr. Chas. Mayo, Dr. Miller, Dr. Weston Price and a host of others have done a great deal to advance Dr. Hunter's propaganda.

The question is asked, how much truth is there in it, and are we really all going to die if we are unfortunate enough to have a so-called dead tooth in the mouth?

It would be foolish to deny, in the face of evidence which is presented to us every day, that mouth conditions, particularly so-called dead teeth, appear to be the cause of numerous diseases, including neuritis, heart disease, arthritis, neuralgias, eye infections and other troubles.

But we must not go to the opposite extreme and assert that the teeth are always the cause of these diseases; the tonsils are a very great factor in causing septic trouble, and we may have infections originating in places in no way connected with the mouth.

It is also true that we may have very great mouth lesions and many comparatively large abscesses in the jaws, and have no constitutional complications as a result. Pathologists tell us, however, that if you have those unhealthy conditions in the mouth, and they are left uncared for, in all human probability it is only a matter of time until they manifest themselves constitutionally.

What does the X Ray do for us to discover these hidden conditions or to prevent them? An example or two may be more impressive than any other kind of description.

Take the case of a lady who is suffering from what is diagnosed as heart disease, and no doubt at the time the diagnosis was correct. She was in such a bad state of health that she could not walk upstairs nor perform any duty which required exertion. Her physician, as a last resort, had radiographs made of her teeth. The radiographs revealed the fact that most of the teeth, although well filled according to the old style of filling, had small septic areas about the ends of the roots. After consultation, it was decided to extract all of these teeth. The patient, after recovering from the shock of the extraction, which was quite severe, immediately recovered her health. That was eight months ago; she has since gained nearly forty pounds, runs up and down stairs without any trouble, heart symptoms have disappeared, and she feels like a new being, notwithstanding the fact that for four years previous life seemed not worth living.

The foregoing is one of a type of which we meet many in a full practice.

Another type is one who has rheumatism. Probably more cases of rheumatism present themselves to the radiographer than any other type, and great numbers of them get relief, a little slowly sometimes because of the nature of the disease, but get relief when the focus of infection, revealed by the radiograph to be at the roots of the teeth, is removed, by extraction of the teeth or sometimes by treating and making the teeth healthy. Unfortunately, it is not always possible to accomplish the latter in these cases.

Just an example of this type. A physician came into the office on crutches; the joints of his feet and legs were so sore and unable to perform their functions that he could not walk unassisted. The radiograph showed three teeth affected; these teeth were removed, and his gums, which were in an unhealthy condition, were made healthy. Inside of two weeks he was walking with one cane, and in six weeks all symptoms had disappeared.. To-day he is carrying on his practice in apparently as good health as ever he was.

Another case—a patient suffering from iritis, so severe that he lost the use of one eye. A radiograph revealed the fact that there was an old root and some dead bone underneath the gum in his jaw. An operation by an exodontist removed the tooth and dead bone, and in three days the affected eye, of which he had not had the use for three months, regained its former usefulness and health.

We might go on enumerating cases of this sort till we wrote volumes, because there are so many of them on record now that this side of the question is taken as an accepted fact.

But there is another side of the question: many radiographs are made of teeth which show septic areas, large and small, and the person in whose mouth the teeth are situated is in perfect health so far as he can tell. To discuss this phase of the question fully would require an article in itself, but this we may say, either that this person has sufficient power of resistance in the blood to counteract the effect of absorbed septic material, or the products of bacteria of these septic areas do not contain harmful germs or organisms.

True, it is possible—many would say probable—that the constant absorbing of those poisons will break down the resistance of a healthy body and eventually lead to some disease. But the fact that there are septic areas showing in the radiograms of the mouth does not necessarily mean that the patient has at that time any constitutional disturbance as a result, and one needs to be careful and moderate in making a diagnosis simply on the strength of a radiograph.

We have to remember, too, that, although it is said that a radiogram never tells a lie, there are radiograms and radiograms. Two operators will often make a radiographic examination of the same area and show entirely different results, and two experts, reading the same radiogram according to their experience, will give entirely different diagnoses. Consequently, to get good results from dental radiograms, they must be made carefully, made by a proper machine, handled by an expert and read by one who has experience and judgment.

Under these conditions, dental radiograms become a blessing to humanity and one of the greatest discoveries of the age.

From another prominent dentist the following examples are given:

Neuritis.—Mrs. H., aged 37, has worn four bridges for years without trouble. A year ago she began to be severely annoyed periodically with blotches on her face, and irritation, largely on the back. She tried her family physician, tonics, holidays, rest, till finally her dentist recommended her to have some skiographs. From the evidence there, it was decided to remove, first one, then the rest of the bridges, extending over months, till finally all were removed, and eventually a gold plate was inserted, since when she has been restored to perfect health, with no return of neuritis.

Anæmia.—Miss A., aged 22, in business, but so distressed in the morning that she did not feel able to proceed either with breakfast or to business. At her dentist's suggestion, after consultation with her medical adviser and with his consent, skiographs were taken and two badly abscessed teeth found and shortly removed. Bridges were inserted, since when she has not missed a day at business, and is growing strong.

Their name is legion—the cases that might be detailed, and it would become wearisome to the average reader, but of a surety, X Rays for teeth have come to stay, for our physical comfort and health.

Music During The Great War

By H. G. STANTON

In Collaboration with Hector Charlesworth.

The war has probably upset more theories than any other event in modern times, and has been the means of proving many doubtful theories, so that they are now established as facts. Among many other things it has gone far to establish music's place in the world in a manner little thought of five or six years ago.

The war upset the theory and established the fact—as to being prepared.

The war upset the theory and established the fact—that the warring countries could not man or finance a war of such magnitude and duration.

And so, one could elaborate upon the theories and facts, covering practically every field of science and endeavor.

To the millions of music-lovers throughout the world, the history is being written and shows, to a much greater extent than most of us thought possible, the need of music, as against music being a non-essential. Perhaps few people actualy realize just what advance has been and is being made in this respect.

When war was first declared, there was a national shout of enthusiasm and a rush to help. Only the serious thinkers and leaders of affairs realized the magnitude of the call and the need for preparation. But when these facts came home to the people generally, little could we wonder at tremendous confusion. Plans, theories and schemes were advanced faster and in greater numbers than could possibly be taken thought of. Out of the mass came "economize," "discontinue all luxuries." That did not seem to answer, and we reverted to the other extreme, "Business as usual." It was out of these extremes, actual facts began to find their way, and since we began to realize that the motto, "Business as usual," was fallacious and misleading in purpose, and unworkable in practice, the question of what industries were essential and what non-essential has necessarily risen.

It was, perhaps, to be expected that the status of the musical trades and industries, which is necessarily the basis of musical art, because it is in a large degree an art dependent on mechanical production, would be questioned. The query, "Does music involve economic waste?" at once arises, and certain individuals have to their own satisfaction answered it in the affirmative. The attitude of such individuals is like that expressed by the American humorist, Artemus Ward, during the American Civil War, that he was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations to the cause of the Union. These individuals by reason of deficiencies in temperament, sympathy or education, care nothing for music themselves, and for that reason, are willing to dismiss the claim of those who not only regard music as a necessity of their own lives, but as a real and important factor in present day requirements.

It is significant that the proposal to classify musical effort and production in all its phases under the head of non-essential industries has met with serious consideration only on this continent. In those European countries which have experienced the horrors of war on their soil, or at their very doors, no such idea has been mooted, nor would it for a moment be entertained. In European countries, and by most of the leading statesmen and thinkers of Great Britain, the theory that music is an important and essential factor in civilization in time of peace, and a valuable aid in maintaining the public morale under stress of war, would not be regarded as debatable. Allegations to the contrary would be dismissed as frivolous.

(*Continued on page 51.*)

THE GHOST-WIDOW

by KATHERINE HALE

A Story of Tea-cups and Shells---The Human Element in the Great Romance of Munitions.



"Through the enchantment of the mid-summer evening, the girl felt the ghost draw nearer."

OVER the lawns of "Stonehurst," past the beautiful old house, through the latticed garden gate and among thick grasses that prefaced the orchard crept the ghost. A hammock seemed to swing lifeless in the bloomy dusk. It was a wide mauve strip between dark apple trees. The girl it contained was shadow-slight, and she lay there as motionless as the still evening. A tent of trees stretched to the brow of the hill beneath which lay the town. Sometimes her eyes followed the lights in this gleaming valley, but for the most part she looked up into a sky where the first stars gleamed.

And always, through the enchantment of the mid-summer evening, the girl felt the ghost draw nearer. Her spirit went out to meet him as involuntarily as goes out the salutation of a wife in greeting to her husband after each day's adventure. She was used to his coming, for this special evening of mid-August was an anniversary. Always it seemed to be a night of fair weather. So softly the years had gone by that she did not stop to count them since that twilight in this spot under this sky, when all the beautiful youth in the world seemed to be concentrated in one hour—a lover's moment—pulsing in the still dial of sunny days.

Seventeen years ago from nearly every Canadian town a group of boys went out to fight for England at South Africa. Who recalls the gallant company now? Only mothers perhaps, and these ghost-widows who keep a shadowy tryst.

As this girl looked into the deep-hued sky her thoughts like white clouds drifted to and fro. She went far back in memory to a night when they two had danced the nineteenth century out and had seen the twentieth come in, standing on the steps of the town hall in the heart of the little town. That was an hour of moonlight and strange clouds.

"The birth-moment of a new century is rather awful. Do those piled up clouds look very important to you?" she had asked the boy beside her, who had answered, "Not half as important as the dance together we are missing."

It was the September after that he had left for camp. And then came South Africa, and death.

And time had passed; little-town years, divided between vague and sometimes restless dreams and the easy security of every day life. One danced and played bridge, and as years went on one learned to drive motors instead of horses and gradually the girls of the little social set who had not married drifted off to hospitals and learned to be nurses, or to business colleges and learned to be stenographers, or else they surrendered themselves to somnolence, and pretended that life anywhere else would be ugly.

Then came 1914.

Looking over the rim of the orchard into the gleaming valley town, the girl saw in a blaze of light the windows of the great munition works, an adjunct to her father's own mill where so many women were employed.

The war had taken this town like other places and twisted it into new shapes under its burning fingers. The going out of the men, the levelling of social laws, the incomes wrecked, the fortunes made, these were inevitable. But the significance of the new time lay, for Edith Morse, in that glowing centre of light, an industry never dreamed of before in Brockton—the making of munitions.

Persistently the brilliant windows drew her eyes back from the home-sick contemplation of stars, the far-off road of youth, to the present so sharply dramatic. And is it strange, in an almost early Victorian heroine, that she longed, as she tore herself from the persistent lonely dream to come nearer to those lights, to creep a little closer to the angry heart of the war, to feel for herself what the great thing is that, two decades ago, had reached out its tentative fiery finger to take away her lover, to touch this thing, to work in it, to fight on the burning decks, not to wave farewell to an outgoing vessel from the shore?

Across her dreams strode, in the familiar way that unfamiliar figures take in dreams, a man who was working on the deck of this blazing vessel of war. He had come that day to a Red Cross meeting in the interests of a possible hostel for the workers, many of them strangers in the town, and he had seemed to her a singularly forceful person. His strength, his poise, his easy sureness were unlike those of the young men, bank clerks, factory and foundry owners, the few wealthy business men and their sons, that in the ordered orbit of a country town life she habitually met. Into her mind had flashed the chance remark of somebody's frank brother when an intimate group had been discussing the limitations of Brockton society.

"You girls in small places are all cooped up, like little old-fashioned hens. You never have a chance to meet the right sort of men. They are certainly not to be found in 'our set,' as you call it."

Asked to verify this bold statement, he added that his greatest pal was a good example of the kind of man he meant. Originally a foundry man, now an expert in his own line of business, which was distinctly a scientific business; "an incredibly clever chap" who probably didn't know the name of a new dance.

A request to produce this valuable product for inspection brought forth the unpardonable verdict. "Not on your life. You'd be mutually bored." And there the matter ended.

The little episode drifted through Edith's consciousness, tormented by memories. It was as though the vault of velvet, the tiny stars, the bloomy tree tops, all drew her mind away on a tidal wave that went out yearningly towards youth while the near lights of the town, and above all the insistence of that semi-circle of blazing windows, was the return of the tide pounding in on the actual sands of to-day.

And at last she left the song of stars and listened only to the return of the tide.

"To-morrow," she decided, "I shall see if they can give me any work at munitions."

II.

The manager of the works seemed to be in no whit surprised, or, indeed, gratified, at her business-like application. He told her that the job was not a difficult one, and that when she had learned the process of manufacture he would not waste her time as a mechanic. He was badly in need of inspectors.

"If you really mean to help us," he said. "I would like you to go in with the girls and see the game from beginning to end. I am aware that there are improvements to be made. The truth is we've been so busy that the main thing is speed. We need a few people like you who will work with their eyes open, educated women who can help us. You had better take the night shift from eleven p.m. to seven a.m.—easiest hours for you at first."

John Morse felt that it was his patriotic duty to leave his daughters free to do theirs as they saw it. He did not see any particular object in Edith's learning to make munitions. Two years ago the very thought of her entering a factory on any business whatever would have been intolerable. But the war had changed everything and everybody. He was her not unwilling escort on the night of her initiation.

"Only this once," she protested, as they walked down the winding path that rambled through the grounds. "You know it's absurd for a 'new woman' to have her father take her to business."

She turned to him in the moonlight and her slim fairness made her look very young.

"Takes me back to a September night when you started off to boarding school, and we took the longest road to the station to put off the evil moment, do you remember, Edie?" he asked her.

"Yes, you and I walked this way and mother and Fan drove over," she answered softly, and gave his arm a little squeeze.

"Your mother used to be interested in the people in these cottages," he remarked. They were out beyond the garden gate at the bottom of the hill where a collection of small buildings stood. Edith stooped to tie her shoe lace, and as she did so she noticed a ray of light across the road from an open door, also the raucous voice of a gramophone grinding out "Tipperary," and the wail of a small child with a good-sized grievance. A girl in a vivid yellow sweater came out of the small garden and hurried on in front of them.

"No gramophones in mother's time, were there Dad, or any silk sweaters emerging from these cottages? I remember Mrs. Murphy lived in this very one; she used to come up for milk, bare-footed."

"They're all at work now, the war is making 'em rich," he returned. And in a moment he had left her at the door of the factory.

McAinsh, the manager, met her at the door and she crossed into a world whose ways and language she did not know.

At first, as she learned the various processes of shell-making, she was so engaged with minutiae that her fellow-workers were shadowy. For the first time in her life she turned the entire force of her will into the attainment of mechanical detail, and to do this it was necessary to concentrate every moment of the long nights and to sleep nearly every hour of the summer days. And because of an inherent power of concentration she attained this new knowledge quickly, though on the day that she was appointed an inspector it seemed that she had been years instead of days in the acquirement of what she had to know.

Then she came back to life again—the life of the people all about her. But still through the never-ceasing din, the ringing voice of the steel, the lower voice of the machines—these fellow-workers seemed shadowy.

Everything was thrown into high lights, the light that casts deep shadows. As at night she went to work alone through the familiar streets, these lights seemed to beckon her on, out of the valley of recollection to this vivid reality.

The girls she met in the cloak room were formerly mill hands, seamstresses, servants, small workers in small places, Jews and Gentiles, black and white, bond and free. They all shouted, they all joked, they all chewed gum. Gum, indeed, seemed to be one of the necessities of life. It was sold on the premises. Working with them Edith was so keen on her own apprenticeship that she did not notice the quality of theirs. Having to inspect the work, she felt at once, notwithstanding, their response to the requisite exactness, that, for the most part, they were slovenly in technique, lacking in discipline, and always self-conscious.

An Inspector of shells examines twelve different processes, each one of which must be exact, from the tap at the top to the base. Edith, going over hundreds of shells a day, found very few that were defective, yet the women had conquered the process without a ray of joy in the work.

"I tremble as I touch them, so strange they are,
and bright;
Each one will be a comet to break the purple night.
Gray Fear will ride before it and Death will ride
behind,
The sound of it will deafen, the sight of it will
blind."

The lines haunted her as she watched the transformation of these "weapons of the Lord" from their dark beginning to the shining finish.

Gradually certain forms detached themselves from the crowd of workers as the nights went on; those strange nights of rapid movement, peopled by denizens of another world.

At four in the morning work stopped for twenty minutes and there was tea and food in the main workroom.

Edith persistently sought for acquaintance with her fellows, but as persistently it was denied, and what mutual ground there was seemed to slip from under her feet.

At patriotic meetings in the town all sorts and conditions of women foregathered and you could talk bandages, and kit bags, and last news from the trenches as eagerly with one as with another. The social restraints of generations were in a moment discarded. But this was a different phase. Here work was a topic taboo. These women were plainly tired of work and their personalities were too formidable for a delicate touch to unlock. The conversation was of "movies" and "dates" and

(Continued on page 48.)

The Third of a Series of Articles on Reconstruction in Canada

After the War—What?

By A. FRANK READE.

Food Control—Shall It Be Continued After The War?—Yes! And Much More Drastic And Comprehensive!—Canadians Must Face The Grim Facts.—Various Ways of Preventing World Famine.—Seeking New Sources Of Food.

Food control by the Government; shall it be continued? What a foolish question, in face of the cold facts which make us tremble as we enter the fifth year of this world-war! Look at one of these awful facts: since this war started as many human beings have died of starvation as have been killed in battle!

This world-war is proving to be Canada's testing-time. Customs and traditions which were smugly accepted two years ago are being questioned, examined, and in many cases denounced and abandoned. There is a new point of view, and many things look different from the altered angle. Problems of finance, of industrial management, of scientific research, of invention, even of National Government, are being solved by new methods, the very suggestion of which would have shocked us before 1914.

Food Control, an Old Idea, Brought Down to Date.

Food control was first put into operation 3,633 years ago, and it was a great success. We read that "the famine was sore in all the earth," as well as in the land of Egypt; and a young Hebrew, just turned thirty, saved the situation. Read the story as told in Genesis, chapters 41, 42. Joseph's administration of the office of Food Controller was marked by several strong and wise features:—He took the "long view," saw seven years ahead and provided for them; he was made absolute dictator, so that when all the land of Egypt was famished, and the people cried to Pharaoh for bread, he told all the Egyptians, "Go unto Joseph and what he saith to you, do." Joseph gathered all the food; he stored it; he distributed it.

Practically all the countries in the world are now following the example of Joseph more or less closely, each government dealing with its own people; but as I write there comes a cable from London, England, telling of a conference in London between the Food Controllers of the United Kingdom, United States, France and Italy. I was delighted to note that—

Satisfactory progress has been made, and the establishment of an Interallied Food Council, composed of the Controllers, is now an accomplished fact. A resolution adopted emphasized the need for economy and the elimination of waste, as well as increased production in order to build up the stocks as insurance against all possibilities. It concludes:

"We cannot administer the food problem on the basis of one year's wants. We must prepare for long continuance."

If, then, we are to have Food Control after the war, not on the basis of one year's wants, but during "long continuance" in order to achieve victory, the Allied Food Council is adopting one of Joseph's principles; and possibly they may adopt all the others, and absolutely gather, store and distribute all essential foodstuffs, regardless of millers, elevator companies, grocers' combines, retailers' associations, and distributers' wretchedly overlapping methods (they do not deserve the name of systems) which are costing housewives an average of two cents per pound additional on every article they have brought to their door. (See Report of Canadian Royal Commission on High Cost of Living.) When the Allied Food Council takes control of the Food Boards of all Allied countries and the overseas Dominions (including Canada) we may look for far more drastic measures than the Canada Food Board ever dreamed of.

How to Help the Good Work Along.

Readers who remember the closing paragraph of my August article will be ready for my next suggestion. For the sake of those who did not see the August issue, let me say that I suggested a question to be asked by each reader of himself or herself: "What is my ideal of reconstruction for myself?" I also advised reading and talking about reconstruction in your own life and habits, and planning for changes of attitude—a new "orientation" towards these new and big problems.

Now let me apply my suggestion practically. Take the question of eating. Did you ever consider it seriously—what it means to you personally? Eating is your method of individual reconstruction—restoring the worn-out tissue, and building up your new body bit by bit (more literally, bite by bite) with the food you consume. The food you eat is immensely important to your physical, mental and psychic (spiritual) life. I remember a food advertisement which used the slogan, "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are." Suppose we all began to study seriously the problem of food—how to select it; how to prepare it (not necessarily cook it, because it is argued by some that cooking kills the vital elements in food); how to chew food (Fletcherize) so as to get all the good out of it; how to aid digestion, by exercise, music, etc. Suppose we studied also how to discover good, nutritious foods that are not now on our bills-of-fare. What would happen? The possibilities are delightful to anticipate. Let's "pretend," and see what we might possibly find.

Suppose we should find, as John Wesley did, that a pound of food per day, properly chewed, and eaten with thankful heart, would put an ordinary person through as much work as Wesley did; wouldn't that be a big and delightful surprise? See what it would mean in economy of money!—and of time!—and of fuel now wasted in elaborate cookery!—and of temper spoiled by standing over a hot stove, stewing and fussing! Think, also, what it would mean if we could do as much work as Wesley did, or half as much! If we could reach only fifty per cent. of his output we would double, treble, quadruple our present capacity!

Banish the Cook and the Kitchen Stove.

Or suppose we should discover, in the course of our studies, as Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Christian found. Although they were both so impaired in



Early autumn at one of Canada's natural falls, Webster's Ravine, Dundas, Ontario.

health as to be almost totally disqualified for the performance of their daily work, less than a year of study and experiment resulted "in the total elimination of all stomach disorders and our complete restoration to perfect health." Wouldn't that be just splendid? These two Christians say that man's primitive food was plants, and that during his whole life primitive man would not eat more than a half-dozen different varieties of food, while it is estimated the average American can select from a thousand articles of diet. They believe that diet should be confined to plants, fruits and nuts in their natural (uncooked) state; the hickory nut, that has ripened in the top of a mountain tree, whose life-giving properties have been filtered through a hundred feet of clean, white wood; the delicious apple or peach, nursed in the lap of nature, rocked in her ethereal cradle, and kissed from the odorous blossom of infancy on to maturity and reddened, ripened and finished, ready for use, by the soft beams of the life-giving sun, the parent of all light and life. These products come from the hand of Nature in finished condition; they are done; but when cooked they are undone.

Here are three ideal meals for a perfectly normal person, as tested, tried and proved by Mr. and Mrs. Christian:—

BREAKFAST.
One red apple. Two ounces Pecan meats.
Six or eight black dates.
One very ripe banana, sliced, with thick cream.
One glass milk.

LUNCH.
Two Bartlett pears. One ounce Pecan meats.
Three Turkish pulled figs. One ounce Pignolia nuts.
Cold slaw with olive oil. One cake of unfired bread.
Four prunes with thick cream. Sweet butter.
Glass of egg-nog.

DINNER.
Half-pound of grapes. Two ounces mixed nut meats.
Vegetable salad with Hygeia dressing.
One cake unfired bread. Cream cheese.
Six or eight black dates.
Very ripe red banana with thick cream.
Pint of whole milk.

There is a whole world of new philosophy in this Christian method of eating. I have not room even for a summary; but here is a suggestion:—

There are five different classes of food: Water, proteids, carbohydrates, fat, mineral salts.

There are five different digestive organs: Mouth, stomach, liver, pancreas, intestinal glands.

There are five different kinds of digestive fluids: Saliva, gastric juice, pancreatic juice, bile, intestinal juices.

The ultimate and most scientific end that can be attained in the study of the food question is, to find in foods the exact requirements of a normal body; in other words, a perfectly balanced bill of fare. This is rendered extremely difficult when we subsist upon foods which have been changed by any process from their elemental condition; but in subsisting upon natural or elementary foods it is but a matter of time when the taste will dictate the quality, the hunger the quantity, and the perfectly balanced bill of fare becomes possible.

What is a Well-Planned Meal?

A well-planned meal containing the proper combination of foods is not difficult to prepare. The essential ingredient, a repairing material, is protein, found abundantly in meat, eggs, cheese and nuts. The starches and sugars technically known as carbohydrates, are required also, together with fats for fuel for effort. These two fuel-furnishing foods can be used alternately, thus securing a variation. Scientists who have given the question of food values special attention report that a diet of protein, fat and carbohydrates alone would cause starvation more quickly than if all food were withheld. There is a necessity of introducing some mineral salts, which yield iron, calcium, magnesium, phosphorus and potassium.

A supply of iron is obtained from raisins, whole wheat, dried beans, prunes and meats, or the yolks of eggs. Calcium is contributed by milk, dried peas and beans, celery and citrus fruits. In meat, peas, beans, milk and prunes there is magnesium. Phosphorus forms a quality in meat, milk, egg-yolks, whole wheat, dried peas and beans. Potassium is furnished in potatoes, parsnips, cabbage, turnips and apples.

Hunting for New Sources of Food.

Or, suppose we start in a search for new, cheap, nutritious foods. An American writer makes the startling statement that there are 30,000 new vegetables and fruits which have been thoroughly tested and proven to be exceedingly valuable and desirable. The mention of a few of these will show new directions in which food may be sought and produced, much of it in back yards, and other waste places.

Take the common, despised sunflower as an example. It is looked upon as useful only for chicken-feed; yet it is one of the most valuable plants that could be grown, and it would pay for most extensive cultivation. It originated in the western United States, was cultivated by the Indians before the time of Columbus, and Champlain in 1675 found the Indians cultivating it for food purposes, and making hair-oil from the seeds; yet we owe the logical development of the sunflower to the Russians, who cultivate it as a crop, and get twice as much money for it per acre as for any other crop, even wheat. Such a statement sounds sensational, until the many uses of the sunflower

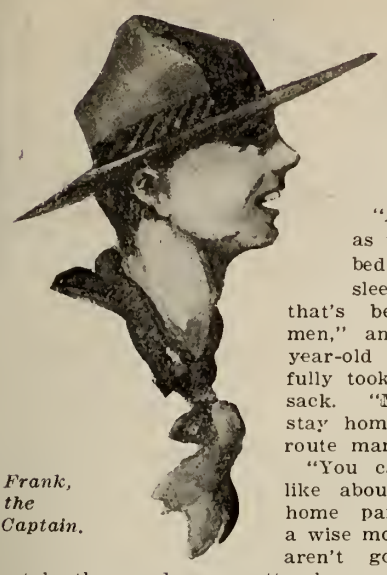
(*Continued on page 50.*)

A WOODLAND SKETCH

By
EDITH HALSTED LORWAY.

Illustrated by E. C. Reed.

An Amusing Story of The Adventures of Four Boy Scouts



Frank, the Captain.

"Aw, Gee, might as well sleep in a bed, as have to sleep on a porch that's been made by men," and a tan, ten-year-old boy sorrowfully took off his knapsack. "Might as well stay home, as go on a route march that way."

"You can do as you like about the staying home part," responded a wise mother, "but you aren't going to sleep out in the woods, no matter how many rain coats you have under you—no, not even if the sun *is* shining at intervals. It is the first day it hasn't rained—yes, poured, young man, in weeks, and you are not going to roll up your clothes in a bundle and leave them on the ground, even if the soldiers do it; however, you can do as you like about going."

The maid parted the blue velvet portieres, "You are wanted at the phone, Mrs. Norwood."

Frank remained standing while his mother took down the receiver. An expression of absolute blankness covered his features, although his mind was active, formulating ideas. It was only a week since he had bumped his head severely against that wall which separates an adult's focus of things in general, from a child's. As yet he was not mentally tall enough to climb over the wall, and all the grown-ups once safely over seemed to have forgotten even how to climb back—so, hang it all, what was the use of a fellow talking, and arguing against a stupid, stolid, apparently invincible adult world!



Bill.

All his ten years of existence, from his babyhood up, it had been necessary for him at intervals to become acquainted with that same wall; but it was not until after his tenth year birthday party, that having bumped his head severely against the barrier, he recognized its existence. Invitations in gold writing, with blanks left for the date, and the "o'clock" had gone to fifty "kids." Of course that meant fifty presents. Naturally the quickest and most efficient method was to stand by the door, seemingly to shake hands with each arrival, in reality to collect in the gifts, very much as if he were collecting the tickets to a performance. This method would save having his name called out, and allow of his simultaneously taking the present with one hand, shaking hands with the other, and saying "thank you" with his mouth.

He had a table by the door on which he could put the gift when unwrapped, with the basket underneath in which to throw the tissue paper. Perhaps he would save the ribbons; he had not been sure about that part, thus he would be ready quickly for the greeting and receiving of the next gift, especially the receiving process, connected with the next gift.

To his great humiliation, disappointment, and chagrin, no presents appeared—not one. To each guest present he had given a gift on his or her birthday, and here was no return! It was much worse than insulting, it was straight graft. He had given, and he had received not. He had been a hypocrite and smiled cheerfully while shaking hands with forty children—quite as it had been drilled into him by his mother and debutante sister that he must do. At the time of their instructions he had not given it much thought. It had seemed no hardship when he was to receive a gift at the same time, but to stand there and to smile and smirk with no reward, was—to put it mildly, "getting on his nerves."

Finally the maid had opened the door for Billy Findley—a crisp, clean Bill, almost unrecognizable in his spreading Buster Brown collar and his "don't-touch-me" party air. No shaking hands with Bill! Frank grasped him by the coat sleeve.

"Hey, there! where is my present?"

"I haven't any present. Let go my sleeve."

"Why haven't you one? Where is the fifty cents your mother gave you last week?"

"Aw, I did a lot of things with it; mostly went to the movies. It is none of your business, and you let go my sleeve."

Bill was squarely built and a man of action. The word "guest" meant nothing to him, and the word "host" nothing to Frank. Frank had hold of his newly pressed sleeve. That was sufficient cause for a fist blow. The result was a regular fight. Before either one had had time to claim the victory, the debutante sister, much disturbed, had separated the two. She had smoothed down Frank's ruffled hair, twisted the Buster Brown collar back to its original angle and sent Bill into the parlor to play "drop the handkerchief." Frank she had returned to his post as host.

"Look here, Frank," she had said, "I am ashamed of you. That was an awful thing to have said. The idea of asking Bill where his present was, just as if it were a ticket! How would you feel if some one asked you that at his party?"

How would he feel? It was insulting to ask such a question. He could no more sense the answer than if a dumb person were to suddenly lose his voice and some one were to ask him how he felt about it. Frank would no sooner think of going to a birthday party without his present, than of going to school without his shoes, nor would any of the other fellows as far as he knew, but just his luck, at *his* party all rules of gift etiquette seemed to have been called off.

"Of course they didn't bring presents," continued his sister. "Some of mother's friends were saying that it was a mercenary habit to have children bring presents to parties, and a stop should be put to it, so mother wrote on the invitations, 'Please do not bring presents'—I guess she forgot to mention it to you."

Only one guest out of the fifty, for of course they all came, had broken the parental law. She was a late comer, and by that time Frank had lost all heart to open the box. Later she had come up to him and with a pleading look had asked him why it was not opened.

"You might know chocolate peppermints are my favorite candy," she had said.

With a jerk Frank was brought back from the contemplation of past tragedies to the reality of the present, for the voice of his mother was saying over the phone to Bill's mother, "I spoke to the other mothers about it and we decided we would let the boys do as you and the doctor thought best; of course *I* don't think it is wise to let them sleep on the ground and not take any food with them."

"Food!" interrupted Frank. "I told you we each had a quarter of a pound of flour and some oatmeal, and some—gee, I have forgotten what all, but anyway it is all there in the cook book, and we are each going to cook our own bread."

"It certainly is not wise," continued his mother, in a maddening way, just as if she had not heard. "They might as well go and dig up a pneumonia germ as do what they want to do. About the food, I told Frank he could take the rations according to the book he had, for you know boys, if they get too hungry their stomachs will guide them to a farm house."

All of a sudden Frank felt a great wave of fellow feeling towards Galadio, whose picture was shown forth from a page of the school reader. He knew now how that great man had felt when standing before those in authority, he disavowed that the earth revolved around the sun, yet under his breath he said, "Nevertheless it does." He, Frank, was placed in that same position, for it was only the other day that the drill master had exhorted them to get out into the open more—to rough it, to live close to old mother Nature, for only thus would they grow sturdy, and ready to be true soldiers if the need arose; and here was he, captain of the scout squad, being babied and made a sissy of by the woman for whom he meant to grow sturdy and fearless. The bands of parental authority seemed tight, yet like Galadio he could only bow to the yoke and under his breath say, "Nevertheless, you are all wrong." By the time his mother had hung up the receiver he had forced a fairly cheerful expression. "Well, suppose I'd better be getting my kit ready."

"When is it you are to be back?" asked his mother.

"Oh, in about four days."

"It would be well to get an early start in order to get the cottage opened up and the cots and blankets well aired before sundown."

"Cots and blankets aired! what nonsense!" he thought to himself.

The captain mounted the stairs two at a time. He was making a brave attempt at three, but failed in that. His despondent mood had quite left him, and he whistled gayly as he packed his kit. Into it he put his cook book, his individual frying pan—a tiny doll-like thing, his quarter pound of flour, a small bag of sugar, some butter which already was becoming greasy, a candy box full of oatmeal and various minor ingredients necessary for cooking. For milk and eggs they were to part sufficiently from the primitive to obtain from a civilized farmer. Lastly, there were four potatoes and four chops, one for each day.



Galadio at Cunningham.

His cartridge belt he buckled around his waist. True, the boys were not allowed to take their shooting outfits unless accompanied by an older person—another thorn in the flesh—but the outside world, especially the girl next door, must not know that. therefore the cartridge belt. though hot and heavy, must be donned for its soldier-like touch.

The four scouts, including their captain, walked merrily along the country road, making brisk time over the dry stretches, slower over the muddy places. It was one of those days in spring, when, after a month of rain and raw days, it seems as if Nature had pressed an electric button and started into activity her drowsy buds, and the calling songs of her mating birds. They were walking through "Lovers' Lane," a favorite haunt of the boys. "All the world loves a lover," especially the boy of ten, for are not lovers something to be teased, something to be annoyed! Around the bend in the road a young man was helping a girl over a fence. Ordinarily this would be the signal for the young scamps to lie low, until the couple had reached the other end of the woodland path. The time this took depended upon the stage of the courtship. If the couple were just good friends and walked briskly along, it was a five minute walk, but an extra two minutes must be allowed, if there were any rough places to be helped over, and shy glances to be exchanged while anywhere from five to ten minutes was allotted if there were frequent kisses and they sauntered arm in arm. When the couple had reached the little wharf, they would unfasten a canoe and paddle over to an island, well known for its trilliums. Here, after beaching the canoe, they would be lost to view in the island shrubbery. It was then the boys, like Indians, would creep through the woods, unfasten a row boat and "beat it" over to the island. There, tying the canoe to their boat, they would be well into the middle of the stream before discovered by the luckless couple. Whereupon there would be entreaties from the girl and a stern command from the man, shouted through a pair of megaphoned hands to "Bring that canoe back." At which the young imps would laugh back derisively.

"Will you take it now or when you get it? You sit down and hold the lady's hand, we'll call for you later"; and they always did—but at their own convenience.

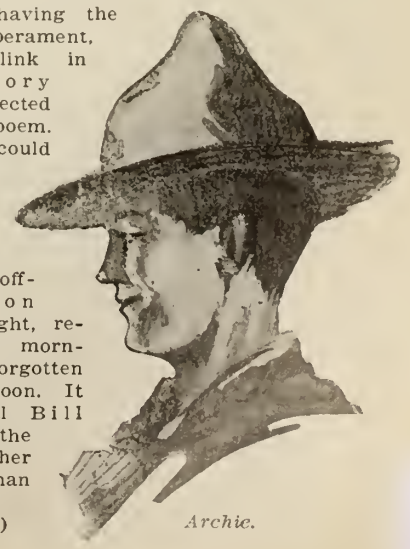
Only once had Frank and Bill clean forgotten all about a couple stranded on the island until after eleven p.m., but that is another story, a story with a sad ending, for two young gentlemen were unable to sit down for some days.

Trudging along they reached the brow of the hill. Here for a few minutes they threw off their kits and flung themselves on the turf for a short rest. Below them across the green landscape like a great piece of blue crepe paper, lay the rippling lake. The smoke of an out-going steamer was drawn like a pencil mark across the horizon. Sweet scented breezes were around them, and Nature beamed benevolently upon the earth.

"Sort of looks like that poem about spring, in the reader, doesn't it, so sweet-smelly and all?" volunteered Archie.

It was evident that Archie Durston, despite his freckles and sturdy build, had bearings toward the poetical. The three others not having the artistic temperament, found no link in their memory which connected with the poem. In fact, they could not recall *any* poem. Poetry was a thing to be "learnt-off-by-heart" on Thursday night, recited Friday morning, and forgotten Friday afternoon. It was practical Bill who came to the rescue. "Rather be outdoors than

(*Continued on page* 56.)



Archie.

A King in Babylon

By BURTON E. STEVENSON.

Had the Hand of the Little Slave Girl Been Knocking For Four Thousand Years?

CHAPTER XXVII—*Continued.*

CREEL and I looked at each other a little sheepishly. I wasn't convinced; I was sure Creel wasn't, either. But we pretended we were—that seemed the only thing to do.

"I guess that's another one on us, Billy," said Creel, and looked around the tomb. "But where is that man Allen?"

Davis was sweeping it with his shaft of light.

"He isn't here," he said. "I'll wager . . ."

He stopped again, and this time we all heard the sound—a soft and regular breathing.

By a common impulse, we tiptoed forward. And there, on the bottom of the great sarcophagus, was Jimmy Allen. He was lying on his side, his head pillowed on his arm, and sleeping as calmly as any infant.

It was Creel who got his voice first.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he said softly. "He *is* crazy! To come over here alone . . ."

"He wasn't alone," I burst in, unable to pretend any longer. "That wasn't a bat we felt—I know it wasn't!"

Davis snorted impatiently, but Creel stood biting his lips and staring down at the sleeping man.

"That only makes it worse," he pointed out, at last.

I agreed with him . .

And just then Jimmy stirred, and opened his eyes, and smiled calmly up at us.

"Hullo, fellows!" he said, precisely as he had once before on this very spot. "What are *you* doing here?"

"We were looking for you," answered Creel savagely. "What do you mean by such a fool caper?"

"Oh," said Jimmy, "I thought I would see how it felt to sleep in this tomb again . . ."

"Again?" echoed Creel.

"I spent a night here some four thousand years ago;" said Jimmy.

"Alone?"

"Oh, no," and he glanced at the rear wall. "I had company then—just as I had to-night."

"Look here, Jimmy," Creel blurted out, "of course it is none of my business, and I don't take any high moral stand—but I think you ought to cut it. Assignations in tombs are hardly decent . . ."

"What do you mean?" demanded Jimmy sharply.

"Oh, we didn't see her," said Creel; "she was too quick for us. She knocked the torch out of Davis's hand and bolted . . ."

"No, she didn't," said Jimmy. "She is still back there. Put your ear against the wall and you can hear her."

Davis, with a strange glance at him, went to the back wall and placed an ear against it. There was something in his face which drew Creel and me to his side.

"There is undoubtedly a noise in there," he said, and Creel and I laid each an ear to the wall and listened with bated breath. For a moment I heard nothing; then there came a faint tap-tapping—I could fancy a tiny fist beating against the stones—beating for forty centuries! And I found myself turning a little giddy.

"It must be some stones dropping out of the roof," said Davis.

"It is Tina knocking to get out," said Jimmy, 'just as she did the first night. I told you she hadn't died, but was waiting and hoping and beating against the wall!"

He was sitting up in the sarcophagus, and looked around at our startled faces with a mocking smile.

"Tina?" echoed Davis. "Was that her name?"

"It was my name for her."

"It sounds suspiciously modern," Creel commented. "I'm afraid your imagination is running dry, Jimmy."

"Oh, no," said Davis quietly, "Tina is an Egyptian name. There is a record of the family of Pet-Baal, a priest in the temple of Amen, and one of the daughters was named Tina."

"She knows I am here," continued Jimmy; "she sensed it, somehow, as soon as I entered. She's aching to get at me!"

"Love?" queried Davis.

"Oh, no!" said Jimmy, coolly. "The reverse! I don't blame her—she was only nineteen when I walled her up in there! But if she did get out, I would be in for a pretty strenuous time."

Davis strode over to Jimmy, his eyes gleaming with exasperation.

"Look here, Allen," he said, sternly, "do you expect me to believe this nonsense?"

"Oh, do as you please," said Jimmy with a shrug. "Whether you believe it or not, it's true!"

"You are speaking seriously?"

"Entirely so."

"You mean to tell me that whoever or whatever it was that was walled up in that tomb has survived for four thousand years?"

"You believe in the immortality of the soul, don't you?"

"Yes; but the soul doesn't waste forty centuries hanging around the place where the body is buried. It's out in the universe seeking new adventures! Anyway, how could a soul knock against a stone wall?"

"I don't precisely know," answered Jimmy, meditatively. "You see, all that sort of knowledge has somehow slipped away from me. But it seems to me I have heard of souls rapping against tables and things."

"Rubbish!" said Davis, and abandoned an argument which plainly led nowhere, and rejoined us at the wall.

"It doesn't sound like stones dropping out," commented Creel. "It's too quick and regular."

"It sounds like nothing," I said, "except a hand hammering to get out. It starts in slowly, and then quickens, and then stops for a while as though to get breath, and then starts in again."

"It's an Egyptian trick of some sort," said Davis impatiently. "A pendulum arrangement, perhaps, set in motion by a current of air. They were experts at such tricks—their temples were full of them! We'll see for ourselves to-morrow."

"Oh," said Jimmy, suddenly standing up and looking at Davis, his eyes intent; "you're going in there to-morrow, are you?"

"I certainly am," snapped Davis, "and none of your cock-and-bull stories will stop me!"

"I'm not trying to stop you," said Jimmy. "I'm not afraid! Haven't I told you I would never be afraid again? But if you are going to let her out, I've got to get ready!" and he clambered slowly out of the sarcophagus. I saw that he was attired only in his pajamas, and that his feet were bare.

"Didn't you wait to put on your shoes?" asked Creel.

"One doesn't need them in the sand," said Jimmy. "Are you ready to go back? All right, come along!"

As he turned toward the passage, I could have sworn that the beating against the wall increased in fury, as though the prisoner in the tomb raged at being balked of its prey. Jimmy must have heard it too, for he smiled back over his shoulder.

"Revoir, Tina!" he cried. "Don't worry. You'll see me to-morrow!"

And then from in front of us came the crash of falling masonry.

"Good God!" cried Creel. "The roof!"

A moment later, Davis's torch was playing over the pile of debris which half-blocked the entrance.

"We can just get past," he said; "but move carefully," and he squeezed through into the outer chamber. "That was a near thing," he added, when we stood beside him, and he threw the light over the fissure in the roof from which the stones had fallen. "There's the bat!" he cried, and I saw its gray shape flit across the ceiling and disappear in the darkness of the corridor. "Perhaps you'll still talk to me of ghosts!" he added grimly.

Jimmy laughed.

"Have they been talking of ghosts?" he asked.

"They have been scared to death!" snapped Davis. "By shadow—by clouds—and by a bat. I'm glad to see that you, at least, have got some nerve left!"

Jimmy laughed again.

"Better than that!" he drawled. "I haven't any left. I have said good-by to nerves forever!"

He stretched his arms above his head and yawned tremendously.

Davis glanced at him, then he turned his light back again to the crumbling roof.

"I'm afraid I'll have to brace it up to-morrow, before I go to work in there," he said. "Awful waste of time!"

"Why not let well enough alone, Davis?" asked Creel impulsively. "You've got the coffin and the king's mummy. That ought to be glory enough!"

"But I haven't solved the mystery," snapped Davis. "Do you suppose I could rest content with anything less than that? Do you suppose I want to spend the rest of my life blaming myself for a coward!"

"Of course you don't!" said Jimmy quietly. "Play the game! That's right! That's what we all must do!" and he led the way into the outer air.

Silently we crossed the sand back to the oasis. As we neared it, the weird chant from the native camp floated again to our ears.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN the midst of breakfast, next morning, Mustafa appeared and called Davis aside, and talked long and earnestly into his ear, while the explorer listened with evident anger and impatience.

We all of us watched the conference curiously, but without remark. In fact, we seemed to have lost the faculty of speaking, except when speech was necessary, even Ma Creel—and only those who know her can appreciate what a change that meant! For the most part, we sat moodily, with bent heads, as though there was something weighing us down. And that was it precisely—there *was* something weighing us down . . .

It was worse than ever that morning. It affected even our native servants. At any rate, the boy who waited on the table dropped a tray of dishes with a crash that made us jump nearly out of our skins, and the cook upset the coffee and had to make it over again. And all the time Mustafa talked and talked and waved his hands .

I suspected what the trouble was, and so, I think, did Creel. Perhaps Jimmy also was able to divine it, for he glanced at the two men from time to time with an enigmatic smile. There were dark circles under his eyes, and I saw how his hand trembled when he raised his cup to his lips. Evidently there was less truth than bravado in his boast that he had said good-by to nerves! As for Mlle. Roland, who, as usual, sat opposite him, her pallor was startling, and her eyes were like coals of fire. I was sure she was burning with fever; and I have wondered since if she had a presentiment . .

Davis came back at last, and sat down without looking at us, and went on with his breakfast.

"Well," said Ma Creel, "what was it about? You'll have to tell us sooner or later, you know!"

"It is nothing very serious," Davis answered. "The natives have got an idea that there is something the matter with that tomb, and they have notified Mustafa that they won't enter it again."

"You don't care, do you, since you've got the mummy out?"

"I had intended to—ah—explore it a bit further," explained Davis.

"What do they think is the matter with the place?" Ma Creel demanded.

"They think it's haunted—they all believe in witchcraft, you know. A piece of the roof fell in last night, and they consider that a warning to stay out. I had to pull down part of a wall to get the coffin out, and it weakened the vaulting."

"Then it *is* unsafe?"

"Mustafa and I are going to rebuild the wall. You said I could have Mustafa," he added, turning to Creel.

"Yes, take him," said Creel. "I won't need him. Our principal scenes to-day are the ones showing Jimmy's finish—those and a few fillers to connect things up."

"What *is* Jimmy's finish?" Davis asked, with what was for him unusual curiosity.

"The siren—the reincarnation, you know, of the woman he had buried alive—lures him out into the desert; and then, at the moment he catches her and crushes her to him, she changes to a mummy in his arms; and he goes mad when he finds that he can't throw the thing off, and wanders around with it clinging to him, until he finally falls exhausted in the sand and dies."

(Continued on following page.)

For Those Who Missed The First Chapters

A NEW YORK company of moving picture actors goes to Egypt to film a picture which it is believed will make a tremendous "hit." Davis, an Egyptologist, joins the party at Luxor, and with an outfit of camels, donkeys, etc., they journey into the desert. While Davis accompanies and directs them, his real object is to complete excavations in certain ruins in which he believes he will find the tomb of an ancient king.

He is correct in his supposition and the tomb of Sekenyen-Re is unearthed. The plot of the picture and the real become strangely interwoven in this land of mystery and superstition, and it often remains for the old Egyptologist to give a reasonable solution of the many uncanny happenings.

In the last instalment the precious casket was carried out of the tomb, and as it lay in the tent in semi-darkness one of the party believed he saw the spirit rise slowly from within, join another form hovering near the foot and noiselessly disappear. Shortly after it was discovered that Jimmy Allen was gone. The men of the party were aroused and at once proceeded over the oasis toward the natives' quarters, where they found their leader chanting a weird melody to ward off the evil spirits which he said were abroad that night. Resolutely turning toward the excavations, the men entered the tomb, to find that they were not alone. There was a soft rustle as of a woman's skirts; suddenly something brushed past and the torch was knocked to the floor.

A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

"Cheerful stuff, I must say!" grunted Davis. "Do you mean to tell me any American audience will stand for such rubbish?"

"They'll eat it up!" said Creel cheerfully. "And now you two run along," he added to Jimmy and Mlle. Roland, "and get into your togs. I will want you first in your harem costume, Princess, and you in your khaki, Jimmy. Where is that mummy, Digby? Over in the ruins?"

"No; I've got it in the property-tent," said the careful Digby.

"Well, get it out; and, Billy, be sure you take plenty of film."

"I'll be off and do some real work!" scoffed Davis, and presently I saw him and Mustafa crossing toward the ruins.

Half an hour later, we were hard at work. First we did a scene showing Jimmy and Creel carrying the papier-mache mummy between them over from the ruins, and then I panned them up to the entrance to the tent. Then we rolled back part of the top to let in the light, and I shot them as they brought the mummy into the tent and laid it on a table, which had taken the place of one of the cots. Then they went to bed (a lighted lamp and the tinting to be given the film subsequently indicating that night had fallen); and then we changed the lighting so that it would be concentrated in a sort of soft, uncanny glow on the table, and Mlle. Roland took the mummy's place there, and I reeled back and made a double-exposure; and Jimmy woke up and saw her lying there, gazing at him alluringly under half-closed lids, for all the world like that picture of Venus by Cabanel at the Met.

He raised his head and looked at her a moment; then sat up in bed; and then, as though the lure was irresistible, he slowly rose from the cot and stole toward her; and she slipped from the table like a snake, looking back at him over her shoulder, and glided out of the tent. He hesitated a moment, glanced at his sleeping partner, and followed.

And then Creel woke up, discovered Jimmy and the mummy both missing, and rushed to the door, and stared out into the night. It was well done, and I felt sure would get across with any audience. All of these scenes, as well as the ones which followed, would be tinted, and so would be doubly effective. Outside the tent, I panned them to the edge of the desert—Jimmy following the siren; and then Creel in search of them; and there we had to stop, for it was too hot to think of venturing out on the sand.

"We will wait till afternoon for the finish," said Creel. "You two go and rest—you've got some hard scenes ahead. But if you do as well this afternoon as you did this morning, it will be a hummer!"

"Thanks!" said Jimmy, and they walked away together, back toward the tents.

"Queer couple that," said Creel meditatively, looking after them. "I can't for the life of me make out whether they hate each other or are desperately in love. What's stranger still, my wife hasn't been able to make up *her* mind, either. And she's a regular clairvoyant in that sort of thing!"

"You would laugh if I told you what I think," I said.

"No, I wouldn't—I know what you think. You think that yarn of Jimmy's is true."

"Yes, I do!" I said.

Creel looked at me curiously.

"I'm not so sure myself that it isn't!" he said, at last. "I'm ashamed to admit it—but down at the bottom of my heart, I'm afraid—I'm afraid . . ."

"Of what Davis is going to let loose—well, so am I!"

"And yet I can't but admire the old sport," said Creel. "He would go ahead and open that wall, if he knew all hell was behind it!"

"So would you!" I said.

"Yes, I suppose I would," Creel agreed, and looked out across the sand. "Suppose we walk over and see how he's getting along."

We found him and Mustafa sweating over a rough reconstruction of the masking wall, which was still some feet from the ceiling.

"This is an awful job," panted Davis, "and I don't believe it is necessary. No more of the roof has fallen. Damn those fool natives, anyway!"

"Come on to lunch and rest awhile," said Creel. "*You'll* be having a heat-stroke, first hintg you know!"

"You have another try at those fellows, Mustafa," Davis directed. "Offer double pay to any who will come over here and build up this wall. Tell them I shan't ask them to enter the inner tomb. And make it clear to them that they *lose* double pay for every hour they won't work."

"Vurry good, saar," said Mustafa, and departed.

"You haven't started to open up that wall, then?" Creel inquired.

"No," said Davis; "I don't dare do that till this roof is safe." Then he looked at Creel curiously. "Good heavens, man, *you* don't believe that ridiculous tale!"

"I don't know what to believe," answered Creel, moodily. "So many things have happened . . ."

"Nothing has happened," rapped out Davis, "that isn't susceptible of a perfectly commonplace explanation—such as bats, for example!"

"Perhaps you are right," admitted Creel reflectively; "and then again perhaps you are wrong. Anyway, I'm taking no chances. I am going to get my picture so far finished this afternoon, that it won't matter *what* happens."

"Nothing is going to happen!" broke in Davis impatiently. "I hope I am going to find another mummy—it *may* be the body of a woman who was buried alive; but take my word for it, it will be quite as dead and innocuous as that papier-mache fake you brought along with you!"

"Well, I hope so!" said Creel, and we walked back together to the tents for lunch.

"Got through the wall yet?" Jimmy inquired, in the course of that meal.

"Oh, no," Davis answered; "I've got to brace up that roof first."

"Expect to get through this afternoon?"

"Yes—at least I will make a hole big enough to see what is inside. If there is nothing there, I won't have to go any farther."

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy, "there is something there!"

"I think myself there is," agreed Davis coolly; and after that the conversation languished.

Half an hour later, as I was wandering about trying to find a place cool enough to take a nap in, I came upon Jimmy seated at the edge of the oasis nearest the ruins, carefully braiding together some leather thongs which he had secured somewhere—perhaps from Digby, who had everything. For a moment, I didn't understand what it was he was doing; then I saw that he was making a whip—and a particularly vicious-looking whip, at that!

"What is that for?" I asked, sitting down and watching him.

"Don't you remember, there was to be a whip," said Jimmy, and turned a thong up into a loop at the thick end to go around his wrist.

"But all that has been cut out," I reminded him.

"Just the same, I rather fancy I'll need a whip," said Jimmy, and to the other end he attached a cruel lash that would cut through any hide. "There!" and he cracked it. "What do you think of that!"

"I don't like the looks of it," I answered candidly. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Never mind," he said. "This isn't your game, Billy—you ought to thank heaven for that!" and he walked away and left me alone, very uncomfortable in my mind. I didn't like to imagine how he was going to use that whip—and yet I couldn't help it—and I had a vision of cruel streaks of red across white shoulders . . .

When we started out to take the final scenes, there was a little bulge around Jimmy's waist under his pajamas which I was certain was the whip. But I soon forgot all about it in the excitement of our work.

Our morning scenes had ended at the edge of the oasis, with Jimmy, just from his bed, following the siren through the moonlight. We picked the story up there, and showed her luring him across the descert; then other scenes of Creel following the trail in the sand, losing it and picking it up again. It was great, for if ever a woman looked like a vampire, Mlle. Roland did as she enticed him on and on, keeping just beyond his reach, gliding from between his fingers as he tried to grasp her, with a tantalizing smile parting her red lips, and her eyes glowing with hatred. And as the game went on, Jimmy's eyes began to glow, too, and the sweat ran down across his cheeks, and he fairly panted for breath.

(*Continued on following page.*)



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Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked).
2 teaspoons salt.
½ cup sugar.
2 cups boiling water.
1 cake yeast.
¼ cup lukewarm water.
5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water. 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour). 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

2/3 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada — Saskatoon, Canada

1986

A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

We did quite a good deal of this, for the chase was supposed to continue through the night and into the next day—we would show the sunrise in one scene, if we could work it; but finally Creel indicated that we had enough.

"All right," he said; "we'll do the final scene here."

I don't know whether or not Jimmy heard him, but he sprang forward, swift as a dart, caught the girl before she could escape, and crushed her to him.

"I've got you, damn you!" he said, between his teeth. "I've got you at last!"

She fought to get away—she fought like a demon; hut he held her tight, and slowly bent back her head with a remorseless hand and kissed her on the lips. And at his touch, her eyes closed, a shiver ran through her, and her arms fell limp . . .

"Stop, Billy, stop!" yelled Creel. "Hold your pose, Jimmy. Bring up that mummy, Digby! By heaven, the girl's fainted!" he added, and ran forward and caught her from Jimmy's arms. "Stand still, man! We'll look after her in a minute. Reel back six feet, Billy. Now, Jimmy, take the mummy—hold it as you were holding the girl—that's right! Now kiss it! Kiss it! All right, Billy!" and I ran six feet through again. "Now! Go ahead! You see it's the mummy, Jimmy! Stare at it a moment—then try to throw it off! Stop, camera!" and he ran forward and fastened the mummy's arms about Jimmy's neck. "All right! Try to throw it off! Fight it!" and I took a thrilling scene while Jimmy fought with the clinging monster, and finally dropped exhausted to the sand. "Great!" said Creel, and held up his hand to me to stop.

All this while he had been holding the girl's limp body over one arm, and gesticulating with the other; and now, at last, he had time to look at her; and just as he did, she straightened up and rubbed her eyes.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"I am quite well," she said, and stood away from him.

"Sure?"

"I am ready to go on."

Her voice was utterly expressionless and her face was pale as death; and she was rubbing her lips with the back of her hand, as though they had been poisoned. And all the while, Jimmy was looking on with that infernal smile of his. I've got the word for it at last—infernal!

Creel looked at her and then looked at Jimmy, and his face hardened. There was really nothing to complain of, for that long, passionate kiss was strictly in the part, but I saw that Creel wasn't pleased. A kiss can be faked, you know; most of them are.

"All right," he said. "Sit down under the umbrella and rest. I won't need you for awhile."

"Thank you," she said, and went over and sat down under the big white umbrella Digby had brought along, while Creel went ahead with the final scene.

I am bound to say that Jimmy did it well. He staggered on, with the mummy clinging to him, around and around; and finally he managed to fight it loose, and threw it to the ground, and smashed its head in with his foot. And right there we did another double exposure, so that at the instant he had his foot raised, the mummy changed to the siren—but he set his face, and brought his foot down upon her head, and fell upon her and tore her limb from limb—only it was the mummy's blackened members he strewed about him on the sand. And then, after a period of unconsciousness, he awoke in his right mind, with the fragments about him; and even as he stared at them, they seemed to run together and change to a living woman; and then, as he jumped at it, back to fragments again.

No wonder he went mad, and tore those fragments into little shreds, and scattered the shreds to all the corners of the compass. And then his senses returned again, and he tried to get back to the oasis, and wandered this way and that; discovering at last, that he was travelling in a circle; and finally dropped from exhaustion.

And so Creel, in the character of his comrade, found him, just before he died; and the last thing his eyes saw was the girl's face, smiling down at him, in mocking triumph, over Creel's shoulder.

So ended "A King in Babylon."

CHAPTER XXIX.

WE were not very far from the oasis, but the journey back to it seemed a thousand miles, I was so weary and overwrought—and a moving-picture camera is no light burden. Mlle. Roland seemed ready to drop at every step, but she declined Creel's proffered arm and plodded doggedly on through the sand. Jimmy, at the rear of the procession, and apparently quite fresh despite the fact that he had worked harder than any of us, drew forth his whip and amused himself by cracking it; and somehow it seemed to me that he was driving the girl on with it. I could see her start, every time it cracked, as though the lash had been laid across her shoulders.

Creel, at last, could stand it no longer, and turned angrily and shouted to him to put the whip away. He didn't put it away, but he stopped cracking it. Once, when I glanced over my shoulder, I saw that he was running it lovingly through his fingers; and his eyes were on the drooping figure of the girl ahead of him.

We reached the oasis at last, and Mlle. Roland went straight to her tent, and presumably to bed. At least, I saw no more of her. Jimmy dived into our tent, to change from his pajamas; while Creel and Digby and I went on to the property-tent to get rid of our burdens.

"Thank God that's over!" said Creel, as I was sealing up the film. "I wouldn't go through it again for a million dollars!"

Of course, that was just a manner of speaking. I knew quite well that, had he had any reason to think any portion of the film a failure, he would have ordered a re-take without an instant's hesitation. But I had developed a few inches from the end of every spool, and had found them all as brilliant and clear and beautifully lighted as any I had ever done.

"I am going to get away from here as soon as I can," Creel added. "I can't stand it any longer. We'll start to-morrow, if possible, Digby, so get your props together. If we get safe back to Luxor. . ."

"Why shouldn't we get back to Luxor?" I demanded.

"No reason that I know of. *When* we get safe back to Luxor, perhaps I'll take a few scenes there, just for the background. What do you think of that whip business?" he asked suddenly, in another tone.

"I don't like it."

"Where did he get the whip?"

"He made it—I happened to see him doing it. You thought of using a whip, you remember."

"Yes—but he knew I had cut out those scenes. Besides, there's a whip among the props."

There was a moment's silence, then Creel turned to me, his face very grim.

"Did it seem to you that he was using it on the girl?" he asked.

"Yes, it did," I said, "and I couldn't have stood it much longer."

At that moment Jimmy stuck his head in at the door.

"I'm going over to see how the professor's getting on," he said. "Don't you want to come along? I sort of feel that I can promise you a thrill or two."

Creel and I looked at each other. I think we both felt that we had had thrills enough to last for a long time—but we also had a burning curiosity as to what would happen next. It proved too much for us.

"All right," said Creel shortly, reading consent in my eyes. "Come along, Billy," and we joined Jimmy outside the tent.

I saw then that he still carried the whip in his hand.

"What in blazes are you doing with that thing?" Creel demanded. "I'm sick of the sight of it."

"It will come in handy, I fancy," said Jimmy, coolly, and cracked it like a pistol-shot.

The sun was dropping toward the horizon as we came out upon the sand, and again I heard rising from the native camp that weird chant to drive off evil spirits.

"They're taking no chances tonight," commented Jimmy; "they're not waiting for the sun to set. I don't know but they are wise!" he added grimly.

I wonder how he knew the meaning of the chant. Perhaps Davis had told him—though that seemed hardly likely; perhaps he just knew!

(To be continued.)

Out-Door Meals For Early Fall

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of
"Economical Cooking."



For a Children's Summer Watermelon Party.



Temperance Punch.





For the Picnic.

September is the Queen Month of the Year, With Its Harvest of Fruits and Beautiful Blossoms.

Many of our instincts are now being explained by science. We are accustomed to finish a heavy dinner by eating fruits, cooked or raw. This we do, instinctively or scientifically, because the acids and peptones in the fruit assist in digesting the fats so abundant in the heavier foods. Cultivated fruits, such as strawberries, cherries, apples, etc., contain on analysis very similar proportions of the same ingredients—about one per cent. of acid and one per cent. of flesh-forming albuminoids with over eight per cent. of water. Digestion depends upon the action of pepsin in the stomach on the food, which is greatly aided by the acids of the stomach. Fats are digested by these acids. The acids and peptones in fruit peculiarly assist the acids of the stomach.

While fresh fruit may, in most cases, be freely indulged in, much of the mortality arising from summer and fall diseases is due, more or less directly, to the use of unripe, or still worse, stale fruit. This is especially the case with children, both because they are more sensitive to disease, and because they lack judgment as to the quantity and quality of the fruit they eat. Green apples are a source of anxiety to every careful country mother. The old-fashioned rule is not to eat an apple until the seeds are black; but children are apt to be color blind where apple seeds are concerned.

Many excellent fish come in this month, such as salmon, halibut, codfish, haddock, mackerel, flounders, smelts and herrings.

A plentiful crop of mushrooms proves a great help to housekeepers now, and they should be glad to remind themselves of different ways of using them. For instance, with eggs for breakfast, au gratin for luncheon, on toast at all times, they are acceptable. They must be chosen with care, and on no account eaten when stale or reheated. Small mushrooms stewed in milk and thickened with peanut flour or barley flour make an excellent substitute for a meat dish, but are greatly improved by a garnish of a few slices of cooked bacon or even slices of toasted or fried bread.

This is the time for out-door meals, and picnics which can be made most delightful. Where money does not count there are all sorts of delectable outfits for picnicking. There are thoroughly equipped baskets for from one to six persons, and if the picnickers do not enjoy a hot meal in the woods it is because they are too indolent to prepare it. But nowadays this kind of a picnic basket with its expensive fittings is for the favored few; the average picnicker must depend on makeshifts as formerly. Use paper napkins, wooden plates and cups that fit one into the other.

A corn roast is great fun for September or early October days. Choose a wooded spot, not too remote from trains, boats or cars, unless all the guests have automobiles. There should be an open space large enough for a bonfire. Start the fire early in the morning for a supper, or the night before—with some one paid to watch it—for a lunch. The bed of ashes must be a deep one.

Allow, at least, three ears of corn for each person. Let the guests shred the silk from the corn as it adds to the fun. Leave on the outer husks and tie them back into place. Place the corn among the ashes and watch carefully that it does not burn.

Besides corn, have white and sweet potatoes to roast in the ashes. Harvest apples stuck on long, smooth sticks and toasted or roasted are delicious, and there may be boxes of marshmallows to toast at the end of the feast. Make coffee over a separate fire, have bread and butter, egg and sardine sandwiches, pickles, cheese and plain cake.

The *piece de resistance* at a picnic is the sandwich, and the fillings should be varied as much as possible. Have the sandwiches dainty. Cut two slices across the loaf, butter each so they fit together neatly, fill with the sandwich mixture, and cut the slices diagonally to make two sandwiches. Wrap in waxed paper. Mark the kind of sandwich on the outside of each package to avoid confusion in unpacking. Fish, when all bones have been removed, and the meat pounded to a paste, makes a very nice filling. A thick mayonnaise dressing will serve to give it a proper consistency for spreading. Nuts should always be chopped fine, and mixed with chopped olives or cream cheese. The latter may also be palatably mixed with a paste of canned red peppers. Peanuts mixed with mayonnaise make another good filling, so do also small crisp cucumber pickles, seasoned with boiled dressing. Deviled eggs should be carried in a tin box lined with waxed paper or the two halves of an egg may be fitted together and wrapped in the paper, they can then be tucked in odd corners, taking less room.

Salad can be put into glass jars—the wide-mouthed kind to keep it from looking "messy." This refers chiefly to potato, cabbage or salmon salad, fruit and tomato salads get too runny if the dressing is not carried in a separate jar.

Small, dainty pieces of celery are nice if the distance is not far and they are kept fresh. If the pieces are wrapped in wet paper, then a napkin put around them, they will be found crisp and delicious.

WATERMELON.—For a children's out-door party secure a fine watermelon; remove a large slice lengthwise, placing a number of china negro dolls here and there on the melon.

A dainty way of serving a melon is to cut the red meat into two-inch squares, taking out all the seeds without breaking the pieces too much. Place the pieces in glass fruit jars, screw on the tops, and place in the refrigerator. Serve the melon on green leaves in dainty plates.

TEMPERANCE PUNCH.—Into a saucepan pour four cupfuls of water, add one cupful of grated maple sugar, one cupful of honey or corn syrup and two cupfuls of chopped pineapple, and cook slowly for twenty-five minutes; add one cupful of strained orange juice, one-half cupful of strained lemon juice and one cupful of grape or loganberry juice. Cool, strain, dilute with ice water, and serve from punch glasses.

PRINCESS SANDWICHES.—Chop one pound of cold cooked left-over meat of any kind, and add two tablespoonfuls of chopped pickles. Mix to a smooth paste with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute and three tablespoonfuls of cream; season to taste with mustard, salt and pepper. Spread between slices of bread and trim into shape.

WALNUT AND CELERY SANDWICHES.—Butter some war bread and cut into thin slices. Wash six stalks from the white part of a head of celery; drain, dry and chop very fine. Chop one cupful of shelled walnuts, mix them with the celery and moisten with mayonnaise dressing, then season to taste with salt and paprika. Spread on the bread, put the slices together, and cut into triangles.

SALMON SANDWICHES.—Free canned or cold cooked salmon from skin and bones. Mash and add one white of hard-cooked egg, finely chopped, and one tablespoonful of chopped pickle; season to taste with salt and pepper, and moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Mash one hard-cooked egg yolk, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and salt and paprika to taste. Remove crusts from a loaf of war bread and cut off five slices lengthwise. Spread three slices, on both sides, with butter worked until creamy, remaining slices on but one side. Spread the two mixtures alternately, between the slices of bread. Wrap in greased paper or cheesecloth, place a light weight on top and allow to stand until serving time. Cut into finger-shaped pieces and serve.

PRUNE AND CREAM CHEESE SALAD.—Select large prunes for salad making, then wash and soak them in cold water over night. In the morning steam them until tender. Then extract the stones. Chop one-half cupful of English walnut meats and mix them with a cream cheese, mashed to a paste, season to taste with salt and paprika, and soften with a little vegetable oil. Chill the prunes and fill the cavities with the cheese paste. Place on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with French dressing.

BAKED BEAN SALAD.—Put into a salad bowl three and one-half cupfuls of cold baked beans, add four thinly sliced onions and mix well together, then add seasoning of salt, pepper and paprika, one teaspoonful of vegetable oil and one cupful of vinegar, and mix again. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs, cut in rings, and shredded lettuce.

FISH MOLDS.—Coat some small wet molds with liquid aspic jelly, then set them in a cool place. Free one-half pound of cooked white fish from skin and bones, and rub it through a sieve. Mix one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine with one-half cupful of tomato pulp, then dissolve, and allow to cool, then add the fish, one tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing, two tablespoonfuls of liquid aspic jelly and one cupful of whipped evaporated milk or whipped cream. Fill the molds with this mixture, and when firm, turn out. Garnish with parsley.

JELLIED CHICKEN.—Singe and draw one chicken, put it into a saucepan of boiling water and cook very slowly until tender. Lift out the chicken and set aside to cool, then cut the meat into neat pieces. Put the skin and the bones into a saucepan with four cupfuls of the liquor, one onion cut into rings, one teaspoonful of salt, one bay leaf and one-fourth teaspoonful of whole white peppers, and simmer until reduced to two cupfuls, then add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine and when the gelatine is dissolved strain. Arrange a layer of the chicken in a wet mold; then some slices of hard-cooked eggs and chopped parsley, then more chicken, and so on until the mold is nearly full. Fill up the mold with the stock and allow to become firm. Turn out and garnish with parsley. Serve cut in thin slices.

BEAN LOAF.—Mash one cupful of cooked beans, add one and one-half cupfuls of bread crumbs, one cupful of cooked tomatoes, one cupful of cream or milk, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Allow to stand for thirty minutes, pack into a greased bread tin and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. When cold cut in slices and serve.

TOMATO CHEESE.—Use fresh tomatoes. Cut them in halves, squeeze out the juice and rub sufficient of the thicker part through a fine sieve to make one-half cupful of puree. Dissolve one tablespoonful of gelatine in a little lukewarm stock or water, allow it to cool slightly and strain into the tomato puree, then add one tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing or thick cream, season to taste, and stir occasionally until beginning to set. Take a flat tin or box, rinse it out with cold water, pour in the tomato mixture, and set aside in a cool place until firm. When required, cut the tomato cheese in small neat squares and serve garnished with lettuce or watercress.

CHEESE, OLIVE AND NUT SANDWICHES.—One dill pickle, chopped, ½ cup (2 ozs.) chopped English walnut meats, ½ cup (1 gill) mayonnaise dressing, buttered slices brown bread, 1 small bottle stuffed olives, chopped, 1 cup (¼ lb.) grated or cottage cheese, crisp lettuce leaves.

Into a bowl put pickle, olives, nuts, cheese and dressing. Mix and spread between liberally buttered slices of brown bread. Before placing together, lay a lettuce leaf between the slices, cut with a biscuit cutter, and serve at once.

A cheese and nut sandwich that is novel is made as follows: Into one cup of green-apple sauce, stir sufficient finely chopped nut meats to make a paste thick enough to spread upon well buttered brown or gluten bread which has already been spread with cream cheese. Cut into triangles and serve at once.

DEVILED HAM AND EGG SANDWICHES.—One can deviled ham or tongue, ½ cup (1 gill) French or mayonnaise dressing, 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, thin bread slices.

Mix ham and eggs well, add dressing and seasonings. Mix again and spread on thin slices of bread which have had all crusts removed.

EXCHANGE SANDWICHES.—One pound boiled ham, 2 bell peppers, 1 small onion, 2 stalks celery, 4 sour pickles, 2 hard-cooked eggs, ½ cup (1 gill) mayonnaise dressing, crisp lettuce leaves, thin slices buttered bread.

Put ham, peppers, onion, celery, and pickles through food chopper, mix with eggs cut in small pieces, and mayonnaise. Spread on lettuce leaves between bread slices. Cut into desired shapes.

HAM AND ALMOND SANDWICHES.—Mix equal parts ground ham and ground almonds, season to taste and moisten with thick sweet cream. Serve between thin slices of whole wheat bread.

FRUIT SANDWICHES.—One cup (¼ lb.) stoned dates, 1 cup (¼ lb.) preserved cherries, 2 cups (½ lb.) figs, 2 cups (½ lb.) chopped nut meats, 1 tablespoon preserved ginger, crackers, buttered.

Put dates, cherries, figs, nut meats, and ginger through food chopper. Place in greased baking-powder cans and press down well. Stand over night, and when wanted for use dip cans in hot water and loosen contents with a knife. Cut into thin slices and place between crackers. Decorate each sandwich with a cher-



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Home Made Pottery

By A. H. HERBERT.

A Primitive Art Which Should Be Revived

"God doesn't think much of money—look at the kind of people he gives it to."

A queer little sentence, yet its homely philosophy has clung persistently to memory long after the rest of a quite famous book has slipped away leaving very scant impress of its reading. It is the dictum of an author hurled in the face of the American continent, which, consciously or unconsciously, set up a New World criterion for social distinction, namely the standard of money and money-getting. In fact when fe use the words Modern, Democratic, Successful, or Progressive we nearly always understand that the system or achievement to which they apply derives its value from the dollars embarked in it or the coins amassed thereby.

Nearly three-quarters of the population of this continent now measures its chance of success and happiness solely by its individual pecuniary wealth or its personal ability to sell talents for cash. Mere silver and gold stamped with the state seal seems fatally accepted as the guarantee of our future prospects. And in the face of conditions as we find them to-day, the above quotation sounds almost like blasphemy. Yet to the sane and logical, is it not undeniably true? For never yet did money make the happiness or power of any human soul with a normally well balanced intellect. All our great men, all our brainy giants, all our artists and men of letters, our statesmen, our warriors and heroes from the time of Caesar down never once drag their cash possessions into the pages of secular history as factors in their advance to fame; simply because mere money plays an almost infinitesmal part in the growth and development of human talents and character.

Such a large proportion of our nice girls who possess ordinary mediocre talents and ambitions waste many precious hours in lamenting their own peculiar leanness of purse, and evolving mad schemes by which to fatten it. Quite a few covet idle hours for fashionable pleasure-seeking and extravagant dress. But the greater and saner majority crave more dollars so as to attain more leisure for education and some means whereby a few expert lessons might be obtained in a longed-for hobby or Art. A few years ago many an amateur musician envied the girl who could look forward to completing her studies in Germany. Many a working housekeeper or business woman to-day feels unkindly used by fate because she cannot afford the proper instruction in sketching, wood carving, sculpture or like accomplishment. In this respect women of modest means in large cities fare better than girls who long to cultivate amateur attainments and find themselves immured in small towns and rural districts. And too often both classes abandon the whole idea of a hobby, because, dollars being scarce, teachers are impossible, or regular trips for them in a neighboring city are out of the question.

Yet if a small amount were spent in magazines, if the eyes and intellect were forced to careful observation each time the city shops and streets could be visited, you would find that lack of ingenuity and intelligence was the chief drawback, and that after all mere cash had very little to do with it. And Hand Made Pottery is one of those delightful Primitive Arts that scorn the assistance of money, and hold out wooing possibilities to anyone with the finger-ache to fashion things, and the eyes to observe and criticize and measure and appraise the creation of skill.

Everybody who has a taste for artistic vessels, and who has ever rambled through ordinary Art exhibits cannot fail to admire the attractive models turned out by amateur workers. And yet you can achieve the same varied and lovely results by just using your hands and your eyes, some patience and a few coppers.

I can assure you this is no garbled statement for I myself have made Pottery without a lesson, and without even having seen anyone at work. Art exhibits and a little reading attracted our family to the work, and a stranger who gave lessons told us the name and the price of the clay, and where to get it. She was encountered casually at a Craft exhibition, and also vouchsafed the information that it only needed wetting with water. It sounded so simple, so unbelievably easy, that one of us wrote a woman's page in a city daily, and got a reassuring endorsement of the simplicity, and a few details as to actual procedure.

Now all you need to buy is the modelling clay which you will get at any Art supply store for about five cents a pound. Two pounds will do to start with. Take it home, put it in a crock or delft bowl and wet generously, very generously if you are going to leave it for a week before beginning. The longer it stands wet, the easier it is to handle and mould. There is no danger of it spoiling.

For use it should be about the consistency of good pie crust or biscuit dough. If you are going to start at once you must not more than wet it thoroughly. The more you mix and squeeze and handle it the better, and you can keep your work unfinished for weeks and months even, by setting it away with a wet handkerchief or rag laid over it, until your piece of Pottery is modelled to exact smoothness and shape.

When a vessel is completed you must allow it a whole week to dry before it can be fired. As it dries it will shrink a little, and the better show up crookedness and flaws. You can then redamp by enfolding lightly with wet cloths until the moisture has permeated the entire article evenly, and proceed to remedy the defects, or you can smash it up and begin all over again. In fact the oftener the clay is thus broken up and reworked, the better material it is to perfect. And any unsatisfactory maiden effort may be thus indefinitely reconstructed as long as the clay has never been fired.

When you are quite ready to embark on your new enterprise take a good lump of clay, and knead it on a smooth table, bake board or some perfectly level surface that will not warp with the continued moisture nor stain the clay. Supposing you set out to make a square flower jar as we did. After you have reduced sufficient mud paste to the desired doughy softness, roll it out as you would pie crust, using a child's rolling pin if you have one, a round bottle or anything that will attain the desired result. Roll, till the clay is about a quarter of an inch thick, then cut out five pieces say five inches square, four for the sides and one for the bottom. Place them together so as to have each side overlapped at one join, and overlapping at the other. Damp your finger, and run it up and down the edge of each section and it will readily adhere to the next section. Then you have a four sided article without top or bottom. Wet the top square edge of this and place your fifth section on like a lid. It will exactly fit. Gently press and pat and damp all edges and seams until the whole structure is securely welded together without trace of crack or juncture. This will be your most difficult operation, and should be done slowly and carefully so as not to derange your sides or angles. An ordinary wooden meat skewer is splendid for moistening and rubbing the inside joins and eliminating all scars and crevices. You can use the blunt end of a darning needle, the blunt or sharp end of a knife, or any of the plasticine tools you might have to slice off thick or uneven parts. Your own ingenuity will suggest your own makeshifts. When it is all finished, either when still damp or after it has dried out, you can produce a nice smooth finish to the surface by rubbing it over with a wet rag very lightly. But remember your creation does not need to resemble a china teacup in perfect contour and evenness. Such measured accuracy belongs only to machine products.

Be sure and have your vessel built stoutly and let it be apparently seamless so that it will stand the firing. And see that it be neither tipsy nor lopsided when dried out, and you will be sure to have a presentable jar. You can put four little legs on it by cutting four little cubes say an inch high, wide and thick, and sticking one on the bottom of each corner. Remember

(Continued on page 46.)

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Music and The Rural Community

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

One of the Stimulants that Restless Young People in the Country Want—Whether They Know It Or Not—Is Music.

On several occasions in the columns of this journal, the writer has laid stress on a phase of music which gives it vital importance to the whole community; that is, its mission as an enricher of social life. In no other field is this aspect of its mission quite so clear as in the village or rural community, where it has been much neglected. The problem has of late received a good deal of attention in the United States, where for two or three years past there have been definite efforts to make music play a more vital part in community life or social organization. As has been said in the past, the development of reproducing instruments, like the phonograph and the player-piano, has served important ends by diffusing good music in districts where it was almost unknown a few years ago. Efforts are now being made to take advantage of the enthusiasms thus created to definitely stimulate musical effort.

Those who have studied the question from a practical standpoint hold the view that in the development of music on a communal basis may be found an aid to the solution of a great economic problem, which has given publicists much concern, viz., the depletion of rural population owing to the desire of young people to go to the cities and escape from the uninteresting conditions of farm and village life. One of the most eloquent exponents of the idea is the celebrated New England writer, Kate Douglas Wiggin, whose "Rebecca" books show her intimate acquaintance with farm conditions. A few months ago, Mrs. Wiggin spoke at a music festival held in rural Maine, and speaking of conditions in the average agricultural community, she said:

"It is impossible to deny that there is too little diversion, recreation, sport, play, too little pleasure, too much monotony of the daily task without the happy interruptions that lift the spirit and give it wings."

With reference to the part that music could play in rectifying the situation, she said: "Here is a refining, a civilizing influence, here an art and science, which, in its simplest form, can be grasped by a child; here is an outlet for joy and sorrow, a bond of fellowship, a stimulus for body, mind and soul, and what are we doing with it in the smaller towns all through the State?"

The question which Mrs. Wiggin asks with regard to her own State of Maine is applicable to most of the provinces of Canada. The novelist also called attention to the loss in the quality of church choir work and the decrease in the number of singers, as well as the decay of the once popular village singing school. She held that in each village of 100 people there ought to be growing up every year or two one good pianist, one violinist (even if he were only a fiddler), in addition to players on the flute, 'cello and cornet. She believed also that talent for quartettes and other concerted vocal numbers would prove available with a little stimulus. She held that it was a serious and noble undertaking to promote an effort which would give so much pleasure to the community as a whole, and pointed out what could be done in such organizing centres as the rural schools and churches.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Wiggin is on the track of a fine idea, and it is a singular fact that, though the means of musical enjoyment have materially increased of late years, there is perhaps less real musical effort in rural communities than there was fifty or sixty years ago. About the period of 1860 there was a good deal of music in connection with town and village life. When the late King Edward VII visited Canada as Prince of Wales, just prior to the American Civil War, he was greeted by choruses of singers in many of the small places of Upper Canada. The old-fashioned village quartette, to which jocular allusions are sometimes made, was a real and vital institution. Not long ago, in glancing over a biography of Stephen C. Foster, the American melodic genius, many of whose songs, like "Suwanee River" and "Old Black Joe," because of their real inspiration, are as popular as when they were written, I was interested to note that originally most of them were published in quartette form, because in his day there was in almost every village a quartette which eagerly sought out new popular songs to increase their repertoires. These organizations perhaps had little idea that the works of Foster would one day be recognized by the critical as immortal achievements, but undoubtedly their musical efforts did much to add zest to rural life in pre-Confederation days.

On every side the complaint is made to-day (and was made before the present war, for it is a condition which has merely been accentuated by the world-conflict) that, while cities are growing larger, the countryside is being drained of its best product. Even before the boys donned the khaki, farms in many districts were being worked by middle-aged people, whose sons and daughters had gone away to seek the deeper experiences that they believed were to be found in the cities. "Why is it," asks an American writer, "that the rural district does not give what the cities seem to give so abundantly?" There is, he argues, many an untried solution to the want of social life in the country, and assuredly music is one of them.

In a paper written not long ago by one of the staff of the State Normal Schools of Tennessee this idea was definitely put forward, and it is interesting to learn that in some school sections of Tennessee the practice of placing phonographs in country schools has been adopted with excellent results. This educationist points out that the social instinct is just as keen and quick in the country as in the city. For my own part, I should be disposed to say that it is more so. He further deprecates the idea of treating the rural life problem as merely physical. In reality, dissatisfaction with country life is due to lack of opportunities for the satisfaction of social, intellectual and spiritual needs. We have already at hand one means of satisfying these needs in the various phases of musical effort.

Music in itself is an eminently social art, because it is the only one of the fine arts that can be practised in co-operation with others. As entertainment, it has this very important augmented interest that it stimulates to active participation. The educationist above quoted points out that music, if practised consistently under the guidance of someone who aims to bring out the latent capacity of the performing group, is not only a wonderful social power, but it is "a whole lot of fun." In this sense, it is possible to maintain that every musician, who knows a little and has the power to pass it on, is a missionary.

The advocates of community effort in behalf of music, especially for rural localities, point out that it is essentially a cheerful art. Its great factor as a foil to the hard and uninteresting conditions of life is its power of evocation. As one writer has put it, music "calls unto the soul to live its golden hours *now*." Therefore, in considering the social needs of the rural community, it is clear that music may inspire social conditions and centres of interest, about which the young people will as gladly congregate, even though they may be at home, as they now seek them abroad. Unquestionably, one of the stimulants that restless young people in the country want—whether they themselves know it or not—is music.

Not long ago, "The Musician," a Boston monthly, related two instances where a transformation had been effected in the life of rural communities by enlisting the interest of the young people in the art. Last summer a small farming community paid two singing school teachers a moderate sum for two weeks' training in sight singing. Simple and familiar numbers were, of course, used. As a result, there have grown up various musical organizations, quartettes, double quartettes, choruses with local leaders. They practise before church, after church and at every favorable occasion, in addition to regular rehearsals. In a few months the quality of the compositions performed has steadily improved, and the young people of the whole district have found a new and delightful source of entertainment and social interest that will inevitably tend to relieve dissatisfaction.

(*Continued on page* 46.)



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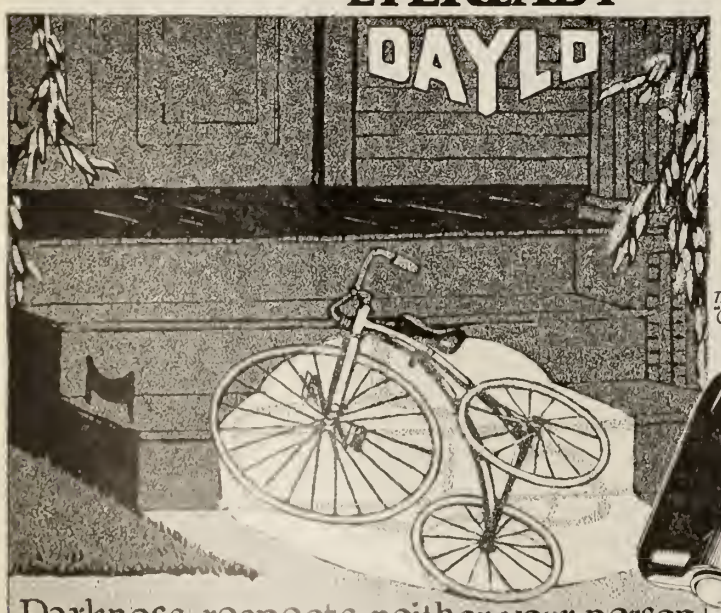
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The Sexton Beetle

By ETHEL BAIN

Sexton Beetles Amongst the Most Remarkable Phenomena in Nature's Realm—A Glimpse into Their Habits and Activities Constitutes This Story.

Children's Story

"A feast! A feast! Oh, come to the feast."

Bushy, the Red Squirrel, awakened with a start and nearly fell off the branch, where he had been dozing in the heat of the summer afternoon. "A feast! A feast! Oh, come to the feast," the queer little voices repeated. "What feast?" chattered Bushy, as he rubbed the sleep dust from his eyes. "Where is it?" he called, for naturally Bushy wouldn't miss a feast if there was anything to eat. He looked here and there, but could see nothing, so scampered down the tree, and there before his eyes the strangest procession flew into sight. Bushy rubbed his eyes again to make sure he wasn't dreaming. But no, the little procession buzzed along, the noise of the many wings disturbing the sultry air. "Well, I never," gasped the squirrel. "I'll come to the feast since you've asked me," he went on, as they disappeared from view.

Noiselessly he followed, and soon he saw the procession again, but what was happening now? He stopped suddenly, and couldn't believe his own eyes, then with one bound he was in the midst of the buzzing, chattering insects. "Leave him alone," he snarled fiercely, whilst his bushy tail lashed the air furiously. "Leave him alone," he snapped again, and gently laid a forepaw on the breast of the dead robin the carrion bugs were hoping to feed upon.

"Sting him! Eat him up!" all the angry bugs cried at once. "It's our feast," one bolder than the rest buzzed as he tried to settle on the squirrel's nose.

"Why, you're as bad as Mrs. Mosquito," exclaimed Bushy, as he struck down the insect with his paw. "You invited me to the feast, and here I am. I don't care what you say, but you're not going to eat my friend, Bobbie Robin, so there!" finished Bushy, who was now thoroughly angry.

"No, no," cried the leader of the Sexton beetles. "Be quiet, bugs," he went on as he pushed his way to the squirrel's side who was now surrounded by the furious insects. "Stop," he commanded. "Bushy Squirrel doesn't know who or what we are and it wouldn't be fair to sting him. Why, I don't suppose you've ever seen any of us before, have you?" he asked of the Red Squirrel.

"No, indeed, and it looks as if I won't want to see any of you again," replied Bushy.

The Sexton beetle laughed, for he was good natured. "I don't suppose you will," he cried. "But there, I think that as you are here now you had better stay. You see we have very special work to do wherever we are. In fact, every living creature has work of some kind, however small it is. What is it?" he asked of another Sexton beetle who flew up to him at this moment.

"There is no work here for the carrion bugs," said the other beetle. "They can go."

"All right," replied the leader. "Tell them, then set to work. Come over here with me," he went on, addressing Bushy, "then you can see all that is going on without being in the way." So saying, the Sexton beetle flew a few feet away from the dead robin and Bushy followed him.

"What lovely wing covers you have," remarked the Red Squirrel, as the beetle folded his wings and tucked them away under the glossy black cases with their bright coloring.

"You'd know me again?"

"I should just think I would, with those two yellowish red bands across your back. I couldn't mistake them, for the edges of the bands are so uneven. Do tell me what those carrion bugs were going to do to my friend."

"Eat him up."

"What?" cried the Squirrel.

"I said they wanted to eat him up," repeated the Sexton beetle.

"But what for?"

"That's their work."

"Work?"

"Yes. Listen. Those carrion bugs were awfully disappointed because they couldn't have a feast. They found the dead bird with the same strange scent that we have. Only in this one way are the carrion bugs and Sexton beetles alike. Carrion bugs feed on decaying flesh and many a dead bird, mouse or snake provides food for these insects which live on nothing else. Bobbie Robin has only been dead a few hours, so he is saved from being eaten by these insects and we shall bury him."

"Bury him?"

"Yes, for this is our work. Don't you ever wonder why you see so few dead birds or small animals about? You know there are always some dying."

"That's true," replied Bushy Squirrel. "Come to think of it, I have wondered where they disappeared to."

"Well," said the Sexton Beetle, "we are Mother Nature's undertakers, for we bury all we find, instead of leaving them to decay with the heat of the sun. If they were left, the decaying flesh, if not found by the carrion bugs, would soon breed disease which would be carried to mankind by certain flies. Watch my companions now."

"What are they doing?" asked Bushy, as the beetles walked all over and around poor Bobbie Robin.

"They are finding out how much work there is to do, but watch closely for they are going to commence."

The beetles arranged themselves all about the body and were pushing their way, head first, underneath the dead bird. Bushy saw loose earth being thrown out on all sides, whilst the workers' legs moved without stopping.

"Wonderful, but how do they do it?" eagerly asked the Red Squirrel.

"Look at my head," replied the leader.

The puzzled squirrel looked, then cried, "Why, your head is shaped like the back of a shovel, but still I don't understand."

"Then watch me." The next moment he was digging with his head, his legs pushing back the loosened earth. Soon a fair sized hole was made and the Sexton beetle stopped. "There," he cried. "Do you understand now?"

"Yes," replied the Red Squirrel. "The lower half of your legs are like little rakes."

"You're right, but look at your little friend now."

"Why," began Bushy, then stopped, for he had turned just in time to see the last beetle climb out of the grave, which was now quite four inches deep. The dead bird had been slowly lowered into the ground, as the busy workers inch by inch had shovelled out the earth beneath. "That's awfully kind of you," exclaimed the squirrel. "Now tell me what is that one doing?" as he saw another beetle fly down into the grave.

"That is a female beetle, and she will now lay her eggs on the body. Afterwards we will fill in the grave. Mother Earth will keep the eggs warm and they will soon hatch. The grubs will then feed on the flesh, eating it so quickly that it has not time to decay. Next, they pass into the larvae or chrysalis state. In due time they will emerge, by breaking open their cases and pushing their way up through the earth to air and sunshine. Here they will develop, their wings will dry and cases harden, then they are ready as Sexton beetles to do their share of work in the world."

"Which goes to show that we are all useful, alive or dead," remarked the squirrel.

"Indeed we are, but see now, my fellow workers are filling in the grave."

Sure enough, they were pushing back the loose earth with their curious heads. At last they had finished and started to clean themselves of every tiny bit of dirt which clung to their bodies whilst working, for ever you will find that the beetles are very clean and do not like to be dirty. This done, every beetle's wing covers opened and the pretty transparent wings were spread in flight. "Good-bye," they cried, "Don't forget us."

"Indeed I won't," chattered Bushy, as he stood beside the little grave and watched them disappear.

"Poor old Bobbie," he said to himself, "but I'm glad you're useful, even if you are dead, and I'm glad, too, that those nasty carrion bugs didn't get their feast after all."

My Best Idea

Contributed by Our Readers

In this Department we will publish the best original items of general interest to housekeepers which are sent in by our readers. For each of the accepted items we shall pay the one sending it fifty cents.

If the description is not clear, we would suggest that the contributor send a rough sketch, making the idea plain, which can be used as a guide to the artist who will illustrate this page.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL *cannot return the items submitted, therefore it is advisable to keep copies of matter sent for consideration.*

Address "My Best Idea," care of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. *Give your name and address.*

A Bedroom Desk.

In a small bedroom a writing desk may be added that will not occupy space when not in use, and with very little expense.

A board stained or enameled the same as bureau and of the same width can be attached to one end at desired height by hinges, so placed that when up it will form a table, and kept in place by brackets with hinges the same as used on a sewing machine.

Sweet Grass Cushions.

The tops of sweet grass dried make an excellent filling for pin cushions. Quantities of this can be gathered from the fields and dried by children.

Pin cushions so filled with the sweet scented grass would sell readily at novelty sales.

Nellie C. Newcomb,
Hopewell Hill, N.B.

"Canadian Home Journal" Soldier Books.

After my "Canadian Home Journal" has been read I clip local items and interesting news from the daily papers, paste these over the advertisements in the Journal, and send them off to my soldier friends. Try it, if you want to receive some really grateful remarks from the trenches.

Miss Harris,
Toronto.

A Useful Box.

In a stairway leading from the kitchen, I have made use of the bottom step by having it made into a hinged lid. In this sort of box I keep all the rubbers, overshoes, etc., thus keeping a tidier kitchen.

M. C.,
Kincardine, Ont.

To Bring Back Color.

I had a rose-colored sweater on which something was spilled which took the color out. I soaked this part of the sweater in strong vinegar for five to ten minutes, and then allowed it to dry. After three applications of the vinegar, the color all came back, and after I washed the sweater it looked as good as new.

I have since tried this method of bringing back colors on other fabrics, and have found that it worked successfully each time. B. B.,
Quebec.

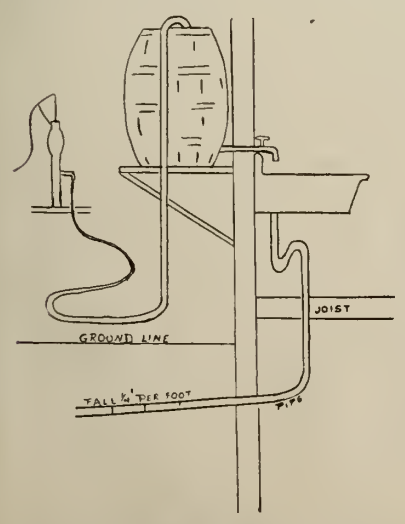
For Overseas Boxes.

In printing addresses on cotton-covered boxes to be sent overseas, it is neatly and quickly done if the name is printed on the cotton with an indelible pencil and then pressed with a damp cloth and warm iron. This is much better than trying to do it with pen and ink.

C.,
Elmira, Ont.

An Inexpensive Water System.

Carrying buckets of water to the house has worn out many a woman. The following simple and inexpensive



device is a wonderful saver of steps: Place a barrel on a shelf built on the side of the house as illustrated. Bore a hole in one side of barrel and another in the wall and through these put a pipe and attach a tap for the sink. Put in sink and drainpipe as in drawing. Connect hose to pump and into the barrel and the outfit is complete.

Elmira, Ont.

Improved Portable Wood Box.

In addition to castors on wood box as suggested by "Delighted Housekeeper," Truro, in April number of Magazine, I would like to pass on an excellent idea of an acquaintance of mine here. He made a slat bottom on the main wood box and then made a drawer to pull out. This drawer catches all the chips, etc., which keeps your wood box nice and free and also has the advantage of enabling you to get a handful of chips for your fire at any time without the trouble of moving the wood.

M. E. M.,
Vancouver, B.C.

To Mend a Broken Doll Quickly.

Bind broken parts with adhesive court plaster tape. It will hold firm and fast indefinitely.

Carrot Pie.

Carrots make a delicious pie if prepared in the same way as pumpkin. They are easily kept during the winter, and a fresh carrot pie may thus be enjoyed at any time.

A Candle Cork.

When the cork of the glue bottle has been removed do not use it again, but instead insert a stump of a candle. It will not stick, and the glue will not get as dry as it would if the cork were used.

Baking Potatoes.

Before baking potatoes let them stand in hot water for at least fifteen minutes, and they will bake in less than half the ordinary length of time.

Lengthen the Life of Your Broom.

Do you let your brooms stand bristle downward on the floor when not in use? To increase the length of usefulness of brooms and brushes, tack a heavy cord to one side of the handle a little above the middle, and hang up with the brush end down. These articles should be kept clean by washing occasionally with warm soapy water.

An Easy Sunday Roast.

Place your beef in a small earthen crock with the seasoning, but no water. Cover tightly and set on an asbestos mat over a slow fire. When you return from church you will have meat with a delicious flavor and nice golden brown gravy all ready to be thickened.

MRS. O. E. WILLSON,
Dunnville, Ont.

A Yard or So of Cheesecloth.

Surely few things are cheaper than cheesecloth; and do you know how very useful it can be around the kitchen? A yard or two, cut in half-yard squares, should always be on hand. It takes but a minute to launder these pieces, and they can be used over and over again. Two of them together make a strainer for fruit juices and fats; lettuce and cucumbers for salads are dried quickly with the cloth. A piece can be wrung out of hot water to keep sandwiches moist. It is better to wipe meat and fish with the damp cheesecloth than to wash them under the cold water faucet. Think of the calories that are washed away in the run of the water!

For Sticky Table Drawers.

Don't send for the carpenter when your table drawers and doors stick in hot weather. Instead, save his bill by rubbing a little brown soap on the table or door-frame that sticks and it will move smoothly.



Rock These Grates Gently

The fire-box is the heart of the range, but the grates are the heart valves of the fire-box.

If the grates fail, the fire-box cannot make good.

The Pandora grate has three bars and each bar has three working sides which gives it three times the life of an ordinary grate.

They are fitted together like the parts of a good machine.

That is why they work with minimum effort—a gentle pressure.

And you rock them gently once to clear your fire of ashes. There is no racking "shaking" with Pandora grates—just one gentle rock.

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Without An Egg In The Cupboard

By MARION HARRIS NEIL.

Author of "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes."

"Oh, I Can't Make or Bake Anything! There isn't an Egg in the Cupboard!"—Hearing a Young Housewife Saying This Recently Set Me to Thinking What the Years Have Taught Me to Do When I Cannot Spare Even One Egg—Here are Some of My Tested Eggless Recipes.

Oatmeal Gems.—Into a bowl sift one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one-half cupful of cornmeal and one and one-half cupfuls of fine oatmeal. Rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, and stir in two cupfuls of milk. Divide into greased and floured gem pans, and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Suet Pudding.—One cupful of finely chopped suet, one cupful of barley flour, one cupful of brown sugar, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, one-half cupful of seeded raisins and one cupful of milk or water.

Mix the suet with the barley flour, add the other ingredients, and make into a smooth batter. The pudding may either be steamed or boiled or baked. For steaming, put it into a greased mold, or baking dish, cover with a greased paper or a tin lid, and set in a larger saucepan of boiling water, or in a steamer. Cook for one and one-half hours.

For boiling, tie the mixture up in a floured pudding cloth and boil from three to three and one-half hours. It may be baked in the same way as cake. Serve with any preferred sweet sauce or hot milk, or as a cake without sauce.

Rice and Cheese Rabbit.—One cupful of rice, one-fourth cupful of cheese, two cupfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, two teaspoonfuls of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper.

Cook the rice in plenty of boiling salted water until tender, then add the milk and the cornstarch mixed smooth with one-fourth cupful of water. Cook and stir until thick and smooth, add the seasonings and cook for five minutes. Remove from the fire and add the cheese, chopped fine. Stir the cheese through the hot mixture until it melts, and serve on toast or crackers.

Steamed Brown Bread.—Into a bowl sift one and one-half cupfuls each of cornmeal and ryemeal, two teaspoonfuls of baking soda and one teaspoonful of salt, then mix in three-fourths cupful of molasses or syrup and three-fourths cupful of sour milk. Beat thoroughly and steam in well-greased, covered molds for three and one-half hours. Remove the covers and bake the bread long enough to dry the top.

Huckleberry Pie.—Use two large saucers, as these will hold plenty of juice. Put in each one a cupful of huckleberries which have been picked over, washed and dried. Sprinkle with one tablespoonful of grated maple sugar, the same of water, and cover with a flaky crust a little smaller than the top of the saucer, and bake for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Heat and mash either one cupful of ripe currants or blackberries, and mix with it one cupful of sugar, into which has been stirred one teaspoonful of cornstarch. Cook for a few minutes, and when the pies come from the oven, raise the crust and pour this juice over the huckleberries. Replace the crust, and serve either hot or cold.

Raisin Scones.—One cupful of barley flour, one cupful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, two tablespoonfuls of grated maple sugar, one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of seeded raisins and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Sift the flours into a bowl, cut and rub in the butter substitute, add the sugar, raisins, baking powder and milk, and mix together. Roll out the dough on a floured baking board and divide it into two rounds, each round being quartered. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Sardine Crackers.—Six sardines, one teaspoonful of made mustard, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one teaspoonful of vegetable oil, crackers and lettuce or watercress.

Remove the skin and bones from the sardines and put the fish into a bowl with the mustard, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce, beat well together, then add, gradually, the oil. When the mixture is smooth, spread it on crisp crackers and surround with the lettuce or watercress.

Empress Pudding.—One-fourth cupful of rice, two cupfuls of milk, one-half cupful of honey or maple syrup, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract and jam.

Wash the rice, boil it in the milk until very tender and allow it to cool, then add the honey and vanilla extract. Grease a pudding dish, spread a layer of the rice mixture at the bottom, then a layer of jam, and continue until the rice is finished. Bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven and serve from the same dish.

Grape Mousse.—Mix together two cupfuls of rich cream, three tablespoonfuls of sugar or honey, one teaspoonful of lemon extract and one cupful of grape juice. Beat well, and pack in a wetted mold with a tight cover. Pack in ice and rock salt for two hours. In the winter, this can be buried in the snow and left for four hours, with excellent results, no salt being needed.

Eggless Fruit Cake.—Cream together one cupful of brown sugar and one-half cupful of butter substitute, add one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of baking soda, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg, cloves and ginger, one and one-half cupfuls of seeded raisins, one-half cupful of chopped nut meats, one cupful of barley flour and one cupful of flour. Bake in a shallow greased and floured pan in a moderate oven.

Sago Pudding.—Wash one cupful of sago, drain it and put it into a saucepan with one and one-half cupfuls each of water and milk, and cook until clear. Add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar or honey, and one-half glassful of currant or grape jelly. This pudding may be eaten warm with milk, or molded and served cold, with cream.

Cafe Parfait.—One cupful of thick cream or evaporated milk, one-half cupful of sugar or honey, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract and one-half cupful of strong coffee. Whip up the cream or evaporated milk, add the sugar or honey, vanilla and coffee and mix lightly together. Put the mixture into a wet mold, cover with paper and the lid to prevent water getting in and pack in ice and rock salt. Let stand for three hours. Or in place of the coffee use two tablespoonfuls of melted chocolate.

Corn Meal Griddle Cakes.—Scald one and one-half cupfuls of yellow corn meal with two cupfuls of boiling water, add one cupful of lukewarm milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute, one tablespoonful of maple syrup or molasses and when cool, add one cupful of rolled oats put through the food chopper, one teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and beat well together. Bake on a hot greased griddle until nicely browned on both sides. Serve hot.

Corn Toast.—In an omelet or small frying pan cook one-half tablespoonful of finely chopped onion and two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, two minutes, stirring all the time. Add one and one-half cupfuls of canned corn, one pint of milk or cream, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Bring to boiling point and allow to simmer slowly for five minutes. Pour over pieces of toasted bread and serve hot garnished with sprigs of parsley.

Boiled Fruit Cake.—Into a large saucepan put two cupfuls of seeded raisins, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of water, one-half cupful of butter substitute, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of caraway seeds, and three teaspoonfuls of mixed powdered spices. Bring to boiling point and boil for eight minutes. Cool to lukewarm, and sift in one cupful each of barley flour and flour and one teaspoonful of baking soda. Mix well and flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour and fifteen minutes.

Bread and Fruit Pudding.—One-half fill a bowl with stale bread broken in small pieces, cover with boiling milk and allow to stand over night. Next day squeeze out the bread, straining off all the superfluous milk. Beat up the bread pulp with a fork, add one tablespoonful of melted butter substitute and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Now prepare some fresh fruit, such as peaches, plums, apples, etc., cutting it in pieces if large, and removing any stones if necessary. Then well grease a pudding bowl, and put into it the bread pulp and fruit in layers, beginning and ending with the bread, and sprinkling each layer of fruit with maple syrup or honey. The bowl should be nearly full. Cover it with a greased paper and steam steadily for from three to four hours, according to size. Turn out and serve with hot milk or any preferred sweet sauce.



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The Girls' "Carry On" Column"

By BETTY O'HARA.

How Should The Girls Treat The Boys In Khaki?

I have received such heaps and heaps of letters from girls all over this Canada of ours whose one idea is, "How Can We Help Win the War?" Some can give up everything and put their entire effort into this work, while as for others, though they are just as ready and anxious to do their share, circumstances or fate or whatever it may be, seems to have placed a warning finger on their shoulder and bids them first think of the folks at home who are to a great extent dependent on them for their maintenance. But do not despair, there is enough work for all. And I am going to tell the girl in the office just how she can do much to improve the outlook of "Our Boys," in some cases, especially the returned soldiers who are inclined to think that our Canadian girls are not very appreciative.

"Oh, Canadian girls are good to us when they have a little charity to hand out, but otherwise they do not pay much attention to us," said a returned soldier to me the other day, as he stood on his one foot supported by a pair of crutches. I wonder if it is true. I hope not. It is a stern indictment to hand us, don't you think?

But let us first consider what we can do for those men who are still waiting to serve "Over There," and there are thousands of them; they are on our streets and in our theatres and everywhere the boys in khaki are drilling and working.

A few months ago the authorities in Canada decided to establish Hostess Houses throughout our country, in camps, training grounds, and everywhere the men in khaki congregate. And such a success has followed their efforts that many of the commanding officers all over the country are writing to the headquarters and asking that their camp may have an established Hostess House.

These Hostess Houses are carried out under the supervision of the Y.W.C.A. A hostess who lives there continually in the quarters provided for her is always on duty. She meets the boys and if they wish to ask any of their friends to the camp they are always sure of a warm welcome at the Hostess House. This has also done away with the necessity of the soldiers' friends having to go to the camp to get into communication with the boy whom they wish to see. Now the soldiers receive their lady friends in the Hostess House where they can have afternoon tea, music, or anything they wish, under the proper environment.

Then for the boys who are strangers in the city, as most of them are, a number of girls take turns going out one night each week, and after the men have finished their day's work they come over to have a talk with the girls; a game of cards or a dance; instead of walking about down town and standing on the street corners trying to pick up a chance acquaintance with some girls who should be spending their leisure time a little more profitably than at this precarious occupation.

I was very much interested in some of my experiences the other day at one of these Hostess Houses, at an aviation camp, and I must confess it was one of the most enjoyable evenings I have ever spent among our soldiers. The building itself was very unpretentious. The hostesses' quarters, a sitting room, and a kitchen completed the rooming arrangements. There was no plaster or paper on the walls and the furniture was odd pieces which this or that person had donated; but with a few flags and some cretonne plus a little camouflage the sitting room was most attractive.

What appealed to me most was the air of congeniality and good fellowship, the utter disregard for class distinction which pervaded the whole atmosphere. "Well, you know I came here once and I liked the way they used me; so now I come quite often," said one of the air mechanics who does much of the team-work around the aviation camp, in answer to a query of mine as to what he thought of this new order of things. He had been a farmer all his life, and on account of pressing duties of a farmer's only son he had been forced to give up his schooling when quite a young lad, as his manner of speech betrayed. So he spends many of his evenings at the Hostess House with the girls and the smile he wears tells everyone how much he enjoys it.

"Come again," we said to one of the cadets, as he went out the cadets' door; "Well, you just bet I will. I have never been here before, and I thought the entertainment here was sort of a religious affair but it isn't. It just reminds me of the good old times we used to have at home when our bunch came in for the evening. I just love it, and I sure am going to bring some of the other fellows along too. I know they will enjoy it." And if I should tell you who made this appreciative announcement you would be very much surprised. He is an American, and his father is a multi-millionaire whose name is a household word in Canada as well as in the States.

And that is what the girls in the Hostess Houses are doing for our soldiers. They make not the slightest difference between the men. They are every one welcome and know it. The men can go there, have a dance, play cards or have a musical evening--anything they like. These girls are broad-minded enough to help every man in the camp and improve the social welfare of the defenders of our country, the only distinction is the color of the suit for every man who enters there must be khaki clad—that is the only price of admission.

If this war has done anything it has forever let down the bars to social distinction, and wherever we find a military uniform on man or woman there we find the utter disregard for "class" as we used to express it. If he is a good sort that is all that matters, and the sooner civilians fall into line the better it will be.

So whenever you girls have any spare time you would like to give to war work, don't forget the Hostess Houses and volunteer to give some of your time there. The experience will be well worth the effort.

Then for the girls who live in hospital towns, yours is a greater responsibility. On your shoulders depends the soldier's re-adjustment as he goes back to civil life. On you depends his lasting impression of the land of his birth as he comes back to it from the most harrowing experiences that any man has witnessed for generations. I often wish some of you girls from whom I receive so many letters could hear some of the tragedies through which these boys of ours have passed, and see some of the suffering which is so much a part of my daily life. I am sure you would realize as you never did before what Canada's manhood has given to its country.

The people of England make much of our wounded soldiers; they entertain them in their homes, take them for motor rides, they are asked to spend their week-end leave in the houses of our mother-land across the sea, where everything is done to make the boys from the colonies feel that they are not so far from home after all.

"Well, if you are in your blues you're jake, when you're in Blighty," said one returned soldier, after telling me of some of the good times he had while in the hospitals in England. And that expresses it. You're just the white-haired boy. And I must say that from my various conversations with soldiers and my daily experiences with them this opinion when they return to Canada does not always follow, at least we do not seem to make much effort to make our appreciation known as far as the returned soldiers are concerned.

But there is one thing above all others I would like to impress on the girls who are to come continually in contact with the returned men. Never allow your zeal and patriotism to help the soldiers run away with your good sense, or in the slightest degree influence your ideas of propriety. There are no two ways of treating the men we come in contact with whether they be soldiers or civilians. For just as sure as you make exceptions to the rules, you fail proportionately to reach the very goal which you are striving to achieve. For there is no one in this wide world who loses his respect for a

(*Continued on page* 46.)



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Hosiery

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In wealth of color and excellence of texture Penmans Hosiery stands aloof and alone. It has that smart "todayish" look, fits faultlessly and keeps its stylish appearance.

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Penmans, Limited
Paris

133

Look Over Your House



What does it need in the way of paint?

While paint is intended to make the surface more pleasing to the eye, by the selection of a color scheme that harmonizes with your ideas of tasteful decoration, still, its most vital function is to protect that surface against decay and deterioration

Ramsay's Paints combine to the greatest degree, looks, wear and protection. They give your house the best appearance over the longest term of years at the lowest cost.

There is a Ramsay dealer not far from where you live. Ask him or write us for booklet; we will gladly offer suggestions.

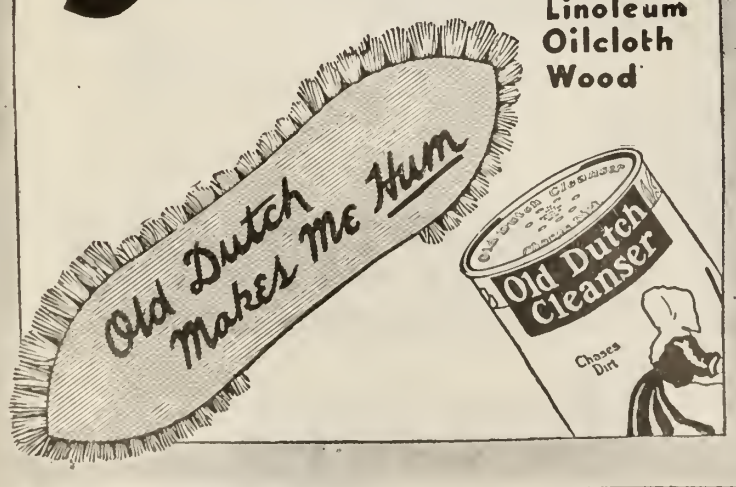
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200 Rooms, Private Bath, $1.50 Single, $3.00 Up Double
200 Rooms, Private Bath, $2.00 Single, $3.00 Up Double
100 Rooms, Private Bath, $2.50 Single, $4.00 Up Double
100 Rooms, Private Bath, $3.50-$5.00 Single, $4.50 Up Double.

Total 600 Outside Rooms. All Absolutely Quiet.
Two Floors-Agents' Sample Rooms. New Unique Cafe and Cabaret Excellente.

The September Puzzle

By TOM WOOD.

Pictures 1, 2, 3 and 4 each represent a conversation in which may be found the name of the place indicated in the wording beneath.

Numbers 5 and 6 represent "square words."

Each little picture represents one of the words which comprise the square of words, which if guessed correctly, read the same from left to right and from top to bottom.

Can You Guess Them ?



Two prizes will be given, first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete.

Answers must be received before September 30th to be included.

The correct solution of the July puzzle:

1—Amherst.
2—Shediac.
3—Toronto.
4—Coquitlam.

5—W A R M	6—R I P E
A L O E	I C O N
R O P E	P O N D
M E E T	E N D S

The following words may be made out of "Patriotic": Pa, pac, paca, paco, pact, pair, par, para, pari, part, pat, patriot, pi, pic, pica, picot, picra, piratic, pirn, pit, pita, poa, poi, port, pot, pro, proa, practic, protatic, a, act, actor, ai, air, ait, aortic, apo, aport, apricot. apt, arc, art, at, atop, atrip, attic, tac, tacit, tact, tap, tapir, tar, taro, tart, tat, ti, tiar, tic, tip, tipcat, tip-cart, tipt, tiro, tit, to, top, topi, topic, tor, torc, tort, tot, tract, trait, trap, tri, trica, trio, trip, tropic, trot, ra, rap, rapt, rat, ratio, riot, rip, rit, roc, rot, rota, I, iatric, io, ir, iota, irp, it, o, oar, oat, oca, optic, or, orc, ottar, cap, capot, captor, car, carp, cart, cat, cit, co, coat, coati, coir, cop, copra, cor, cot, cotta, cottar, crap, croat, crop.

The first prize is won by David Scott, 43 Rosebery Avenue, Ottawa, Ont., who submitted a correct solution and 115 words made from "Patriotic."

The second prize goes to Miss Annie Thompson, Box 16, Queensboro, Ont., who also had a correct solution and 112 words made from "Patriotic."

Address all answers to puzzle: The Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

Expressive of the Newest Notes in Autumn Fashions

6893—Ladies' and Misses' Neck-pieces and Capes (25 cents). One size only, requiring for model illustrated 6¼ yards 2⅝-inch moleskin banding. The cape is fastened with a fur button and may be lined with fancy silk.

7961—Ladies' and Misses' Set (25 cents). One size only, requiring for model illustrated 2¼ yards 54-inch plush. Included in the set are three styles of capes and a muff. Velvet and fur fabrics are also adapted for this model as is cloth trimmed with fur banding.



Blouse 7784
Skirt 7933

Blouse 7592
Skirt 7922
Embroidery 12372

Blouse 7929
Skirt 7926

Blouse 7490
Skirt 7700

Bodice 7601
Skirt 7890

Blouse 7399
Skirt 7928
Braiding 12321

Neck-piece 6893

Fur Set 7961

7784—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 7933—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅝ yards 36-inch satin—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vest and cuffs—1¼ yard embroidered organdy for overcollar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Indispensable for the well-dressed woman's wardrobe is the frock of satin in black, dark blue, or taupe. This is a particularly graceful model with a novelty in the girdle which rises much higher in front. The rolling collar of the blouse turns back from a gathered vest of white Georgette crêpe, and white Georgette is used also for the cuffs that finish the gathered sleeves. In place of these sleeves, however, three-quarter length flowing sleeves may be selected. One of the new pointed tunics is mounted on a two-piece gathered foundation to form the skirt, which closes at left side-back.

7592—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. No. 7922—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅞ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vest, cuffs, and frills. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern, 20 cents. From the front-closing vest of Georgette crêpe long rolling revers turn back. The waist is mounted on a front-closing underbody, and if desired, the neck may be filled in with a gathered chemisette having standing collar. Quite a novelty is displayed in the skirt which has a tunic draped at one side.

7929—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7926—Ladies' Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¼ yards 36-inch black velvet—¾ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and cuffs. Distinctive charm is given to this frock of velvet by the one-sided tunic which is arranged at the front and side of the skirt. The blouse, too, is new in style showing the tendency toward closer fitting effects. It closes in surplice style, and the neck may be finished with a shawl or pointed collar. It is mounted on a front-closing underbody with square or V neck, and one-piece sleeves gathered to deep cuffs may replace the flowing sleeves.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send dir ect to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Chic Separate Blouses and Skirts and Trim House-Dresses



Blouse 7951
Skirt 7915
Beading 12377

7951—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch voile. No. 7915—Ladies Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Beading No. 12377, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. The separate blouse and skirt always combine well to form a practical morning dress. This blouse closes at center-front in an applied plait, and a large collar finishes the open neck. Long one-piece sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs, and are perforated for shorter length with turn-back cuffs. A novel belt and oddly shaped pockets give a distinctive touch to the otherwise simple skirt which closes at left side seam.

7930 — Ladies' Morning Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch figured percale—½ yard 30-inch white piqué for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The trim lines of this dress make it particularly good for morning and house wear. Below a square yoke the front of the dress is gathered.

7907—Ladies' Morning Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 6½ yards 27-inch blue chambray—⅝ yard 36-inch tan linen for trimming—½ yard white lawn for collar—1½ yard edging. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Tho very simple in style the odd little trimming touches on this dress lift it above the commonplace. It closes at center-front, and plaits and trucks give a panel effect front and back. A belt encircles the waist-line, and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length.

7911 — Ladies' Morning Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch check gingham—½ yard 27-inch white linen for collar. Embroidery No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Dainty checks of pink, blue, or lavender and white gingham are in great favor for simple house and morning dresses, generally relieved, as in this case, by a touch of solid color or white in the collar. This collar is square and is rolled at the side edges. A yoke effect is formed by extending the back over the shoulders.



Dress 7930

Dress 7907

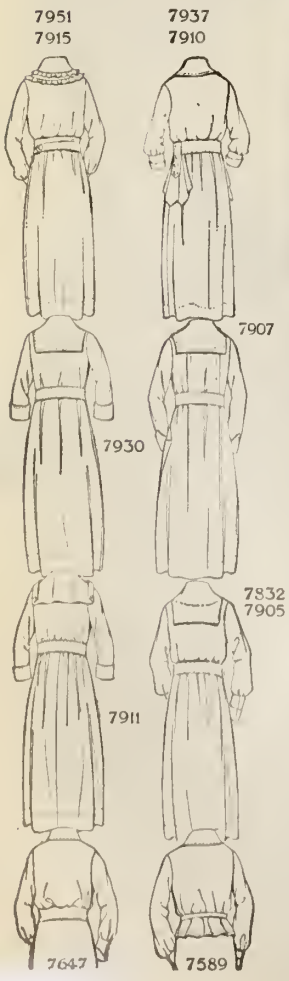
Dress 7911
Emb. 12460



Blouse 7937
Skirt 7910

Blouse 7832
Skirt 7905

7937—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch striped organdy—⅜ yard plain organdy for collar and cuffs. No. 7910—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch velvet. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. For afternoon wear in the home, a simple blouse of organdy, Georgette crêpe, or voile may be combined with a satin, serge, or velvet skirt. The blouse is gathered on the shoulders in front, and for the open neck with shawl collar pictured, high neck with standing collar may be substituted, as the blouse is made with convertible collar. The sleeves are perforated for shorter length. Novelty is given to the skirt by the oddly shaped pockets.



7832—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch voile. No. 7905—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch check worsted. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Featured on the blouse are the new tucked revers joined to a square collar, perforated for round outline. Another attractive feature is the gathered vest or plastron which is cut square at the top. Large pockets are applied to the skirt, which may be lapped over to form a jabot effect. They button onto the belt and are perforated so that the jabot trimming sections may be cut off.

7647—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard 40-inch satin for collar. Embroidery No. 12367, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. The blouse is gathered on the shoulders in front, and a shawl collar of satin is knotted cowboy fashion over the gathered frills.

7589—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard figured Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch plain Georgette.



Blouse 7647
Emb. 12367

Blouse 7589

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

New Models Designed to Camouflage the Stout Figure

7960—Ladies' Jacket (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch broadcloth—¼ yard 36-inch velvet for collar. Length at center-back 43 inches. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch broadcloth. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The long simple lines of this suit of taupe broadcloth make it particularly becoming to women of full figure. Instead of the square collar, the neck may be finished with a shawl collar, and the belt sections are extensions of the underarm piece. The skirt is a plain, medium narrow model, gathered at the top and closing at left side seam.

7946—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch serge—2½ yards 36-inch satin—3⅝ yards fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. This is admirable to give length of line to stout figures. It shows the smart new overdress effect, the overdress in panel style, closing at left side-front and on the left shoulder. It is worn over a foundation dress of satin consisting of a front-closing underbody joined to a two-piece skirt closing in front. In addition to the long plain sleeves there are shorter flaring sleeves.

7924—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch black velvet—1½ yard 40-inch black Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard white Georgette for collar—1¼ yard lace—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Braiding No. 12321, blue or yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents. Velvet is one of the most fashionable fabrics for the coming season's afternoon gowns, and it is particularly effective combined, as in this case, with Georgette crêpe, and with the fashionable touch of hand-work in the braiding on the front panel. The closing is at left side-front, and there is a panel front and back.

Blouse 7916
Skirt 7919
Beading 12348

Jacket 7960
Skirt 7830

Tunic Blouse
7912
Skirt 7830

7916—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7919—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch black satin—3 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard contrasting satin for tunic facing—⅞ yard lace—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading No. 12348, blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents. Here is a charming afternoon gown of satin and Georgette crêpe that the stout woman will find very becoming. The surplice blouse has sash extensions, and is mounted on a front-closing underbody. A tunic of Georgette is arranged each side of the two-piece satin skirt.

Dress 7946

Dress 7924
Braiding 12321

Dress 7936



Blouse 7570

Blouse 7600
Embroidery 12460

7936—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 6⅜ yards 36-inch velvet—1½ yard fur banding—¼ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. In black, seal brown, or wisteria velvet this would make a charming afternoon and theater gown for the stout woman. It is in overdress or redingote style, closing at left side-front, and is mounted on a foundation dress that consists of a sleeveless underbody with square neck joined to a two-piece gathered skirt that closes at center-front. Instead of U-shaped neck outline with revers and round collar as illustrated, the overdress may be made with V neck and shawl collar. For the plain sleeves with turn-back cuffs, one-piece sleeves gathered to deep cuffs may be substituted.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Fashion's Latest Dictates for Afternoon and Evening Wear

7961—Ladies' and Misses' Set Consisting of Three Styles of Capes and a Muff (25 cents). Cut in one size only requiring for cape illustrated 2 yards 36-inch velvet. Many of these smart little coatees are fashioned of plush and fur fabric instead of the real fur.

7390—Ladies' and Misses' Capes (25 cents). Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 34, 38, and 42 bust. Medium size requires for the cape illustrated ⅝ yard 54-inch seal plush. Five different styles of capes may be developed from this pattern.

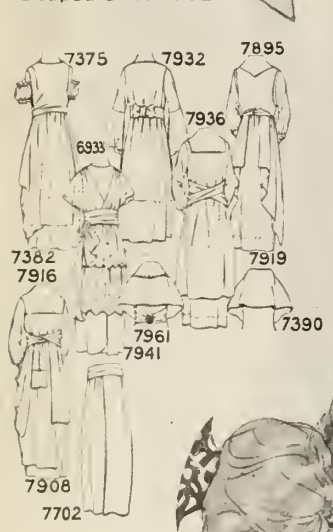
Evening Blouse 7375
Draped Skirt 7382

Blouse 6933
Skirt 7941

Dress 7936

Blouse 7895
Skirt 7919

Blouse 7916
Skirt 7908
Braiding 12469



Blouse 7932
Skirt 7702
Beading 12319

Fur Set 7961

Cape 7390

7375 — Ladies' Evening Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7382—Ladies' Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 36-inch taffeta—3⅞ yards 40-inch Indestructible Voile—4¼ yards silver ribbon. Taffeta and Indestructible Voile are attractively combined in this evening frock, the taffeta forming the surplice waist and the draped tunic, while the voile is used for the underbodice, the short puff sleeves, and the skirt. Silver banding and silver flowers give an added touch of elegance. The waist closes under the left arm and has short extensions that are joined to sash ends looped in front. The tiny puff sleeves drop from the top of the arm and are fastened underneath, but for these may be substituted long flowing sleeves. To form the skirt, a gathered two-piece tunic is mounted on a one-piece gathered foundation.

6933—Ladies' Evening Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7941—Ladies' Skirt (25 cents). Five sizes, 24 o 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 40-inch satin—2⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2 yards 27-inch lace for flounce—1¼ yard banding. A touch of lace softens many of the new evening gowns, and filet, princess, and Chantilly are among the favored meshes. The blouse of this frock crosses in surplice style front and back over an underblouse. The outer blouse extends over the shoulders to form a sleeve effect, but there are perforations for cutting off the extensions and using short puff sleeves instead. The skirt is in tunic effect and has a deep girdle.

7936—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch check cloth—1¾ yard 36-inch black satin—¼ yard 40-inch white organdy—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. In smart redingote effect is this dress that is decidedly chic for Fall street wear. The redingote closes at left side-front, and a shawl collar finishes the V neck. If preferred, however, oval neck with revers may be substituted, with a square collar perforated for round outline at the back. Plain one-piece sleeves with turnback cuffs may be substituted for the sleeves illustrated, and the redingote may show the irregular lower edge, or may be cut straight around. The foundation consists of a sleeveless underbody with square neck joined to a two-piece skirt gathered at the top and closing at center-front.

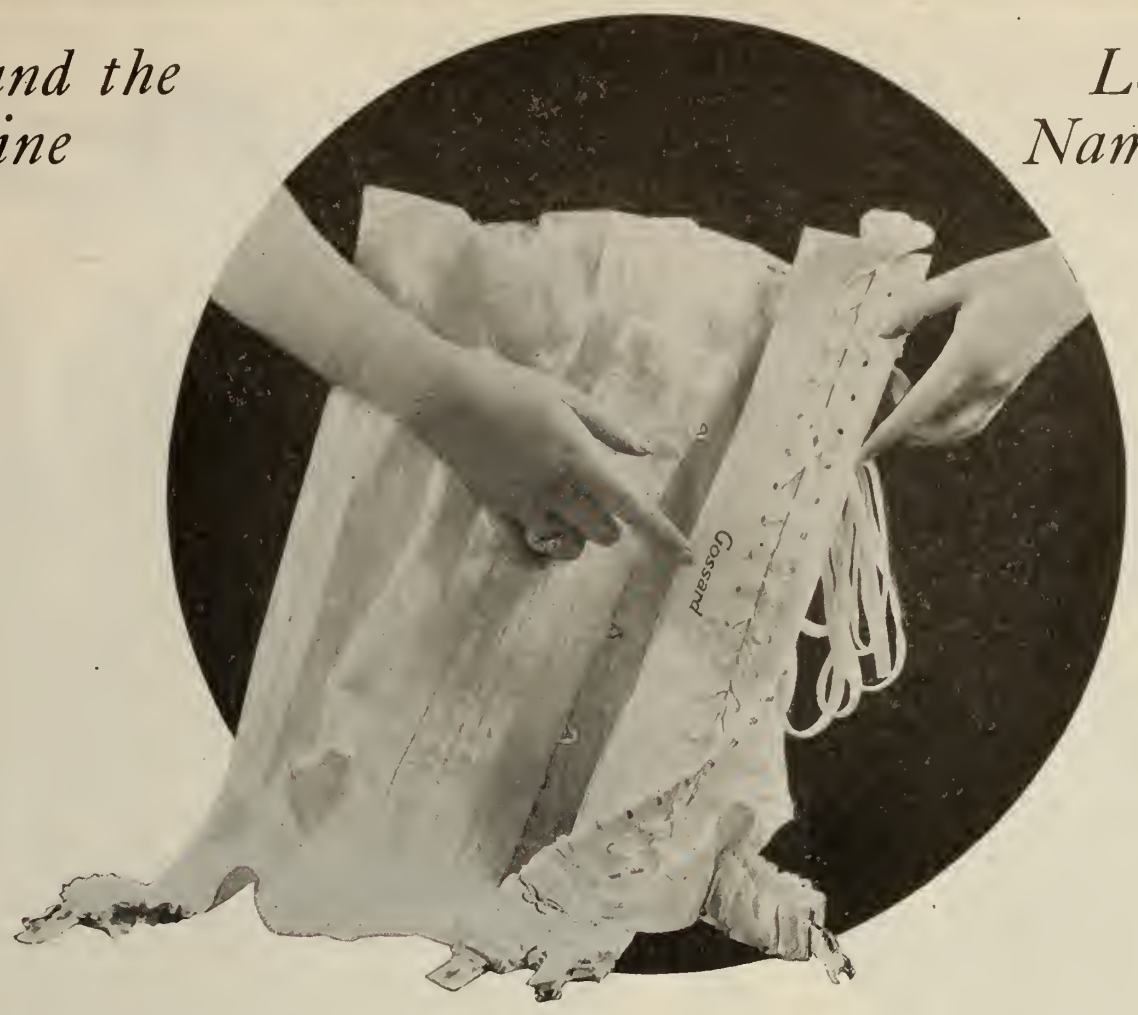
7895—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 7919—Ladies' Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 54-inch tan wool Jersey—2½ yards 54-inch navy blue wool Jersey—3½ yards fringe for trimming—⅝ yard 44-inch white organdy for collar. Wool Jersey has lost none of its popularity for street frocks, and the combination of tan and blue is particularly good. The blouse is gathered on the shoulders, fastening at center-front and with jumper sections crossing at the underarm and buttoning onto the skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Demand the Genuine

Look for the Name ***Gossard***



Why women in war time insist upon GOSSARD CORSETS

The Original Front-Lacing Corsets

The name ***Gossard*** on the inside of the corset guarantees the increased efficiency of any woman who works—whether it be house work, office work, factory work or any one of the many duties that patriotic women have so cheerfully and uncomplainingly assumed during these war times. No garment is so essential for the well being of the women of our country as the Gossard Corset.

The name ***Gossard*** is your guarantee of **health.** Your family physician will tell you that a correctly fitted Gossard safeguards your health by giving a hygienic body support that can be found only in the unequalled design, soft pliable materials and scientific boning that characterize these world-famed corsets.

It is your guarantee of a priceless **all-day comfort.** A correctly fitted Gossard will conserve your energy and increase your efficiency.

The name ***Gossard*** is your guarantee of true **corset economy.** It is your guarantee of a wearing service that alone is worth the price of the garment whether you pay $2.00, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.50 or more.

Only in a Gossard can every woman attain the ideal proportions of her type and so these original front-lacing corsets permit a clothes economy by enhancing the beauty of the most inexpensive frock or suit.

It is your guarantee of **inimitable style.** The perfect front and perfect back of a Gossard are and always will be the despair of those attempting imitations.

There is at least one store—and always the best stores—in every city selling the genuine Gossard Corsets. You can identify them by the Gossard signs displayed in their windows and by their advertising of Gossards. Demand the genuine. Look for the name ***Gossard*** on the inside of the corset.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited

Largest Makers of Fine Corsets

284-286 West King Street TORONTO

Made in the United States and Canada

Wear Gossard CORSETS *They Lace In Front*

Worn with Health and Comfort by Women the World Over



Ideal Figure Tall Slender | *Ideal Figure Short Slender* | *Ideal Figure Tall Heavy* | *Ideal Figure Short Heavy* | *Ideal Average Figure* | *Ideal Figure Large Below Waist* | *Ideal Figure Large Above Waist* | *Ideal Figure Short Waisted* | *Ideal Figure Curved Back*

Some Advance Fashion Suggestions for Autumn Street Wear

7958—Ladies' Jacket (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch Oxford cloth—¼ yard 20-inch velvet for collar. Length of jacket at center-back 45 inches, perforated for 42-inch length. No. 7688—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires for skirt with inserted pockets 2⅜ yards 54-inch Oxford cloth. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Here is one of the new very long jackets which are among the advanced fashions for Fall. This smart model is quite tailored in style, buttoning in single-breasted fashion and with mannish notched collar and revers. The jacket is perforated for V shaped neck with shawl collar should this be preferred. At the center-front of the jacket a full-length panel is formed, while the sides and back are in two sections with the skirt section gathered to the body. The two-piece skirt may have inserted pockets or large hanging pockets, and closes at left side seam.

7750—Ladies' Coat (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch check wool velours—⅜ yard plain velours for collar. Length at center-back 50½ inches. No matter how many suits are in the wardrobe the coat is an absolute necessity, particularly to wear over afternoon frocks. This model shows the simple lines that are in vogue.



Jacket 7958
Skirt 7688

Coat 7750

Jacket 7960
Skirt 7830



Dress 7943

Dress 7934



Dress 7952

Dress 7921
Braiding 12425

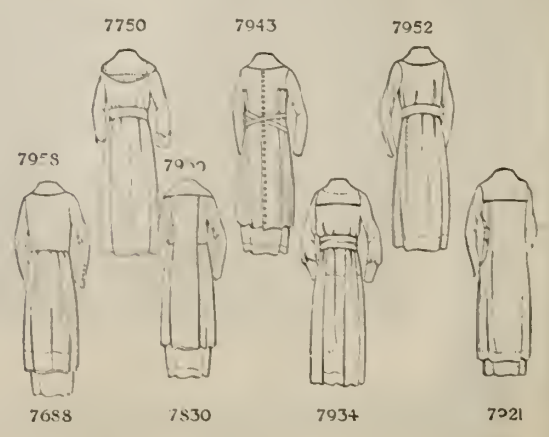
7960—Ladies' Jacket (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tweed. Length at center-back 43 inches. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tweed. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. For utility wear there is nothing more practical or that will give better service than tweed, which wears indefinitely. It shows to good advantage in this suit which displays the new long jacket that will be so much in vogue for the Fall and Winter. The jacket is a single-breasted model belted across the front, and is arranged in soft plaits below the waist-line front and back. For the open neck and square collar may be substituted a V-shaped neck with shawl collar. The skirt, like most of the new models, is very simple in style, gathered a little at the top and closing at the left side seam. The belt has extension tabs at each side.

7943—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch black velvet—⅜ yard satin for collar—2½ yards moleskin—2⅛ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge 1⅝ yard. The slim silhouette featured this season is admirably brought out in this charming afternoon frock of velvet which is in redingote style with a panel front and back that is an extension of the square yoke. At each side of the panel below the yoke there are set-in gathered sections. The redingote is worn over a two-piece skirt gathered at the back and attached to an underbody at slightly raised waist-line. High, oval, and V-shaped neck outlines are provided. The closing is arranged at the center-back, one of the new style touches of the season.

7934—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch figured tan wool cloth—2⅜ yards 36-inch navy blue satin—¼ yard cream Venice lace for vest—2¼ yards silk braid—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The fashionable surplice closing is illustrated in this model, the waist crossing over a lace vest which is mounted on the front-closing underbody. A large square collar perforated for smaller outline finishes the neck, and a choice is offered of long plain sleeves or long one-piece sleeves gathered to deep pointed cuffs, the latter style illustrated. Under a tuck the two-piece skirt is attached to a two-piece yoke. Decided style is given to the frock by the four flying panels, but these may be omitted if desired. Narrow silk braid forms a smart trimming.

7952—Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 44-inch gabardine—⅝ yard 36-inch black satin. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The jabot drapery that is so fashionable is introduced on this frock of dark blue gabardine which is suitable for early Fall street wear. The dress closes at center-front and may have high neck with standing collar. Perforations, however, permit of cutting the neck in a V finished with a pointed or round collar of satin. The sleeves may be long or short. The amount of satin given provides not alone for the collar, but for the facing of the drapery on the skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send dir : to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

The New Fall Street Frocks Feature Long Slender Lines

7858—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yard black satin—¼ yard dotted organdy for overcollar—⅜ yard fringe. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. A square yoke that descends into a panel at center-front and back is a distinctive style feature of this simple frock of blue serge. The waist closes on the shoulder and at left side-front, and is attached at low waist-line to the three-piece plaited skirt cut with straight lower edge. The fashionable sash of self-material is displayed, the ends finished with chenille or silk fringe.

7606—Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—1 yard contrasting satin for lining panels. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. The fashionable flying panels are featured on this frock of navy blue Poiret twill, which otherwise is quite simple. Rows of coarse machine-stitching being the only decorative note. The frock buttons all the way down the center-front, and a large square or pointed collar may finish the open neck. Large patch pockets are applied to both panels, and the panels are attached to the underside of the belt. The lining for the panels should be cut just like the outside, and should be stitched to the panels.

Dress 7924
Braiding 12420

Dress 7917

Dress 7927

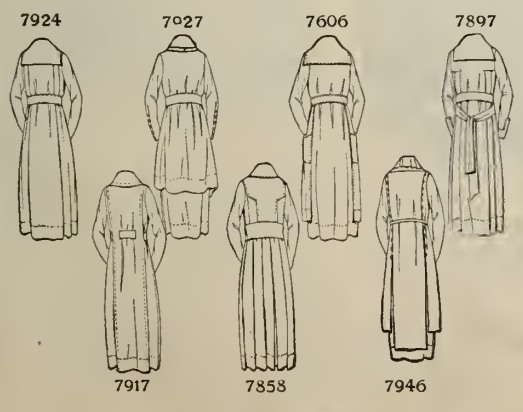
Dress 7858

Dress 7606

7924—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 48-inch navy blue gabardine—1½ yard 36-inch satin—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Braiding No. 12420, blue or yellow transfer pattern, 20 cents. Ideal for Autumn street wear is this frock of dark blue gabardine combined with black satin. The dress, which closes at the left side-front, has a panel front and back, the front panel braided in soutache. At the sides there are separate waist sections of black satin joined to the gathered skirt sections of gabardine. The waist is mounted on a front-closing underbody with V or square neck.

7917—Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch check worsted—½ yard black satin for collar—⅝ yard contrasting cloth for facing of drapery sections. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The fashionable panel effect is introduced on this frock of check worsted at the front and back, but the plainness of the front panel is relieved by inserted sections that form jabot-like folds toward the bottom. As these sections show the underside of the material, a facing of contrasting satin or cloth would be an attractive touch. Instead of making the dress with open neck and large collar, the closing may be continued to the top of a standing collar.

7927—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch black velvet—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar, vestee, and cuffs—⅜ yard fringe—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The pointed tunic is new and smart. It is mounted on a two-piece skirt closing at side-front.



Dress 7946

Dress 7897

7946—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch plaid worsted—3¼ yards 36-inch black satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. This smart costume will go a long way in wool conservation, as only the overdress is fashioned of wool material, while the foundation dress consists of a front-closing underbody of lining with satin sleeves, joined to a two-piece skirt, also of satin. The front and back of the overdress are in panel style, and are longer than the sides. A single or double collar may finish the slightly U-shaped neck which is perforated for V outline with shawl collar. The closing of the overdress is at the left shoulder and left side-front.

7897—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 44-inch blue serge—⅝ yard 48-inch white broadcloth for collar—3 yards braid. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. A blue serge frock is an essential requirement of the well-dressed woman's wardrobe, as there is nothing quite so smart for street wear. This model shows the fashionable panel front and back, which is an extension of the square yoke, and below the yoke at each side of the panel plaits are inserted. The front closing may be continued up to the top of the standing collar which is provided in the pattern, or if preferred, the dress may be made with V neck and large square collar as illustrated. Short sleeves with turn-back cuffs may be substituted for the long plain sleeves.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Styles Both Sensible and Pretty for the Younger Generation

7950—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Plaited Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch check cloth—⅜ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar and cuffs. Below a square yoke this smart frock is plaited. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves. The dress closes at left side-front under a plait, and at center-front of the yoke.

7901—Child's Dress (20 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 4 yards 27-inch chambray—⅜ yard 36-inch check gingham. The waist may have round or fence collar, and long or short sleeves.



Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7950 | Child's Dress 7901 | Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7914 | Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7945 | Child's Dress 6796 | Boys' Suit 7846 | Girls' Dress 7948

7914—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard 36-inch taffeta for overblouse—5 yards fringe—1½ yard velvet ribbon. Here is a charming frock for afternoon wear to be fashioned of white or some pastel tint of Georgette crêpe, and with overblouse section of taffeta trimmed with picot edged ribbon. The dress closes at the back, and the skirt, which is a one-piece gathered model, may be tucked or plain. The overblouse points may be longer if preferred.

7945—Girls' and Juniors' Jumper Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 36-inch plaid taffeta for the dress—1¾ yard 36-inch velvet for jumper. The new oval collarless neck-line is featured on this smart afternoon frock, tho there are perforations for V-shaped outline should this be preferred. The jumper is open under the arms, and fastens on the left shoulder. The skirt is a straight gathered model, tucked above the hem. Short sleeves finished with a ruffle may replace the long sleeves gathered to band cuffs that are pictured. This would make an ideal party frock in white or pink Georgette crêpe, with jumper of matching taffeta.

6796—Child's Empire Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch challis—1¾ yard velvet ribbon—½ yard 27-inch lining. A cunning little frock for the small maid is presented in this model to be fashioned of the new flowered challis or voile. Long and short sleeves are provided, and the skirt is a straight gathered model.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 43





Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7931 | Child's Dress 7724



Child's Dress 7812 | Child's Dress 7321

7846—Boys' Suit (20 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch velvet—1 yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine. This smart suit is designed for the little man's best wear, and may have black velvet trousers with blouse of white or pale yellow crêpe de Chine. The collar with deep tabs buttoning onto the trousers front and back is a new feature. Perforations are provided in the patterns for cutting off the tabs, leaving a small round collar.



Child's Dress 7288 Scallop 11659 | Misses' and Juniors' Coat 7938 | Girls' and Juniors' Coat 7935

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

These Smart Models Are Just the Thing for School Wear

7642—Boys' Top Coat (20 cents). Five sizes, 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch covert cloth—2 yards 36-inch satin for lining. Here is a cunning top coat for the small boy to be fashioned of navy blue serge or covert cloth. The coat may fasten to the neck, or it may be worn with fronts rolled back.

7503—Child's Single-breasted Coat (20 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch broadcloth—⅜ yard 36-inch velvet for collar and cuffs—2⅜ yards 36-inch lining. A smart feature is the surplice collar.

7596—Girls' Double-breasted Coat (20 cents). Five sizes, 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yard 20-inch velvet—2¼ yards 36-inch lining.



7923—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress (20 cents). Eight sizes, 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 44-inch wool poplin—½ yard 36-inch satin for collar and trimming. For school wear this is a very attractive frock on simple lines. It may be fashioned of tan or brown wool poplin and closes at center-front. It is made with a yoke extending down into the front and back panel, with plaits each side.

7850—Child's Coat (20 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—3¼ yards 36-inch Pussy Willow satin for lining. Wool Jersey is just as smart for the little folks as for their elders. It is employed in making this coat which may close in double-breasted or surplice style.

7953—Juniors' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 3 yards 44-inch check cloth—⅝ yard white linen for collar and vest. Scallop No. 11854, blue or yellow transfer pattern, 10 cents. A touch of novelty is given to this frock by the inserted draped sections.

7956—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress (20 cents). Nine sizes, 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch figured poplin—¾ yard 36-inch velvet for collar and trimming. A square or round collar may finish the open neck, and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length. The inserted sections that give a draped effect may be omitted.



7942—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch voile for blouse—2½ yards 36-inch linen for skirt, belt, and suspenders. Frocks like this combining two materials are very smart for school wear, and for colder weather this may be fashioned of blue serge combined with plaid worsted. The waist closes in front and may have long or short sleeves. The three-piece side-plaited skirt closes at left side-front.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

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"Well, my boy, good cocoa means

Baker's Cocoa"

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Dainty Borders and Motifs to Give the Chic Touch of Hand-work

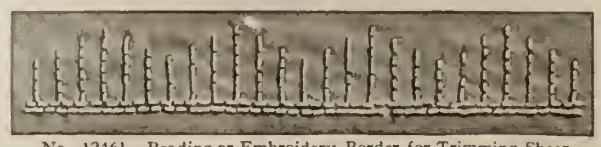


No. 12283—Motif and Border for Bead or Embroidery Work

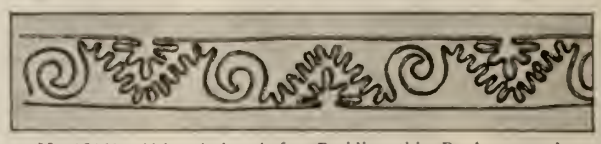
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12283, blue or yellow, 15 cents. This pattern contains seven motifs nine inches high and three yards of border two inches wide. The motifs are charming for blouses and frocks of voile, Georgette crêpe, chiffon, or satin. Beads and embroidery silk may be combined in working out the border as well as the motifs.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12461, blue or yellow, 20 cents. This attractive little beading border would be very effective on a frock of Georgette crêpe or voile worked in glass or chalk beads. The same idea may be carried out in embroidery silk if applied to heavier materials. The embroidery may be worked in outline, chain, or simple running stitch. 3½ yards of two-inch border are supplied.

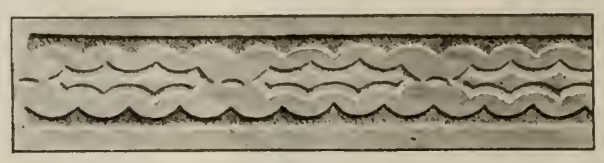
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12463, blue or yellow, 20 cents. For the early Fall utility frock nothing smarter as a trimming can be used than this braiding border worked out in soutache, altho, if preferred, beads or heavy silk may be substituted. To braid one yard of the border, four yards of braid are required. It is surprizing how rapidly this design works up.



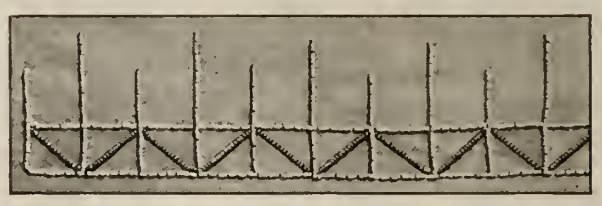
No. 12461—Beading or Embroidery Border for Trimming Sheer or Heavy Frocks



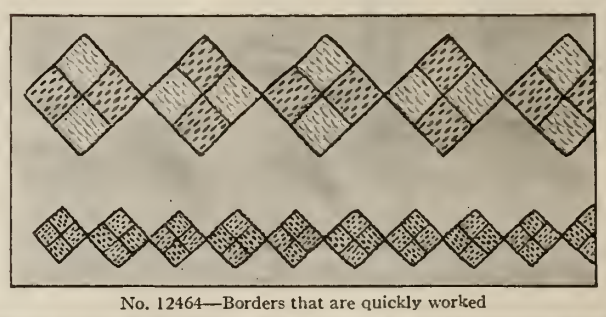
No. 12463—Altho designed for Braiding this Border may be carried out in Beads or Embroidery



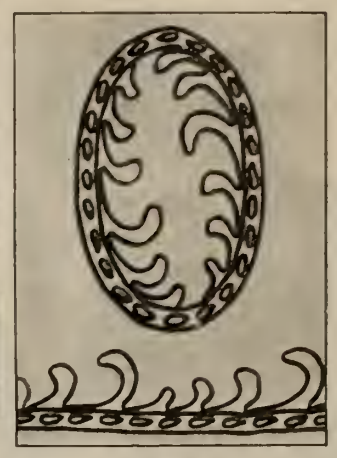
No. 12465—Exceptionally effective Border for the Serge, Jersey, or Gabardine Dress



No. 12462—Beading Border for Dress or Blouse



No. 12464—Borders that are quickly worked

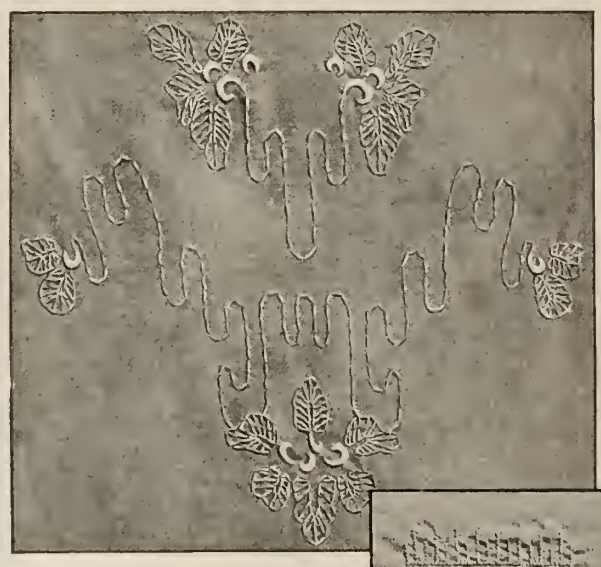


No. 12300—Oval Motif and Border for Braiding or Beading

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12300, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Easy to work, yet very effective are the motifs and border included in this design which may be carried out in soutache braiding or rat-tail cord. Six yards of border 1¾ inch wide, and thirteen motifs 4 by 6½ inches are included in the pattern. To braid each yard of border, 8½ yards will be required.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12467, blue or yellow, 20 cents. One large and two small motifs are provided in this pattern. The conventional and scrolly stems should be embroidered in loose running stitch, with raised satin stitch for the crescent-shaped motifs.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12468, blue or yellow, 25 cents. This handsome border is 18⅞ inches deep, and the pattern supplies 2½ yards. Eighteen bunches of beads are required to bead one yard of the border. Carried out in bright jet beads it would add distinctive style to the simplest blue serge, gabardine, or Jersey frock, while in white chalk beads the border would look pretty on Georgette frocks.

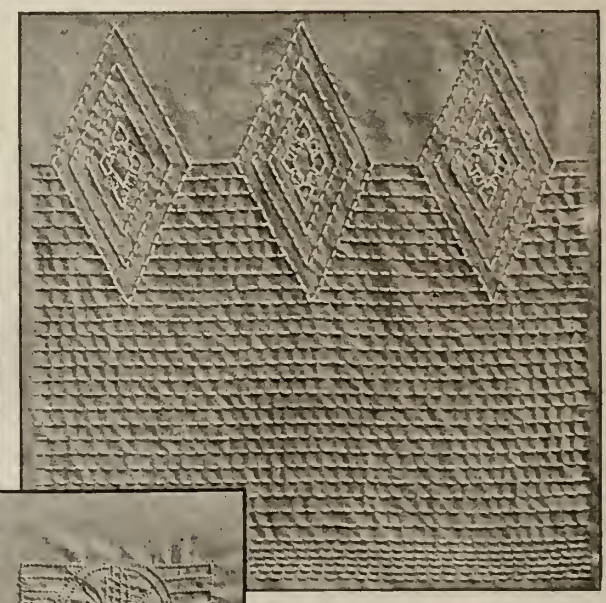


No. 12467—Dainty Embroidery that is easy to do

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12465, blue or yellow, 20 cents. This novel border lends itself to beading or embroidery. The design may be carried out in chain or outline stitches in colored silk or mercerized cotton, filling in the center spaces with blanket stitch. Or if desired, the flat satin stitch may be used to fill in. Pattern provides 3½ yards of 2½-inch border.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12462, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Simplicity itself is this charming border which may be carried out in beads of two colors. There are 3½ yards of 3-inch border given in the pattern.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12464, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Two borders are supplied in this design, 1⅜ inch wide and 2⅞ inches wide. The pattern provides 3½ yards of each border.



No. 12468—Handsome 18-inch Border for Beading

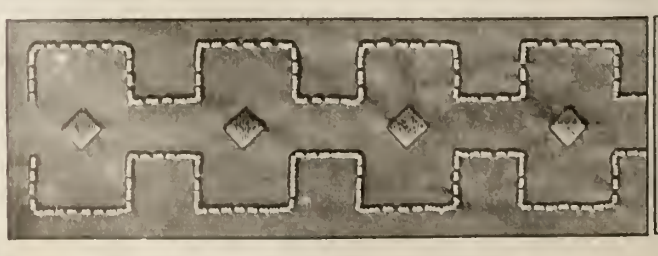
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12469, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Motifs for braiding, beading, or embroidering that fit every little corner are provided in this pattern. There are nine different motifs with duplicates making a total of twenty-four.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12466, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Novel yet easy to work is this three-inch border which may be carried out in beads, braid, or embroidery, or the "Wall of Troy" design may be worked in beads, while the diamond-shaped motifs along the center may be worked in embroidery silks. 3½ yards supplied.

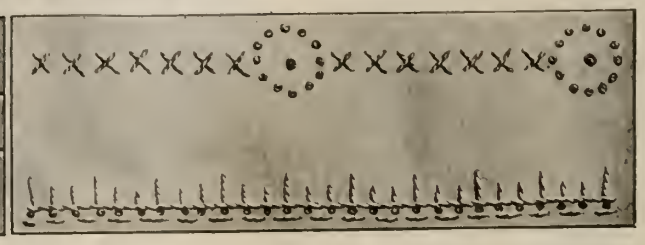
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12460, blue or yellow, 15 cents. The pattern provides 3½ yards of two borders, ½ and ⅞ inch wide.



No. 12469—Beading, Embroidery, and Braiding Motifs



No. 12466—Three-inch "Wall of Troy" Border



No. 12460—Two different sized Borders for trimming Children's Clothes

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And it is economical—for using Carnation Milk you need less butter in your cooking. Carnation Milk is *whole* milk, rich and pure, evaporated to the consistency of cream. Contains neither artificial sweetening nor preservatives.

When thoroughly chilled it whips beautifully—delicious for cakes and fruits.

Try Carnation Milk—in any recipe that calls for milk.

A Fine War-Time Dish

Macaroni With Cheese and White Sauce

½ pound macaroni, 4 tablespoonfuls butter, 4 tablespoonfuls flour, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup water, ¼ to 1 pound cheese. Break macaroni in small pieces and cook in boiling water until tender. Make white sauce of the butter, flour, seasonings, milk and water. Grate cheese and stir into the white sauce until melted. Drain the macaroni, mix it with the white sauce, put into baking dish, and cover with bread crumbs. Brown in the oven.

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Stays fresh for several days even when the can is opened.

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You "Sun-Worshippers" Need Mennen's Talcum Powder.

THE burning caresses of Old Sol are pleasant smiles when Mennen stands guard between you and him.

While at play you need the protecting film of Mennen's Talcum Powder to prevent friction, chafing and sunburn.

After your bath, a generous sifting of Mennen's over your whole body will keep you cool and refreshed for hours. Your clothing will feel loose and comfortable, and won't irritate you when you perspire.

Shake Mennen's on your linen—into your shoes, to prevent chafing and blistering—between the sheets on hot nights—a score of uses—a variety of kinds.

Don't think the use of talcum is confined to babies—no one ever outgrows Mennen's. The first Mennen baby is 39 years old—and is still using it. The trouble is, most grown-up skins are neglected—Let Mennen's mean to you what it has meant to millions of happy babies.

There's a big difference in talcums—some are good and some are inferior. Mennen's was the first Borated Talcum, and it is our belief that nothing better is made.

It is safer to buy Mennen's.

Your Druggist has Mennen's Talcum Powders in a variety to satisfy every need:—
Borated—also Violet, Flesh Tint, Cream Tint, Sen Yang (Oriental)—each charmingly perfumed—and the new masculine powder and package of Mennen's Talcum for Men.

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Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

SMILES.

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song.
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

"Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekins.

"Well," answered his wife, "it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor."

When I read that in the funny column, I smiled. Then I read it aloud, and the family enjoyed a laugh at the expense of humble Mr. Meekins and the irony in his wife's reply.

I was reminded of something I once saw in a street car in the form of an advertisement, and it started like this—"Smile, and when others see you smile, someone else will smile, and soon there will be miles and miles of smiles, and life is made worth while, and all because you smile."

No one can estimate the value of a smile, nor can conceive of how long it lives, travelling down the years of our lives. Going back to the years of our childhood, we can recall instances where an unexpected smile reassured us on some occasion of misunderstanding or stage fright. You "walked on the grass," or you plucked a forbidden flower, and the janitor, knowing you did not purposely disobey, and were properly frightened, smiled indulgently.

One instance of my own rises up—that of making a mistake in the church ceremony, and taking a kneeling position when I should have been seated. I was very young, but I still remember how sheepishly I crawled up on the seat, and stole a glance at my mother, who smiled back at me.

That was what I needed for comfort in my childish mortification. That smile helped me to bear the teasing that followed. It never died, and inspired me to pass on that same forbearing smile at childhood's blunders. Alas, that it were not more universal in dealing with our little ones!

Allow me to cite an instance where a woman won my admiration in dealing with her small sons. She lived in an elegant home; and, to use her own words, given with much merriment and laughter, she said—"I was upstairs sewing, and heard considerable noise on the front stairs. It sounded as though much exertion were being expended, so I went to see what was being brought up. It was their little wagon loaded with sand. One was hauling, the other shoving, their faces red and perspiring, and such a mess of sand on the carpet as you can imagine."

And yet she stood and laughed heartily, and smiled whenever she thought of the incident. They didn't intend to spill the sand, but you see the wagon jolted on those steps. Blessed are the mothers who can see the humor of such a situation!

* * *

There are many different kinds of smiles—the smile of joyousness in a light heart, the genuine smile of welcome, the fleeting smile of recognition, the pathetic smile of patient suffering, the smile of forgiveness and of tender musing.

Some smiles are born of natural good humor, of kindliness, courage, a sense of right that permeates the life and all its motives. Such a smile with such a backing is always triumphant, because it is founded upon and cherished in a disposition that excludes gloom and pessimism.

Not so with the superficial smile that is adopted for social purposes; the sneering and sarcastic smile that is intended to crush; the meaningless smile with no significance; the bitter or sardonic smile that covers a hurt; they are all on the surface. They convey no blessing, they carry no meaning or value, are useless, barren, except as they reveal the mentality of the persons who wear them.

There are occasions when a smile is harmful. There are wrongs that are supported by the smiles of weak characters who cannot frown upon a doubtful remark or questionable story. They do not appreciate such things, and yet are unable to discountenance them when the rest of the company applaud.

It is not always easy nor practicable to speak the word that would discourage, but one can refrain from smiling, and thus show their disapproval. There is no more fitting nor effective rebuke can be given than that of serious silence.

A stranger was asked to address a small club of men. He told a story decidedly shady, whereupon a musical member, thinking to dissipate the oppressive silence, sang a song pitched too high, and carried through with difficulty. At its close, the chairman fittingly launched the dual humorous and caustic comment: "The singing was too high, even as the story was too low, so now that we are evened up, we will continue the programme."

* * *

A little tribute to the memory of a prominent railroad man, who died recently, read: "He whistled and laughed, and joked his way through life, and withal there was a serious vein in his humor, which indicated that he was a man of depth."

Reference was then made to a banquet, where the jollity and raillery subsided when he recited one of his own poems, "Will the Lights Be White?" Two of the verses are as follows:—

"The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals 'Slow,'
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, 'Let her go.'

"Swift towards Life's terminal I trend,
The sun seems short to-night,
God only knows what's at the end—
I hope the lamps are white."

I had a slight acquaintance with this man, and had heard of his gradual rise to his high position. He must have encountered all the trials and discouragements which other men meet in their career. Yet this was his record—he smiled happily through it all. Such a disposition is to be envied, but how seldom we meet such cases!

I *knew* a man who won a reputation in Parliament for wearing "the smile that won't come off." He was noted for that smile. At all times, under all circumstances, the smile was in evidence. When the Opposition railed upon him, denounced his utterances, and accused him of unfair dealing, robbery of public funds, and intrigue, he sat and smiled.

When he rose to reply, he still smiled. He could summon all his native wit, his clever repartee, his scathing sarcasm, and hurl them at his opponent—but the smile remained.

This man's smile did not fade away when he entered his own home. He carried it into all the relationships of life, and although there were sad occasions and trying ordeals to meet, there was always courage and trust speaking through that smile. Even until the brave, undaunted soul yielded to the ravages of an incurable disease, the smile was not missing.

* * *

I *know* a man—he is still alive—who simply refuses to allow his business worries into the front door with him at night. When he enters the door he shuts them out. He meets his wife cheerfully, and enters into the conversation of his children. He plays with the baby, and positively declines to think of those things that bothered and perplexed him during office hours. That man does exactly right, not only for himself and his own peace of mind, but for the happiness of his family, who are so dependent on father's moods for their evening's pleasure.

Carry a smile into your homes, men. Even though everything has gone "dead wrong" all day, rendering an irritable condition of mind; dismiss it before you cross the portals of your home. It avails nothing to nurse your gloom through the meal and all evening, making it unpleasant for the whole household. Rest assured, they have not escaped some trials through the day's work, and can understand and appreciate your effort to be cheerful by the same measure they have forced their troubles in the background.

Some man may read this and declare that it is impossible to forget entirely the day's perplexities. Tut, man, where is your will-power that you cannot order them to begone?

Strong characters do not "carry their heart on their sleeve" for everyone to read and understand. They do like Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—"put their troubles in a trunk and close it, then sit on the lid."

Just try a bout with a bunch of worries versus a desire to create smiles, and you'll find the game always goes on the side of the man with a smile.

* * *

"A fine thing for most women to develop (and it can be developed) is a sense of humor, an ability to see the

(*Continued on page* 47.)



First Aid For Marching Feet

BLISTERED heels every day put soldiers "out of action." Chafing, resulting from violent exercise in heavy, hastily-tailored uniforms, is causing real suffering to thousands. The soldiers in whom you are interested are no more immune than others.

Help them remove this serious "minor" trouble from military life—

Send them a box of Kora-Konia!

Of course, soldiers aren't the only ones. Any feet that march miles a day in hot weather—even in housework—will appreciate the assistance of Kora-Konia.

Sunburn and many quite serious skin abrasions also yield to its soothing influence. See how quickly Kora-Konia cures diaper rash or teething rash and how it eases the skin irritation of bed patients.

If you suffer from chafing, sore feet, sunburn, or other skin trouble, get a box of Kora-Konia at once.

We want you to learn for yourself the almost magic power of Kora-Konia. We want you to try it and see how the discomfort ceases and the skin becomes white again. Note how the powder clings to the skin all day, refusing to be washed or rubbed off.

Kora-Konia has the same soothing, healing action as Talcum Powder, but in addition contains several ingredients that make it of greater medicinal value. It is antiseptic, absorbent, lubricating, adhesive, slightly water-proof, soothing, healing.

MENNEN'S
KORA-KONIA

G. Mennen Chemical Company
Factory: Montreal
Sales Office:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited,
Toronto



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Parliament Buildings

Home And Better Health Course For Girls And Women

Instruction in "Cookery," "Canning and Preserving," "Home Nursing and First Aid," and "Sewing," Will be Given at the Soldiers and Sailors' Training School Demonstration Farm, Monteith, Ont., September 14th to October 5th, 1918.

This course is being conducted through the co-operation of the Women's Institutes Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, the Monteith Demonstration Farm and the Soldiers and Sailors' Training School.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture established a Domestic Science School in connection with the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph in 1903. Provision was made for instructing young women of the province in up-to-date methods in connection with all branches of home responsibility. The various courses offered have been very popular and names have been on the waiting list almost continuously. Very few from the far north sections of the province have been able to take advantage of this instruction, so it has been decided by the Government to utilize the splendid building at Monteith in providing similar service in that section of the province.

The instruction will consist of lectures in the mornings, and demonstrations and practical work in the afternoons, on lines of interest and value to girls and women who have home responsibilities. This course will make it possible for town, village and country girls and women in the northern section of the province to receive advantages much similar to those afforded through the short courses at MacDonald Institute, Guelph.

With food products of all kinds so very dear, the question of providing for the household is of added importance, and the instructors will emphasize the relative values of available food stuffs and will give prominence to the feeding of children.

A staff of well qualified experienced instructors who are thoroughly familiar with rural conditions, requirements and possibilities, has been engaged. The staff of the Monteith Demonstration Farm will give instruction in such features of agriculture as are of special interest to girls and women, including gardening, butter-making, small fruits, poultry raising, care of stock, etc.

One of the instructors will act as principal of the school and will be responsible for the general programme, supervision of those taking the course, care of the rooms, etc.

OUTLINE OF COURSE.

Food Values and Cooking.

Special attention will be given to the use of vegetables, the making of vegetable soup without the use of meat-stock; the canning of vegetables, fruits, and meats; the use of milk in making soups, puddings, and combinations, with special relation to children's and invalids' diet.

Cereals and Cheese.—Various methods of cooking; their high food value compared with other more expensive foods.

Meat and Meat Substitutes.—Fish, eggs, legumes, etc.

The making of simple desserts and the preparation of salads will be included in the course.

The instructor in cooking will make it a point to outline methods whereby the regulations of the Food Control Board can best be met. The members of the class will be given an opportunity to suggest, early in the course, features which they wish specially emphasized and which are of particular value to the residents of the northern sections of the province.

Canning and Preserving.

One of our most capable instructors will have charge of this feature of the work. Instruction will be given in the best way of preserving the surplus vegetables and wild fruits for winter consumption.

The drying of fruits and vegetables will be taken up.

Household Management.

A brief study will be made of plans for work, care of the home, simplicity and economy in the home, etc.

Home Nursing and First Aid.

In addition to the following features, the instructors will be prepared to give instructions upon such features of home nursing and health topics as the members of the class may suggest.

The care and feeding of children will receive due attention, and the instructor will be prepared to examine children brought to the training school by their parents on any of the following dates:—September 26th and 27th, October 3rd and 4th. Some time will be devoted on these dates to open discussion on the part of the parents who come for the day, the regular members of the class, and the instructors.

Lectures will be given on the following topics:—

Sick Room Sanitation, Ventilation, Care, etc.

Bed-making for Various Forms of Sickness.

The Bath.

Emergencies.

Hot and Cold Applications.

Bandaging.

Disinfectants and Observations of Symptoms.

The Administration of Food and Medicine.

Baby Hygiene.

Sewing.

This course will be made thoroughly practical, much attention being given to the remodelling of clothes and the making of garments for children.

Plain sewing will be emphasized and a limited amount of instruction given in fancy stitching, the making of button holes and eyelets.

Each member of the class will be given an opportunity to make a skirt or a one-piece dress in her regular class work.

Those who take this course should be able at the conclusion of the course to cut out and finish plain dresses without assistance.

The women and girls of Northern Ontario are very fortunate in having such splendid accommodation as that provided in the building erected for the training of soldiers and sailors at Monteith. The residence contains all modern conveniences with splendid dormitory, class room and dining room accommodation, well equipped modern kitchen and recreation room. The building will house comfortably forty students in addition to the staff of instructors.

Board and lodging will be provided at $5.00 a week, and no charge will be made for the instruction given.

There will be no examinations held in connection with this course. Public school training is the only educational requirement.

Provision will be made by those in charge for healthful social entertainment with music, games, etc., in the evenings. A library consisting of books bearing upon the work covered in the course, periodicals of interest to women, farm journals, healthful fiction, etc., will be available.

Arrangements have been made for transportation over the T. and N. O. Railroad at 1 cent per mile for return fare.

CANNING AND WAR COOKERY.

New ways of canning fruits and vegetables that had not been tried before and, for some members, methods of canning vegetables that had not been canned before, were all demonstrated at meetings arranged under the auspices of the following Institutes during July, August and early September. At most of the demonstrations, special attention was given to the canning of vegetables:—Lion's Head, Bowling Green, Waldemar, Sombra, Shakespeare, Dundas, Alexandria, Highland Creek, Huntsville, St. Augustine, Goulais Bay, Haysville, Kleinburg, Nashville, Tavistock, Colpoy's Bay, Milverton, Jarrett, Shirley, Newboro, Powassan, Warsaw, Burk's Falls, Delta, Smithville, White Lake, Morewood, Whitby, Magnetawan, Glen Allan, Goderich, West Hamilton, Holstein, Carling, Peterboro, Dundalk, Narva, Emsdale, Welland Port, Bobcaygeon, St. Helens, Flesherton, Kenora, Aurora, Tweed, Laskay, O'Connor.

In connection with these demonstrations, instruction was also given in war cookery.

Demonstrations in war cookery alone were held at Winger, Port Elgin, Penetang, Drumbo and Blyth.

The demonstrations for all the above were furnished by the Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture.

APPLICATION FORM
HOME MAKING AND BETTER HEALTH COURSE.
Monteith, Temiskaming.
Sept. 14—Oct. 5, 1918.

Applicants must be not less than 18 years of age.

Name .....

Post Office Address .....

Nearest Railway Station .....

Have you attended High School or College?....

If so, give particulars .....

.....

.....

What is your father's occupation? .....

.....

What is your age? .....

To what religious denomination do you belong

.....

What practical experience have you had along the lines indicated in the Course?.....

.....

Name of Parent or Guardian .....

Address .....

Signature of Applicant .....

Date .....

Applicant will please fill out this form and mail it to Mr. W. G. Nixon, Monteith, Ont.

CANNING CENTRES MAKE A RECORD BEGINNING.

For the four days, beginning August 1st, the record of the newly established canning centre at Barrie was:—159 quarts of beans, 256 quarts raspberry jam, 328 quarts blueberries, 24 quarts rhubarb jam, 24 quarts beets, 7 quarts carrots, 1 quart peas. Total 799 quarts.

On one of the days in July, the Parkhill centre put up 250 quarts raspberries in syrup, 100 quarts raspberry jam, 29 quarts beans.

With beginnings like these, it is not difficult to vision the wonderful amount of Canadian good things that will be ready at the end of the season for our soldiers overseas and in the hospitals at home.

AS THE INSTITUTE APPEARS TO THE LECTURER.

We give below impressions expressed by two of the Institute lecturers at the close of the summer series of meetings.

"I found the condition of the Branches very encouraging. Red Cross work is, of course, occupying the centre of interest, but normal activities are by no means neglected, and a broadening outlook and thought for future work and growth is shown to a gratifying extent. Girls are joining more and more and taking a definite part in the activities of the branches.

"Interest in schools, in medical inspection and gardens especially, and in child welfare in all its branches, will likely lead in Institute activities, after the war. A greater love for reading is needed and can, no doubt, be promoted. It will be slow work, so many women read little themselves and think they have no time.

"There are such boundless possibilities in Institute work, such variety in its possibilities that its growth is one of the most encouraging features of Ontario life.

"The meetings generally were very pleasant. The reports of the year's work encouraging. The women are certainly proud of their usefulness as a national agency in war time."

ONTARIO PROVINCIAL CONVENTIONS.

Preliminary plans for the annual conventions to be held at Ottawa, London and Toronto, on about the same dates as last year, are being considered by the committees appointed for the purpose.

Patriotic work will continue to be the chief activity of the Institutes until the war ceases, and for some time thereafter, and will, of course, receive attention at various sessions.

Among the topics of importance for the convention the following are suggested:

(1) *Medical Inspection.* A summarized report of this will be presented and the delegates informed as to the beneficial results of the clinics held. Child welfare in its broader meaning will be a feature of special work during the coming years.

(2) *Housing Problems.* The Provincial Government has appointed a committee to formulate plans for increasing the housing accommodation in the cities, and also advise as to assistance to be given along this line in the rural districts, especially insofar as housing accommodation for hired men is concerned. Included in this topic will be that of water supply and sewage disposal for the rural districts.

(3) *Food Problems.* A brief report from various sections as to how food conservation is being effected, and up-to-date information as to the activities of the Food Control Board will be presented.

(*Continued on following page.*)

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

(4) *Canning Centres.*

(5) *Production for* 1919. The needs for the coming year will be outlined and methods to be adopted, based upon past experience, recommended. What women have done to assist in production and plans for the coming season will be outlined.

(6) *Rural Education.* We hope to secure a representative of the Department of Education to outline plans for the Department of Education for the rural districts.

Some time must be given to the consideration of the work of the District Officers; how it may be made more effective, not only in stimulating the activity of the branches already established, but to extend the work into new localities, if not at this time, then immediately after the war is over.

DEMONSTRATION LECTURE COURSES.

The Demonstration Lecture Courses have now become a regular feature of the Women's Institute work in Ontario, and the Women's Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture begs to announce to Institute members in general that applications for instructors should be made as early as possible in the season, in order that dates may be set and instructors secured.

While the officers are expected to canvass the members as to the wisdom of taking advantage of the instruction offered, any member of the Institute is at liberty to take the matter in hand, and, if a sufficient number can be secured to make it worth their while, then the officers may be notified and application made to the Department.

There is a general tendency not to attempt such work in war time, but experience has shown that war work has not been interfered with, but rather stimulated through the holding of the two weeks' demonstration courses. While we did not urge this feature of work the first two years of the war, we have no hesitation now in strongly advising Institute members, especially in communities where there are a number of girls, to take advantage of the instruction.

The course in Food Values and Cooking will consist of lessons on vegetable and fruit canning, milk, cereals and cheese, meat, meat substitutes, war breads, simple desserts and salads.

The course in Home Nursing and First Aid covers instruction in the care of the sick room. bed-making, the bath, emergencies, hot and cold applications, bandaging, disinfectants and observation of symptoms, administration of food and medicine, baby hygiene, etc.

Instruction in plain and fancy stitches, a tailored skirt, drafting and cutting, one-piece dresses, will be given in the Sewing Course.

The instructors will be well informed as to the requirements of the Food Control Board, and will be prepared to give instruction in the use of substitutes for those foods required for shipment overseas—bacon, beef and wheat.

Fuller particulars will be sent officers or individual members who apply to the Department for the same.

WAR LECTURE BUREAU.

Women's Institutes now have presented to them a new line of patriotic war service that is sure to mak a strong appeal. The War Lecture Bureau has been established by the Canadian Government, under authority of Mr. M. E. Nichols, Director of Public Information, with Mr. Frank Yeigh as secretary. Its objects are not only to offset German propagandism, but to educate and stimulate the Canadian people as a whole to the maximum of war effort and also to strike an encouraging and heartening note. The plan in brief is the issuing by the Bureau of suggested topics for public talks or discussions, or that may be read in meetings.

Many Women's Institutes are already co-operating with this much-desired method of Canadian propaganda and several of the Government women lecturers are also giving the Bureau addresses. A practical plan of co-operation is for a Women's Institute to appoint a member as its Bureau representative, whose duty it will be to speak on the current theme or to choose a speaker for that purpose, or, as is often done, to have the suggested topic read as part of the business of the meeting.

In many places the Institute can render a community service by this method for, example, the Women's Institute of Nakusp, B.C., has undertaken to represent the Bureau in this locality, and to have the talks given before all kinds of audiences.

By addressing the War Lecture Bureau, Hope Chambers, Ottawa, names will be placed on the mailing list and full instructions given.

LITTLE BITS ABOUT ONTARIO INSTITUTES.

The Port Dover Institute has apparently interested itself in the welfare of school children, and since the first of the year has raised sufficient funds to equip a playground. This Branch also had a women's exchange to supply vegetables, fruits and home baking to the summer campers.

At Crowland, a member of the Branch has over fifty sheep, raised by herself. The wool has been offered to the Women's Institute at a very cheap rate.

A uniform programme has been carried out with success at Haldimand.

Fifty-six pairs of socks has been the average per month for the Rodney Institute.

A public rest room is being kept up by the Thedford Institute.

A request has come from the School Board at Goderich to the Women's Institute, for a woman candidate for the School Board from that Branch.

The Blyth Institute, which has been reported by the summer lecturer as being a splendid Branch, is making a study of the book on "Citizenship."

A library of over 300 books is the record of the Mt. Brydges Institute. These are looked after by the storekeeper and his wife.

Dalston and Edgar are two of the Institutes who have enjoyed a travelling library.

Last year, at North River, each farmer donated five or ten bushels of oats to the Women's Institute, which were sold and realized about $100.00.

The South River Branch has been successful in securing the rural telephone for that locality. This is an isolated district, and this convenience will be appreciated.

The Peel District Institutes are providing a prize for the champion girl (the girl getting the most prizes) at the fall fair.

The summer lecturer reports Erin Institute as being a very definite power in the village.

An egg shower was used in bringing in a nice sum for patriotic work by the Innisville Institute.

The members of the Niagara-on-the-Lake Institute have taken a great deal of pleasure in giving comforts to the Polish soldiers in camp at that place. They have been able to relieve the bareness at the hospitals with blinds and curtains. Sheets and extra suits of pyjamas have also been contributed. Twice a week, chicken broth and flowers have been taken to the sick soldiers.

TEMISKAMING.

Temiskaming Women's Institute held their annual meeting in Englehart. The

(Continued on following page.)



A Short Molt Means A Long Profit

It pays to force the molt. A little extra care now pays big in fall and winter eggs.

Pratts Poultry Regulator

will keep your hens in good condition, hurry them through the molt and get them back to work again in about 40 days. Puts new life and vitality in your flock, tones up the system, acts directly on the digestive and egg-producing organs.

At your dealer's in popular priced packages, also money-saving 25-lb. pails and 100-lb. bags.

Money Back If Not Satisfied.

Write for new book on care of Poultry. It's FREE.

Use PRATTS ANIMAL REGULATOR. The Guaranteed Stock Tonic.

PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
Carlaw Ave., Toronto. P-6

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Turnbull's "M" Bands For Babies



are a necessity for every infant from the date of its birth.
They are made only of the softest and purest Australian Merino Wool, finely knitted, thus keep the baby warm and comfortable.
The tapes which are attached to the tabs, front and back of the "M" bands, and go over the shoulder carry all the strain of the diaper, absolutely preventing any stretching of the garment.
The diaper is pinned to the tabs, which not only provide a firm hold for the pin, but, due to the support given by the tapes, keep the diaper snugly in proper place, no matter how active the infant may be.
Put up in sanitary boxes, each containing 3 garments. Price $1.50 per box.

Sold by the best dry goods shops or direct by mail. Send for a box to-day, give age of baby.

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Ltd.
Galt, Ontario.

Keep the Men Folks Working

Keep on hand and have ready for emergency the always-safe antiseptic liniment and germ-destroyer Absorbine, Jr. It is healing, cooling, soothing. It gives prompt relief from aches and pains. It keeps little cuts and bruises from being infected.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

With everybody working so hard and so fast nowadays more accidents seem to happen, more folks get hurt—even the youngsters get more cuts and bruises. Be on the safe side—be prepared—have Absorbine, Jr., in the medicine closet and be ready for emergencies.
It is harmless — safe and pleasant to use.
Stiffened muscles and aching joints from housework yield at once to Absorbine Jr. Swollen feet, after a hard day's work, are rested by it. Get a bottle to-day.



$1.25 A BOTTLE.
At druggists or postpaid
A Liberal TRIAL Bottle
Will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c. in stamps.
W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.
504 LYMAN'S BLDG.,
MONTREAL, CAN.

15 cents **VOLPEEK**
MENDS POTS & PANS



Mends Graniteware, Tin, Iron, Aluminum, etc. in two minutes. Without tools. 80 mends for 15c. From your dealer or us, postpaid
Vol-Peek Co., P.O.Box 2024, Montreal

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THAT IS CHEAPER THAN THE WHEAT FLOUR OUR ALLIES MUST HAVE TO WIN THE WAR

LOWEST IN COST

PURITY OATS

HIGHEST IN FOOD VALUE

Canada Food Board License Nos. Cereal 2-009 Flour 15, 16, 17 and 18.

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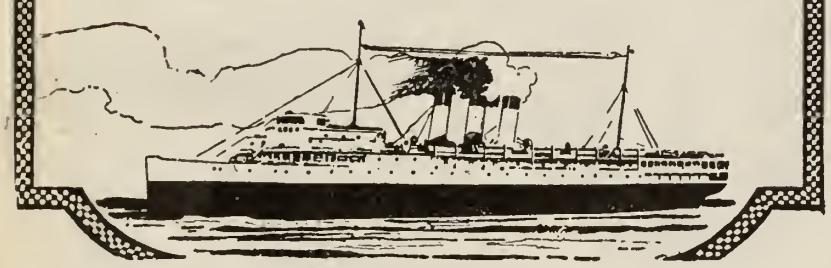
Quiet lanes — picturesque homes — a city of gardens and almost tropical foliage — an equable climate — perfect roads for motoring — seaside courses which make for real golf — trout and salmon fishing —

perfect service at reasonable rates — at a hotel whose broad verandas give glorious views of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca.

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Only four hours by steamer from Vancouver or Seattle through land-locked passages.

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There is no better way to pay your out-of-town accounts.

On sale in 5,000 offices in Canada.

St. Andrew's College
Toronto — A Residential and Day School FOR BOYS — Canada
UPPER SCHOOL, LOWER SCHOOL
Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business.
Autumn Term commences on Sept. 16th, 1918.
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D. Headmaster
Calendar Sent on Application.

MARK HIS CLOTHING **WITH CASH'S WOVEN NAME TAPES**

and Insure them against loss. Guaranteed fast Colors.

PRICES:
24 doz. $4.00
12 doz. 2.25
6 doz. 1.50
3 doz. 1.00

He writes: "Be sure and mark all my clothes with Cash's Names."

Style Sheet sent free on request or can be seen at any leading Dry Goods Store.
J. & J. Cash, LIMITED
Room 43, 301 St. James St., Montreal.

EE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE EE



THE DOCTOR: "Ah! yes, restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right"

EE STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS EE
Contain no Poison

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

district is a large one; branches are located at all towns on T. & N. O. from North Cobalt to Cochrane, and at many community centres lying back of railroad. Also two on T. C. R., Hearst and Kapuskasing, twenty-eight in all. Nearly all these branches answered the roll call, giving splendid reports of patriotic work done during the year.

Resolutions were passed asking for a convalescent home in Northern Ontario, exemption for C men who serve or work on farms, and a more equal wage for soldier and alien.

Tobermory, although away up at the top of the Peninsula, is not taking a back seat with any one. Their financial report showed that they have spent during the year over $270 for yarn and flannel. This has been gathered by donations, grants, pie socials, etc. They have a membership of twenty-three, and held twelve meetings during the past year. The deep snow we had last winter was not an obstacle that kept these members at home at any rate.

One of the things the Hepworth Branch is doing besides the usual knitting, sewing and making quilts is sending money to support a Belgian child. This Branch is also gaining useful knowledge by gathering a collection of Canadian wild flowers to be shown at the fall fair. They tell us that along the Lake Huron shore there is a greater variety of wild flowers than can be found any place else in Ontario.

If anyone can make more money out of junk than the Hope Bay and Hopeness Branch, they will have to be extra busy. This Branch has raised quite a little in this way, also with a patriotic quilt, and have sent money and boxes of clothing to the friends of France.

One of the questions that came up for discussion recently was the War Charities Act. The Women's Institute, being an organization under Government authority, and up to the present time the only women's organization under such authority, do not require any charter or any further authority to gather money for patriotic purposes. Their accounts, books and statements have been audited and sent to the Department yearly. The only change made is that the accounts and statements are now to be sent in every six months. There were also expressions as to saving the wheat and the bacon. As some of the ladies said, "We're not thinking of the cost of the article so long as we can use it instead of wheat or bacon."

BRITISH COLUMBIA REPORT.

Lake Hill Institute met on June 18th, when arrangements were concluded for the Flower Show to be held in connection with the closing exercises of the school. This idea is one worthy of the consideration of all the Institutes in the province—the advisability of holding the annual Flower Show or Home Products Fair in connection with school closing.

Colwood Institute, though small in number, makes up in energy, as the following report will show. After business meeting and correspondence the members adjourned to clean up the ground around the hall with assistance of some of the gentlemen of the neighborhood, and a good hour's work was done. This shows that every community in British Columbia would be benefited by a Women's Institute.

On June 20th, Mount Ida Women's Institute brought forward a petition from the Farmers' Institute to ask the Government to supply farmers with stumping powder on the same terms that seed grain is supplied, giving farmers time to market their crops before such notes shall mature. The secretary is to discuss it with all the B. C. Farmers' Institutes and Women's Institutes, with a view to bringing it forward at the annual conventions.

On June 19th, Langley Fort topic for discussion was "Medical Inspection of Schools and School Bee."

South Saanich held a meeting on June 22, when the canning committee reported arrival of canning outfit. The use of a small house had been given free of rent for one month as a canning centre, and work would be started the following week. This Institute listened to a lecture entitled, "The New Outlook for Canadian Women," on June 8th by Mrs. Perry.

Tynehead, following the suggestion from the Provincial Board of Health, is working along the lines of improved sanitation of the schools.

At Harrop and District Mrs. Appiewaite, of Willow Point, gave a paper, "Reading for the Home."

Tillicum Women's Institute met on June 8th, and listened to Mr. Partington, head gardener at the Parliament Buildings; talk on "How to Prepare the Exhibits," following this with a very instructive talk on "Rose Culture." On June 19th, Mrs. Cooper, Minnedosa, Man., spoke on "The Work of The Home Economics Society of Manitoba," Mrs. Keen, of Kaslo, gave a brief outline of the history of the Kaslo Women's Institute and the work being done at present.

Shawnigan Lake and Cobble Hill met on July 4th. Topics discussed, "War Time Recipes" and "What Shall We Consider Necessaries and What Luxuries in War Time?"

Tappen met July 3rd. Topics discussed—"Mistakes We Make in Cooking" and "Utility Rabbit Keeping."

Nelson on May 18th listened to Miss Hayes on "The Value of Skim Milk" and a demonstration on "Wheat Substitutes," and on June 15th two papers on "Child Welfare and Laws Affecting Women." Both papers were well thought out, and plenty of discussion took place. A demonstration on War Bread followed.

Creston and district met on June 14th and enjoyed a demonstration on "Cheese Making" by Mrs. Geo. Cartwright, and on July 12th Mrs. Lyne gave war time recipes.

Silver Creek met on July 11th, discussing the following subjects: "Best and Easiest Methods of Washing Clothes," "The Advantages of An Annual Conference" and "Ways and Means of Making Our Flower Show a Success."

Cranbrook met on July 2nd, when Rev. R. E. Pow gave a talk on "Education Through Play." This is a splendid subject, and Cranbrook is to be congratulated upon the privilege of having the topic handled by such an authority.

Parksville met on July 10th, when the question box brought forth the following topics for discussion: "Betterment of Flower Shows," "Social Evenings for Winter Months," "Citizenship," "A Woman for Trustee" and "Canning." Altogether, the meeting was one of interest and profit.

Burton Institute met on July 10th, when Mrs. Lean demonstrated making and serving sweet and sour salads, giving recipes. Mrs. T. F. Lean was elected delegate to conference, in place of Mrs. Marshall, who finds it impossible to go. Roll call, "Quick Desserts," was well responded to.

Salmon Arm City met on July 16th. The programme was one of exceptional interest: "Canning Fruit and Vegetables," by Miss Wilcox, "Canning Fish and Fruit Without Sugar," by Mrs. Brown, and "Economy in Children's Underwear," by Mrs. Smith. Miss Wilcox's paper included many well tried recipes. Mrs. Brown caused great amusement by a reading from "Queen Anne" a recipe for canning the complexion, which fitted in with aptness, as her paper was really "Canning the Unusual." Mrs. Smith's paper demonstrated making underwear for small children from "Dad's Cast-Offs."

South Saanich met on July 8th, when the disposal of the proceeds from the Flower Show was settled. Canning committees reported that the steam pressure outfits were proving very satisfactory, about 400 quarts of fruit, vegetables, salmon and chicken having been canned up to the present date.

Boundary reports weekly meetings dealing with Red Cross and business.

Colwood held regular meeting on July 16th, making arrangements for a Flower Show to be held in August.

Nelson met on July 20th, subject, "Laws Affecting Women and Their Work." The meeting benefited by hearing one of the best papers yet given on the subject. Three life members has been the latest Red Cross work of the Institute. Biscuit competition was keenly contested.

To Win the War

The Christian Science Monitor, as an international daily newspaper, presents to its readers a clear, calm, and exact record of world happenings, and interprets them editorially from the viewpoint of Principle and universality.

The Monitor supports every right effort to win the great struggle now engaging our national attention. Its fearless exposure of the attempts of evil influences to interfere in our affairs, aids and encourages all people to united service for the certain triumph of right.

With its own news-gathering service in every part of the world, The Monitor publishes in detail the facts about the most important world events, and, through its international circulation, promotes a better understanding between peoples and nations.

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ROBERT H. HASSLER, Limited
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The Queen's Tear Bottle

(*Continued from page* 11.)

be paid. Give the wheat to the people, and deal fairly by them, every one.'

"So this was done, and again the Queen wept.

"Then once more came the Minister of State. 'O, your sweet Majesty!' he said. 'The wells are empty—all save the royal wells. Where shall the people go for water?'

" 'Bid them come to the royal wells, O my friend,' she answered. 'Bid them fill their pitchers as long as water remains. See it is done in fairness to all—each one separately.'

"So he departed, and again the Queen wept.

"The little maids-of-honor, who were frightened, wept also, but could not take her for a moment from her grief.

"And once again the ancient man of State came to the Queen, and he said: 'O, wonderful Queen, there is dread illness among the people. They fall upon the streets, the little children fall, and the old men and women. There are but few to nurse or care for them, so many are stricken.'

"Then the young Queen rose, and said: 'Bring all within the palace that can be cared for here. My servants, being well, shall feed and wait upon them. I myself will go down into the city and help those whom I find, and with me I will take three of my pages to carry baskets of bread and wine and medicines, and fresh garments.'

"So she went abroad in the city, and by night and day forgot her grief in ministering to those who had fallen into the illness of death. And some mended and grew well again, and some died, but the Queen did not leave them.

"Then one day, having kept long watch by the dying, she herself fell into a faint, and the runner of the King came once more, and found her so.

"When she recovered, she looked up into his face and caught his hands. 'O dear runner!" she cried. 'What news? What news of my Lord the King? Speak quickly!' Her eyes shone, and color came once more into her face. But the young runner had no words. 'Quickly!' she commanded again. 'O dear runner!'

" 'The battle is over and done,' he told her, 'and the day is ours!'

"She drew a deep breath of gladness. 'Most glorious news!' she cried. 'But what of my Lord the King? What news of him?'

"The runner bowed his head. 'The King has passed on and into the land of peace,' he answered.

"For a little while she replied nothing. Then the boy, looking up, saw she smiled. 'Now, O good runner,' she said, 'methinks all is told, indeed. Naught is left for me but to go out and meet my Master the King. Doth he return along the road of battles?'

" 'Ay!' answered the runner. 'By the very road he went. His scarred battalions and his war-lions come with him also—triumphant, and they bring with them the captives—in legions far as the eye can see.'

"Hearing this, the Queen called her tiring-women, and bade them array her in her robes of state, also she sent the heralds to trumpet the news of victory from the city walls.

"But before she set out in her golden litter to meet those who returned from war, she went to the Temple of Amen-Ra, the Lord of the Sun and the Horizon.

"There the High Priests greeted her. She smiled upon them, even as she had smiled upon the young runner.

" 'I do not come to pray, O most high servants of the gods,' she said. 'I come but to lay my offering of tears upon the altar. I had forgotten when the people fell sick and died that I had promised my tears as an offering of sacrifice. I even forgot to weep, O Holy Ones. They were so pitiful, the little children and the old who fell ill—that if I wept at all, it was for them, and I forgot to catch the tears for the gods. I pray you, ask them to forgive me, and take you this crystal bottle—which, alas! is but half-way filled, for many tears were lost—and lay it at the feet of Amen-Ra. 'Tis now a thank-offering only—for the great war hath ended. A thank-offering, and not a sacrifice, as it should have been, O Holy Ones.'

"So the priests bowed and took from her hand the crystal tear-bottle, promising to present it to the God of the Sun, and she was satisfied. But again she spoke.

(To be continued.)



Lux-bathed from head to foot—

Her hair has just gloried in a Lux shampoo—it is silky and shines with the radiant glow of health.

Her dainty, lace and crepe-de chine frock looks like new, yet it is four years old—thanks to the unique cleansing power of the creamy Lux suds.

Her undergarments—her gossamer silk stockings—even her white kid slippers have again and again been washed with Lux—each time they look like new.

If pure water won't hurt it—Lux won't.

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LUX

SEND SMOKES
TO
OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS

It is conceded by all military men that a soldier deprived of his tobacco loses in efficiency. You are helping to win the war when you send "smokes" to the men in France.
(N. Y. Tel., Feb. 14/18.)

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
AND
OLD CHUM
SMOKING TOBACCO

The homeland favorite brands are always the most appreciated.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(*Continued from page 25.*)

girl who throws the small but fundamental dictates of society to the winds, quicker than the returned soldier. It may be scarcely detectable, but when a girl speaks to a soldier she does not know, she is at once placed in category D—doubtful. You can quickly notice this in the first few words of his conversation.

But if girls would do their best and most efficient work for the returned soldiers the way is to do it as a club or a number together. It not only eliminates the personal side of the question, but by the concentrated effort of a number, much more is accomplished.

One of the best instances of this was a club of girls who belonged to a certain business establishment in a large hospital city. These girls banded together and took upon themselves the responsibility of furnishing one of the small wards in a military hospital. By that I mean the finishing touches after the Government had provided the essentials. They bought some easy chairs, a book case, a beautiful leather couch, and a few ferns to make the ward seem a little more homelike.

Instead of the rows of white beds and lockers which rise up before one, with geometrical precision, one now sees in the centre an attractive rest room. It was the most splendid ward in the whole hospital, and you would be surprised at the amount of attention the men lavished on those flowers. They were forever reminding the V.A.D.'s that the plants had not been watered for a couple of days, and if anyone inadvertently allowed a spot to get on the table, well, it was just about as much as his life was worth to let it be known.

Nor did the girls stop at this. Every Saturday afternoon during visiting hours a number would come to the hospital to see the men in the ward they were so interested in. They brought cigarettes, candies and fruit, and the soldiers certainly enjoyed their afternoon "At Home." The ward was named after the club of girls who had taken such an interest in it, and the men who occupied it were the envy of the whole hospital. Sometimes in the evening these girls would invite the soldiers to their own homes, and girls other than club girls were invited, until finally these evenings became so popular that the club decided to entertain once a week in their own homes, the girls taking turns offering their homes. And only those who know our soldiers well will know what it means to them to be invited to a real home when their own homes are so far away. And just let me give you a "tip"—don't try to entertain the soldiers, don't make an evening for them into a formality, they hate it. Make them feel as they would in their own homes, and you have found the secret of entertaining the returned men. As soon as they feel they can drop their "company manners," so to speak, then, and only then, will they begin to enjoy themselves. And if our returned men can meet the best kind of girls under the right circumstances, the other kind will have very little attraction for them. That is what we must try to do in all our work with returned soldiers. And it is "up to the girls" in the places where military hospitals are stationed to lead the way.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

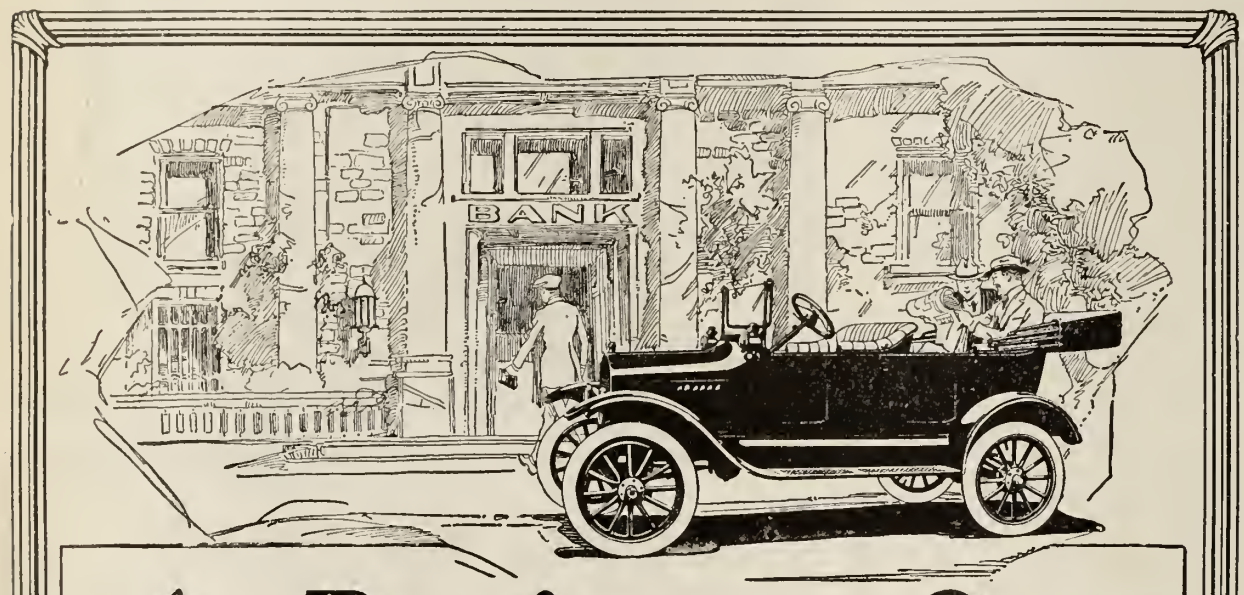
Could you please give me all the particulars required by the girls who take the course in massage? Do they live at Hart House?

COCHRANE, A.S.

That is a rather indefinite way of getting the information you wish, as reams could be written about the massage course. I am sending you a list of the qualifications necessary by mail. The girls of Hart House have no residence of their own. The girls of the present class, that is, the majority of them, are at present at the deaconess home in Toronto, where they get their room and meals. Whether this is to be continued has not been decided as yet. You, however, will be supplied with a list of reliable boarding houses in the district of Hart House by the School of Massage.

I have been thinking what I could do to help win the war. You know I just love to read the girls' "Carry On" column. My father was killed in April last year while attending the wounded under fire,

(*Continued on following page.*)



A Business Car

RECOGNIZED in its true light by the Government, the business world, and the individual buyer, the automobile has cast aside the title "Pleasure Car" and is now properly classified as a vehicle of real service—a present day necessity.

The owner not only lengthens his own business day, but he also lengthens his family's living days, thanks to the afternoons and Sundays spent in the Utility Car.

That which increases the busy man's accomplishments in the day, is no luxury.

That which widens your field of business endeavor is a necessity.

That which lengthens the life of every member of your family can well be afforded.

Owning that which saves health, time and money is true economy.

All these things are embodied in the possession of an automobile.

Don't wonder how your neighbor can "afford" a car, but use your sound judgment and ask yourself today "Can I afford to be without one?"

When you have purchased a car you have multiplied your efficiency. You have acquired a personal and business asset. Your selection should be a Ford.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Touring -	$690.
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All prices subject to war tax charges, except trucks and chassis

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited

Ford - - Ontario

Home Made Pottery

(*Continued from page 27.*)

always however that water alone is the adhesive plaster, and that all joins must be carefully smoothed out and effaced.

One of the daintiest little amateur Pottery bowls I have seen was an original design made by a member of our own family. She took a ball of clay perhaps three to four inches in diameter, and poked her fingers into the top, and burrowed down until within half an inch of the bottom. Then she began pressing the hole bigger and bigger, pushing out and thinning the clay by the same process applied with the rolling pin, until a rough, thick cup was formed. She continued the operation until it grew more like the half shell of a cocoanut. She made the bottom smooth and level and about three inches in diameter, so that it sat quite flatly on the table. Then she curved the top edges inward, made the rim artistically uneven and bulgy, and the result was a most uncommon and lovely receptacle for scarlet geraniums or small flowers.

Your articles when finished and dried out will keep indefinitely until you have a chance to take them to a Pottery to be fired, provided of course that you do not strike, upset or shatter them. But they are really as sturdy as a china cup, and by experimenting with a piece of shaped and dried clay you can readily discover the kind of handling they require. The Potter will both color and glaze them when burning, as without the glaze they would be porous. Some Potteries can only color them the usual green, and you will find it a most acceptable and harmonious shade, but in some places you will be able to vary the color and get some things done in lovely yellows, blues and reds.

You can also etch designs of leaves and conventional tracery on your jardinieres and vases, using for the purpose the sharp end of a bone crochet hook or a knitting needle. Similarly you can fashion out decorations in relief if you have a taste for sculpture and weld them to the front or rims of vessels. And if you care to study the subject, you will find that certain acids applied to outlines, ornamentations or the whole surface, will most effectively change or moderate the potter's coloring; these applications, of course, to be made before firing.

For a fair sized article it will not likely cost you more than twenty

(*Continued on page 50.*)

Music And The Rural Community

(*Continued from page 23.*)

In another instance, a country school teacher in the South took the initiative by purchasing a phonograph for his school, and then set about to devise the best means of raising funds to pay for it. It was decided that the appropriate

(*Continued on page 57.*)

C. N. R. TOURIST CARS THE REAL THING.

Comfortable and Economical Berths Between Toronto and the West.

Canadian Northern Tourist Cars serve those who, demanding efficiency, do not cavil at simplicity in appointments.

There is the same wide berth, the same scrupulous cleanliness, the same privacy and perfect ventilation and electric lighting as met with on the C. N. R. Standard Sleeping Cars—and they offer opportunities for economy, of potent appeal, these waste-not stressful days.

A kitchen and ready-to-use range is at the disposal of the tourist car passenger desiring to cook meals en route, and the cookery of "back home" can be enjoyed all the way; or a capable cook will be found in the porter who stokes the range and looks after the kitchen, but unless called into service keeps discreetly out of the way.

And it is not necessary to purchase first-class transportation to secure accommodation on C. N. R. tourist cars! Holders of second-class and home-seekers' tickets may book what berths they need from the fourteen comfortable roomy sections—at exactly half the rates prevailing for similar sized space in the Standard Sleepers.

These cars are of solid construction throughout, built on steel underframe, and the conventional Canadian Northern highly polished dark green finish of the exterior, and the mahogany furnishings of the interior, present a very pleasing appearance to the eye.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(Continued from preceding page.)

and my only brother took his place. My sister is a matron in the Queen Mary's Hospital, and I am the only slacker in the family. I am ashamed of myself. When I was at boarding-school I knit 93 pairs of socks. And at the end of last year I spent my money buying a war bond. Do tell me what I can do to help win the war.

TORONTO.

Well, I must say that your letter is one of the most wonderful letters I have received, and I receive a good many. Why, my dear, you could sit down and be contented for the rest of your life resting on the laurels and patriotism of the rest of the family. But the most unfortunate feature of the whole war seems to be that some of us must do a great deal of sacrificing and others none at all. You are rather young to take the massage course, I am afraid, but why do you not take a V.A.D. course? I am sure that will appeal to you much more than any kind of other war work. I am sending you the qualifications. The work is voluntary. You did not say that you wanted it to be remunerative. If that if the case, write me again and I will give you some other suggestions.

Would you please give me some particulars of the Massage Course? Is it possible to take the course at any other place in Canada, than in Toronto, and what is the expense of it?

HALKIRK, SASK.

The official course provided by the military authorities for use in the military hospitals in Canada, is given only at Hart House, Toronto. There is no fee or tuition attached to it, and after the first two months of the present course the students are paid. The books and uniforms are provided by the Government.

I am a young girl of 21. I am a stenographer and bookkeeper. Since the war started I have wanted to go overseas to do anything at all. Would my stenography be of any use, or could I take a course in nursing?—but, that takes three years, and the war might be over by then. Do advise me what to do, won't you, dear Betty?

W. G. N.

I am very much afraid you are too young to go overseas in any capacity. That is too bad, isn't it?—since you are so anxious to do something to help your country. Why not take a V.A.D. course in the evenings, and when you have finished your course there may be an opportunity for you to enter a military hospital. I am handing your name in to Headquarters in your own town, and they will tell you the nearest place where you can take the course. We cannot all go overseas, my dear, so we must do as much as we can here, and if you really are in earnest you will find plenty to do. Just try it and see.

I have no brothers old enough to enlist, and I feel it my duty to do something more than knitting and Red Cross work. The Massage Course appeals to me very much. Are girls for this work very much needed?

THORNDALE, N.B.

There seems to be many applications for this course, but it is like everything else—all the applicants are not suitable. You may depend on it that if you are accepted for this course you will most certainly be needed. The Government is not giving courses such as these for their own amusement.

I am not a girl; a mother whose only son is lying somewhere in France. I am good at sewing, love children, but would like to help some other mother's boy if I only could. Could you suggest any way I could be of use?

Mrs. A. H.

I am sending you by mail the names and addresses of a couple of Canadian soldiers who have no friends. I am sure you will enjoy doing for these boys what you might have done for your own boy had he not made the supreme sacrifice.

Around the Hearth

(Continued from page 41.)

clown side of things and people, and to laugh instead of taking offence—to laugh instead of crying—to laugh instead of scolding. Laughing makes beautiful wrinkles. It makes eyes shine and faces glow, and the days slip away on golden wings. It contributes to health and industry and love."—Annie Francis.

This is a beauty secret worth knowing, and I agree with the writer. More than that, I happen to know a woman who practises that very theory. She told me she resolved when young that her face was not going to be twisted and awry with wrinkles when she became old. She is carrying out her idea, and is a delight to all who know her.

Has she discouragements? "Well, I guess." She has ill-health to begin with, fights constantly with constitutional ailments, but keeps on smiling. She is only thirty, but looks out of her eyes with the wisdom of sixty, and accepts disappointments and reactionary causes with composure and fortitude.

Part of a child's home education should be to study this little woman's rule. How often we see children, upon first waking, display a hateful frown instead of a happy smile!

This habit is not confined to children by any means, for there are grown-up people who are habitual growlers in the morning. They seem to make a virtue of scowling and grumbling at everybody and everything. Nothing suits them—the room is cold, the breakfast is not satisfactory, the weather is "beastly," and it is a relief when the door closes behind them, and they have departed for school or work.

There are half-grown boys in many homes who are fond of teasing, and the propensity seems to assume full swing in the morning when the younger members of the family are being made ready for school. The little sisters are tormented about their clothes, or their hair, and the small brothers are bullied until everybody is cross. How much pleasanter in the morning rush and hurry if everyone would assist instead of hinder, for there is no happier way of helping out than by displaying good cheer and laughing away the little vexations!

* * *

Charles Dickens says: "There is nothing so inevitably contagious as laughter and good humor." If you have never contracted the habit, begin now. Make it a purpose, a business, a religion, to dispense cheer. If ever the world needed the contagion of mirthful encouragement, it is right now.

I hear someone ask, "But how can we be glad when the last toll of our joy is exacted in the separations and casualties of this cruel war?"

"Does the writer of this appeal know what it means to part with a loved one, and follow him with anxious heart through many weary months as he faces the angry foe in France or elsewhere?"

"And does she know what it means to read a fatal message that blots the sun from her sky of happiness and hopeful expectations?"

Yes, reader, Jennie Allen Moore knows what it means to part with her boy—to see him break up his studies and shoulder his rifle to stand between her and the enemy. She smiles because he wanted to go, and she would weep had there been no such desire on his part.

She has followed him through Ypres, the Somme, Vimy Ridge and Passchendaele. And she has received the cablegram, too, that seemed to dull her senses as she read. No, he didn't die, but his cousin, in the same battery, who was gassed the same night, did.

There is no whine comes from the boys "over there." They go into the thick of it with laugh and cheer. Every speaker who has returned tells us the same story. Their motto seems to be in the words they sing—"Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile!"

If those homesick, heartsick boys can keep up their spirits in the face of deprivation, suffering and death, surely those of us who are far removed from the scene of disaster should assume a courage akin to their bravery. We must not, dare not fail them. We must smile because they would have it thus, and the man or woman who faces the task of "carrying on" with a bright and smiling countenance keeps on proving that—

"The thing that goes the farthest
Towards making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile."



ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

TORONTO A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS CANADA
FULL ACADEMIC COURSE, FROM PREPARATORY TO HONOUR MATRICULATION, FULL COMMERCIAL COURSE—MUSIC—ART—HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE—PHYSICAL EDUCATION —GAMES—SWIMMING.

Mrs. George Dickson, President — Miss Isobel G. Brown, Principal
Miss Florence Neelands, B.A., Head of Senior House — Miss Marjory A. Ford, Head of Junior House
School Reopens Tuesday, September 17th. — *Calendar sent on application*

CARRY OUT THE ORDERS OF THE CANADA FOOD BOARD

Save Sugar
BY USING
CROWN BRAND
CORN SYRUP
Not only a choice table Syrup—can be used for all Baking

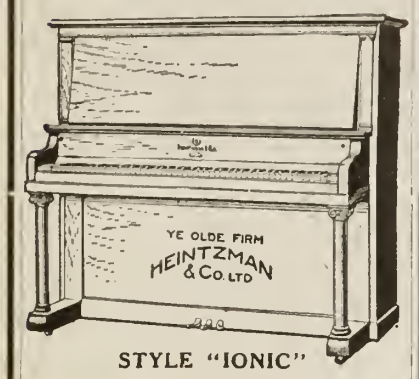
Save Wheat
BY USING
BENSON'S
CORN STARCH
Makes dainty Pie Fillings, Blanc Mange, Puddings and Custards, and can be used in Bread making.

"CASCO"
Refined Potato Flour
Makes delicious Cake.

MANUFACTURED BY
THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED - MONTREAL
150

The Real Test

The only real test of a piano is time—if it continues to give complete satisfaction after many years of use, it must be a good piano. The first Heintzman & Co. piano was made 65 years ago. From that first piano to the ones being turned out by our factory to-day, every one of the many thousands made has been built to last a lifetime. No smallest detail of material and construction is too small to receive the most careful and painstaking attention. The proof of this is the thousands of Heintzman & Co. pianos which are to-day the valued possessions of people who bought them years—and in many cases a generation—ago. Ask your friends who own a Heintzman what their opinion is. Their answer will be our best advertisement.



STYLE "IONIC"

Many Beautiful Styles and Finishes

In these days of many different styles of furniture and interior decoration, the piano must be in harmony with its surroundings. To meet these conditions we have designed many different styles and finishes—a piano to suit any surroundings. We would like to send you our handsomely illustrated Catalogue B, giving views and descriptions as well as particulars as to the many exclusive construction features of this great Canadian instrument — features which have earned for it the proud title,

"World's Best Piano"

A Used Piano Bargain

Heintzman & Co. Cabinet Grand Upright, case re-varnished, attractive appearance, 7⅓ octaves, modern overstrung scale, evenly balanced tone, dependable inside construction, famous Wessell, Nickle and Gross action. A used piano, carefully overhauled **$285.00**
Special Price..

Terms: $15 cash and $7 per month.

Ye Olde Firme
Heintzman & Co.
Limited
Heintzman Hall
193-5-7 Yonge Street
Toronto

— — MAIL THIS COUPON — —

Please mail me illustrated Catalogue B and complete list of used piano bargains as per ad in the "Canadian Home Journal," September, 1918.

Name .....

Address .....

Newest Fancies In Fashions

(*Continued from page* 29.)

7490—Ladies' Evening Blouse (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42. No. 7700—Ladies' Draped Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4½ yards 36-inch brocaded satin—1 yard 36-inch plain satin—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe—4¾ yards velvet ribbon. The sash blouse crosses in surplice style, but if preferred, it may be made with a panel front and back. It is mounted on a front-closing underbody, and long flowing sleeves which are included in the pattern adapt the gown for afternoon wear. Over a three-piece skirt of plain satin is dropped a draped tunic of the brocade.

7601—Ladies' Evening Bodice (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 7890—Ladies' Draped Skirt (25 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 40-inch charmeuse—½ yard Georgette crepe—1⅛ yard silver lace—2¼ yards picot ribbon—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining.

7399—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7928—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (25 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—1 yard 36-inch taffeta—½ yard white taffeta for vest. Braiding No. 12321, blue or yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents. The skirt is a simple two-piece gathered model that shows a novelty in the inserted sections each side of the front gore which give a draped effect.

(*Continued from page* 31.)

7912—Ladies' Tunic Blouse (25 cents). Eight sizes, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 44-inch serge—4¾ yards braid—¼ yard organdie for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The front-closing blouse is attached to a two-piece gathered tunic that may be pointed or straight around at the lower edge. The underskirt is a plain, two-piece gathered model closing at left side seam.

7570—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—1⅜ yard lace.

7600—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3½ yards of ½-inch and ⅞-inch borders, 15 cents. An overblouse with peplum is provided in the pattern, though it is not illustrated.

(*Continued from page* 32.)

7916—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents.) Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7908—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4 yards 36-inch Pussy Willow taffeta—1¼ yard 36-inch plaid taffeta—1 yard 40-inch Georgette crepe. Braiding No. 12469, blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents. The surplice blouse draped around to form the girdle and fitting the figure snugly, is a new fashion feature.

7932—Ladies' Evening Blouse (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 7702—Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt (25 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—1⅛ yard 10-inch lace—3¾ yards 36 inch satin—1⅝ yard fringe. Beading No. 12319, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. A charming feature of the new fashions are the apron panels attached to blouses front and back. These are particularly attractive in sheer material like chiffon, Georgette crepe, and voile. The blouse closes at the back, and may have round or V neck, and the underblouse sections close on the left shoulder. Soft plaits give a draped effect to the skirt which closes at the left side-back under a plait.

(*Continued from page* 34.)

7921—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 44-inch Poiret twill—4⅜ yards 36-inch black satin—⅜ yard organdy for collar. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Braiding No. 12425, blue or yellow transfer, 50 cents. To make this model a redingote closing on the left

(*Continued on page* 53.)

The Ghost Widow

(*Continued from page* 13.)

"men" and "rides" and, among the married women, of pensions and separation allowances, and our fraudulent Government which seemed to them compounded chiefly of those knavish tricks which we so deeply deplore in our enemies. These matters were *terra incognita* to the newcomer. In fact, she heard more about self-protection and "getting it out of them" in one of these lonely, ostracised twenty minute "lunches" than she ever had before in her life.

"And everyone seems to get what she is fighting for," she thought as Mary somebody told Belle somebody else how she just ordered Lucy to "leave go where No. 782 was concerned. 'Hands off,' says I, an' she quit her foolin'."

Contrasted with this robust life in the raw, Edith felt herself a colorless and middle-aged person. They were either young and free, or young and married, with a husband in the trenches, and a baby or two, and a gramophone, and a bank account.

"Do you mind leaving your family most of the time like this?" Edith asked the lively wife of a warrior one day, and her "I should worry! It's grandma's job," was prompt and cheerful.

To an ardent wayfarer into life this was not exactly progression. Then one day she seemed to reach her goal at a bound.

She had finished her cup of tea and was looking out of the wide window where the dawn lay white as snow on the ground; the strange, mysterious dawn that threw its unearthly arabesques of early light in vain before the eyes of these chattering women. She rose to return her cup to the tray, and said to her neighbor as she did so, "Look at the star in my cup! Isn't it perfect?"

"Say! I knew a girl once could read teacups," vouchsafed the neighbor.

"I know several," returned Edith. "I myself once studied the meaning of most of the signs that tea leaves form, and it was great fun."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the neighbor raptly. "Say, girls, Miss Morse can tell fortunes out of teacups! Gee, I wish time wasn't up. Will you read mine to-morrow? There's something I want awful to know."

And that was the beginning of fame, not to speak of popularity. It was the beginning also of a strange friendship with Sadie. Behold, then, the well-known Edith Morse—have I told you that she used to be the belle of the county?—eagerly working her entrance to the heart of her compatriots for twenty minutes at the hour of four a.m. each morning in an annex of her father's foundry.

Refreshments were bolted by the seer and the lady whose fortune was to be told, the crowd eating and drinking languorously while they listened to little stories from a far-away country. Only one girl's cup was done each night. Let us come to the fortune of Sadie.

Sadie was short and stocky and Scotch, and vulgar a little, and witty a good deal. Edith had discovered that it was she who had darted out of the cottage below her garden gate on that first night. The yellow silk sweater, first fruits of a separation allowance, identified her, that and a certain good nature and friendliness, and a story about a neighbor's child that she "kept," so that the neighbor might work out all day. Edith had seen it once in the garden, this neighbor's child, with the identical, rosy, crinkly hair of Sadie herself. She had asked if it were a little niece, and Sadie answered her "No." Anything else she knew was that her husband, "Andy," was at the war.

Sadie bolted her tea and handed the coarse cup to Edith with a sigh. "It's a smudge of leaves—that. I shouldna hav' drunk it so fast, maybe," she lamented.

All eyes were fixed upon the seer, who was now on the highest pinnacle of that lusty wave, Success. Moreover, there was a certain curiosity about the amiable but enigmatic Sadie.

Edith began to decipher slowly, but with the same power of concentration that had helped her to inspect shells after ten days.

"An uneven line away at the side of a cup; mountains, Sadie—I don't know—Highlands, I think. I went there once to the Highlands. The long purple twilights, do you remember? Is it the Highlands, Sadie? Am I right?"

"Richt you are, wuman. Go on—as fast as you can," said Sadie, with a rigid arm about the speaker's waist. Admiration, unlike familiarity, does not breed contempt.

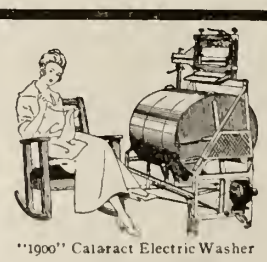
"Well, that jerky mass of leaves is just the Highlands where you once spent a summer, before you came out here to Canada. I think it was a perfectly wonderful summer, because I see two tiny bits of leaves fluttering along just under the hills here, so tiny and alone under those hills. Fast together. Close together."

She felt the rigid arm relax.

"And then, below that, you see quite a straight line of leaves. That generally stands for a lonely path. It almost seems as if the two little leaves had parted. And here, below, is the parallel line, also straight. A little wiggly, perhaps. That space between them might be anything—just sheer, clear, emptiness, or the sea, or time, or distance, anything you like. And on and on go the two lines. But see, Sadie, see, just at the end, here, they falter—they meet, then they go wide again."

"I didna hae ma postcard last week," broke in Sadie, trembling in every fibre of her being. "I hadna a letter since June. But the cards come. There's

(*Continued on following page.*)


"1900" Cataract Electric Washer

Wash by Electricity

IN many homes where help is employed, the maids who refused to do the washing the old way, are willing to look after it the "1900" Electric way. In other homes where a laundress was formerly employed, or where the clothes were sent outside to be washed, the housewife is now doing her own washing—so easily operated is the "1900" Cataract Washer.

The "1900" Cataract Washer was awarded the gold medal at the Panama Pacific Exposition, in competition with all the well-known washers. The frame is made of steel, with heavy iron base—the tub of heavy copper, plated on the inside and polished and lacquered. The most scientific of all washers in construction, the "1900" Washer keeps all the clothes in all the water all the time. The swing wringer permits of wringing and washing at the same time.

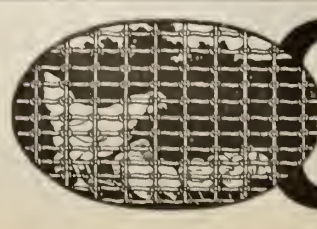
It costs just two cents a week to do the washing for an ordinary sized family, with the "1900" Cataract Washer. This Washer will pay for itself in a very few months—just think what it will save you.

Write for full particulars of our trial plan.

The "1900" line includes washers operated by Hand, Engine Power, Water or Electric Motor. State which style interests you.

Address me personally—O. G. MORRIS, "1900" Washer Company
357 Yonge Street, Toronto

We will be glad to have you visit us at Toronto Exhibition—Manufacturers' Annex No. 2, under the Grand Stand—or at London or Ottawa Fall Fairs.



PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE
A Real Fence—Not Netting
Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.
The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

The Ghost Widow

(Continued from preceding page.)

none since a fortnight past. What aboot that? There's a wee leaf, do you see? Do you no' see, just above yon line? Can that be the card I'm no' getting?"

"Look with me," said Edith gently, so gently, indeed, that no most eager, crowding listener could hear.

She took a thin little hairpin and made it into a pointer, and touched the companion leaves and then the "wee" one that Sadie was watching.

"You see," she said, "here it is, that tiny little leaf! The answer to time and distance and the sea! Something always yours. A postcard? Yes, if you like. An answer, anyway. Will you walk home with me this morning?"

To the others she added: "That's what I see in Sadie's cup! The Highlands and two roads below. Of course, everybody has to read a lot into their own fortune. Wasn't yours wonderful, Miss Turner? Did you get the gloves? You saw for yourself how plainly they were to be seen, so I'm really expecting that they have arrived."

"Bet your life they did, after he got my letter," replied Miss Turner. "I told him all about my cup. Him forgetting my birthday like that!"

III.

Through the radiance of a heavenly September morning Edith Morse and Sadie of the cottage walked slowly home. You know not the Scotch if you think her emotion was still trembling on the surface. It had been sent away back where it belonged, out of Sadie's way.

"No one," observed Edith rather wistfully, as they began their walk through the silent, sleeping streets, "no one would ever think of reading my cup for me."

"Because they havna the sicht for it!" declared Sadie. "You're 'fey.' You could do mony a thing if you tried," she continued darkly. "I kenned when I laid my eyes on you that you were no fine body buttin' in on us girls. You came to work, and you came to learn. So did I. I've a muckle of money to make. You see, Andy, ma lad, he's not a bad chap if once he comes through this—and to tell ye the truth, I've had ma doots since there's been no card. But he couldna make a living for twa before. He's a Highland lad, a sheep boy. I had the siller, and he knew it. Not that he didna care for me. He did, wuman. But you see"—and her astounding statement was really made very naturally—"you see, I couldna tell him aboot the bairn. We were marrit all richt, and I get my separation allowance from hame, but I just came away to work for mysel'. The war came that summer, and he went with the Colonel's men from Aberfairlie, where we was marrit, but if he once kenned he had the two of us to support, he'd never take a look at me again! And it's nabody's business here whether the bairn is mine or no, I'm only here for the munitions. I'll be awa' again. News travels awful fast, and they micht tell him in the trenches. Noo, what have ye got to say aboot the wee leaf?"

They had almost reached the cottage door, and there, blazing in the sunlight like any autumn marigold, shone the small head of crinkly, rosy red bending over a toy on the doorsill. With ill-disguised complacence, Sadie gave the small child a little proprietary shake and set her on her two fat feet. Edith, following, held out a bright bag, which the baby instantly appropriated.

"The little leaf! Does she want my money bag?" she smiled, and looked at Sadie with rueful eyes. "You see, she has already an eye for what you call 'the siller.' Well, here's a proposition. My sister and I live alone with my father in that big house on the hill. My mother died long ago. I shall not marry. Sell me this little leaf to be my very own, and then write and tell your Andy all about it! You say he won't care!"

The baby, who had found a tiny mirror within the green bag, looked from its delights to Edith with a heavenly light in her eye, and made a faltering step towards her. Edith held out her arms, and the child went instantly to her embrace.

"You see!" she nodded gayly to the mother. "She's mine."

"Dinna talk nonsense, ma lass," said Sadie imperatively. "I maun to the breakfast!"

Thus dismissed, the lady rather wearily began the long ascent of the winding path that led up the hill to the broad lawns on which slept "Stonehurst," vine-clad, awning-gay, charming as the autumn morning itself.

Seven o'clock was such an unearthly hour that bed usually seemed a natural refuge after the breakfast that old Margaret had ready for her. But today the call of the garden was too strong. She was just going out when the telephone rang, and she turned to the usual telegraphic conversation with McAinsh, to whom she reported the episodes of the night, before he went on duty shortly after she left. They had met once or twice in the course of a month. This morning he asked her to sum up a list of suggestions as to certain matters about which they had exchanged ideas.

"As a matter of fact, Mr McAinsh, I wrote that out days ago," she replied, "and failed to bring it down."

"May I send for it, or come for it?" he asked. "It's important to get it soon."

She assented, and went out into the garden. The loveliness of cool lawns and late flowers refreshed her. The smell of red apples in the orchard lured her. In the most beautiful time of the year she had been away from the garden, drugged with weariness by day, abnormally alert all night. This morning she would deliberately keep awake and enjoy herself. The nasturtiums were growing wild, and there was a deal of small weeding that the ancient gardener overlooked.

Weariness forgotten, she was working very industriously when she heard a step on the gravel behind her, and turning, saw, instead of a messenger, McAinsh himself.

"Heavens! I can't get up!" she exclaimed. "I'm firmly rooted in mother earth, and my hands are hands of clay."

She smiled up at him, and in spite of fatigue, she looked at that moment as fresh as the hour itself.

His assistance was immediate, and it was what might be called a "hearty" assistance. Miss Morse had turned out to be an unqualified success. And until this moment he had not known that she was beautiful.

To be muscularly gripped and literally set on your feet by a powerful masculine person had the same effect on Edith as her mother's possessive shake had on Sadie's baby—it wakened her up and set in motion what kindergarten teachers annoyingly call "the play sense." She was, in fact, distinctly amused that a worthy person should set her on her feet, very much, indeed, as her father might have done. She encouraged the person to further exploits by what is femininely known as "drawing him out"; in other words, she became consciously interested. She showed him lawns and flower beds, sundial and arbor, but only as a background, mere scenic effect, to the relation of his own plans and hopes and achievements in regard to munitions and munition work. Edith smiled and nodded and agreed and disagreed. And especially he enjoyed her disagreements, for they were practical and, on the whole, decidedly usable.

"And while we are talking about it, I would keep the foreman out of the way as much as possible," she said, "and I would look for more suggestion from your women Inspectors—or else get a different type of foreman. I feel that this one retards the work. The girls are too conscious of him."

He looked at her with amazement.

"My dear lady," he said, "you've certainly hit the nail on the head. This man is a recent importation, as you know. He understands munitions, but he's half-mesmerist, half-brute."

"Well," she replied, "I can't do a thing with them for half an hour after he's been in. The work goes on, of course, apparently the same as ever, but it's not the same. If I have any discards, that half hour is the time they occur. You see, they're very self-conscious, these girls; they're not merely pieces of machinery yet."

"There's something in all this," he replied thoughtfully, "and we've got to look into it together. To tell the truth, you've made me forget that I myself am a machine. I should be at the works this minute. But I wanted that paper. Look here! May I come again?"

"Yes," she answered, "if you'll talk munitions. I'm getting very much interested. Not altogether so much in

(Continued on page 52.)

Tired of Giving?

You don't know what it means to be tired. Think of these unfortunates



weary with the struggle of living in a devastated land—exhausted by privation and want—broken-hearted through loss of husband, father, sons and brothers—left without a means of support—left to starve.

1,500,000 Belgian children are starving! Will you help to save them?

Belgian Children's Health Fund

Each $10.00 you send enables the Belgian Relief to move one child from Belgium to Switzerland or Holland and support it for a month. Ten colonies have been established in Holland, where the children are cared for, fed, and medically treated.

Belgian Orphans' Fund

The number of war orphans in Belgium is increasing steadily. Much has been done already to relieve their sad condition, but still more serious steps must be taken to assist and educate these poor little souls, the children of ignored heroes who have given their lives for the triumph of democracy and for the liberty of the world.

The cost of maintaining an orphan is $3.70 a month and a number of people, either individually or in groups of two or three,—also organizations,—have become responsible for that amount monthly. Any others willing to undertake this patriotic work should write to the Belgian Relief Fund, 95 King Street West, Toronto.

Canal Boat Fund

Don't forget Mrs. Agar Adamson's Canal Boat Fund for work among Belgian refugees behind the allied lines in Flanders.

Ambassador Gerard says:

> "The German armies were held only a few days, yet the delay of those few days changed the fortunes of the whole world."

Help us to help the Belgian orphans.

Belgian Relief Fund, Ontario Branch

95 King St. West, Toronto

J. W. Woods, Esq., Chairman of the Advisory Board.
Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Chairman of the Committee.
Miss Isabella L. George, Hon. Treasurer.

Make cheques payable to Belgian Relief Fund.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES





SCAR-NOT
For Furniture and Woodwork.

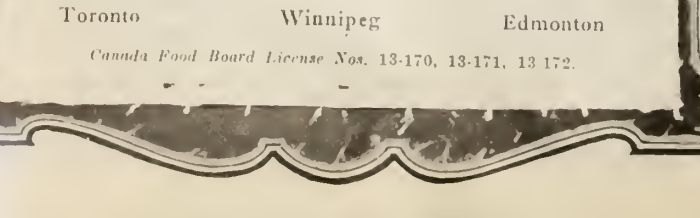
REXPAR
For Outside work.
MAR-NOT
for Floors.

CONSERVATION begins at home. Don't let your furniture, hardwood floors, and other woodwork deteriorate in value. It is so easy to keep these ***right,*** and so much cheaper to varnish than to replace them.

Remember ***SCAR-NOT,*** the finest varnish for Furniture and Interior Woodwork, except Floors, where you will use ***MAR-NOT.*** Hot or cold water will not affect them. Use ***REXPAR*** for varnishing outside woodwork and where there is exposure to the weather.

May we mail you the booklet, "The A. B. C. of Home Painting ?

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED,
897 Centre St., Montreal, Que. 110 Sutherland Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
PAINT, VARNISH AND COLOR MAKERS. LINSEED OIL CRUSHERS.
A Right Quality Product for Every Purpose. 26



Home Made Pottery

(Continued from page 46.)

cents. And after the first imperfect specimen is fired you will be astonished at the satisfactory beauty of your maiden effort.

You will then be eager for more ambitious attempts, and will be surprised at the feasibility of lamps, candlesticks, trays, side-dishes and Grecian vases. And a little ingenuity, careful patience, normal good taste and a few coppers will furnish you with a hobby and an art that will do wonders in training your faculties, and will enrich both your leisure hours and your Art collection.

Now let anyone who has any finger skill at all, and every woman has—it is her birthright— try her luck. If you were good at making mud pies in childhood, you ought to make a good Pottery Artist. Don't degrade the qualities of your flesh and blood beneath the worth of gold. Surely every individual talent you possess is a priceless possession to yourself. If you accomplish anything without lessons you will be infinitely better for the effort, to say nothing about the peacock strut you will develop, and the dignity you will acquire. One of the very best amateur organists I ever heard was entirely self-taught having begun on a wooden board marked to represent piano keys. The loveliest piece of chip-carving I ever saw was done by a mechanic, who never had a lesson, and just copied an elaborate design from a book by means of his skill with the chisel. I have seen some excellent relief carving done by a novice who got a piece of wood, bought a couple of chisels, drew his own design, and worked out the method by himself. Everybody should have a hobby. It is such pursuits that distinguish us from the beasts of the field. No teacher in the world can do more than direct your practice. You must furnish your own deftness of touch, your own intelligence, and your own perseverance. Nobody does anything well simply because they have had expensive lessons. And the true expression of your own individualism in your work is the very essence of all Art. Get rid of the idea that nothing worth while can be yours without money. The most beautiful, the most essential, the most glorious appurtenances of human power and happiness are absolutely beyond the price of money—as witness, fame, genius, personality, health, beauty, sunshine, rain and Nature.

After The War—What?

(Continued from page 14.)

are considered. Oil is produced in large quantities from the seeds, and for salads this oil compares favorably with olive oil, having an agreeable taste, delightful odor, rich color and delicate flavor. Millions of gallons of this sunflower oil are exported annually by Russia to Great Britain, France, Sweden, Denmark and the United States. The residuum of the oil makes excellent cattle-food, and thousands of tons of "sunflower cake" come from Russia annually. Then the sunflower stalks are used as fuel, being decidedly superior to pine wood; they blaze brightly with great heat, on account of the oily contents, give forth a pleasant odor while burning, and, strangely, produce little smoke. It is estimated that an acre of sunflowers will yield over a ton of fuel. The seed shells are also used for fuel in cooking stoves. As food the seeds of the sunflower have a richness and appetizing taste equalling most varieties of nuts. The seeds are eaten raw or roasted, and with proper development should rival the peanut. The fibre of the stalks, being soft and silky, is used for numerous purposes, the weaving of beautiful fabrics from this material being one of the industries in China. The ashes of the sunflower are particularly valuable as a fertilizer, being rich in potassium; and the sunflower has the great advantage that it does not exhaust the soil, but rather enriches that in which it is grown. This greatly increases the sunflower's value as a product for the crowded garden or suburban farm. By proper investigation and development the sunflower should become one of the most valuable plants for supplying food and fuel.

(To be Continued.)







Ensure Delicious Pastry

YOU know how greatly success in baking depends upon uniformity. Wartime needs have caused variations in so many products that there is more reason than ever to insist on articles you can still obtain, knowing them to be always the same.

Swift's
"Silverleaf" Brand
Pure Lard

is as reliable, efficient and dependable to-day as ever. It is the ideal shortening—a scientific combination of choice pork fats in exactly right proportions for all seasons—perfect for pastries and fine for frying. Sold in tin pails of convenient sizes--always wholesome and fresh—economical to use.

Order a pail from your Grocer or Butcher.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited
Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton

Canada Food Board License Nos. 13-170, 13-171, 13-172.

HORLICK'S
Malted Milk for Invalids
A nourishing and digestible diet. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract. A powder soluble in water.

Music During The Great War

(*Continued from page* 12.)

That this is not a mere generalization but an actual statement of fact could be supported at great length by concrete instances. The policy of most of the European countries engaged in the war has been to encourage music as a war measure. It has been used not merely to stimulate military activity, and to maintain the morale of non-combatants, but for propaganda purposes also.

Let us first deal with the enemy nations. The most casual observer is probably aware that for years preceding the war, the German Empire encouraged musical industry and musical art on a tremendous scale, not merely with a view to spreading contentment among the people burdened with militarism, but to advertise their much vaunted "kultur." They rightly assumed that their system of developing their national musical impulses would be the feature of their "kultur" most acceptable to other peoples. It was so far successful that a great deal of the sentiment-support which Germany received in the United States and other neutral countries during the early stages of the war was based on Germany's supposed musical supremacy.

When the war broke out, the Imperial Government, in organizing Germany for what it foresaw would be a long war, so soon as Britain made her decision, at once determined to make use of music as a stimulus to morale, not merely by ordering the singing of songs relating to the war in the schools, but by ordering a decrease in prices for concerts and other state-aided entertainments. The German people were encouraged by direct admonition to patronize musical events, in the belief that music would strengthen them to bear the griefs and burdens of the war. This is a matter of record.

Significant of the value Germany attaches to music, not merely as a military influence, but as a useful means of propaganda, was a proposal she made to Norway two years ago. As is generally known, the sympathies of Norway have been pro-Ally, and to combat this sentiment, the Kaiser proposed to send the Royal Orchestra of Berlin through Norway to give free concerts, and thus disprove the theory that Prussians were savages. The offer was declined by the Norwegian Government, but the point involved is this—that Germany recognizes music as a potential force for reaching the hearts and minds of humanity, even when prejudiced. Moreover, at a time when she was obliged to resort to rigid measures of economy, she classified subsidies to music as a necessary and essential expenditure.

The facts with regard to Austria are not so clear, but until quite recently, at any rate, the musical activities of Vienna, which are largely government-supported, were in full swing; and Austria has shown her view of the question by giving special privileges to men of musical talent, not only in her own armies, but who had been interned as prisoners of war. The case of Louis Rothenberg, a young Toronto violin student, who has been interned at Prague, but has been permitted to continue taking lessons, illustrates the Austrian belief that music should be encouraged at all times, no matter what the nationality of the artist.

Only among the Turks is the view of some persons on this continent, that music is non-essential and negligible, to be found.

Among our chief Allies, the country which has suffered most is France. It is unnecessary to dilate on the tremendous economic problems she has had to face and the sacrifices she has endured. Since music in France is state-aided, it might have been expected that under the strain of war, these expenditures would have been abandoned, were music to be dismissed as a non-essential. But France *does* regard music as essential to the morale of her people, and has maintained her opera houses and her great Conservatoire, where instruction is provided free for talented beginners, so far as possible, at the same high level of efficiency as prevailed before the war.

Quite recently the German Government issued a canard that the people of Paris had been completely terrorized by the new long-range gun which shelled the French Capital, and had been kept indoors throughout a certain Sunday. The response of the French Government, as shown by cable despatches, was to publish the receipts of four subventioned theatres of Paris, "The Grand Opera," "The Opera Comique," "The Comedie Francaise," and "The Odeon." These showed that the attendance and receipts on the day in question were, if anything, above normal. The point to be taken under consideration is that, even under pressure of the greatest of German offensives, France is maintaining her musical expenditures, and encouraging the musical enthusiasm of her people.

This year the French Government announced that, despite the war, special efforts would be made by the Ministry of Fine Arts to maintain the Grand Opera on a high level as a demonstration that France was not beaten to the ground. France kept her promise. The February number of the well-known English monthly, *The Musical Times,* in publishing a schedule of events for the first two weeks of January, 1918, said, "It is worth while to note how Paris is faring musically after three years of terrible war. Certainly our Allies appear to display great activity." The schedule shows fourteen productions of opera in twelve days, which, it must be remembered, were assisted from the public revenues, and in addition, a great number of concerts under private and governmental auspices. Here we have the most convincing proof that, despite the pressure of war, France treats music, and the expenditures it involves, as essential.

The view point of France is also to be found in the fact that its Government is about to send the Paris Orchestra in great strength on tour in the United States. This is known as the "Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire," the French National Institution, usually referred to as the Paris Orchestra, and to show the importance the American Government attaches to it, the Executive Committee nominated here include such names as: Frederick G. Bourne, James Byrne, Andre de Coppet, Henry P. Davidson, Henry C. Frick, Robert Goelet, Augustus D. Juillard, Otto H. Hahn, Clarence H. Mackay, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Charles H. Sabin, William K. Vanderbilt, Henry Walters and George W. Wickershaw. The purpose of this tour is to demonstrate to the Americans that the French people hold equal rank with the Germans in the realm of music. In other words, it is propagandist work of a high order intended to further cement friendship between France and America.

(*Continued in the October issue.*)

The Moth And The Footlights

(*Continued from page* 9.)

go on the stage, and worked and saved my money for it, ever since I saw my first play, when I was a mere child—only fourteen!"

"How many years ago?"

"Four."

"Oh! Well, I'll see what I can do by introducing you to the managers. It might do some good. The silly creatures think that I can act!"

"You're awfully kind to me," said Patsy: "Why are you so kind?"

"Because you're just what I was, and where I was,—when I was—well, what you are and where you are—see, Honey? I often think that if some older girl had taken me under her wing, there would have been fewer sleepless nights and lonesome weeps."

But the reference to loneliness passed Patsy by. Her heart was thumping with excitement. How wonderful to be an actress, she thought; and have actress friends—the beautiful, mystic people she had always thought so wonderful and faraway when she saw them on the stage. She looked at Anne and laughed aloud, rather to that curious girl's astonishment.

(*Continued on following page.*)



for you and your children

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ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

At last a phonograph has been developed which takes away all restrictions that have heretofore limited the choice of the music-lover. The Brunswick is the ALL-RECORD phonograph which breaks away all the barriers that have been standing between you and the music you desire.

Do you realize what this can mean to you? Think of your favorite vocalist—your favorite instrumentalist—your favorite band. They are *all* at your command on the Brunswick, for the Brunswick Phonograph plays *every* make of record. And it plays them as they *should* be played—with full, pure tone, without scratching or metallic harshness.

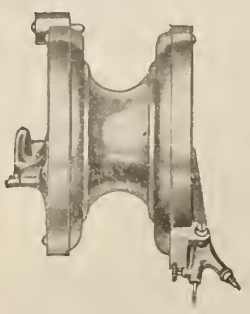
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31-7-18

The Moth And The Footlights

(Continued from preceding page.)

"I'm not crazy," sang Patsy; "only happy—happy! I'm going to make good—with your help. I feel it; I know it! You are a darling, and I love you!"

The door opened and Margaret came in. She wore a pretty blue turban and tailored sult, and looked so ladylike and charming that Patsy was prepared to love her, too; without any introduction.

But Anne saw only the old familiar look of heart-sick disappointment. She said quietly: "Been the rounds! How are things?"

Margaret sat down on the edge of the bed, gave Patsy a smile and a hand-shake of good-comradeship; then turned to Anne.

"I had a part in view," she said. "I kept it under my hat—thought it might fall through. Dandy part on Broadway. Saw the author the other day. He said I was the type. Star had seen my work two years ago. Went at two this afternoon to sign my contract. Meant to bring it home to you girls, and celebrate. Well—the usual thing—there's no use discussing it, I supose. The part is to be played by a friend of a moneyed friend of the manager. We can't blame the manager, I suppose, if his friend will take the financial risk of the production for the satisfaction of seeing 'some little drug store blonde' acting on Broadway, instead of—to quote once more, 'making beds, where she belongs.'"

"Margaret, my dear," said Anne, "this state of things can't last forever, you know. The managers will realize in time that these untrained young beauties unfitted for the work, playing ingenue parts in good companies, are the cause of half the failures. The public just won't have 'em—that's all. They won't put up with the graft!"

"Well," said Margaret wearily, "perhaps if we give 'em time, the dear public

(Continued on following page.)

The Ghost Widow

(Continued from page 49.)

munitions as in workers. Shells are fiercely interesting, but I have some odd little seances over tea-cups at lunch time. Some day I must tell you about it."

As he went sharply down the beautiful, winding garden path, something elusive and extraordinary seemed to be happening in the commonplace world all about him. But it was only that he was discerning his fate—in the woman he barely knew, up there in that old-world garden. Also he recognized, because his heart was as sensitive to immediate impression as was his finely balanced brain, that she was like a sleep-walker suddenly aroused to the fact that during the short night of youth the world had changed. How the new conditions would mould her, he did not know. Of one thing only he seemed to be sure in this early-morning moment, and that was that, whether or not she was for him, he was eternally hers.

IV.

And Edith made her way to the hammock deep in the orchard, where the early apples shone in the sun and she could stare through the leaves, already golden, up into the bright, bright sky.

To her shortly came her little sister, Fan, knitting bag under her arm, on patriotic purpose bent.

"Just to say that you should be in bed, dear, and I'm off to the Red Cross. Who on earth was the man you were stalking about with at all hours this morning?"

"McAinsh, the manager down there. Quite a nice person, and I *am* sleepy, Fan. Suppose I sleep out here? I seem to be lazy and happy. Munitions agree with me. And guess what I do at four in the morning? Read their tea-cups. Do you remember how they used to hang on the fortunes I read that winter in Boston? Well, my dear, these girls exhibit the same glorious faith in my powers. It's exciting, because one has to draw on that dream quality—what is it?—letting go of one's self? Anyway, it's the only key I have to unlock these people to me. And I find that I care about that, Fan—getting to know life as other people do. We've been so shut in here. The house, the garden, our friends. All the time we were waiting for this awful war, which has torn down our little enclosures. Do you know what the whole world means to

(Continued on following page.)

The Moth And The Footlights

(Continued from preceding page.)

who pay their good money at the box office, will expostulate more publicly—perhaps through the press. As things are now, they are content with telling their friends that it's a 'rotten show,' and that's all. The managers haven't been made to realize yet, that, through these dissatisfied patrons, the play is damned—more so than through the critics, who are generally satisfied with making fun of the poor, pitiful little attempts at acting."

"Perhaps, by the time this child has had five years' experience and is ready to play a good part, she will get it because she can act, and not because she has one of the many kinds of pull that go to make opportunity nowadays. This is certainly a rotten business!" And Margaret's tone was bitter indeed.

Patsy's eyes blazed. To her the stage was a thing of dreams, and almost as sacred as her religion. She only half-grasped the girls' arguments. They were vague and outside her experience.

"If it's such a 'rotten business,'" she demanded, "why do you stick to it? You certainly don't have to—do you?" Her indignation made her forget her shyness. To little Patsy, Margaret's bitterness was the disloyalty of a quitter in a losing game.

"I make my living on the stage, my dear," said Margaret, with a twinkle in her eye. "It's the only work for which I have had training. Then, too, my work is the only life I have, you see. In spite of the hardships, there is a joy in the work itself that it is hard to relinquish—the joy that exists in any creative work. You will know what I mean some day, when you feel that you simply can't stand the disappointments and the loneliness any more, and yet it will be harder to go than to stay. If only I could persuade you not to *begin*, my dear! But I won't try. I have tried before this to teach common sense to stage-struck girls—and to girls in love—they are equally-thankless tasks!"

"What's the use," said Margaret, "of saying 'it's a rotten business' to a girl who refuses to see anything but the artistic side of the work? By-the-way, Patsy, Anne sticks to it, because she's an artist, and the quality of her work justifies her doing so. I am a rather clever mechanic; you are an amateur; so perhaps you and I can't quite understand."

"It's a great art—acting—" she went on. "But that doesn't keep it from being a 'rotten business.' You'll realize it when you've spent a winter or two out of work. The great painters in their garrets were happy in the joy of creation. They worked on, and their work grew in artistic merit. How would

(Continued on page 57.)

Newest Fancies in Fashions

(Continued from page 48.)

shoulder and slipped over a foundation dress that consists of a two-piece gathered skirt closing at left side-front, and joined to a waist that closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

(Continued from page 36.)

7948—Girls' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 4⅜ yards 32-inch chambray or gingham.

7931—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard 27-inch white satin for collar—3½ yards white braid.

7724—Child's Dress (20 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅛ yard 27-inch white lawn for waist—2 yards 36-inch figured percale.

7812—Child's Dress (20 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch challis—1½ yard velvet ribbon.

7321—Child's Empire Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard percale for collar and trimming.

7288—Child's Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 4¼ yards 27-inch chambray. Scallop No. 11659, blue or yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents.

7938—Misses' and Juniors' Single-breasted Coat (25 cents). Eight sizes, 13 to 20 years. Size 13 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard satin for collar—¾ yard velvet ribbon for trimming collar.

7935—Girls' and Juniors' Double-breasted Coat (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch tweed—½ yard 48-inch broadcloth for collar and revers.

(Continued from page 37.)

7940—Juniors' and Girls' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch cotton crepe. Embroidery No. 12461, blue or yellow transfer pattern, 20 cents.

7955—Boys' Suit and Cap (20 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 8. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch khaki or linen.

7638—Boys' Double-breasted Top Coat (20 cents). Five sizes, 4 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch Oxford cloth—2⅜ yards 36-inch sateen for lining.

7957—Boys' Double-breasted Top Coat (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch cheviot.

7386—Girls' and Juniors' Coat (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires for coat without cape 2½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—3⅛ yards 36-inch Pussy Willow taffeta for lining.

7482—Girls' and Juniors' Coat (20 cents). Eight sizes, 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch velours—3½ yards 36-inch satin for lining

The Ghost Widow

(Continued from preceding page.)

the sort of women I am working with? It means expression. Utterly selfish expression mostly, but certainly not a 'community' feeling. Do you remember Dick Stratford saying once that we girls in Brockton reminded him of a lot of old-fashioned little hens all cooped up together? These women, who have always had to work, are making shells to confound our enemies, but every one of them is vindicating herself, her man, her freedom. I nearly bought a baby to-day—a pet with red hair. Her mother preferred freedom—at least, she thinks she does. In the end, of course, she'll win back her man, if he gets through, by dint of the child. I suppose one could hardly hope to do more than borrow such a wonderful thing as a baby. In the meantime," she smiled at Fanny's reproachful face, "I know you think I'm quite mad, darling, and I suppose I'm making you late for your meeting."

Fanny nodded her agreement to both charges and made a hasty exit.

"Tea-cups or shells? I wonder which sort of woman I really am," she murmured, and looking up at the bright sky of morning, felt her eyes suddenly grow heavy with sleep.

And for the first time in all the years of her dreamy tryst with love, she slept in that hammock without a ghostly kiss upon her lips.

THE END.

To-morrow Morning, Drink a Glassful of

"RIGA"

PURGATIVE WATER

And you will feel well and fit all day long. It's an ideal laxative and purgative which acts mildly but surely.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE : USE IT FOR HEALTH'S SAKE. 11



Corn Frowns Vanish in a Moment

HERE is a fact which millions know. It is so clear, so simple that it makes a corn ridiculous. You can stop any corn pain in a jiffy, and stop it for good.

You can end any corn quickly and end it completely. You can do this without any bother, without any soreness, without any muss.

So corns are utterly unnecessary. And folks who have them nowadays do themselves a wrong.

You can prove these facts on any corn by applying a Blue-jay plaster. The pain will stop instantly.

Then a bit of red wax, centered on the corn, will gently undermine it. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. An occasional corn needs a second application.

This is a scientific method, invented by a famous chemist.

It is simple and gentle, yet sure.

The whole effect is centered on the corn, so it doesn't lead to soreness.

To pare a corn—for brief relief—takes ten times longer than to apply a Blue-jay.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. See how promptly you forget it—see how soon it ends. Then remember that every corn—right at the start—can be ended in like way. You should never for a moment suffer corns.

Prove this to-night.

Bauer & Black, Limited *Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.* Chicago, New York, Toronto

B&B Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Stop Pain Instantly—End Corn Completely

Large Package 25c at Druggists — Small Package Discontinued

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B65

Ballantyne Knitted Wear

FASHION has done her share this season to bring knitted garments into a position of unprecedented popularity. Her influence has turned the old-time "sweater coat" into a garment that possesses smart style characteristics developed in enhancing color combinations, without sacrificing a single feature of warmth or comfort.

This month the retail stores throughout Canada will be showing the new BALLANTYNE creations for this Fall and Winter season. We illustrate a few of the many attractive lines on this page. Ask your dealer to show you the knitted coats, pullovers, muffler sets, children's suits, mitts, gloves, hosiery, etc., from the BALLANTYNE mills. Make your selections early while the assortment of styles and colors is complete.

R. M. Ballantyne, Limited

Manufacturers

Stratford - Canada



Set H
Cap No. 666
Muffler
No. 1390

For Men

Ballantyne's Scotch-Knit Gloves

Provide a maximum of appearance, comfort and service.



Slip On
No. 9.



Child's Coat, No. 7004



Model
"Victoria"

Fashion Favors Knitted Goods for Fall Wear

Knitted Garments, Simple But Not Commonplace are Popular For Autumn Wear

Every Age Finds in the New Knitted Sweaters, Comfort, Style and Utility



Small boys and girls may be comfortably and attractively clothed in knitted garments.



A practical coat and cap which will be popular with those who do not favor the slip on.

All kinds of people and all ages seem to be buying sweater coats this season; if they are not buying one kind, they are buying another. In the stores during the rush hours of the day, at the tables on which are displayed the cheaper lines—as cheap lines go—there is always a bevy of customers diving into the heaps and heaps of different colors and styles, to find what they consider the best value or the thing they like best. At the quieter hours of the day, the more exclusive customer does her shopping in the vicinity of the showcases and the wardrobes where hand-made goods are to be found. And the collection is as varied as the people who come to buy. All the mills seem to have been trying to excel all previous efforts to produce sweater coats that cannot fail to captivate the customer.

The vogue of pull-over sweaters, both with and without sleeves is becoming very pronounced, contrary to the expectation of many of the most prominent buyers. The sleeveless tuxedo is also finding a place in the smart woman's wardrobe.

Contrary to what one might expect, the larger sizes in sleeveless are the most popular. At first sizes from thirty-two to thirty-six were largely used, now they are thirty-eight to forty-four, for when a garment is to be put on over the head it must be loose enough to do so without causing undue strain on the threads. Both styles are featured, the fitted and the straight, and where they are straight, the basket weave is proving a popular pattern for the skirt section. On others there is a purled section around the waist or from above the waist line to the bottom of the garment.



The pull-over sweater has proved so useful that few consider a wardrobe complete without at least one of these attractive garments. To the sportswoman they give the extra warmth so often needed without in any way hampering her movements.



A Brushed Wool coat, cap and mittens are ideal for out-of-door sports.

There is much talk at the present time regarding the patriotism of using wool yarn for the knitting of the gay colored sweater coats so dear to the heart of the school girl and her older sisters, but the fact remains that if the Government required this wool it could easily be taken before it reached the shelves of the merchant. Women are using yarn for this work because it is for sale, temptingly displayed in all stores. The hand-made sweaters are soft, pretty and attractive, but there is not a Canadian woman who would not stop using wool for this purpose at once if she believed it was needed for war purposes.

There is no pronounced prevailing color for the autumn sweaters. Almost any shade or tone which pleases may be purchased. No department is more alluring than that in which knitted garments are displayed, and until there is a more pressing need for wool, anyone may purchase these pretty new fall garments without qualms of conscience.

The supply of English-made goods is becoming smaller, due to the fact that the mills which make sweater coats are also engaged in the manufacture of hosiery, and at the present time are bending their energies more in the production of the latter. This condition will probably remain until after the war; therefore we must look elsewhere for our supply of sweater coats.

The American-made garments are exceedingly smart and prettily colored, but lack the wearing quality of the British goods. Novelties of all kinds are being shown, and many charming effects arrived at by the combination of colors. Fashion seems to be favoring the darker shades for the cooler days, and heather mixtures, etc., are receiving attention.



The tag on good alarm clocks

THERE are two sure ways to identify a good alarm clock: the name *Westclox* on the dial, and the orange and buff *Westclox* tag attached to the ring.

When you find these quality marks you know your new alarm clock is a good time-keeper, the kind you need in times like these.

All *Westclox* alarms have the patented *Westclox* construction. They all run on time and ring on time.

Western Clock Co. - *makers of Westclox*
La Salle, Ill. U.S.A. Factories at Peru, Ill.

Westclox

— the trade-mark on the dials of good alarm clocks



Why use a vegetable-oil soap?

For that is what Liril Soap is. That means it contains no animal fat whatever. We use only purest vegetable and sweet fruit oils, which are highly beneficial to the most delicate skin—nourishing and stimulating. It is perfumed with a delightful odour of Violet Essence from sunny France.

VINOLIA
LIRIL SOAP

is a decided benefit to the complexion, no matter how "delicate" it may be, as well as being an effective cleanser. Don't suffer from a harsh or parched skin—get Liril and you will enjoy the peachy complexion of youth.

Vinolia Liril Soap is white before adding the perfume—but the Violet Essence changes the colour to a natural brown.

All Druggists sell Vinolia Liril Soap 10c. a cake.

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SOAP MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING

Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste 25c
Royal Vinolia Face Creams 25c and up
Vinolia Face Powders 50c and up

200

A Woodland Sketch

(Continued from page 15.)

In the house to-day anyway." Thus boy-like they paid their tribute to the year's awakening.

By the edge of the lake stood a large white cottage, known to the adult world as "The Cunninghams' Summer Home," but to the more juvenile members of society as "Fat Cunningham's Shack." Toward the white house they wended their way. The house itself was ignored as being there. They were supposed to be in the wilds of America, so the orders to "open up the cottage and air well the bedding" went unheeded.

Beside the lake they prepared for supper, and a royal supper it was. Each scout had his individual fire, his individual utensils, and cooked only enough food for himself. This living unto themselves alone had brought forth many remarks from their elders, concerning the impracticability of such a method, and how much better it would be to take turn about as chef instead of all four, three times a day, fixing their own meals. To these remarks the captain had replied, "You just try it, and you'll see how it works out. None of the fellows want to eat the other fellow's grub, and we all get quarrelling. Gosh, I can't explain about it, but you just try it."

Thus they discarded the would-be wisdom of older heads, to profit by the experience of the ages. The cave man hunted his own food, his mate cooked it, and they, with their offspring, shared it alone. When clans began to share their common mess, trouble began to ensue. In the childhood of the race it was each one for himself. In the childhood of man in the concrete, the same law holds sway. Harmony among children, being a rare quality, is, when found, a sign of advancement and adolescence.

A ten mile hike either produces an over weariness wherein appetite takes wings, or else it is a sauce, giving rare flavor to every dish, and if you are a boy with a growing appetite such added sauces double, yes treble, that appetite. Discretion was flung to the winds. In the hope that the morrow would see them less hungry they each ate two chops and two potatoes. The milk, obtained from Farmer Bairnes, they fairly gobbled down, and the pancakes, following the rule of beginners' luck, were of the finest.

Fat Cunningham had almost forfeited his right to the primitive life by wanting to fill his pockets with milk chocolates. Finally, as Archie didn't own any kit, and therefore had to stoop to the ignominious depth of bringing sandwiches, they allowed Fat to take sufficient chocolates for the crowd. In their secret hearts thankful they were for it, for in a short time the four days' supply had melted within their mouths; but of course, as they reflected, it was only natural that they should be extra hungry after a tramp—the next day they would settle down to fishing and less strenuous occupations.

There were few dishes to be washed. Each boy had a knife, a fork and a spoon, an enamelled plate and mug. A large leaf and a few pebbles answered for dish cloth and soap, while the glorious rays of the sun and the breeze of the lake fulfilled the office of drying towel.

As night drew down the blind over the sinking sun, four young hearts began to beat faster, and four imaginations began to run riot. The woods took on a mysterious air—quite unthought of in the day time. What was that? Pshaw! It was only an old stump. The trees no longer had branches—they had arms—long snaky arms, ready to reach down and catch a fellow. The little squirrels made as much noise as a whole menagerie of bears let loose. Night, like a pickpocket, had glided upon them and was stealing their courage; but would a scout acknowledge it? Never!

"Tell you what!" said the ever resourceful captain, "let's get those cots aired out.—suppose if we don't do it our mothers will ask us about it first thing."

There was no contradicting the order. They jumped with alacrity to fulfil their mothers' wish. To air the cots meant opening up the cottage, turning on electric lights, and forgetting the spookiness of the enveloping woods.

"Heave her ho there; a little more to starboard," sang out Bill, while Archie and he, each holding an end of a mattress, swung it lustily back and forward over the verandah railing.

(To be continued.)



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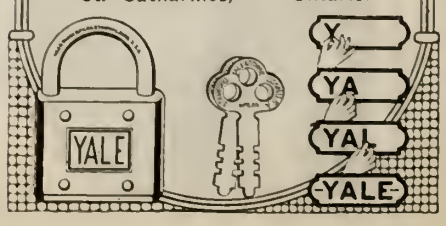
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The Moth And The Footlights

(*Continued from page* 53.)

it have been with them had they had no brushes and paints, no canvases upon which to express the creations of their genius?"

"Don't you see," said Anne, "that therein lies the tragedy of our art—it's such a 'rotten business?'"

"But don't the heartaches teach us humanity? Doesn't it make an actress a greater artist in the long run?"

"Yes, little Patsy, if it doesn't break her spirit first—if it doesn't destroy her faith in herself and the world. Oh, I've seen it so often! Yet, perhaps, you're right in a way, and acting might not be so greatly human if it were not such a 'rotten business.' But the tragedy of the artistic genius is not so much the sacrifice which causes so much mental and physical suffering. It is the inability to create when the conception is there; and the expression, hopelessly impossible. That is the tragedy that threatens the very soul of genius!"

"And she knows what she's saying, Patsy, my dear," put in Anne. "She's made of the real stuff—is our Margaret. If there was such a thing as justice in our profession; such a thing as opportunity for the deserving of opportunity, Margaret wouldn't be—half-the-time—working for a tiny salary; and, the other half, beseeching managers for a job. And when she gets 'em: ye gods! What parts for a real actor-woman to play!"

"But why doesn't she play parts that suit her?"

"I have, my dear," said Margaret. "I have played wonderful parts in stock companies, where it's a new play every week, and a nervous breakdown at the end of each season, unless you are as strong as a horse. Of course 'success' means success-on-Broadway, and I've tried, time and again, to hold out for a good part in New York, but it did no good. I just found myself 'jobless and broke'; and incidentally, still 'holding out' at Christmas. We're at the mercy of the managers, my dear, because there are so many, so very many of us capable of playing good parts, and so very few to be played. Our art is unique in that for our artistic development, we depend upon the whim of the moneyed men who control the business end of it. Some of them are very artistic, I grant you—but others are inartistic to a degree. They are batty on the subject of types."

Patsy giggled. "Suppose," she said, "that a painter with a great talent for portrait painting, was forced to paint fences all his life—little green picket fences—because once in his youth, he painted the fence around the family back yard, and did it rather well!"

"That's the idea," said Anne. "But the artist can paint a portrait, and say, 'See: I can paint something besides fences.' He can prove it. But the actress must go to the manager and say, 'I know I can play tragedy—please let me try.' And the manager's reply will invariably be, 'No—you think you can—but you can't; not with that pug nose and those blonde curls. If you don't believe that only dark and beautiful ladies feel deep human emotions, why go to the theatre and see for yourself! Fifteen years ago, you played Tirzah Anne, in 'The Old Farmyard,' and Tirzah Annes you will play to the end of the chapter! Tragedy? You're not the type!' Burst of managerial mirth!"

"'You're not the type!'" chimed in Margaret. "That's the cry of the manager of to-day; and, incidentally, it is the death cry of individual dramatic ambition, and artistic development. You have no idea, my dear, just how insistent a manager will be about having the exact type for the part, as to eyes, nose, and general anatomy. If a woman looks the part—the manager's idea of the part—she gets it—all other things being equal—be she ever so unfitted, mentally, emotionally, and artistically for it!"

"Yes," said Nell, who entered without knocking. "Ever hear the story of the man with the wooden leg? Draw near, my chee-ild; listen, mark, and learn!—A certain playwright once wrote a great play. He took it to a manager, who said, 'This is a great and thrilling drama, and I would produce it, but for one thing. Your hero, my friend, is a tall, fair man with a wooden leg, and I don't know an actor in the country who is the type."

"'But, my good friend,' urged the playwright, 'it is quite unnecessary that the man should really have a wooden leg—'

"'What!' roared the manager. 'I may be a business man, Sir: I may have left the collar-button business to become a theatrical manager; but I am an artist at heart! I insist upon the type!' And so they parted.

"One day the playwright was quietly sitting in his club, reading the paper, when a paragraph in an obscure corner of the sheet, caught his eye. He dashed to his office, and wired to a Western hospital: 'Wire immediately, is John Wakeman, actor, injured in train accident, a tall, fair man? Reply prepaid!' And the answer came back at once: 'Yes, leg amputated this morning; patient doing well.'

"The playwright rushed off to the manager's office. A company was engaged at once, and contracts mailed to the sufferer. When he was able to come East, the first rehearsal was called. The manager was all pleasurable excitement; the company was assembled in the theatre; a taxicab was heard to stop at the stage door. The manager went forth to meet his leading man. A pause; then a cry of anguish and despair: 'You fool! You fool!' he was heard to cry to, and at, his playwright friend. 'You—the author of the play—never knew that it was the wrong leg!'—Also girls, it's time for dinner. Come on now, or we won't get one of Lizzie's tables, and she's the only one of the waitresses who loves me enough to bring me both pie and pudding!'"

Under the stars that same evening, Patsy and Nell were swinging in a hammock on the roof, and Patsy retailed to Nell the afternoon's conversation.

"If stage conditions are so bad, why do all the girls stick to it?" she asked.

"Because we're crazy!" grinned Nell. "We think we're great!—With the possible exception of Anne. We have seen others struggle as we are doing; and then, out of clear skies have come wonderful opportunities, and they have made good. So we keep on, hoping and struggling, and hoping some more. Being women, we all know that we have great emotional possibilities. Do you want to play emotional parts? But why do I ask? Of course you do."

"Not for a year or two," said Patsy modestly; "I want to learn to act before I attempt a real part. You see while my people objected strenuously to my going on the stage, I know that they expect a lot of me, and I've got to make good. I mean to play everything that comes along, and gain experience *galore;* and then, when my big opportunity comes, I'll 'know my business' as you girls say; and won't fall down hard!"

"So you'll learn to act by acting?" said Nell. "My dear, you'll learn the technique that way—and it's an important factor in your art. But it's nothing without the greater things;

(Continued on following page.)

Music And The Rural Community

(*Continued from page* 46.)

way would be to form a little singing society to give entertainments and take advantage of the musical interest already roused in the neighborhood by the phonograph. The school teacher soon found that his particular community contained an abundance of latent musical talent, which was merely awaiting development, and he was delighted with the eagerness shown by young and old in helping the movement along. He prophesies that by the end of the present year he will have in existence a very commendable community organization. An important outcome which he also anticipates is a decline of denominational prejudice in that particular community since the effect of the mingling of the young people from the various churches had been to make them know and like each other better and to give them a common interest of an illuminating kind.

As has been said, the development of reproducing instruments and other aids to the cultivation of a knowledge of music makes the task easier than it has ever been in the past. The person who gives the matter thought will soon realize that music has its practical benefits and that the direct application of the art to certain social conditions may become fruitful of good results. At the first glance, it might seem paradoxical for one to baldly assert that music can have a direct bearing on farm labor and agricultural production, yet in essence there is nothing fantastic in the proposition. On examination, it is obviously true.

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The Moth And The Footlights

(Continued from preceding page.)

above all, human understanding—what Balzac called 'the life of art.' Dear Kiddie, you must learn to act by living! Look at Margaret—the only one of us who is a real actress; she has known all the sorrows and the pain—and the joys. So if you would be an artist, *live* with all the human that is in you!"

"Is it really true?" questioned Patsy, as if she were half-afraid to hear the answer, "what the girls say—that opportunity can be *bought?*"

"Yes, Honey—it is—but, Anne and Margaret to the contrary, notwithstanding, I hold to my belief that it may be bought with other things than money—with talent, with hard work, with untiring patience. Why, we have only to look at some of our beloved stars to-day, to know that they achieved their success fairly and squarely."

"Thank you a thousand times for saying that, Nell. I won't mind learning by suffering—really I won't 'blubber'—but I couldn't earn my opportunity—"

"Unfairly? Neither could I, dear. Bless you, I know its faults, but my ideal of the stage is a high one! I feel that I'm rather a quitter, in that I'm going to leave it. Yet, I am doing no good to others or to myself in acting my little parts. I'm not great enough. I'm not big enough mentally to everlastingly rise above the disappointments, the humiliations, without being desperately hurt. Margaret 'sticks,' because she is an artist, and the love of her work is the big thing in her life that makes it worth living—when there's nothing much else to live for. Anne 'sticks' because she can support herself and her mother out of what she makes—she's the money-making kind. I have 'stuck' up to the present because I never quite lost my first stage-struck love of the dear old dusty behind-the-scenes. But something bigger has come into my life, and changed its course. I'm going to be married, you see."

An hour later Patsy knelt by her bed. She had knelt to say her prayers; but she was thinking—thinking excitedly of the morning and all the other mornings—and what they would bring forth. "Obstacles? Of course! What game easily won, was ever worth the winning?" She clasped her hands and whispered: "O God—I want to be a great and a good artist—and true—above all, I want to be true"

Then she crept into bed and fell asleep. And again she dreamed of the footlights and the clouds; and the fall from Heaven! And she woke up, crying, "Mother."

And somewhere in a little town in Canada, a little gray-haired mother was lying in the darkness, pouring out her heart in tenderest love: "Into Thy Hands, O God—into Thy Hands," her heart prayed.

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Volume Fifteen — WILLIAM G. ROOK, President, Toronto — Number Six

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November Will Be The Big Victory Loan Number

Special articles in this issue will bring the thought of our readers to the importance of the second Victory Loan. The columns of "Canadian Home Journal" will be loaned to the interests of this great movement, and the strongest appeal possible made to our readers at this vital period in our national history.

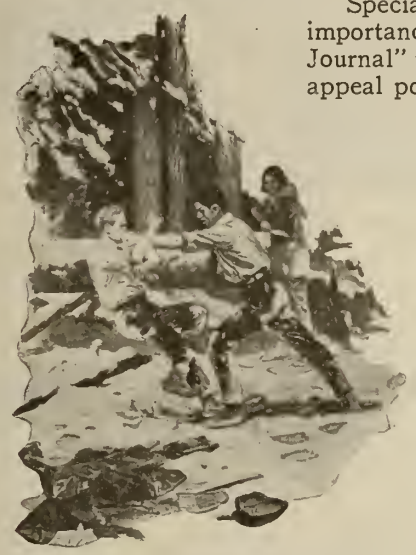


Illustration for "The Younger Brother" drawn by Norman Price

FICTION

"The Younger Brother," by Mazo de la Roche, will be published in the November number. Illustrated by Norman Price.

Theodocia Pearce has written a charming story, "The Peacemaking Perambulator," in which we follow the fortunes of a little Italian miss with the old family heirloom—a hurdy-gurdy. Mary Essex illustrates this story.

"The Trust of Shelley Carman," by Blanche G. Robbins, one of the best of this gifted young writer's stories, will appear in the November number. The life story of a certain promising young surgeon, his failure, disappointment, disgrace, but ultimate victory form the basis of this thrilling narrative. Against the advice of the whole world Shelley Carman believes in him—was it that faith which worked the miracle?



Mazo de la Roche who wrote "The Younger Brother."

WAR SKETCHES

An interesting page of sketches has come from Estelle Kerr, who is in Paris doing war work. These show Belgian refugees, quaint figures, men, women and children, gathered about a table; soldiers of several branches of the service; aviators with caps at rakish angles, and a picture of refugee mothers. This collection will be reproduced in the November number.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

"Give us more stories!" clamor the young people. In the November number a big surprise awaits them. Watch for it.

The cover design on the November issue is drawn by Frank Downey, a Canadian artist, whose work will continue to appear in "Canadian Home Journal."



COOKERY

"The Many Uses of the Lemon" and "Try Steaming Your Food" are the two Cookery articles by Marion Harris Neil to appear in November.

"My Best Idea" page will contain twelve of the best housekeeping suggestions our thirty thousand readers have to offer.

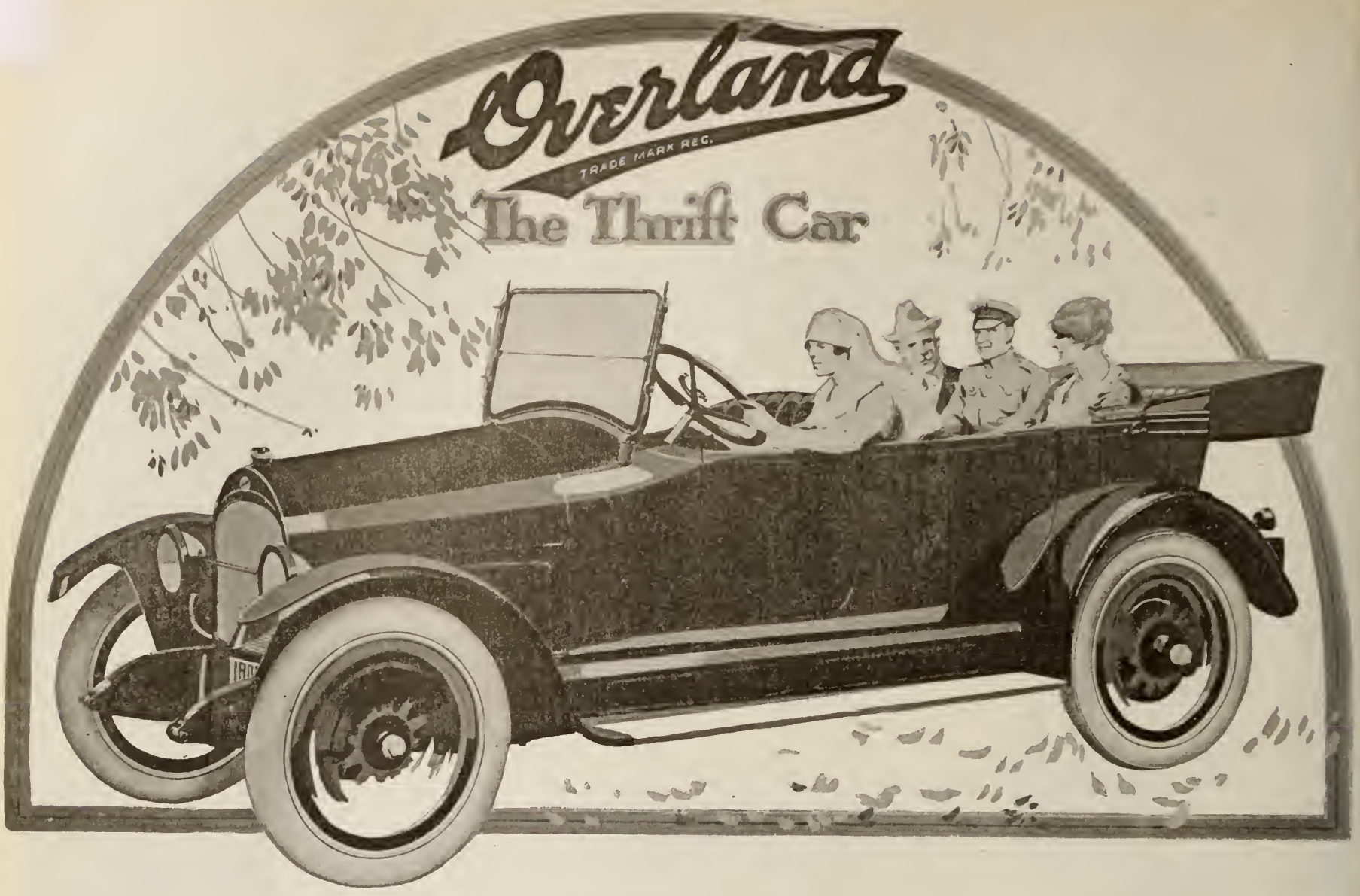
WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

In this issue of "Canadian Home Journal" there is a report of the splendid work accomplished by the Brampton Institute. In the November number there will be a complete account of the community work done by the Galt Institute. The community idea has been carefully studied by this society, and the work accomplished along this line should interest every Club woman in Canada.

Do not miss the Prize offer on page 64 of this number. Your suggestions mean dollars to you. Turn at once to page 64 and read about these prizes.

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For War-Time Saving and Serving

Canadian soldiers overseas are willing to give their all. Here in the Dominion there are men and women with the same feeling.

There *is* a way to make the most of your life; a way to *multiply yourself* as it were; a way to save time, gain time, and to do the increased work per day that is so mandatory for victory.

Others are making themselves more useful with the help of their efficient Overland Model 90 cars. Their days are fuller of good works accomplished, their energy not wasted, their time not dissipated.

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Canadian Home Journal

EDITORIAL

OUR AIM

TO publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome, and truthful.

To be a leader in thought, and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To, as far as possible, publish and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature, and their own country, with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.

Thrift—A Policy for Canadians. The war is teaching Canadians the need of thrift. The desirability of this quality has always been generally admitted, the wise of all ages having enjoined it. But in the years immediately preceding the war too many had forgotten this, as they had forgotten much other sound teaching. To this get-rich-quick age thrift had become a rather old-fashioned method of accumulating money.

This great struggle, which has upset so many pre-war notions, has demonstrated that, in money matters, the public is not quite as progressive as it used to think it was. It is now being realized that it is not sufficient to make money, but that expenditure must be so regulated as to produce a surplus. In other words, to save is the matter of chief importance. By this means only can we, in a pinch, help either ourselves or the State. Saving is necessary for a protection against old age, failing health, or other adverse conditions; it is necessary also as a means of assisting the nation in times of national peril such as the present. Thus Sir Thomas White and other public men, to whom the country looks for leadership in national finance, are exhorting the people to save. From one end of the Dominion to the other the cry goes up, Save! Save! Save!

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The "Rainy Day" Will Come. Some say, "Save, in order to prepare for the rainy day." This is good advice, for assuredly this kind of weather will come again. Canada, for a young country, has had her full share of rainy days, nor does one have to be old to know this. It cannot be denied that the war has made the Dominion prosperous, and, unless some effective method is devised of letting down gradually our at present highly keyed up and abnormally developed war industries, a serious depression may result. If the huge plants that are now producing prodigious quantities of war supplies can be set at work producing things for ordinary consumption the rainy days may not be numerous. But the thought to be kept in mind is that no one knows what may actually happen after the war, so that there is but one policy to adopt—prepare for a few rainy days. In other words, save what you can. Even if, in an industrial sense, things go fairly well, you will be so much ahead. The money saved will be earning you something and you will feel the better for having reduced your expenditure.

"What can I save?" someone may ask. "My earnings are small and, even if I did save something, it would hardly be worth while when hundreds of millions are wanted." In the first place, there is hardly any person working for wages in Canada to-day who can honestly say, "I can't save anything." Wages were never as high as they are now. True, the cost of living has increased; but, for most persons, there is still a considerable margin for saving. Indeed, if you can't save to-day you never will do so. If you have the will to save you can save. Over $1,000,000,000 has been spent on war munitions alone in Canada. Think of what this has meant in wages. Consider also the high prices paid for grain and farm products generally. Surely the farmer can save! Surely the manufacturer and his workmen can do so! Never before were the dwellers in the cities, the towns and the country so equally benefited.

The work of reconstruction will need a great deal of capital, and Canada can provide this only by the hearty co-operation of her people.

Saving is Popular. Saving to-day is easy because the conditions of life favor it. Not only is it considered the right, but the popular, thing to do. Indeed not to do so is to run contrary to that which is expected of every good citizen. The person who wastes is denounced on every hand, while the person who saves is commended.

To save at all times is good business, because, while money is earned with less effort than formerly, its earning power is much greater. A dollar invested to-day usually brings a much higher rate of interest than it did before the war, for money is in greater demand and the prevailing high rate of interest will continue while the war lasts, and indeed may go higher. There is thus every inducement to save. So it is good policy to save and invest every dollar one can in first class securities. The advantages of such investments will be more apparent after the war than they are to-day; for while the rate of interest which these investments carry will be maintained as long as they last, the purchasing power of this money will be increased as prices fall. That is, after the abnormal demands caused by the war cease, a dollar will buy more.

Save now, for in doing so you are capable of rendering Canada and the Allies a greater service than ever before. Money, and plenty of it, is needed to carry on the war. There is no likelihood of there being too much of it; if anything, the supply will not be equal to the demand. In proportion as the magnitude of the offensives assumed by the Allies increase the stronger will be the demand for money. Nothing less than a complete victory will satisfy the Allies, so that it may confidently be expected that Canadians, with the people of the other allied countries, will be called upon to a greater extent than they have been in the past. No cause could be nobler. Money now saved will go to defend both Canada and the cause of civilization as we know it.

From the standpoint of the Allies this is not a war of conquest. The revelations that have been made since the outbreak of hostilities in July, 1914, have demonstrated beyond question that, in declaring war, Germany deliberately plotted against mankind. On her part it is a war for the extension of her dominions, for the increase of her wealth, power and influence. To launch it she had not only to break the most solemn treaties, but had also to violate many of those conventions which, by means of international law, the nations had, in the course of centuries, laboriously built up, and which, by restraining barbarism, had, through numerous wars, preserved civilization. It is to defeat this monster of organized brutality in the form of Prussianism that the Allies fight. And it is to help sustain them that Canadians are, in a measure, called upon to save. Was ever money consecrated to a better cause?

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"Serve by Saving." Considerations of humanity and self-interest, regard for the nation and the individual, should induce all to exercise thrift, to save. Whether they are at the battle front or not, all must serve, and those who remain at home may serve through saving. They must do so, for Canadians have to bear their own financial burdens. In no other way can our war industries be kept going, or the surplus of our farm products, over those required for home consumption, be disposed of unless Canadians themselves through their savings provide the money for the purchase of the same. The Allies are prepared to take them, but only on credit.

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For the Best Music of the Greatest Military Bands

Ratta — tat — tat!

Sharply the leader's baton raps out its signal for silence. Faint and far, unreal as a dream, the silvery voices of elfin bugles call. Purer, sweeter, nearer and clearer they come, and the flutes join now in full-throated chorus. Enter the drums with a distant trample that grows to a menacing snarl, then a roll and a roar with the blaring brass in crashing fortissimo.



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Truly, the Columbia Grafonola is at its musical best when it plays these glorious fanfares of military music. And Columbia Records give you all the most inspiring numbers of the greatest military bands.

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To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, TORONTO

The Bird In The Bush

By
CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE.

A French Canadian Story by the Author of "When Beggars Ride," "Bachelors' Wives," "The Turning of The Lane."



"He had almost proposed again on this occasion."

FOR ten long empty years, Annette Boileau had been true to an ideal. For over half that length of time Rodolphe Savard had pledged himself to a lost cause. At least, Annette forbade him to hope, and his patience was almost animal in its pathetic devotion. They were the best of friends, a relationship accepted by Annette as the most natural thing in the world.

Rodolphe proposed at irregular intervals, and these outbursts were accepted by her with a due regard for Rodolphe's feelings and a certain vague stirring of her own.

"I tell you, Rodolphe, I lak you very moche. But I love only jus' wan man. Hees nam' it is Armand Collette. I t'ank you de sam', Rodolphe, but some day I mak' de mariee wit' heem an' he mak' me Madame Collette." Her reply was always the same, and she would clasp his big brown hand in her smaller one and smile upon him ravishingly but without coquetry.

"But, cherie, Collette he's gone long tam—he's dead, mebbe. I don't lak see you t'row you'seff lak dat—I love you very moche—I wait long tam. De bird in de han' heem wort' two in de bush." Rodolphe's fine dark eyes would hold her own compellingly but always was her answer the same.

"Ah, ma frien', but I see only de bird in de bush—it is hees song dat I hear—an' so I wait—till Armand come back."

For ten weary years Annette had waited and now Armand had come home. He was back on his father's farm at Jacquet River, and to-night there was to be a dance at the Collettes' in honor of his return. Early in the morning Lucien Dussault had passed through Rabbit Town extending invitations on behalf of his father-in-law, Rene Collette.

Annette could not have analyzed her feelings had she dared. At first her heart had stopped beating for a brief moment and then the blood rushed through her body in burning waves, suffusing her face and ending at her finger tips in tingling arrows of flame. She had not questioned Lucien, and he had passed on his way with a cheery "Fait beau!" She stood at the gate and watched his rickety cart as it disappeared among the pines. Far below, the Restigouche shone in the morning light. The distant murmur of the pulp-mill came to her in sounds strangely unfamiliar. On the far side of the river rolled the blue Laurentians, with Tracadie Gasch in deceptive nearness. It was the same outlook that had greeted her eyes for years, and yet it was different. Suddenly it had changed. No longer commonplace, it was like some wondrous dream-world come true. The houses in the village below seemed transmuted to gold in the bright November sunshine.

Her own face, too, had undergone a change. In her eyes shone a gladness that for years had been supplanted by an appealing wistfulness. She had waited so long. Only seventeen at the time of his departure, she had consecrated her youth to a memory. She never doubted but that he would return to her, and although he had never written she did not question his loyalty. From a slender girl she had developed into a very beautiful woman. Her admirers were numberless, but no matter how eligible or how attractive, she regarded then only as stop-gaps in her pursuit of happiness While the remembrance of Armand Collette filled her heart she had eyes for no other. She recalled every feature of his handsome face—his full red lips with their winsome smile, his curly hair that seemed so dark against the whiteness of his brow. She remembered the dancing lights in his black eyes, the boyish toss of his well-poised head. His words lingered in her heart like flowers which, brushed against, hold one in thrall by their clinging sweetness.

For Annette there never could be any other. She was intensely fond of Rololphe in a quiet, unimpassioned way. She liked to have him near her. It was a keen joy to go sleighing with him in the cold winter moonlight, well-wrapped in buffalo-robes, the jingling bells making music in their hearts. It was a pleasure to watch him smoking his pipe on bitter nights when the wind howled down the chimney and the box-stove roared a pæan of cheerfulness. Rodolphe was good to look upon, and with her great love for beauty, she would study his mobile face, the slender curves of his fine chin, the oval cheeks with their glow of youth and health. Once or twice as she passed behind him she had smoothed his brown hair, and once she had printed a light kiss upon his forehead. It was all done with the carelessness of a child, but it had set Rodolphe's heart beating with a wildness that could have been heard had the stove been less boisterous. He had almost proposed again on this occasion, but Gran'moder Boileau had come into the room at the moment and taken her chair by the fire.

Redolphe was the catch of the town. In fact, he was sought after as far as Charlo and Eel River Perfectly at home upon the water, his lithe grace as he leaped from log to log, pole in hand, attracted the envy of the youths and the adoration of the girls. He could play the fiddle better than old Simon Larocque, and wiggled his concertina with an abandon derived, first-hand from a Swede on one of the tramp schooners.

Most of her friends deemed Annette a fool for refusing Rodolphe. To them Armand was but a myth, or the faintest of memories. None dreamed that he would ever return to claim Annette and make good the promise given to a mere child.

But he had returned at last, and the years of waiting were at an end. Annette found it hard to go back into the house, to take up the common duties of the day—a Monday especially. A smell of suds filled the tiny kitchen, and Gran'moder Boileau was bending over one of the tubs. The other awaited Annette's strong young arms. She did not sing as usual, but a crimson fire burned in each of her beautiful olive cheeks. Visions of Armand danced before her eyes. Already she could feel the warmth of his kisses, the tender security of his strong embrace. After his sojourn in the great outside world he would be more wonderful than ever. Her worship, her surrender would be intensified in proportion. At a knock upon the door she trembled with gladness, but the swift beating of her heart was stilled by the frowsy head of Emilie Martel, which appeared at the kitchen door.

During the day other neighbors came and went. Few had heard more than the fact that Armand had returned; they were anxious to glean further particulars, but Annette could tell them nothing. All day she expected him, but it never entered her heart to resent his tardiness. He had some good reason—of that she was sure. In good time he would come to claim her, and how glad would be her surrender! Only now did she begin to realize how long had been the waiting, how weary the loneliness.

Late in the afternoon she went into her little room and looked over the treasures she had put aside for her wedding and her home. They were trivial and of little consequence, but to the girl they were the outward and visible signs of an inward and truly spiritual grace. So unselfish had been her love, so unwavering her patience, so altogether beautiful her sore-tried loyalty. She knew

(*Continued on page 35.*)

On The Kootenay Trail

By ERIC A. DARLING.

Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck.

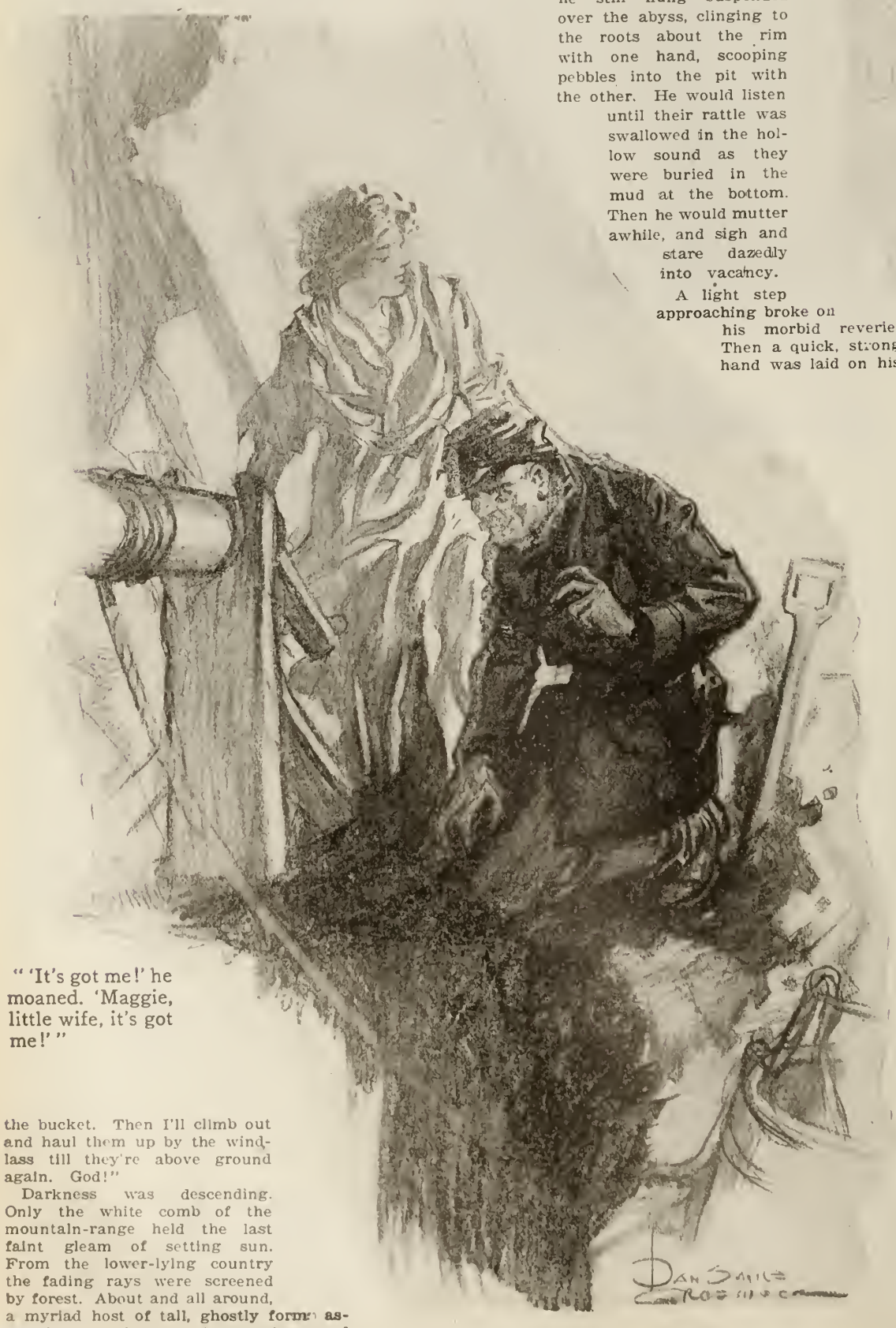
Why Two Men Did Not Fail. The Story of A Woman's Heroic Endurance in The Gold Regions of The North

THOUGHTFULLY, the man turned the pebble over and over in his hand. His hand trembled slightly. Then he shook from head to foot, as with a sudden aversion, and cast the stone from him. It curved in a wide arc and vanished noiselessly in the gaping gullet of a shaft in the mountain-side.

Looking, the man shuddered again and soliloquized mutteringly: "God! Is there anything a hole in the ground can't swallow!"

It would seem that the little grey stone was attached to him by some invisible cord; it tugged at his heart with irresistible power, even though vanished. It possessed for him something of the weird fascination an image of insensate metal holds for the heathen, who set it up and worship, calling it a god. Presently, he dropped forward on his knees and crawled slowly to the rim of the shaft, clinging to the salal roots about the edge, head and shoulders thrust out and downward into the blackness of the yawning depth.

"And to-morrow," he went on, musingly, "to-morrow, I'll go down there and shovel them into the bucket. Then I'll climb out and haul them up by the windlass till they're above ground again. God!"



"'It's got me!' he moaned. 'Maggie, little wife, it's got me!'"

Darkness was descending. Only the white comb of the mountain-range held the last faint gleam of setting sun. From the lower-lying country the fading rays were screened by forest. About and all around, a myriad host of tall, ghostly forms assembled slowly, growing whiter and more ghostly as the daylight passed, marking indelibly the pathway of some ancient forest fire. Slowly, slowly the dye of the vine maple deepened until it splotched the landscape like clotted blood. From some sylvan depth a bird trilled with low, liquid notes, calling to its mate. Far up the mountain a boulder suddenly loosed and crashed its way down. The resulting roar came to the man's ear in a faint, yet vaguely-disturbing echo. He started, rousing, and looked to where its progress was marked by a grey dust-cloud.

The sun dipped and was lost behind the far-off peaks, over which a grey gloom descended. Immediately the thin air of the foothills sprang up in a chill little breeze. It breathed icily about, sifting through the man's clothing and touching his flesh with a thousand needle points, tipped with the frost-barb. Unheeding, he still hung suspended over the abyss, clinging to the roots about the rim with one hand, scooping pebbles into the pit with the other. He would listen until their rattle was swallowed in the hollow sound as they were buried in the mud at the bottom. Then he would mutter awhile, and sigh and stare dazedly into vacancy.

A light step approaching broke on his morbid reverie. Then a quick, strong hand was laid on his shoulder. He shrank under its touch, crouching back on his knees away from the shaft, plunging his face into the palms of his trembling hands.

"It's got me!" he moaned. "Maggie, little wife, it's got me!"

The woman glanced once at the hollow shaft, then dropped on her knees beside him. She dragged his hands down from his face and stared into the depths of his eyes.

"What's got you, Jerry? What are you talking about, boy?"

"The country — the working all day alone in a black hole, month in and month out, the terrible monotony of it, and then—failure! —It's got me!"



"Looking, the man shuddered. 'God, is there anything a hole in the ground can't swallow!'"

He shivered, and she pressed his cold hands to the warmth of her cheek.

"You know, then," she said, gently, "that the mine's no good? You've satisfied yourself about that? You're willing to give it up at last?"

He turned his head away and let it hang despondingly, as though there was an unbearable sting in the very mercy of her eyes.

"I've known it for months," he faltered. "Yes—months and months. But I can't break away from it. I can't let go. I hoped with the hope of a fool for ages, but that went from me long ago. And still I keep on shovelling gravel into a bucket and hoisting it to the top. It seems as though there was nothing else in the world to do. As if I could make it pan out by keeping at it and thinking —thinking gold—gold—gold! I always think of it while I'm shovelling broken quartz—think until little wriggling stringers like brass nerves dance before my eyes, wherever I look. And all that ever came of it was a splitting head. There's nothing in the mine. Ha! Nothing in it? Everything's in it. Every cent—yours and mine. All the things you and the kids might have had, should have had—a real home and clothes and school—they're all in it —in that black, cursed hole. And I can't let it alone. It's got me by the throat. It drags me back every day. It won't let go."

He drew long shuddering breaths and made as if to rise. The woman placed a hand on his shoulder and drew him down beside her again.

"The children are at supper in the cabin. We can't talk before them—and we must talk." There was an odd tenseness in her voice; it rose to a tone that was almost shrill with some powerful inner emotion. "It's not much of a shock to me to learn the mine's no good," she went on. "I've known it from the first. I begged you to stay out of it, but your mind was made up, Jerry, and I gave in to you against my better judgment. Now, I'm not throwing that up to you, not a bit of it; we all make mistakes, and some bigger ones than others. I'm just reminding you of it so's you can see what it's up to you to do. I gave up everything I had a right to; staked my little all on a gamble I didn't believe in. Now the showdown's come, and there's nothing left—but you. So it's up to you to make good, to turn yourself to account. You've got your hands and trade and the brains God gave you. Use them! Make up to us for what we've lost. You can't afford to let your mind and body go to pieces, sitting on a rock-pile and chucking pebbles into a hole in the ground. And you can't put gold into quartz if it isn't there. The Almighty reserved that pleasure for Himself. You took our chances in life and gambled them away in a game of pick and shovel. Now you get busy and straighten up and earn us some new chances.

"You say the country's got you! Bah! That's worn to a frazzle—that excuse. Every tramp that's too lazy to work drifts to the woods and says he's 'following the road,' or 'the country's got him.' If it's got you—how about me? It hasn't got ME, simply because I wouldn't let it, wouldn't give it that satisfaction. Don't you know the institutions for the insane are full of women who heard nothing

(*Continued on following page.*)

ON THE KOOTENAY TRAIL

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

but the wind moaning in the trees, always that, like lost souls wailing, until their poor minds broke? I fight the country and its loneliness, fight, fight, fight! I owe it to the children not to let the country get me. And you can't let it get you—because you don't belong to yourself alone, you are ours, all we've got, and you owe us—yourself. What you've got to do, and at once, is get out of here and earn us a decent place to come to."

He was staring at her with wide-opened, startled eyes.

"What do you mean—get out of here?" he asked, stupidly. Then, thoughtfully: "How can I? There's no market that I ever heard tell of for stones and dead timber. And that's all we've got to sell. You don't seem to understand that the last cent we had is buried forever in that hole. There isn't even the price of fare for you and the kids to get back to town."

"I'm not talking about us just now," she answered. "I'm talking about you. You can get out, can't you? You can walk to Franz, and from there you can sign on with a section gang, if there's no other way."

"And you and the kids—"

"Will stay here and wait."

"Alone?"

"There's no other way, Jerry."

There was something ineffably tender in her shrewishness now it had passed. The man rose to his feet and drew her gently to him. She was small-proportioned, but even in the descended darkness something resolute and capable seemed to radiate from her, in the way her black hair crinkled back from her high white brow, in the lift of her lithe body, in the quick play of her hands.

"If you had only scolded me out of it before, Maggie, when I first wanted the mine; if you only had!"

"Your heart seemed set on it. It's the first time I ever held my tongue, and I promise it'll be the last. And I'm scolding you now, Jerry."

He took her face between his hands and held it there, looking long into her eyes.

"Very well, little woman, I'll go," he said at length. "And I'll be back by mid-winter for you and the kiddies. It won't take me very long to make good, with you waiting and expecting and counting the days. No, it won't take me long to get on my feet."

"Dear, if I wouldn't let the country get myself—do you think I'd let it get you?" she whispered, as he kissed her.

Together they made their way slowly towards the speck of light that marked the distant cabin.

. . . . . .

The south wind shifted north, and the soft rains of autumn chilled first, then froze to cutting sleet. Gradually the snow from the peaks crept down over the foothills, filling the hollows, levelling the hills till the landscape was but an even blur of white. The silver forest shook out an icy garment, that caught and held trembling the light in shimmering penumbra against the sun. Behind the little cabin near the mine, the mountains magnified themselves in the crystal of the air, merging with heaven, glacial, magnetic and bitterly superb. In the canyon, the river, sheathed and muffled in its bed, snored grumblingly, like some hibernating demon. Silence, so profound as to rival the very solemnity of the unceasing pageant of day and night, permeated the frigid ether, sat on the frosty fastnesses, spinning at the web of eternity. It was winter—in the mountains—winter, with the mink and the marten leaving queer trails across the sheeted earth—the lynx screaming from the rocky caves and the wolves howling dismally.

In the cabin, the woman's face was whiter now, and on it rested the seal of isolation, of a loneliness that was of the soul and mind and heart, and of a fear that comes from the quiet of far-off places. Unbidden it had come, unbidden it rested there, the stamp of the silence.

"It's one thing to send the man you love away," she whispered with trembling lips into the soft sweet neck of her baby, "and it's quite another to have him gone, and have to live without."

At times a hunter or trapper would come out of the forest depths, on snowshoes or skis, and glimpse the smoke of her cabin. Then there would be a little flurry of cooking, and an exchange of venison or bear meat for coffee and cookies. Occasionally, Old Man Warder, a pocket miner from across the ridge, tramped over to replenish her woodpile. During his visits the children herded noisily about him. And when he left they hung shrieking to his boot-straps until their mother called them off. Then he would be gone. And Silence would take up the thread again, and resume her spinning at the web of eternity.

It was on a night in mid-winter; the woman sat by her kitchen-stove, on the floor beside her the tub in which the weekly ablutions to her brood had just been administered. She was weary, and welcomed rather the physical fatigue that tugged at her back. It meant instant sleep on retiring, and a blessed release from the haunting fears that tormented her waking hours. She rose, and emptied the soapy water at the door. As a child recoils at the dark, so she shrank from the dead quiet that met her, and slammed and bolted the door, hurriedly. Then she leaned against it, breathing hard, listening. There was no sound. She returned to the chair by the stove and held shaking hands out gratefully to the warmth.

Then from the door sounded a low tapping.

She sat rigidly erect, her hands still stiffly extended toward the stove. And the low tapping came again. The shot-gun stood behind the door; she reached quickly for it and locked her fingers about the breech. Again the insistent tapping came. It would scarcely be Old Man Warder. He had visited them only a few days before. Moreover, he always came in early morning, and heralded his coming from afar by a tuneless whistle. It might be a hunter or trapper, come to ask direction. But why this panic, this nameless terror that chilled her blood and raced the beat of her heart?

She threw the bolt back and flung open the door. A man staggered into the room and dropped into the chair she had just vacated. He seemed not to notice the gun. He seemed scarce to note her presence. Some inner emotion gripped him, and rendered him oblivious to all other things. He sat there, eyes rolling horribly, jaw sagging as if already dead. The hands he twisted together about his knee were blue with cold, but he did not hold them to the fire. Under his thick clothing his frame appeared to have shrunken rib to rib, chest against spine.

He coughed hollowly. "I'm Cole McCrew," he mumbled, absently, then stopped, searching his mind for missing details. Presently he went on: "I live up the canyon—fourteen miles. I come to tell you—something."

The woman kept her eyes on him as she backed into the room where her children slept. She groped for a chair, found and dragged it into the kitchen, closing the door between. She placed the chair before the door and seated herself, facing the visitor.

"I come to tell you something," he reiterated. Then he turned to her a face that twitched like a grimacing shadow.

"I want to tell you, so you'll see to the—remains."

She felt the nerves at the roots of her hair coil and creep like snakes; her fingers about the gun tightened their clasp. The man sat in a huddled heap by the stove, his body slacked together like a crumbling ruin, his hands clasping and unclasping his knee He did not look the man to have done murder—and yet, the atmosphere of some sickening deed seemed to emanate from him.

The woman nerved herself and leaning forward threw her whole strength into the gaze she levelled upon him. "Remains—what remains—whose, and where?" He shrank back, his collapsed body tumbling away from her. Only his eyes ceased rolling in their sockets and the twitching face grew still.

"There ain't any remains—yet," he whined petulantly. "I come to tell you—and now you won't listen."

He subsided again into himself.

"Yes—I'll listen. Tell me quick—whatever you came to tell." The insistence and impatience of the shrew was in her tone, and under it the man squirmed uneasily.

"Well, I'm a-goin' to, ain't I?" he whimpered. "Goin' to tell you about Nellie. Listen! Nellie"—he turned and peered suddenly into the dark corner behind him, and lowered his voice to a whisper—"Nellie's been dead—ten years. I was goin' to marry her." He stopped, listening to something that the woman heard naught of. Presently he went on with an odd abstraction: "'Course we loved each other—mighty. I used to be a sailor—promised to give it up for her—went on a last cruise, we was goin' to be married when I came back—and when I came back she was dead. She'd had her clothes all ready, an' she left a note a-sayin' she was sorry. Didn't seem nothin' mattered after that, so I come to the woods. Couldn't bear the sea no more—anyhow, I'd promised her to give it up. An' Nellie knew. The first anniversary of the day she died, she came to my cabin door and smiled at me. Most folks would a-thought it was a deer nibbling my pot-tops, but I knew it was Nellie, and she thanked me and loved me with her eyes. Then, next year, 'twas a partridge-hen—and one time like a cotton-tail—and once like a she-bear. I caught a trout once—and when I went to pull the hook outer its mouth—I seen Nellie lookin' out of its eyes. After that, got so's I was afraid to shoot anything, for fear I'd harm Nellie. I took to livin' on bacon from the store—couldn't be comfortable eatin' the wood-critters.

"She comes once a year, regular—in winter, always—when it's cold and still-like. She come today—that's why I'm here.

"I was readin' an old newspaper, an' I had the kettle on the stove, singin' so's to break the silence. I'd read the newspaper every day for a month—but old readin' 's better sometimes than new thinkin'. Well—I was readin' when I heard a funny sound—an' it worn't the kettle boilin' but something that buzzed an' hummed close around my head. I starts to read mighty fast and turned the paper a lot, rattlin' of it an' pretendin' I didn't hear. Pretty soon along comes a fly an' lights on the paper. An' I was scared 'cause it ain't the right time o' year fer flies—with the world froze stiff to the rim. It h'ists itself in the air an' circles about my head, buzzin' in a familiar sort o' hum. I knew that hum—so—when it come back to the paper, I just holds it still an' listens and looks at it crawling 'round. For then I knowed it was Nellie—flusterin' and a-fussin' with the cold. I talks to her—but she don't answer none, and when I reaches out my hand to touch her she flies away and don't come back till I'm quiet.

"I begs her to talk—just a little—tell me how's

(*Continued on page 70.*)



"A man staggered into the room and dropped into the chair she had just occupied."

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

A Rose Enchanted

A Fairy Story For All Ages

By VIRNA SHEARD,
Author of "The King's Opal," "The Queen's Tear-Bottle," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE.

IT was old Betty of the flower market who told me this story—old Betty with her crinkly white hair, and her winter-apple face; her red Connemara cloak and cap with the flappidy white ruffles.

Betty said it was her grannie she got the story from; and her grannie got it from her grannie, and so on back and back to the very King and rose it is all about. He was an Irish King Betty said. For there were kings in Ireland in those days and fairies and grey elves and little people who had no name, but lived under the black thorn bushes, mostly.

I asked Betty if the King in the story was Brian Boru. This seemed to worry her a little, so I hastily withdrew the question, and said it did not matter. But she said, "Sure, and it does matther mavourneen, an' it might have been Brian—I dunno. It was just one of them ennyway that lived in them ould foreign days whin there was fairies around thick as daisies in the grass—fer those that had eyes to see them.—Ay, fairies, an' warlocks an' little green min an' the rest av thim! An' the things happened as I'm telling ye—though it ain't jest aisy to give names an' dates.—So kape whist an' listen—or I'll be tellin' ye no more!"

And this is the story, though I couldn't write into it the beautiful brogue of old Betty, nor her "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" as the tale unwound bit by bit—business allowing—there under her big umbrella beside her flower stall in the market.

Part I.

Now there are three kinds of fairies—according to old Betty—just as there are three kinds of people.

Firstly—those who are almost perfectly good. Secondly—those who are almost quite bad; and thirdly—those who are like "the little girl who had the little curl," and possess characters composed of a fascinating mixture of good and bad.

The fairy princess, Jewelette, of Betty's story, was like that little girl. Sometimes she was good and sometimes she was horrid.

The fairy king, her father, and the fairy queen, her mother, never admitted that she had been spoiled by their own over-indulgence to her whims and their doting admiration; they simply said that she was made that way.

But in their hearts they were often troubled over the princess, for they themselves were in the almost perfect class, and would fain have had her there also.

To them a sense of duty was not as O. Henry says, "that dull, leaden, soul-depressing sensation it is to so many of us." Far from it. To this fairy king and queen it was an uplifting and exhilarating feeling, and they always joyously hastened to perform whatever it dictated—unless it happened to suggest that they correct the princess.

With their little daughter, however, a sense of duty did not seem to count at all.

While she did the things she liked to do with delightful zest and eagerness—no matter how difficult they might be, the things she did not like to do she simply didn't do, to the consternation of all and sundry.

Yet even fairies have to learn to do the thousand and one things that fairies alone can do. They do not arrive in fairy-land a finished product of knowledge and attainment. Even there, there is no royal road to learning. The royal roads are all left to the bees and butterflies and beetles and their like, whom God has gifted in some mysterious way, so they are able to perform the tasks set them just as well the day they come as the day they go. But the bees make honey now as they made it in the days of Job. They apparently have added nothing to their knowledge; and the butterflies and beetles and their brethren the ants do the very same things over and over in the very same old way they did them in the Garden of Eden. It is as if they had attained perfection too soon, and too easily. So, all things considered, both fairies and people should be content to leave the royal roads to them, and continue to struggle happily along the upward paths that lead to the new and beautiful.

One way and another the princess Jewelette managed to learn a good many things, yet she grew up at her father's court like a wild rose "set round with wilful little thorns."

She was so lovely to look at, and so merry withal —(when things went right)—that the fairies of every rank and age were attracted to her as flowers to the sun. But her moods were variable as the wind—her temper set aflame with a word, and to be near her was like being out in April weather,—one hour might be sunny, and on the next none could say where the lightning would strike or the rain fall.

The fairy folk far and near gossiped about the future of the Princess Jewelette and agreed that the king and queen were to blame for having spoiled her originally sweet nature.

With her to wish for, was to have, and that is the best receipt in the universe, the fairies said, to create a selfish spirit.

And the little princess was selfish, horribly selfish, as well as imperious and haughty at times.

She desired the best of everything for hers ", first and last. As a rule this was conceded to her naturally, and then all was merry as a May-day. But on those occasions when she was expected to take a second-best—whatever form that second-best happened to take—she would turn suddenly into a little fury, and vent her rage on the unoffending fairies nearest at hand.

These deplorable outbursts of temper, roused often by some trivial cause, such as gaining only second prize in a game—or having to give up her place near the throne to s me royal visitor—and things of that kind, were most upsetting to the peace-loving courtiers, and they made way more and more for her, and tried to smooth out all the crumpled rose-leaves that lay in her path.

Now, when they all played games in the fairy ring the little princess was always proclaimed winner. No one's rose-berry ball ever came through the last bent grass hoop and hit the tall mullein stalk, in their games of croquet, before her rose-berry ball. No fairy ever swam round the moon-lit lily pond and caught the tame silver-fish until she had accomplished this feat. No one ever found the green and gold elf—who was so like in color to the green and gold mustard plants he could hide among them for hours—until the princess had found him, though all held that the elf helped her, by joggling the plant he was under.

No, it was not in a few things the Princess Jewelette wanted to come first; it was in everything.

It is not easy to be the most alluring, the most clever, the most accomplished, the most beautiful and the most all-round successful person at any court, but little by little all these advantages were conceded to the princess as by general consent, and therefore things ran smoothly except on rare occasions when some fairy, whose spirit was not equal to the strain, ventured a protest.

For in the hearts of them all resentment burned hotly. They longed to occasionally beat the princess at some of their games. They desired greatly to sometimes say something brighter than she did, or to out-distance her in one or another of their sports. But they put out these inward fires as best they could. In the case of the fairy maids-of-honor they were extinguished usually with floods of tears shed in private.

Still their policy did not change, for it brought the greatest good to the greatest number. So they outwardly maintained that no one in all the world could at any time or at any place, or in any way surpass their own Princess Jewelette. This she perfectly agreed to and everything was lovely.

But the King and Queen were no longer happy. With keen insight, they saw that while all the court and the fairies throughout their kingdom gave every homage to their child, in their hearts they did not give her love.

And so, though she got all else out of life that seemed worth having, she missed its very essence of joy.

It was not hard to catch the fleeting expression in the eyes of the little maids-of-honor, when the princess was particularly selfish; nor the half-concealed smiles on the lips of the courtiers when she was unbearably imperious. None of these things escaped the King and Queen any longer, and they were amply grieved by them.

Now in this country lived a very old fairy who was godmother to the Princess Jewelette. Wise was this old fairy, and of vast experience in the ways of her own folk, and also of mortals.

Indeed, she had almost reached the age when she would be made over into something new, for that is what happens to fairies as well as people, old Betty said. As this fairy had been kind and good during her length of sunny days and moonlit nights, she hoped she would be made over into a mortal; but even if she were only to be a perfectly new fairy again, with shining wings and a strong light little body, and a rose-tinted radiant face, she felt she would be content. But to be a fairy and to be old, does not seem consistent—and the Princess Jewelette's godmother was growing tired of it.

So she sent her messenger, a grey elf, to the court of the King and Queen, and he told them she was coming to see them and divide between them (and some odds and ends of friends and relations), the jewels she had gathered together in her long life. For even fairies cannot take jewels across the border of one life and into another.

The royal pair listened to the grey elf with sorrowful faces, for they loved the ancient fairy and were not anxious to have her changed or made over in any way.

The little princess listened to the grey elf also, but her face was not sorrowful. It was only gravely attentive.

"Are you not grieved, my daughter," said His Majesty, "that your noble godmother feels the time is near when she will depart from us, only to return in some form we perchance may not recognize?"

The Princess Jewelette looked up with unshadowed eyes.

"Indeed, my father," she replied, softly. "I think she is very old and tired. She does not care to dance in the rings, and it is a long time since she floated across the lily pond. Now she only dips in the water at the edge, and then her attendants wrap her about closely and carry her away. I do not think she flies any more over the golden mustard fields,—they dazzle her eyes. All the color and strength has gone from her wings, and they are no longer lovely to look at. I think she is very old and tired, my father."

"That is true," said the King. "But what then? Are there not many to wait upon her and do her bidding? Where is there another with her wisdom and knowledge both of our land and the land of mortals? Where another so patient and gentle withal? The older she grows, the sweeter she becomes to my mind, and in her lovely eyes is the light that time cannot dim. There is much that you might learn of her, my little daughter, before you wed some gallant prince and leave us."

"She is very old," repeated the princess again. "What is there left for her to enjoy? I can think of nothing."

The King turned to the Queen with a swift glance. Their eyes met and she answered his look.

"There is Love," he said. The princess smiled absently, as not noticing any rebuke.

"To me it only seems wondrous sad to be so ancient," she remarked with a little sigh.

"Peradventure it would be, my dear, if one remained forever so," said her mother. "But with the God-of-All-Things there is no old age. There is only change. It is so great a mystery, this law of change; but it is a law for all alike. Yet in our own hearts is the power to make all change beautiful."

The little princess threw out her hands in protest.

"I do not understand a word you say, mother mine," she exclaimed. "Nor do I want to change in face or form or heart! If you loved me, you would not speak of such things." Running to the Queen she lifted her lovely face to be kissed, though she frowned as might a spoiled child.

The Queen caressed her and sighed.

"You are too young, methinks, to understand, sweetheart," she murmured. "Indeed, we would not desire you otherwise in face or form—only—only—"

(Continued on following page.)

A Rose Enchanted

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

"Only what?" questioned the princess, quite radiant again.

"Only sometimes we would have you a trifle kinder, sweetheart, or more thoughtful of others," her mother answered. 'But look! Look! Yonder comes your godmother and her attendants! Truly she is very feeble—so hasten to meet her my child! Hasten!"

The princess clapped her hands. "See mother mine!" she cried. "O see the dear grey elves bearing the jewel-box! I know it well. I think my godmother will divide her jewels to-day or the grey elves would not have brought them. I long to see them—the wonderful, wonderful jewels!"

Fluttering her silvery wings, the little princess fled across the garden.

Her godmother walked totteringly and by the aid of a tall ebony cane. Now and again she paused and leaned on it and then her little court of attendants awaited her pleasure.

They were all afoot, having left their coaches harnessed to green grass-hoppers, without the garden wall.

The ancient fairy wore a short quilted petticoat and scarlet cloak, beneath which were folded her weary wings. Upon her head was a white ruffled cap, and upon that a high black steeple hat.

Most of her following were grey elves, and they, too, looked old as grey warped twigs or the lichen on weather-beaten trees.

Six of them carried a black box studded with silver nails, and the weight of it bore them down.

The little princess alighted beside her godmother and caught her face that was like old carven ivory, between her two soft young hands.

"Dear Godmother," she exclaimed. "Now this is kind! But you are very tired—you should not have made this effort to come and see us! We could have gone to you so easily."

"True," said the ancient one, shaking her head. "But you do not often come, my dear, and I could not wait longer. I near my end. The end of all this,—" she finished vaguely, lifting her ebony cane and sweeping it around with a trembling arm. "So at last I said I would come myself and see you, and also divide my jewels among those here who are dear to me."

The grey elves tugged at the black box and the little princess helped the ancient fairy onward. The King and Queen came now to meet them, and all stopped beneath the shadow of a great tree.

Queer green twisted chairs were scattered about. A sun dial stood near pointing its finger eternally to the hours, and a fountain sent its rainbow spray high into the blue air. Below the terraced garden a lake sparkled as sharply as beaten silver in the late afternoon sun, and three black swans swam slowly around it, and then slowly around again.

The ancient one was given the seat of honor beneath the shadowy tree, and the King and Queen, the Princess Jewelette and all the fairies of the court, gathered near her, while the grey elves sat cross-legged on the grass and watched,—which is what the grey elves always do when there is anything to watch.

After all had been served with nectar and ambrosia and honey and little white rolls, and when all the pleasant gossip of the court had been talked over, the ancient one lifted her ebony stick and beckoned to the grey elves who guarded the black box.

"Bring hither my treasure-chest!" she commanded in her quavering voice. "Bring it hither, and undo the lock. Prithee—be nimble!"

The grey elves did her bidding swiftly and the black cover of the silver-studded box was lifted.

All the fairies, even the King and Queen and Princess Jewelette, gave little cries of wonder and delight, for it was as if the sunbeams and moonbeams and dew-drops of a thousand years had been imprisoned in the black box and crystallized there into jems of flawless beauty.

And there were pearls that only fairies of the sea can find—pearls tinted like the white mist of dawn when the sun first shines through it,—and there were opals iridescent and mysterious—the wonder stones of the world. But strangest of all the jewels was a string of moonstones that wound in and out among the others, gleaming softly as moonlight on snow. For well they all knew that this string of moonstones held a magic none of the other jewels possessed, and brought to its wearer a charm which drew all hearts to them. Otherwise the necklace was of little value, for moonstones may be picked up on the tropical seashore on any quiet night. The ancient one lifted the jewels out, each lovely ornament by itself, and placed them upon a low table by her side. At last only the string of moonstones remained in the bottom of the box alone. There it shone faintly as though it were overlooked and forgotten.

The little princess gave one swift glance at the jewel-laden table, then turned and gazed down into the black box, the pink coming and going in her bewitching face, and her blue eyes growing dark as purple pansies.

After that one swift glance, she did not look at the table again,—though none seemed to notice this.

With trembling hands her godmother arranged the jewels to her liking, while all the court watched in silence.



"Then, I implore you, give me the moonstones."

"My dear ones," she said at last, "the time has come for me to set my affairs in order, for soon—very soon—I depart. Only the God-of-All-Things knows whither I go or how I shall return. These," her old hands fluttering towards the gems, "I will need no more. Therefore, it is my pleasure to divide them among those I love.

"First, O blessed Queen—take what you desire from those here beside me. Then His Royal Highness is to choose—then my god-daughter. All the maids-of-honor are my friends, they are to choose next. Ay! All are to choose what they will except the Lady Mayblossom, whose grandmother was my dearest friend. For her I have chosen my own gift."

The Lady Mayblossom, who was sweet as her name, crossed the lawn and stood beside the ancient one. Her eyes were misty with tears, for she dearly loved the fairy godmother.

A little tremor of expectancy now ran through the waiting group, and the grey elves who sat cross-legged on the grass and watched, bent forward, pricked up their pointed ears and listened also. But they made no sound, for the grey elves are dumb.

"Approach, dear Queen!" quavered the ancient one, "and take what you will from among my jewels!"

The Queen stepped softly forward, bent her head and kissed the faded face of the old fairy.

"Why," she said, "an you desire to have it, I will, dear godmother—though it hurts my heart to do so. Indeed, and truly I will love whatever you give me, in that it has belonged to you—and I will guard it well." Then lightly, and as though the choice were of small moment, she chose a collar of pearls, and bowing again, withdrew.

The King then came forward smiling as though he would humor the fairy godmother in her whim.

From the table he took a ring of chased gold. It was heavy and unlovely—but it was a wishing-ring, and the King remembered hearing that one wish still remained within its magic power.

The ancient one smiled back at him, then slipped the ring on his finger herself.

"Wish wisely, dear friend!" she counselled. "Seven wishes had the ring to give, and six are gone. Not one has brought joy. Look you! I also still wear upon this palsied hand a wishing-ring given me long ago. He who gave it bade me not to part with it. Three wishes has it had to give. Two have I used, and they have brought me naught but grief. The third remains, but alas! I fear to use it. Therefore, with the ring you have chosen, wish wisely, dear friend. Wish wisely!"

The fairy king laughed and bent to kiss her hand.

"Peradventure I, too, shall fear to wish," he said. "But should I brave it out, I will remember your words, O kind one!"

Then the little princess drew near, her starry eyes shining and her face dimpling with smiles.

"Choose, my love!" said her godmother. "The most beautiful of my jewels are still here."

The princess caught her breath quickly and clasped her hands together. She glanced once again at the glittering array on the table, then turned to the open black box at the ancient one's feet, and without hesitation pointed into it with one rosy finger.

"I would have the string of moonstones, dear godmother," she said.

The old fairy rose from her chair slowly and steadied herself by the ebony cane. Her face changed from its tender serenity to a sternness that became terrifying.

"Perchance I did not hear aright," she answered, after a moment's silence. "But if so, then hark ye! The moonstones are not for you, my child. Choose from the gems upon the table!"

The little princess opened her pansy dark eyes in wide astonishment, and drew herself up to her full height, with a certain gesture of disdain the fairy people of the court knew well.

"Not for me, dear godmother?" she replied with cold gentleness. "Then this being so, I decline your other jewels. But I pray you answer me of your graciousness—do you yourself wear the necklace of moonstones into that new country of change whither you journey soon?"

"Nay, verily!" returned the ancient one. "To fairy-land we come without jewels, and we leave it without them."

The princess nodded assent, and her face lost its color and grew white as snow.

"Then I implore you—give me the moonstones," she requested softly.

Her godmother leaned towards her, her hands folded on the crotch of the ebony cane.

"Little princess," she said, "of all my gems, I love the moonstones best, though they are of small worth save for the charm they bear. Also, of all my friends, I loved best the grandmother of the Lady Mayblossom. For this reason—and others I care not to explain—I give the string of moonstones to the Lady Mayblossom."

Bending down, she lifted the necklace from the black box, and turning to the maid-of-honor who stood beside her, frightened, and as though ready to fly, the old fairy reached up and clasped the

(*Continued on page 23.*)

The Husking Bee At Maxwellton

Which Decided The Location of A Church and Caused Two Old Fashioned Courtships.

By JEAN BLEWETT.



Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE.

"It's all over," says Amy, giving me a vicious hug. "The church goes just where the old one did in the valley, and Drusilla marries the man who loves her."

AUNT ATHOL has told us so much about her beloved Maxwellton neighborhood that we begin to fear she has come to the end of her chronicles. But not so. The night the wood fire for the first time this autumn, crackles gleefully in the wide old fashioned grate she draws forward her rocking chair, takes up her knitting—the last of the two hundred and fiftieth pair her hands have turned out for the boys at the front—and there is that in her face which tells us she has a story ready. All she needs is the coaxing we are quite willing to supply.

"How would you like to hear about a husking bee?" she asks, and searches our faces with her shrewd eyes.

"It hasn't a romantic sound," comes in dubious tones from sweet sixteen on the hearth rug.

"This particular husking bee settled a church quarrel, and, incidentally, the love affairs of four persons!

. . . . . .

It seems only yesterday that Tracey came, stalking in as Drusilla was getting supper—an extra good supper on account of young Widow Darling being with us.

"The visitor has come," says he, addressing himself to Drusilla, and giving the rest of us a careless nod.

"You mean the man who belongs," speaks up Amy Darling, who is so pretty nobody minds her pert ways—unless it is Tracey, She surely seems to have the faculty of ruffling his feathers. Tracey, mind you, is nice-mannered as you'll find, country born and bred, but well educated. Poor, like all the Traceys and lately so touchy of temper I hate to see him heading for our house. He answers Amy Darling without taking his eyes off Drusilla, which is the most aggravating rudeness a woman can endure.

"I said visitor," he persists—"spell it with a capital if you like."

"Jealous old thing!" her laugh is so soft and merry it makes you forget she's grown up, and accountable for the outlandish things she says. "You're afraid the first thing that handsome cousin of yours will do after his long absence is to fall in love with Drusilla."

When I see a big man angry with a little woman, especially a blue eyed little woman, I'm always sorry for him. He is bound to get the worst of it.

"You say too much," he tells her, glaring at her.

"See too much, you mean," she flings back at him quick as a flash.

"Dear me! Didn't we have enough of war without you two fighting continually?" Drusilla wants to know. "I wish you wouldn't flare up at nothing at all, Tracey," she goes on, buttering one toasted muffin after another and putting them on the table. "Every time Amy comes for a nice little time with us you drop in and make yourself disagreeable. Ask her pardon like a good boy—and draw the chairs up."

"I don't want her pardon," he fumes; "all I—"

"He has it anyway," laughs Amy. "He can't help his temper; it was wished on him."

"Kiss and make up like good children," goes on Drusilla in that nice drawly voice of hers, and with that Tracey looks at Amy, Amy looks out of the window, and both their faces get red. Properly ashamed of their bad manners, I suppose.

"I'm to blame," when Amy pretends to be meek I always scent mischief. "I've an evil disposition and can't help twitting on facts—when there are facts to twit on." Tracey says a bad word under his breath, but not so far under that I do not catch it. And that boy had as good a mother as ever lived! When I tell Drusilla about it later she only laughs and says: "Oh, it's just their fun! They don't mean anything!" I let it go at that. Being the little old maid of the house, with nothing much to do but knit and look on, I see heaps more than busy Drusilla does.

While Tracey is still glaring at Amy, and the girl at the grate toasting the very last muffin, who comes sauntering up the path and in at the side door—side door, mind you—but the Visitor. He shakes hands with me first, telling me I haven't changed an atom in dear knows how long.

"Neither have you, Amy Rohan—I beg pardon, Mrs. Darling—unless to grow prettier." Then he walks on to the fireplace.. "Hello, neighbor!" says he, laughing down at Drusilla. "You're the changeling. Where's the braid that hung down your back, the braid you decked with bows? Now that I get a good look at you, I don't believe you're you at all."

"You haven't set eyes on me for ten years," she reminds him, and puts on an extra plate and cup in her slow, quiet fashion; "that's a long time."

"I was home before starting for South America, six years ago," he argues.

"But I wasn't," says she. "I was studying music in Toronto, a good fifty miles away."

"Do you mean to tell me I was fool enough to go off without hunting you up? I was so full of business—at thirty a chap is sure there's nothing under heaven so important as making a fortune. Here's Tracey so full of work he refuses point blank to go shooting to-morrow. He'll be older and wiser some day. I'm going to sit by Auntie. Serve us first, Drusilla. Age should be respected—what?"

It is pleasant to have him round again. He is a good talker—a good looker, too, in spite of the fact that his bushy hair is white as wool. Drusilla reminds me later that all the Murrays turn white under thirty. He doesn't exactly make eyes at Drusilla, but he looks at her often enough and long enough to make poor Tracey scowl, and Amy Darling smile. You never saw two people with so much to talk about. She's read volumes on South America, and he—well, when a man has been five years in a strange country, he can tell lots of queer yarns without any danger of being contradicted. Like the poet's Travelled Parson, he sets sail for other shores, toting Drusilla along, or rather towing her behind, leaving the rest all gaping after them. I never notice how put out Tracey is till Amy begins to wave her handkerchief and call: "Good-bye friends! Bon voyage! Let us know when you land!"

Everyone laughs at her sauciness, that is, everyone but Tracey, who looks as if his supper disagreed with him. By and by he goes off home, hardly saying a civil good-night to any of us.

This is the beginning of lively times at our house. With Tracey as good as engaged to Drusilla, it is only natural he should be around a lot, though I must say he doesn't get much ahead of Bob Murray. We're expecting the latter to return to Montreal, where he's the head of a big grain business, but he seems in no hurry; says he wants to see a country autumn once more, when the chestnut burrs are opening and the maples on parade.

"I believe Tracey's jealous," I tell Drusilla, who only smiles. I tell the same thing to Amy, who doesn't smile—no, indeed—but flies off in a way that takes my breath.

"Of course, he is," she flames. "Any man proud as Lucifer and poor as he is, and always will be on that worn-out old hundred acres the Traceys have held for three generations, can't help being jealous. Drusilla is a catch—money to burn, and a lovely dear besides," she ends up with a sob.

"You don't think he'd marry for money, do you?" I ask, quite scared. "It seems such a low-down thing to—"

"And Druse with a complexion of peaches and cream! Oh, don't be silly, Aunt Athol!" she breaks in as cranky as you please. But right off kisses me and begs my pardon. She's a lovable little thing, in spite of her tantrums. She seems to sympathize with Tracey, but listen as I may—and I do listen—I never hear her give him a decent word.

However, I've not much time or thought to give to lovers' quarrels, jealousies and such foolishness these days. Maxwellton has a row on, a positive feud. The cause, I blush to say it—at least, I would blush only that I know I'm on the right side—is the new church. The old one was so badly damaged by lightning last summer it had to be torn down. Had served its day, anyway. The question is, shall the new one stand on Hardy's hill or in the hollow where the old one stood?

On the hill, declares the Hardy faction, which is composed principally of young folks. Naturally, we older and wiser folk aren't going to be dictated to by these hot-headed youngsters. In the valley the old church stood, and the old spot is full of tender associations, besides having the advantage in point of beauty.

The excitement of the Hardy crowd grows higher, and the rest of us are feeling like the Covenanters and martyrs of old, being harried and driven from the spot we love to worship in. You know how it is in a country neighborhood, where the church is about all people have to quarrel over. Every last one takes sides in the matter. The trustees call a meeting of the men, and the minister calls a meeting of the women—at least, he calls a prayer-meeting, which is the same thing. Also, he preaches a lovely sermon on peace and kindness, which those who need pass along to the rest of us. If anyone told me that friends of a lifetime would act like they do, I wouldn't credit it. And over a church!

A committee, made up of three men from each party, meets to talk the matter over calmly, by way of arriving at a peaceful solution of things. Peaceful! The meeting ends with the dear old minister feeling obliged to call a trustee "a stumbling block," and young Hardy telling the valley men he would fight them singly or all at once, if they weren't so blamed old and childish. Think of it!

Tracey is head man with the hill people, and has more to say than becomes him. He and I are none too friendly these days, though he still continues to court Drusilla in his moody way. Mostly I absent myself when he comes to the house.

Things get worse instead of better. Mr. Harper threatens to withdraw his subscription if the new church is built on the hill. So does Richard Hoidge; so do the Letson brothers and several more. This is at a public gathering, and Lawyer Sayers stands up and reminds them that nothing was said about hill or valley in the "promise to pay" notes when they affixed their signatures, and they'll have to pay. "We'll go to law," they threaten, and we

(Continued on following page.)



The Husking Bee At Maxwellton

(Continued from preceding page.)

feel there is trouble ahead, the others being so stubborn, and we so determined to uphold our principles.

"It'll end up with us not having a church at all," whimpers Miss Reid. "For land's sake, let 'em put it on the hill—anywhere at all, so long as we're not left heathens."

Right here a lull occurs, and, gazing 'round to find the reason, I see it is the Visitor. He is a beautiful speaker, and like most quiet men, not a bit bashful once he gets started. There were those among us (Maxwellton has a few Pharisees as well as other places) who had a lot to say about this last one of the Murrays, hinting he was next door to an infidel, but when he is through, they know better. He begins by telling how near the old home and the old church keep to the heart of a fellow who's out in the world, and goes on to remind them of the neighborliness which has prevailed ever since the first log house went up on the Squire farm in the valley, and the mate to it on the Maxwell farm up the hill, and how this same neighborliness has been left as a sort of sacred trust to us, along with the good name of the place.

Most of the folks are looking softened and a few 'shamed, but Tracey faces his cousin, spiteful as you please, and flings at him:

"We don't need any stranger's interference. You 'tend to your affairs, Bob Murray, and we'll 'tend to ours."

"Listen to me," says I to Amy Darling, on my left. "I cast that evil-tempered Tracey out of my heart, and—"

"Oh, what's the use of doing that," she interrupts with a queer break in her voice, "when he will be back in before you know it?"

Without letting on to hear the interruption, Bob Murray draws a picture of Maxwellton's first church meeting; of himself, a little lad between his father's knees, listening to the planning and praying (we've clean overlooked the praying at this gathering, the minister being absent, and nobody else in the humor); the sayings and doings of men and of women related to a lot of us, and loved by all of us; things—tender, heavenly things—said; worth-while things done; and how they fought the good fight and kept the faith. Then his big, earnest voice breaks in the lines:

"And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

Women are crying openly, and men on the sly. Young Hardy doesn't lift his head for awhile. His father was at that first meeting, and—

"There was a row that time," calls out Tracey, who seems possessed. "Half the people wanted the church to be built on the hill instead of—"

"So they did," breaks in his cousin gently, "and I'm going to ask a man we all look up to and love to tell us how they settled the matter in the good old days—Richard Maxwell."

Richard gets to his feet with difficulty, being in his eightieth year, and everybody begins to clap like mad. The emotion kind of sweeps us away from the fact that a quarrel is in progress. He turns his gentle old face on us, and we see there's grief in it and love in it.

"When I hear our people talk of going to law, I feel I have lived too long," he begins, and Miss Reid's whimper grows to a bleat. "We pioneers had our differences of opinion on this same matter, but we were honest men, and settled it in honest fashion. It was in the fall of the year, just such a fall as this.. Over on the Laidlaw place a ten-acre field of corn stood in shock, and the hill people and valley people agreed to hold a husking match, the side winning out to have the deciding voice. The valley people beat us fair and square, and both sides shook hands and went to work. We had no time for bickering and bitterness; we had a church to build before winter, and we built it. This has been a peaceful spot, with the blessing of God resting on it." He held up a trembling hand. "May we have that blessing still!" he ended up, as though pronouncing a benediction.

"I notice that the Laidlaw corn is in shock," one of the women remarks meaningly, and in a minute the young people are crying: "Husking match! Husking match!" Our folks catch the fever, too, and "Husking match!" is all we can hear for awhile. Finally it is settled that each faction shall be represented by one man, the winner to name the site of the new church.

"Tracey!" yell the hill people. "We choose Tracey. He's the one to wake you up!" Whereupon ensues a halt in affairs, nobody seeming to care to face the champion corn-husker of Maxwellton.

"Well, I've about forgotten how to work on a farm," speaks up Bob Murray, "and am not so young as I used to be, but," with a grin, "I'll champion the valley side—at least, I'll give Tracey a try."

We're a little dubious. Bob looks too big and easy-going to be much of a hustler—all but Richard Maxwell. "You've a foeman worthy of your steel, Tracey," he exclaims, laughing to himself. "I remember a thing or two about Bob Murray."

The afternoon of the great match arrives, a fair one, with a breeze full to the brim of dried berry bushes, golden rod and all the pungent, pleasant autumn smells which make one's nose smart and eyes water. I'll never forget the yellowness of that day; between the sky, the corn, and the Balm of Gilead trees, the whole world is golden. The committee appointed to run the match is reinforced by the whole neighborhood. The principals are to husk the length of the long field and back. When they are half through the first row our man is behind, but he gains, and by the time they pull down their first shocks on the second row we all realize he hasn't forgotten his early training. My! how he rustles those long ears of yellow Dent out!

"He looks like a boy to-day," I remark to Amy.

"What else is he but a boy?" she snaps, looking at Tracey instead of Bob. "Poor chap!"

When they are half way down the second row Tracey is leading. "Wait," cries Richard Maxwell, "he will show you what he can do."

He does. All at once he gathers speed. There is a perfect whirlwind of corn about him. And he keeps it up, keeps it up! There is no staying with him. He comes up to Tracey, passes, leaves him farther and farther behind. Oh, how excited everyone is! It is too much for me. I slip off home, and shut myself in the back garden with the frosted morning glory vines and wizened asters.

At sundown the gate clicks, and Amy Darling comes in. "It's all over," says she, giving me a real vicious hug. "The church goes just where the old one did in the valley, and Drusilla marries the man who loves her."

"Which of 'em?" I says grimly.

"There's only one, you blind old dear!" she laughs, and makes to hug me again, but I ward her off. "There was another who, thinking money meant more than happiness, tried to make himself believe he loved her, but couldn't, because his heart belonged to somebody else, somebody not half so dear and lovely as our Drusilla."

"Why, you've never used him decent!" I scold.

"I know it," she returns shamefacedly. "You see, I thought so much of him, and he—he—" She breaks off, for the gate clicks again, and enter Drusilla, looking perfectly happy and perfectly lovely, and exclaiming:

"Bob wants your cream biscuits for supper, so please come and get the bake-board out, Aunt Athol. Don't go, Amy."

"I must," she answers with a laugh so sweet the brown sparrows stop quarreling and cock their heads to listen to it; "the vanquished one is coming around to my place for a cup of tea—and condolences."

THE END.

Sparks From The Food Board's Anvil

By ISHBEL M. ROSS,
Educational Division, Canada Food Board.

THE harvest is over. The call for increased production has been answered in right royal fashion by the people of Canada and the hard-working farmer and his wife, as well as the city dwellers who have helped them, can now survey with satisfaction the results of the strenuous days and weeks they put in earlier in the year when they could scarcely see their way clear to the end of the season, with labor short and a greatly increased acreage to handle.

However, their toil has not been in vain. The Canadian harvest is a just matter of pride, and credit is due to all the men, the women and the boys who have had a share in wresting the riches from the soil. It has been the first year of farmerettes for Canada, and they have undoubtedly proved their worth and given their novel occupation a definite status in the Dominion. The farmer regards a farmerette with less suspicion now than he did at the beginning of the year. He knows her to be "all right," tried, tested and not found wanting. Next year she will get a welcome both from the farmer and his wife. But she will get the warmest kind of a welcome if she knows how to milk cows and make butter and cheese. Experience has proved that the farmers, in seeking feminine assistance, ask first of all: "Can she milk cows?"

. . . . . .

Too many mothers look upon milk as a drink, without realizing that it is essentially a food. While down in New Hampshire recently, where the food organization is so excellent that it is renowned throughout the States, Mrs. Jean Muldrew, domestic science expert of the Canada Food Board, came across an interesting experiment which went to prove just how valuable milk is as a food for children.



FOUNDER OF EMPIRE DAY.

Mrs. Clementina Fessenden, founder of Empire Day, a patriotic movement that became nation-wide, died at her home in Hamilton on September 14th.

She was visiting the food centre in one of the larger cities in New Hampshire. On restricted premises a young woman was daily demonstrating the food value of milk and converting it into cottage cheese and cream cheese. In addition, she was distributing literature pertaining to war foods and helping those who went to her for advice. Walking along the street Mrs. Muldrew was suddenly arrested in her progress to speak to Paul, a small child of about eight years.

"I purposely paused to let you see Paul," said her companion. "He is one of our interesting cases. Some time ago I found him late at night on the street, his face all broken out with malnutrition sores. It was easy to place him, as he was a pupil in one of the grades of the school where I teach. I spoke to him, asking him why he was out so late, and finally got him to tell me what food he ate. He was then about seven years old. His breakfast was a cup of strong coffee and a piece of bread, his dinner a cup of tea and some boiled cabbage and at night he ate anything he could find—usually a piece of bread. This was his diet throughout the year. I got him to go home and next morning we took up his case. He was a Russian. We decided he must have milk. One of the teachers offered to supply a pint a day, and the grade teacher offered to see that he drank it.

"In less than a week that child's weight began to increase, and the sores disappeared from his face. He gained one and a half pounds a week and his mental capacity improved. Before long something occurred to take him from school and when he returned to us he had lost in weight six pounds."

Religion In China

By

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

KNOWING that one half of the world is always interested in what the other half believes, the editors of "Canadian Home Journal" have arranged a series of articles descriptive of various religions and beliefs with which Canadians generally are unfamiliar. It is to be distinctly understood that we in no way advocate or endorse any of these—the articles are published for information, not controversy.

RELIGION means such different things to different people that when religion in China is spoken of it is necessary to have some simple definition in mind. Let us say that religion is the way to God and we shall be able to understand it in the Chinese sense and perhaps in the Christian sense also.

For many people religion is a question of names, and this is the difficulty that causes so much separation. In different languages there is naturally a difference of names, but we know that bread does not change its nature by being called *pain* in French, *brod* in German, *pan* in Spanish or *pane* in Italian. The food remains the same. In religion many people have come to think differently and believe that God known by a Hindu or a Chinese or an Objibway name is a different Being, although we know that there is only one God and one Lord. It is true that the ideas of God differ in different ages and nations, but because the idea of God is different in one man's mind from that in another man's mind, it does not follow that there are as many Gods as there are ideas about Him. The Calvinistic idea of God differs considerably from the Arminian idea of God, but students of theology do not consider that there are two different Protestant Christian Gods on that account. Then when it is remembered that God is infinite and man's mind is finite, it will not be wondered at that many different ideas of God have gained recognition in the course of human history. Students of comparative religion are coming to the conclusion that only the ideas upon which men agree about God are of real importance. What is there, then, in the Chinese ideas about God and religion, with which we can agree?

At the Parliament of Religion held at Chicago during the great World's Fair of 1893, Hon Pung Kwang Yu was appointed by the Chinese Imperial Government to represent China. In his statement he said: "One may infer that the laws of nature and the laws of the spiritual world lie beyond the comprehension of all men but those endowed by nature with the spirit of wisdom, and can be understood only by those men whose intellectual gifts are far above the average. Under such circumstances," he went on to say, "any attempt to present before the people questions and problems that are incomprehensible and incapable of demonstration, serv s only to delude them by a crowd of misleading lights and lead them to error and confusion. On the other hand, everybody can understand what is said concerning the duties of life. Even men of the lowest intelligence do not find it difficult to know and to do them. As long as one fulfils the duties of life conscientiously, one has, in fact, followed the path of virtue, holding in his hands the means of securing happiness and keeping back misfortune. What harm is there if such a one has never heard of the laws of nature, or of the laws of the spiritual world, and does not know anything about prayer?"

This is a teaching common to all religions, and often enunciated in both the Old and New Testaments. Confucius, the great sage of China taught, in a note in the "Book of Changes," that "the Master Minds that ruled in ancient times instructed the people how to live in conformity with the laws of nature, and thus won their respect and confidence." The idea is that if one lives right and acts rightly, one shall presently come into possession of the truth. It is the idea set out in the parable of the sheep and the goats (Matthew xxv. 31-46).

"What are the duties of life?" asked the Chinese delegate and answered: "They consist of nothing else than that sovereigns should be humane; subjects loyal; parents loving; children obedient; husbands faithful; wives devoted; elder brothers respectful; friends true to each other. The three superior claims and the five social relations are grounded upon the necessities of nature and fully recognized by all men. The wise and the foolish, the high and the low, are equally bound by these ties. For this reason the intelligent portion of the Chinese people have always ranged themselves among the followers of Confucius, who may be said to have succeeded to the privileges of the ancient priesthood without adopting the practice of the great Teachers of the West in making religious worship the basis of their system of education."

This is a practical philosophy of life, rather than a religion in the ordinary sense, which Confucius propounded, and should not be difficult to understand. It particularly appeals to such an eminently practical people as the Chinese. It does not displace religion in the ceremonial, the devotional, or the mystical sense for those disposed in these directions, and the ancient faith is always available whether in the mystical guidance of Lao-Tze, in the ceremonial and ritual observances of Buddhism, or in the occult knowledge and wisdom that only the few aspire to have or to win.

Are there three religions in China, then?—it may be asked. Not any more than when in Canada, for example, one says a man is a Protestant, an Episcopalian, and an Evolutionist. In some respects these three classifications appear to contradict each other, but many people find no difficulty in reconciling them all in their own experiences, and would be amused if charged with having three religions.

What do the Chinese have to say about God?—will be the next question, and it can only be said that the average Chinaman knows no more about God than the average man one might stop in a street in Canada. One must go to the churches, the colleges, the universities for intellectual discourse on such matters; for the true knowledge and faith in spiritual things it is the few, pious, humble and devout, whether here or in China, who can speak of what they know. The theology of China is very ancient and very elaborate, and its philosophy is no more intelligible to the masses than that of Kant, Spencer, or Bergson.

Correctly to estimate the religion or religions of China it is necessary to understand first of all that the Chinese civilization is the most ancient on earth, and undoubtedly as many students knew it, an offshoot of the great Atlantean civilization which came to an end in the catastrophe of 9564 B.C., subsequent to which China appears to have become a shut-in nation, closed against intercourse with the rest of the world. Poseidonis, as the last remnant of the Atlantean continent is called by Plato which was destroyed at that time, was the source of the civilization of Egypt which also had no period of evolution or development, but sprang into existence as perfect in its beginning as at any later period. The same might be said of the civilization of Yucatan, of Mexico and other central American archaic nations. There was no evolution of those or of China in the modern sense. They were transplanted as the American is a transplantation from Europe. Their religion came along with them and nothing can be or has been added to their most ancient doctrines.

Prof. E. H. Parker declares that the Chinese people had no conception of "revealed religion" at all, and no word for religion; no "regular system of conscience, sin, absolution and so on." The only word for religion that is in use means "teaching" or "doctrine," and the word is applied to the "three teachings," Taoism, Confucianism, Buddhism. It must be evident, however, that if the only work for religion is "teaching," there must have been teachers, and the ancient tradition is very strong on this point. Both Confucius and Lao-Tze declare that they are indebted to what had been taught to their fathers in the old time before them. Prof. Parker says that both these authorities "borrowed almost all their distinctive politico-religious ideas from Kwan-tzs, or from the same source as Kwan-tzs did," a statement which sufficiently covers the ground. These "same sources" are the general sources of all religious tradition, the primeval revelation, or "Secret Doctrine," as it is called, thought by some to belong to central Asia; by others to have been known first in lands that now lie beneath the Pacific or Atlantic Oceans.

In one of the stanzas of the very ancient Book of Dzyan, translated by Madame Blavatsky in her book, "The Secret Doctrine," there occurs this passage: "Behold, oh Lanao! (student) the radiant child of the two, the unparalleled refulgent Glory, Bright Space, Son of Dark Space, who emerges from the depths of the great dark waters. It is Oeaohoo, the Younger . . . (whom thou knowest as Kwan-Shai-Yin). He shines forth as the Sun. He is the blazing Divine Dragon of Wisdom."

Kwan-Shai-Yin is the same that we know as the Christ, whose sign was the serpent or dragon, lifted up in the wilderness. It is stated as a commentary on the text quoted, by Madame Blavatsky, that "Kwan-Shai-Yin is identical with and an equivalent of the Sanscrit Avalokiteshwara." This is the universal Christ, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," of the Book of Revelation, or what is still more familiarly known as The Word of Logos, of the Gospel of St. John. It is only by some sects in China that he is anthropomorphized, or given human form and attributes. In one of these the feminine principle, he became Wwan-Yin, goddess of mercy, called the "Divine Voice." As the "Mother of Mercy and Knowledge" she is called "the triple" of Kwan-Shai-Yin, because in her correlations, metaphysical and cosmical, she is the "Mother, the Wife and the Daughter" of the Logos, just as in the later theological traditions she became "the Father, Son and (the feminine) Holy Ghost." It was only in China and Egypt that Kwan-Yin and Isis were placed on a par with the masculine gods. Perhaps it is necessary to say that these relationships and personalities were regarded by the ancient teachers as great and pure symbols by which to convey the knowledge of the Divine attributes, and so the motherhood of God was recognized in Kwan-Yin by the Chinese as fatherhood was in Kwan-Shai-Yin. "Esotericism," it may be added, "ignores both sexes. Its highest Deity is sexless as it is formless, neither Father nor Mother."

Without a knowledge of this background of the ancient Chinese religion it is impossible to understand the ramifications of later exoteric and ceremonial worship. Avalokiteshwara, which is the Sanscrit name of Him known to the west as The Christ is identical with the Chinese Kwan-Shai-Yin, "the Son who is one with his Father." The first of the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England suggests the "highest Deity" of the Secret Chinese and other teachings, "a Being without body, parts or passions." Kwan-Shai-Yin as the Word is the Maker, fashioner, or modeller of all things, and the Alpha and Omega of manifested Nature. One scripture says of Him, "the great Dragon of Wisdom is born of Fire and Water, and into Fire and Water will be all reabsorbed with Him."

His special birthday or memorial day is celebrated in the second month on the nineteenth day, and that of Maitreya Buddha on the first day of the first month, but the two are one. The explanation is that Kwan-Shai-Yin is expected to come again on earth. "He is expected universally throughout the East to appear as Maitreya Buddha, the last of the Avatars, in the Seventh Race." It is not so difficult to understand all this if we get rid of the idea that different names mean different things. In one of the temples his statue, which would probably be called an idol by some, is crowned with seven dragons, and above there is the inscription Pu-Tsi-K'iun-ling, "the universal Saviour of all living beings."

A joss-house is simply a church or, as the Chinese say, a God house. The word joss is an adaptation of the Portuguese Deos, God, it is said. The ceremonies of the Buddhist temple differ from those of the joss house, just as the Episcopalian and Presbyterian ceremonies differ, but the object is the same. The Confucians frequent the Shinto worship of the joss house where offerings to the "Star of Salvation" and the "Saviour of all living Beings" both in devotion and material gifts are made, and communion is held with the ancestral spirits. This means to some, the inner spiritual or ancestral self of the worshipper, the individual ego that incarnates on earth life after life until its experience and development are complete; by others the spirits of the dead who are attracted to the place of peace by the worship, the incense, the quiet it offers.

"Good fortune," says Yu of the Hsia dynasty, "attends a life ordered according to nature; evil fortune a life ordered against nature, as the shadow attends the body, or the echo the sound." The interference of spirits or other powers of Nature with men is only possible as such interference represents Nature's behests, and is the result of man's own disturbance of the natural equilibrium. A knowledge of Nature and of Nature's laws is only to be had by living in harmony with Nature.

"The Traditions of Tsoh" record that "in ancient times there were persons who were known by their singleness of heart, who were dignified in bearing and upright in life; whose understandings were such as to enable them to get at the inner meaning of things above and things below, whose wisdom shed light far and wide; whose sight was so clear that things appeared to them as if illumined by a strong light, and whose hearing was so acute that they could detect the faintest sound. Upon such the Divine Spirit often descended." Inspired persons of this character were called Chih, if men; Wu, if

(*Continued on page* 63.)

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS LEADS IN CANADAS VICTORY LOAN PICTURE

Story of the Filming of "The Maple Leaf Forever"

Motion pictures have proven to be of such educational value and their uses so unlimited, that one cannot fail to recognize their power and assistance when an educational movement is undertaken.

Is it any wonder that the support of the moving picture industry has been enlisted to help out the next Canadian Victory Loan drive, and to that end Douglas Fairbanks, who is possibly the most popular moving picture star, has been asked to lend his assistance, and is now busy filming a new play entitled "The Maple Leaf Forever."

Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and many others of equal importance in moving pictures, rendered wonderful assistance to the United States during the last Liberty Loan drive, and it can safely be said that millions of dollars were contributed through their influences, not only from a personal standpoint, speaking to large audiences in various cities throughout the United States, but in films made to show every person the necessity of buying bonds.

Douglas Fairbanks has always had the kindest of feelings toward Canada, and the Allies, and several times has stated that he was willing to do his bit no matter what it was or when he would be called upon. He has admired the wonderful work that has been done by the Canadian forces at the front and feels that it is as little as he can do to assist through his own line of business or calling to the fullest extent.

The new picture, "The Maple Leaf Forever," is now being filmed at Hollywood, California, the home of Fairbanks, and the moving picture industry. Douglas is also working hard on a new film for use in connection with the next Liberty Loan drive in the United States, and if one could look in upon him at his studio one might see him one minute conversing with John Bull and the next shaking hands with Uncle Sam. It is only another evidence of the wonderful co-operation between Canada and the United States and the length to which American citizens are willing to go to not only assist in matters of interest to the Allies, but directly to Canada and Canadians.

In the "Maple Leaf Forever," as in most moving picture stories much is left to be revealed when the play is seen. The outline of the story is as follows:

Once upon a time when all peoples dwelt in fancied security, Prussianism decided the day had come to destroy National Liberty. The world was too small to hold them both, and either he must fall, or she must die.

Assured by his servant, Propaganda, that the time had come to strike, Prussianism broke into National Liberty's home, plotting murder and arson, while Propaganda watched outside.

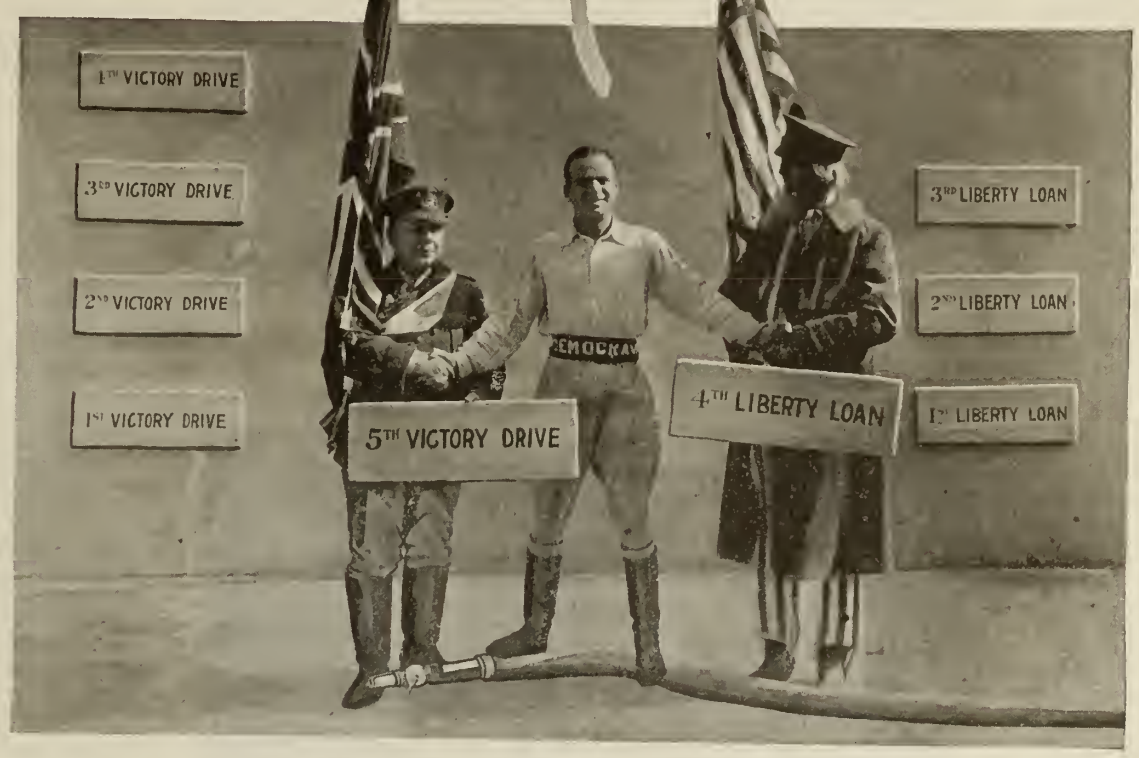
Prussianism ran rapidly through the house, and burst into the bedchamber of National Liberty. Stifling her cries for help he strangled and bound her, and then set about burning her home. But Liberty's champion, Democracy, was still to be reckoned with, and as her cry of "help," rang out he heard her, faintly, and although assured by Propaganda that there was nothing the matter, he ran to her assistance.

From the lower hall Democracy saw the smoke and flames upstairs, and rushing to the telephone, called the free peoples of the world to come to the aid of National Liberty. Springing up the stairs, he dashed through flames and smoke to save her from destruction. Prussianism, spreading the flames, saw him enter her room, and knowing his purposes would be defeated unless Democracy were killed, locked the doors of the bedchamber to get them both.

Democracy's call to the rest of the world was answered first by Belgium, then France, and soon these countries were fighting the roaring conflagration. Then Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and the other forces of Democracy arrived and were straining their utmost to quench the mounting flames.

Democracy gathered National Liberty in his arms and ran through the burning rooms to the doors. They were locked. Hurling his weight against them, he smashed them from their hinges. Prussianism seeing this, dragged forth from beneath his cloak a bomb of tremendous power, "Submarine Atrocities," and hurled it upon the stairs, down which Democracy had just started with National Liberty, Prussianism ran from the house as the bomb exploded, seeking a place of safety. Democracy and National Liberty retreated into an alcove, only to find the flames roaring at the windows.

(*Continued on page* 68.)



Fairbanks works impartially for the Victory Drive and the Liberty Loan.



The Allies unite in exterminating Prussianism.



Douglas and his "Pal."



Democracy overcomes Prussianism.



In Democracy is safety.

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

The Care of The Eyes

By DR. LAURA S. M. HAMILTON.

If You Value Your Sight, Give The Eyes Reasonable Attention

Intelligent care of the eyes is much more rare than one would suppose in a community of well-informed people such as the average Canadian community generally is expected to be.

Complete or partial blindness, or even defective sight, is such a handicap in practically every walk and occupation of life, that one cannot understand anyone caring to take even a slight risk on the matter.

Yet the most extraordinary risks *are* taken, first with the eyes of babies and children by those who care for them; and later by people themselves, not only by improper use of the eyes, but by the most extraordinary temerity in the buying of glasses, etc., from irresponsible and avaricious dealers.

The eyesight of little children in their helplessness is so frequently irreparably injured by the wanton carelessness, not to say cruelty, of those who are supposed to love and guard them, that one is divided between amazement and indignation at the wicked stupidity of what, as I said before, is supposed to be an intelligent society.

Only a short time ago I entered the house of an acquaintance in the city at a fairly late hour in the evening, to see the electric light in the hall—and it was a strong one—turned on, and beneath it, sleeping in its carriage, an unfortunate baby of less than a year old. The young parents were spending the evening with their friends, and I could hear the mother's careless laughter above me. To the lady whom I had come to visit I said: "So this accounts for the inflamed condition of that poor little soul's eyes, which I have so often noticed!" "Yes," she answered with a little sigh, drawing the hood of the carriage forward to shelter the child, "I have spoken about it often, but it is no use and only makes trouble. She does not think anyone knows anything about babies but herself." Even so, that is the spirit one meets continually, and when the good advice is taken, it is often too late to profit by it.

The fashion of taking babies and little children out visiting in the evenings is far too common, and the idea that because the child can sleep in a brightly lighted room it is therefore all right is quite erroneous. Think how restfully you would sleep if, during those hours when Nature mercifully sends us the soothing darkness, someone were to insist on filling your apartment with a glaring light. There are some of us who would treat such an intruder with short shrift were he thus to encroach on our sleeping hours.

And how frequently one meets with a baby in a carriage, generally so young a babe that it cannot turn itself or make its wants known, lying, possibly carefully tucked up, beneath a very pretty fancy coverlet, on its back, with its poor little eyes turned up to the brilliant blue of the sky or even the pitiless glare of the sun. Now, I ask you to try such a position yourself on a bright spring day, for example, before the sheltering green of the foliage is thick, and see how comfortable it is.

It is generally supposed that myopia, or "short sight," is an inherited malformation of the ball of the eye. Some of the latest authorities, however, contend that this is not the case, but that only the *tendency* to this wrong formation is present in the new-born babe or little child; that, therefore, children of short-sighted parents need not necessarily become short-sighted, unless they are placed in such environment as to cause the eyes to adopt that malformation towards which they have a tendency. On the contrary, if parents bore the fact in mind, such children might be safely carried through the period of growth, and educated to avoid the occupations and amusements that would induce this deformity. For instance, no child of short-sighted parents (or parent) should be allowed to use pencil or pen or in any similar way apply himself to close work before the age of seven years, and such work should be done moderately and under proper conditions only, after that age.

Injury is often caused to the eyes of older babies, from the time they begin noticing things, by the frequent pressing on their attention of pictures, etc., requiring concentration of vision that the eye at that stage of growth is incapable of giving.

Again, the keeping of children up late and having them for lengthened periods of time use their eyes with artificial light is most injurious.

Possibly the very worst form of this last is the "movies." Apart from any consideration of morals whatever, the detrimental effect of the lights, the moving picture, the crowd, and the nervous tension, not only on children's eyes, but on their whole physique, should effectually bar out "movies" from the indulgences (?) of the well-cared-for child.

Children in the country are less likely to suffer from short sight than those of the city, if we take into consideration only that they continually have to use their eyes for long distances, while the city child's range of vision is curtailed by walls and near objects. Also, the city child spends more time indoors at sedentary occupations.

All this on the one hand, while on the other, the schools of the city are well built and the lighting arrangements regulated with the utmost care according to the latest findings of science. Also, he is provided with good artificial light for his evening work or play, and in most cities to-day school nurses carefully report on the condition of the pupils. Contagious diseases, many of which have evil after-results to the eyes, are watched for and isolated with vigilance.

In the country, on the contrary, consideration for the children's eyesight, in putting in the windows of the funny little red brick schoolhouse that, in many cases, was built years ago, has been completely unheard of. The seating, the situation of the blackboard, the lights, the heating, all show as much intelligence in the mind of the builder and architect as the interior arrangements of most kitchens that are not strictly modern.

A woman physician, who examined the children of certain rural communities, told me not six months ago that in a particular hilly district she found scarcely a child of school age that had normal vision. She blamed it on the fact that the light slanted down over the hills, and some particular arrangement should have been made in the windows of the schoolhouses to allow for this. Can you imagine the average country school trustee, as you are acquainted with him, taking any such thing into his consideration?

This same district is one of the most exquisitely beautiful places, not only in the province in which it is situated, but comparing favorably with any similar scenery on the continent—a district where poets and dreamers might find birth, where not only mental but physical health might reach perfection, yet it is poor and unknown, and the majority of its inhabitants have felt only the narrowing effect of its glorious hills. Their eyes, by long custom, have never been opened to the beauty that surrounds and should stimulate them. So much might have been done by the schools of such a district, that has been left undone.

I cannot pass on from this phase of the subject without drawing attention to the fact that teachers and professors in our schools and colleges do not, as a rule, impress their students with the ordinary laws of health, possibly because they themselves are ignorant of them, and among these the care of the eyes should have a prominent place.

Nearly fifty per cent. of actual blindness, according to the latest findings of experts, is caused by the sins of the parents being visited on the children. A large amount of what is called in popular language "sore eyes" comes from the same cause. This also is avoidable, as I tried to show in my last two papers. The Provincial Health Department lately issued a bulletin anent this very subject, giving specific directions as to the care of the eyes of the babe from birth, in order to avoid this infection.

However, one must not put every case of inflamed eyes in the class of venereal infection, for muscular strain or a run-down condition of the general health will also cause reddened, inflamed lids, or even pus on the eyelids.

Any strain of the eyes from any cause whatever is apt to produce symptoms of illness to the lay mind too far removed from the eyes themselves to have any connection with them.

Headaches, almost beyond endurance in their violence, and unaccountable in their origin, accompanied frequently by a nausea that is completely misleading, may be wholly caused by eye strain.

Such a headache is usually worse at night, or after sightseeing or some similar occupation, and the seat of the pain is generally, though not always, across the forehead over the eyes.

The nervous conditions resulting from these headaches and the effects of the remedies used are often harder to combat than the trouble itself.

Such patients frequently have suffered from what they are pleased to term these "sick headaches" for years, and their digestion is spoiled and the general nutriment of their body inhibited by drugs prescribed for symptoms, without taking into consideration the cause of the pain.

Another very serious pitfall for such people is that of becoming "dope fiends" by using remedies for deadening pain, which, owing to their dangerous content, are all the time forging chains about their victim which will hold him in a prison worse than the pain he is seeking to escape.

For this reason, if for no other, if a condition of headache persists, one should never take remedies for that symptom prescribed by officious friends or greedy drug vendors, but should rather consult a good physician at once, and if he or she fail to at once diagnose the cause of the headache, consult a reliable oculist.

Yes, certainly, the latter will charge you five, possibly ten, dollars "for just looking at your eyes" and perhaps giving you a prescription for glasses that will cost ten or fifteen dollars more. And yet, oh, my penurious or perhaps just careful and narrow friend, won't you stop and calculate a moment just what your sight is worth to you? Does twenty-five dollars seem very much compared with the loss of sight?

And just here let me warn you with all the emphasis that I can to go to a regular oculist for that examination, and thence to the optician he recommends.

By a regular oculist I mean a practicing physician of good standing who has made a specialty of eye work, and by optician the man who makes up glasses from the doctor's prescription.

Ignorance regarding these things is so widespread that I want to make myself perfectly clear. People are curiously fearless about tampering with their bodies, and injury to the eyes may be fraught with such dire consequences that one cannot be too specific in warning against quacks.

I could give instances without number illustrating this point. A few will suffice.

A young woman came under my care medically. She was a delicate girl at all times, but, in addition to all her other troubles, had of late had headaches of a severity to completely lay her up for a couple of days at a time, when she would be so ill with all the symptoms of violent poisoning that she would require careful nursing night and day, and be a wreck when the pain and vomiting finally subsided. No remedy did more than alleviate matters. The attacks became more and more frequent. She was dependent on her own exertions for her livelihood, and, of course, could retain no position of any sort under such distressing circumstances.

At her first visit to me I had inquired about her glasses. She always wore them, and then she assured me she had just had them changed, had been to her own oculist, and had paid well for them, and they were quite comfortable! All of which, in politeness and ordinary courtesy, I was forced to give a certain amount of belief to. After watching a couple of her attacks, I became convinced that her eyes were accountable for at least some of the trouble. I told her so, and inquired where she had obtained the glasses she was wearing, to be told the name of a certain *optician,* not *oculist,* who had parlors in connection with a general store, which advertised optical goods at popular prices. I sent her at once to a reliable specialist, a personal friend of my own, who had done much work for me for years. Imagine the poor girl's chagrin when he told her that her glasses were entirely wrong, and of course worse than useless! The store optician was visited, and allowed her something like half the value of the glasses, but that was only because he feared there would be trouble made for him. After wearing the new glasses, the headaches subsided.

Later, I visited my friend the oculist, and in talking the matter over, I asked him how many cases of wrong-fitting glasses of the kind we had just righted he thought he personally had handled. To my horror, he answered promptly, "Oh, about two hundred." and then proceeded to add some details. He said, however, with that fairness which characterizes him, "Of course, sometimes they strike it right, and do good work, but they frequently don't."

The truth of this is that no optician, be he working privately or in connection with some other firm, can handle every case, for the simple reason that he does not know how, and so many cases are complicated that it is not safe to risk his work for a first examination. The difference between an honest man and a fake is that the former will say frankly, "This is out of my province; you must consult a doctor," while the latter will keep on experimenting, or if you are foolish enough to accept them, fit you with glasses at a higher cost for each trial, and let you go away to suffer, providing he has your money in his pocket.

Oddly enough, on the same day as the eye specialist and myself had had our conversation, when I left his house and took a street car, I met thereon a gentleman, an old friend. He belonged to one of the oldest families of Canada, cultured and wealthy. Being filled with indignation at the stories of wrong treatment I had just been listening to, I proceeded to tell him something of this fraud. He listened interestedly, and presently said in a slightly puzzled tone, "Why, my wife has been troubled with her eyes lately, and was going to ———. Where would you advise her to go?" I relate this little incident to show how widespread is the ignorance regarding these things.

Of the people who are so utterly stupid as to send for glasses by mail, or to buy them at bargain counters or cheap sales, there is little to say. Of the same category are those who lend their glasses or wear other people's. They always make me think of the woman for whom I prescribed a medicine for certain pelvic trouble, that helped her, as I had intended it should. Therefore, when her husband got himself wet in digging a drain, she, like Eve, "gave him to taste" of her remedy, and he sent me the message that my medicine was no good. Such fools must needs reap the rewards of their folly.

In all cases where the eyes seem to be in trouble, the one and only remedy available for the ordinary person is bathing them with a solution of boracic acid (not borax), one teaspoonful to a pint of boiled water. This solution should be kept carefully corked in a clean bottle, and a little poured into a saucer when it is needed, and the eyes bathed by means of a little piece of cotton, each one of which is thrown away, and not dipped back into the solution. If this treatment, repeated several times a day and at bedtime and on rising, together with plenty of sleep and absence of strain (as poor light to work with, etc.), does not almost immediately relieve the trouble, and presently cure it, there is but one other course open to the individual who values his sight and believes in "safety first," and that is, as I said before, to consult, first, his family doctor, and then, if the trouble proves not systemic, to go to a good oculist, and thence, not till then, *to the optician he recommends.*

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

Training Boys and Girls For War Time And After

Vacation Schools In Toronto---"Experiment Stations" In Education---Pathfinders to Public and Sunday Schools---Some Interesting Experiments and Developments---An Ideal Democratic School.

"He who helps the child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life can possibly give again."

This was the mastering thought which impelled nearly seventy-five men and women to give to the Toronto Vacation Schools their time, energy and skill for six weeks during July and August, when the mercury soars towards the nineties, and when all Nature calls to the city-dweller to get out into the country.

What to do in vacation time is no problem to the average man or woman; but what about the city child, especially in the poorer districts, where tenements are crowded and hot, where trees do not exist, where backyards are cluttered with junk, and smell to heaven? All these things are sharp warnings for the children to "Keep out!" Where, then, are the children to go, and what are they to do? Nature urges them to play, and while many go to the city playgrounds, most of the poorer children play on sidewalks and streets near their homes, under threats from tired mothers not to wander too far out of sight. But even the streets are to be banned, if the verdict of a recent coroner's jury in a motor accident is complied with. The problem is full of difficulties, for while the child ought to play—indeed, that is the chief function of a child—yet street play is beset with perils not only to the body and brain, but to the soul of the child.

In this goodly city, Toronto, more than 75,000 children are turned loose from school discipline from Dominion Day until Labor Day—practically two months in the heart of summer. Of these, at least two-thirds, or 50,000, cannot afford to leave the city for a vacation. There are free bathing places at the Island, to which some thousands of boys and girls are taken without charge; there are country outings for ten days or a fortnight, which relieve a few thousands more, and there are the supervised playgrounds and recreation centres, managed by the Parks Department, but even, after all these grand agencies exhaust their resources, the problem is still large and insistent.

Mr. J. J. Kelso, Superintendent of Neglected Children for Ontario, in quoting a report of a Children's Aid officer that "there have been an unusual number of boys brought into the Police Court for petty thieving during the month of August," remarks:

"Nothing more natural in the world than this! At the end of June the public schools close, leaving a large number of boys and girls with absolutely nothing to do. If the parents are comfortably off, they may send their children to the country for a time, but in the great majority of cases the children will be left to roam around, seeking their own amusement and recreation. The growing boy is possessed of a spirit of adventure and requires a certain amount of excitement to give interest to life. Therefore, the principles of the Fresh Air Fund should be applied to every child of school age. Our social programme does not provide as it should for these children during the vacation period, and so we must expect a certain amount of petty thieving and other delinquencies. The pity of it is that we should class this activity as crime and call in the police and the lockup as the solution. Thousands of confirmed, dangerous and expensive criminals have received their introduction to chronic wrongdoing in just this way."

Hitching Up the Idle Forces for Training.

The Daily Vacation Bible School movement set out with a definite aim—to put these idle children into idle churches and other idle buildings, and have them taught useful arts, helpful handicrafts, inspiring songs and games, instructive and interesting Bible stories. The children are restless from the heat and their sudden release from school restraint and discipline; the church buildings are restful and cool; and (in normal times) young men and women students would be having their long vacation, and would be available as teachers, receiving nominal payment for their services as teachers to these children, and thus being enabled partly to meet their college expenses. The war has changed some of the elements of the problem, particularly in relation to teachers, for students, if not called to the colors, have gone into munition or other war work, or have become land-workers or farmerettes. Hence it has become increasingly difficult to get teachers for these schools.



The picnic, showing the types of children reached by the Vacation Schools.



Hammock-making develops patience and perseverance as well as the commercial sense.



Girls' sewing and model class.



Even boys become successful rug-makers.

Still, 73 teachers were secured, ranging in degree and value all the way from mothers and maidens who could sew, and mechanics who could saw, and little "teaching sisters" who could smile, up to the skilled school principal, the expert neighborhood worker, and the mission leader and minister—any who are willing to become all things to all children in order that they may save some.

The churches are slowly waking up and beginning to rub their ecclesiastical optics, and wonder what this movement really means. A few more were really awake this year, and there were eleven schools in Toronto, instead of five, as in 1917. When church members and officers, and especially Sunday school workers, thoroughly understand, they will see that these Vacation Schools have come in the nick of time to keep the regular Sunday school instruction from oozing away during the hot summer months. True conservation calls on us to keep busy in happy, useful work the idle hands for which otherwise Satan would "find some mischief still." And how about the idle brains? I think Satan's work would be completed in the lives of the majority of children if he could only keep them idle during July and August.

Play, Work and Study Combined.

I tried hard for weeks to arrange with Hon. Dr. Cody, Ontario's new Minister of Education, to see for himself the working of these Vacation Schools from the inside; to talk to the teachers and workers; to ask questions of the boys and girls in relation to their handiwork, and hear their ready, enthusiastic answers. But the Minister was busy with meetings and organization work for his election, polling-day having been fixed for August 19th. If he had attended any one of these schools, I could have said to him:

"Here, Dr. Cody, is the ideal school for all Ontario children. It is based on the solid, concrete idea that labor is the basis of life; that, just as grains and vegetables, fruits and flowers, minerals and chemical substances, grow in the common soil, so all the substantial attainments of human nature, by which men and women grow wise and clever, rich and joyous, healthful and happy, and nations prosper and become powerful, have their basis in work.

"Give boys and girls a love for handiwork by showing them how to make hammocks, baseballs, birdhouses, dresses, aprons, dolls, etc., and show them the elementary processes in pottery, tile-laying, iron-bending, designing and various industries, and set them in the way of learning all the arts and crafts that make life useful, prosperous and happy.

"A boy or girl who has the work-habit can master any subject he or she tackles. Work vitalizes and makes interesting all studies. Work can be and should be used as the basis for language lessons, compositions, literature, artithmetic, drawing, and indeed all the studies in the school course. Schools would never be the dry, dull places they usually are if they were made busy centres of work, hives of industry, experimental shops, laboratories for trying out the theories learned from school-books. Indeed, if there were more handwork, there would be less need for textbooks; pupils would be getting the real thing in the shops, and then using the books in the most interesting way, to guide them in their thinking and planning."

But, though Dr. Cody did not see the Vacation Schools at work and play and study, I am hopeful that the methods of these schools will permeate our educational system until more and more our public schools become work-centres, play-centres, throbbing with industrial, commercial and social ideas, and in touch with real life.

New Features Being Added Constantly.

These Vacation Schools are allowed

(*Continued on following page.*)

Training Boys and Girls For War Time and After

(Continued from preceding page.)

to develop a thoroughly democratic spirit, and each school works out its own problem in its own way, suited to the class of children to be trained, and the nature of the neighborhood in which the school works. Each school is a little world in itself; the children largely dictate its character, and the conductor responds to the stimulus. For example, the activity of the boys at Parliament street neighborhood suggested to Mr. Gunton a "yell" which would work off surplus energy, and enable the children to settle down to work. This idea caught on, and did its work so well that all the schools adopted yells, and there was such excellence and variety in them that they were awarded honors in the general round-up at the joint picnic at Centre Island.

Another sample of how the "curriculum" of these schools is developed: Rev. Mr. McLean, of Memorial Institute, struck on the idea of making fly-swatters, and worked it out with the help of his boys and girls. It was a happy thought, as the material cost little, and yet the article involved a great variety of helpful hand movements for both boys and girls. A swatter was shown at the weekly luncheon of the teachers from all the schools, and several others adopted it at once.

Clay modelling had proved a striking and helpful feature for two years, but the scarcity of teachers of this art limited it this year, at the start, to one school, College street. Later on, however, another teacher was secured, and Victor School did well with clay modelling. Victor introduced work in Venetian iron that was very attractive, and in many respects ideal; it consisted of bending into artistic form narrow strips of thin, soft iron, such as is used in ornamental grill work on bank counters, etc.

Mosaic tile-laying was a new feature this year, and Memorial Institute showed some fine specimens of designing in colored squares. This work will be extended next year, as it is so helpful in teaching design, so easily manipulated by the very young children, and so attractive in its effects, besides teaching color in a striking way.

Unique Luncheon—Cooked and Served by Boys.

One of the unique features of school work this year was a dainty luncheon prepared by the boys of Parliament Street School, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Gunton. Eight boys acted as waiters, and certainly looked the part, in their white paper aprons and caps, made by themselves; the menu card had been printed by some of the boys, after instruction during the school term; and the mystic initials, D.V.B.S., had been printed on the dainty paper napkins, which were found at the plates, rolled in napkin rings made of birch bark and embellished by the boys.

Before the substantial menu had been disposed of, one of the boy-waiters, Hugh MacMahon, read the following:

"Mr. Gunton has asked me to tell you how this meal was prepared. Well, eight of us boys agreed to help Mr. Gunton, and to do as he told us. We took a long time to learn it all. First, we had to make up a bill of fare. Then we had to learn what went into each dish. We had to write down each one on a card. We started by making salad dressing. But before we could do any work, we had to brush up and wash our hands and faces, and clean our nails. We had to do this even before we peeled the 'murphys.' We divided up in some things. Some learned to print, so we could make the napkin rings and menu cards, also the napkins. Two of us helped to make the napkin rings; several helped to make the aprons and caps, but we all helped in the cooking, and all of us are helping to serve it. You needn't be scared, for it is all clean and cooked right, and we are going to eat some—if there is any left. Some day, when mother is not well, and dad comes home hungry, we can let mother lie on the couch and we can get supper. Girls aren't the whole thing! The soup was cooked yesterday and kept in a fireless cooker made by the boys. No woman has had anything to do with this meal."

This school had the good fortune of having a printing office, which is used by the young Macedonian missionary connected with the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, and Rev. Mr. Carew, who has charge of the mission work, being a practical printer, gave the boys lessons in typesetting and presswork.

A Bold Experiment.

Spadina Avenue School tried a new and bold experiment this summer, to see how far ordinary children below the 'teen age could understand the problems of work, wages, co-operation, rent, etc.—in short, political economy. I wanted to see how the ideas of Mr. C. V. Corless, which were fully summarized in one of my articles in the Journal some months ago, could be worked out in the public schools. I was more than pleased with the result, which I may give under a title more popular and catchy than that of political economy, so I'll call it by the name I used in talking to the children—"The Story of a Pin."

I must depend on my readers to imagine and visualize the line of talk, and fill in the gaps, from this bare outline. I showed a pin, and got the children to tell me its parts—head, body, point; also its uses, its price in stores, and how many they could get for a cent (a puzzling question). I then drew out, by questions—several of which I was forced to answer myself—how the material of which the pin was made came from the iron mine; how it was dug or blasted out, brought to the surface, sent to the smelter, melted into pig iron, made into steel, rolled into wire, then in factory made into pins by machinery; then packed, shipped by steamer and rail, carted to wholesale, delivered to retail, and there sold in package or pyramid. The answers were classified on a blackboard. The next talk would take up another phase of the subject—the wages question, where wages came from, how and why paid, etc.; then, in another talk, the co-operation among all classes of workers employed in making, shipping and selling the pin; in still another, the kind of training each class of worker needed—miner, smelter, foundryman, machinist, packer, bookkeeper, financier, manager, sailor, railway man, carter, wholesale and retail merchant, etc. The amount of detail covered by such talks is astonishing, and the animated discussion by question and answer, comment and blackboard writing or drawing, with diagrams of the mine, etc., proved intensely interesting to the children, and opened out many lines of helpful thought—in short, educated them in a most delightful way.

I offered prizes for compositions on "The Pin"—first prize, 50 cents; second, 25 cents. What was my surprise to find that the boys did not compete at all, though they had followed the "story" with great interest when unfolded in the school. But imagine my astonishment to find that my simple, serious, somewhat solemn and systematic lessons—which I had camouflaged as a "story"—in going through the brain of Helen Soupcoff, aged 11, had been dramatized, sublimated, etherealized and "made over" into "literature"—a real "fairy story," indeed! Here is my prosaic iron pin, as seen by the poetic Helen:—

The Story of a Pin.

There was once a pin very fond of iron, and wherever he saw iron he felt very jealous. He had a neighbor near by who was very fond of pins, so one day they both went to find somebody to tell them how the pin could change to iron, because the pin was so very fond of iron, and how the iron could change to a pin, because the iron was so fond of a pin.

Pretty soon they saw a tent with a man in it; so they went in and asked him his advice, and he said: "Go near a hill and say, 'I want to be iron!' three times; then you will change to iron."

So the iron said: "What am I to do?" And he said: "You say, 'I want to be a pin!' three times."

Then they both said together: "Who is to say it first?" Then he said: "The pin is to say it first."

So they started out on their journey. Just as soon as they came to the hill, the pin said, three times: "I want to be iron!" So he changed to iron.

When he went home he was very proud of himself, and was always outside.

Next day, before he could get up, he changed to a pig. Now he was ashamed of himself again. He was in the house all the time. At noon time, when he was making dinner, he was standing near the stove, and he melted!

Helen's story is such a delicate piece of poetic imagery that I shrink from touching it, much less criticising it;

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A Real Thanksgiving

Necessities and Luxuries Have Become Strangely Confused In Our Complex Lives —Let Us Return To A Simpler Manner of Living and Thought.

The story goes that a man holding dollars before his eyes shut out the sunshine, the world of beauty,—even friends were lost to him because of this obstacle of his own making. To him the world was dark, people were all strangers, and eventually he grew to believe that there was but one real thing existing—dollars. Yet all the time this man had the power to see, the world was all the while very beautiful, and his friends near at hand, but he did not believe this because he would not see.

We called him foolish—but have we yet learned the true secret of living happily, enjoying the real, the beautiful and the ultimately satisfying things?

I had occasion recently to pass through a very beautiful bit of country, through which wound a river. Its banks were covered with magnificent trees, and as it twisted and turned, the waters now dashed and splashed in the sunshine, then quietly mirrored the blue of sky and the flaming crimson and gold of foliage. It seemed a veritable Fairyland — but strangely there were no houses among all this beauty. Four crumbling stone walls evinced that at one time someone had loved and lived among these trees, but all the modern dwellings were clustered some distance over the bank close to the noisy, dusty highway. The people said that was the place to enjoy "life," and there they built their homes, never once turning longingly toward the beauty and grandeur which, if they had but wished, they might daily have feasted upon. They were absorbed in the little everyday occurrences—just this way to make a seam, or that to tie a knot, Mrs. Brown's new dish, or where the new neighbor came from and who her relations were, and they quite forgot that for the claiming they might have been enjoying a world of interest and delight unknown to them.



GLEANERS OF THE GLEN.

From the Roof of the World in the heart of Central Asia the old-time industry of sheep raising has descended and spread all over the world. Canada's standing in this line is very high indeed. And now the Rosedale Golf Club has come forward with a unique venture. With an eye to labor-saving and production, they have placed a flock on the course, and their one hundred and fifty velvet acres make an ideal sheep run. A shepherd guards the flock by day, and at night they return to a corral on the grounds. It may come to pass that at all golf clubs the ancient game and industry will be combined, and members returning homeward from the royal game will carry with them not only the memory of a good day's sport, but the pleasant picture of rolling meadows, green pastures and sheep grazing on the hillside.

Why cannot we as women be content to go quietly apart, build about us homes, real and lasting, where rivalry, strife and superficiality have no place? How much more reasonable and worth while would seem our lives when, in more mature years, we looked back upon them placed in their proper perspective.

Thanksgiving is again with us. For what shall we be thankful? The new toys, the silk gown, the pretty jewel, or shall we take from our eyes those things which darken, and see the world of beauty, friendship, freedom, music, love and life itself.

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

By BETTY O'HARA

The Royal Air Force Is The First To Take Women Into Its Ranks

That women can take their place and relieve men for the army, and even enter the army themselves, is a fact that up till a few months ago has not been recognized by the Canadian Government. In spite of all the work that the W.A.A.C.'s of England have done, and the women of France, and the chance the girls of America have had to join the army and don the uniform, Canada has stood alone, and insisted that the only military duty that the woman of Canada could perform was hospital work, as a nurse or with the V.A.D.'s. If, however, she wishes to go overseas in some other capacity, she must join some Imperial order, and perhaps, if fate is kind, she may drive an ambulance or go canteening, or do any of the numberless interesting things that it has been and is the privilege of the French, English and American girls to do.



Uniform worn by the girls of the R. A. F.

Owing to the scarcity of men, however, the Royal Air Force was the first division of the army to make the break and take girls into the force, and a tremendous success they have made of it, too.

In the early working hours, when my lady of leisure is yawningly having her tea and toast in her boudoir and reading her morning mail, these girls of the R.A.F. are at the aviation camps, at the headquarters or any one of the numerous training depots of that division, smartly attired in khaki and ready for action.

The uniform itself is very attractive. It consists of a khaki dust coat belted in, an aviator's cap of khaki, which is something the shape of a Scotch cap, and gloves; a smart rain coat and a cloth driving coat, complete her uniform which the R.A.F. provides, and which it is compulsory to wear, the remainder of the uniform being left to the girl's own choosing.

The girls are attached to the Motor Transport section of the Royal Engineers Corps, which has charge of the transportation of men and supplies to the different camps and supply bases in Toronto. The motors, which the girls drive, consist of trucks and touring cars, and are for the purpose of transferring men from one place to another. A sergeant is generally in charge of each tender and from him the girls take their orders and to him they are responsible for the work accomplished. Sometimes the seats on the sides of these tenders are turned up, and the car is used to carry supplies. Trucks also have a place in the R.A.F., and these also the girls have charge of. They are something of the construction of the tenders, but have no tops, and are not quite so impressive, I must admit. The staff officers, however, are provided with touring cars, and these the girls to a great extent drive. The officers are taken to their duties, and from one place to another on military matters, in these cars. The R.A.F. mail car is an example of the most splendid punctuality it is possible to achieve. The car starts from a certain camp, its time is scheduled to the minute. It stops at certain corners and stays a certain length of time. Any officer who must be on duty, has the schedule on which these mail cars run, and he can be taken as a passenger. The one law that ever governs the R.A.F. mail car, is that it must arrive and leave the given points on the instant, not sooner or later, and officers are supposed to report any driver who fails to keep up with the schedule. One girl is at the wheel, another is the mail clerk and sits behind guarding all the queer little pigeons holes. It reminds me very much of a country post office in the back of a baker's wagon. The clerk takes any letters which are to be carried from one branch of the service to an other, signs for them, and delivers them to their destination, where they are again signed for by the officer in charge.

The working hours for all girls on duty are from eight in the morning until about five-thirty, with every third Sunday off. On other Saturdays and Sundays it is necessary to work half a day. The R.A.F. are now going to introduce break-down parties for Saturday and Sunday duty. These girls are to be on duty Sundays as spare drivers, and if an order comes into the garage for a car, one of the spare girls is immediately detailed for the work and is on duty till dismissed by the officer in charge.

Every morning at eight o'clock sharp, forty cars move out of the R.A.F. garage ready for duty, with girls at the wheels. It is a wonderful sight to see. If the officer of the day is a little late there is a frantic scramble for dust cloths, and a screwing up of grease cups. The engine gets a rub up here, and the body a shine there, not to mention the fact that the girls must have the mudguards underneath just as spotless as they are on top. For every car is inspected, the engine as well as the body, and the eagle eyes of the officer never fail to detect the smallest speck of dirt or dust that might have inconsiderately lodged in the most unheard of places. And he never fails to remark about it either.

The evening, after work, is reserved for filling the cars with gas and oil, also an account of the day's procedure with all its duties must be written down in black and white and handed to the officer in charge. "Rather strict discipline that," I hear some of you say. Well, yes, it is, but it is discipline that makes the most efficient army. And when you see the boys drill day after day, marching by the hour when the thermometer registers 90, when you pass them every morning as they stand at attention waiting for inspection, you just thank the kind hand of fate which has enabled you to become part of that great band of khaki clad heroes which is marching on to a sure victory. I do every day of my life.

What if you do lose a holiday once in a while and come home tired at night? It's worth it. And when we know that the boys "over there" in the hospitals, the front line trenches and in the training camps, are working harder than they ever did before and under a discipline they never knew even existed, to save our country from the fate of Belgium and Serbia, it isn't much to ask of us, is it? And then when you think of it, it is

ESTABLISH W.A.D.'s HERE

New Women's Department for Work In Soldiers' Hospitals Throughout the Dominion.

The Department of Militia and Defence has, in co-operation with the St. John Ambulance Brigade, made arrangements for the establishment of a women's aid department (W.A.D.) for work in the several military hospitals and convalescent hospitals throughout the Dominion. This department will be organized in three divisions:

1. V. A. D. Division:
(a) V. A. D. Nursing Service.
(b) V. A. D. Trainers.
2. Special Service Division:
Masseuses.
3. General Service Division:
Housekeepers, clerks, stenographers, typists, telephone operators, head cooks, cooks, etc.

Each hospital will have a general service superintendent and larger ones an assistant superintendent.

All questions regarding this new war work for women in the Canadian Military Hospitals will be answered by Betty O'Hara either through the column or by mail, as preferred.

(*Continued on page* 63.)

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.



Safety First

IN the bathtub Ivory Soap means not only convenience, but freedom from possible injury because Ivory Soap floats at hand and in sight instead of sinking to the bottom of the tub where it may be stepped upon. You will find the floating Ivory an improvement in every way.

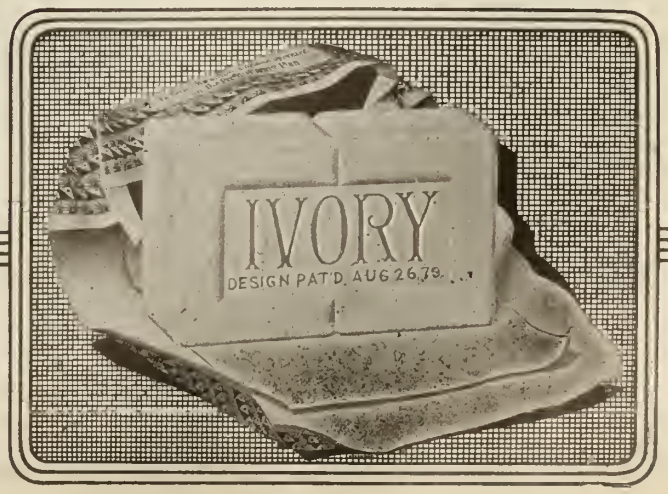
IVORY SOAP



IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada



How Soaps affect your skin

THE sensible, modern woman wants a soft, clear skin—for that is the skin Nature intended her to have.

Nature tries to keep your skin soft by supplying it with natural oil. The less you interfere with the natural oiliness of your skin the softer it will be. The cleansing must be thorough and refreshing, but must not disturb these natural oils.

You know from experience that some excellent soaps tend to roughen the skin. They simply have too drying an effect on the natural oils. The skin relies upon these natural oils to keep it soft and clear and flexible.

The very most you can ask of a toilet or bath soap is this:

It should be made of pure materials which cleanse perfectly without disturbing the skin's own natural oiliness. Fortunately, the choicest materials are not costly. It is in a proper balancing of these materials that the soap maker's real art comes.

You will find that art wonderfully expressed in Fairy Soap.

We are quite sure if we sold Fairy Soap for 50 cents a cake, we could tell you a truthful story about its value as a toilet soap which would make you feel that that price was warranted.

But we prefer to talk to you along common-sense lines and to give you Fairy Soap at a common-sense price—a few cents a cake.

If your general health is good and if you use Fairy Soap in any sensible manner, you may be sure that in time you will have a skin as soft and pliable as Nature endowed you with.

No matter where you live or where you make your home you can buy Fairy Soap.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK CO.
Limited, Montreal



. . . Make no mistake about it—no matter to what new field she turns, she will always be the woman at heart, greeting her new responsibilities with a smiling face . . . Frankly glad of her natural womanly charms—caring for them always with a high order of common sense.

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

FAIRY SOAP

White oval cake — Fits the hand



The Waltham Watch

A GOOD case often holds a watch movement entirely devoid of merit. But this shouldn't be, because a good movement is the prime essential of a timepiece. The Waltham 19 and 23 jewel movements, cased in gold-filled or solid gold of various weights, form the ideal combination of beauty in exterior and complete reliability of mechanism. Buy your watch on the reputation of the maker—that's the safe way. And remember, the Waltham reputation was established more than sixty years ago, since which time Waltham movements have earned the confidence of several succeeding generations of exacting watch buyers.

Ask your jeweler to show you his range of high-grade Waltham Watches.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED
MONTREAL

The Home Garden

By GEO. BALDWIN, F.R.H.S.

Prepare Now for Spring, and Carefully Store all Vegetables for Winter.

Has our garden this year given satisfaction? Fairly good.

Could it have given us more joy, had we given more attention at the proper time? Yes.

Can we improve on it? Yes, by starting in at once. Next year's garden must have its foundations laid now. Of course, everyone knows that bulbs (tulips, hyacinths, narcissus, crocuses, etc.) must be planted in the Fall to get flowers next Spring, but do not let us stop at that, let us have a continuity of bloom the whole season. You have often gone into a neighbour's garden, and it has looked remarkably well, and you have visited it again in six weeks time, and it appeared to be a veritable wilderness. So what we want to do, to avoid this, is to plan, to do all the gardening we can in the Fall, and thus raise our hopes to the height of enjoyment of well filled summer borders.

If one does not grapple with it at once, and send off the resultant orders early, two evils are sure to follow—someone who is more prompt in ordering gets the best bulbs or plants, and even the fairly good ones we do get later on are not improved by having been kept out of the ground. Yet however much we realize that, it is not easy to bring on an attack of bulb planting fever, when one's borders look so full, and it is hard to think out space for planting.

I have tried to make a stern rule for myself, that I will not order any plants I have not fixed a suitable site for; but I break it when I see something I feel I cannot live longer without. How can I resist a Darwin tulip that is new to me, and described as glowing salmon, or tender lilac? It is enough to make one hope something will die and leave a gap to be filled. Now if you have made up your mind to have such a garden, with a continuity of bloom from frost to frost, the following personal notes will, I am sure, help the amateur.

First of all, your borders should be not less than 5 feet 6 inches in width, to allow of 4 rows of plants and bulbs. The first row should consist of border or edging plants, such as Sweet Alyssum, Lobelia, Pyrethrum, Forget-me-nots, Pansies and Arabis, planted alternately, and interspersed with Crocuses of different colors, and Snowdrops. In the second row, plant alternately Roses, Aquilegia, Garden Carnations, Lilies, Statice, Dwarf Lychnis, Iris, Rudbeckia, Funkia, Gaillardias and Sedum Spectabilis, to be interspersed for spring bloom with Hyacinths, Narcissus, and Cottage Tulips. In the third row the following may be planted alternately, Paeonies, Delphiniums, Phlox-Perennial, Tall Rudbecklas, such as Golden Glow and Echinacea Purpureum, Helianthus, Heleniums, Boltonias, Chrysanthea Uliginosum, Eryngium Alpinum, Lychnis Chalcedonica, Physostegia Virginiana (pink and white), Hollyhocks, Standard Hydrangeas, Standard Roses, Garden Chrysanthemums, and the newer varieties of Sun-flowers, and to wind up with, a Shrub in each corner of your border, such as a Spirea Van Houttei, Philadelphus, Deutzia Lemoine, Lilac Charles X, or Hydrangea Paniculata, and this row to be interspersed with Darwin Tulips, tall growing lilies, and Gladioli (to be planted in the Spring). And as cover for the fence, or fourth row, may be trained the beautiful Tamarix, Grape vines, Tomatoes, Clematis, Cucumbers, Squash, or Climbing Roses, etc.

To follow out this idea of making a new border, care and judgment should be given to the blending of colors, and the different periods of blooming of the different flowers and shrubs. Nothing has been said of annuals, for the reason that if you give your plants lots of room, space can be found to transplant here and there some of the best of the annual family, such as Asters, Antirrhinum, Stock, Verbena, Phloxdrummondi, Salpiglossis, Zinnias, etc., to suit taste and fancy, putting the dwarfs in the front rows, and the taller growing ones at the back.

The foregoing will give a continuity of bloom, but the beginner will say, What about varieties?—so we will give a little space to that, and start off with the Spring Bulbs, and edging plants. Like bedtime, when one is reading a good story, or you are called for dinner, the bulb lists catch one unready; however, there is not much choice in Crocuses and Snowdrops. They are all good on account of their earliness. Get the Little Gem Alyssum, drawf Pyrethrum, and keep it clipped. Taking the second row, we need more assistance in the selection.

Take Roses for instance. They are like what the Englishman said about the beer, there is none bad but some better than others; but there being such a long list to choose from, one is apt to get bewildered, and give up in despair, so I will give a partial list with which I have had good success, both for quantity of bloom, color and shape.

The hybrid Teas are the most satisfactory with very few exceptions, so will recommend for Crimsons, George Dickson, National Emblem, Lieut. Chaure, Hoosier Beauty, and Hadley. For Whites, Frau Karl Druschki, renamed Snow Queen, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Herbert Stevens, and Molly Sharman Crawford. For Pinks, Mrs. Chas. Pearson, Killarney, Mrs. John Laing, Paul Neyron, and Caroline Testout. For Copper and Yellow, Lyon Rose, Catherine Louise Breslau (should be renamed), Duchess of Wellington, Rayon D'Or, Marquise de Sinety, and W. A. Richardson, but be sure to get a couple of bushes of the new Rose Los Angeles, a rose in a class by itself on account of its fragrance, color, hardiness, and it being such a strong grower. It is a cross between Mrs. C. E. Pearson and the Lyon Rose. For Aquilegia get the long spurred varieties.

The Lilies are of so many varieties, that the blooming period is from mid June to late September, starting off in June with Lilium Tenuifolium, the beautiful little scarlet Turkscap, followed by Lilium Croceum, which is the real Belfast Orange Lily, then comes the splendid Candidum, together with the new Lily Golden Gleam (yellow), which is a rare color among lilies, and is of the Turkscap type; next to follow is the old reliable, Tigrinum or Tiger Lily, and the Fortunei or double Tiger, and we now come to the hardiest of all garden lilies, known as Lilium Henryi, of a magnificent lemon yellow color, which is followed closely by the early Speciosums and Testatium, and to wind up the season we have the Auratums Platyphylum and Vitatum, and the late Speciosums, such as Rubrum, Roseum, and Album and interspersed with these Lilies are the Hemerocallis or Day Lilies, which are very showy.

The biggest trouble with the Lilies is that we do not give the bulbs a proper start, for it should be remembered that Lilies, like Roses, do not like wet feet, consequently they should be planted deeply, according to size (the largest at least 10 inches deep), and two inches of sand below and above them, filling in the top of the hole with ordinary garden soil, and pressing the whole down very firmly. By doing this you will prolong their life, especially the Auratum's. For Statice I would recommend four varieties as being very good, Tartarica, Gymlini, Limonium Alba, and Latifolia Macrophylla. And for Iris, the following will be found to give excellent results: Pallida Dalmatica, Amas, Purple King, Sir Walter Scott, Jacquisiana, Florentine, Madame Chereau, and Wyomissing. For Rudbecklas, Newmanii, Nitida, Herta, Maxima, and Echinacea Purpureum will be found to be the best selection. There are two of the Lychnis family that will give a good account of themselves, and are the Lychnis Haageana (dwarf), and the Chalcedonica or Tower of London (tall). For Sedum, Acre (dwarf) for edging or growing in rockeries, and Sedum Spectabilis or Live-for-ever, the bloom of which forms a bouquet of itself.

Hyacinths are in various colors, and can be had to suit the individual taste. But for Narcissus I would recommend to those who want some new ones to get Ethelbert, Florence Pearson, The Doctor, Utopia, and Dream, and they

(*Continued on page* 55.)

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

The Garden God—The Sun-Dial

By MARY A. PEASE.

This Ancient Method of Telling The Time of Day Is Still The Most Accurate Keeper of Sun Time That Has Been Discovered By Man.

There is no country in the world which does not, even at the present time, employ some form of sun-dial. The Bible gives the first historical record of one in Isaiah XXXVIII. 8, as follows:

"Behold I will bring again the shadow of the degrees which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz, ten degrees backwards. So the sun returned ten degrees by which degrees it was gone down."

This was the sun-dial erected in Jerusalem by Ahaz, the eleventh King of Judah, who ruled in the eighth century B.C.

The simple but painful boil is responsible for many remarkable chapters in the Bible. It will be remembered that in the above mentioned chapter of Isaiah, we are told that King Hezekiah, son of Ahaz, lay sick unto death as a result of too great a visitation of boils. The prophet Isaiah who was the vehicle of communication between Hezekiah and God was asked to make an appeal unto the Almighty to prolong the King's days in the land. As a result of the prophet's appeal Hezekiah was granted an extended leave of fifteen years, and Isaiah told him that the miracle of bringing back the shadow on the sun-dial would be performed as a sign that his days would be prolonged in the land, and that he would be delivered from his enemies. Incidentally, the prophet prescribed a plaster of figs for the boils!

In Philadelphia, there is preserved a unique relic of the Rosicrucians which is called the Horologium Achaz—the sun-dial of Ahaz. This instrument (see illustration) consists of two finely wrought plates, one of which is divided into panels. One panel represents the King sick in bed, while the prophet points to a vertical sun-dial. Another shows the King thrusting out his aching leg for the fig poultice. On the central panel is an inscription which has been translated as follows:

"The semi-circular shell explains the miracle of the thirty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, for if it is filled to the brim with water, the shadow of the sun is borne backwards ten or twenty degrees." Thus was the "miracle" accomplished, and Hezekiah was, doubtless, filled with wonder and amaze.



Angel with sun-dial. Cathedral Chartres.

The sun-dial in its most primitive form is seen by visitors to Stonehenge, England. It consists of enormous vertical monoliths of gray stone arranged in the form of concentric circles in the centre of which is a stone claimed to be the altar used in Druidical worship common to the ancient Celts. At some distance from the outer circle at the north-east upon the open plain, still stands the solitary stone which on the summer solstice (June 21st) projects its shadow at sunrise so that it falls just upon the altar of the ancient sanctuary. This seems to be one of the initial steps in primitive astronomy, the circles of stone used by the ancient builders of Stonehenge being superseded by the circles of brass in our observatories.

In Great Britain and in France at one time, the hour of noon was announced by a cannon which was fired by the rays of the sun being concentrated on a magnifying glass so placed that the powder in the touch stone was ignited when the sun reached its meridian height. The platform upon which the cannon was placed was marked as a sun dial and the gnomen or pin cast its shadow on the figure XII. at the instant of the firing of the cannon.

As the sun-dial could not be read on cloudy days' it was the practice in those far-off times, to use in connection with it the Clepsydra (water-clock) which had for its principle the measured percolation of water through an hour glass. It is difficult to determine which of these chronometric modes can lay claim to priority. In one of his dialogues, Plato says that philosophers are much more fortunate than orators because the former were at liberty to make their discourses as long as they pleased, whereas the orators were the slaves of a miserable time clock. In those days, it was the practice to measure the time allotted for speech in the courts of justice. Three equal portions of water were put into the water clock, one for the defendant, one for the prosecutor and one for the judge. Surely an admirable arrangement and one that we can hardly be said to have improved upon!



Brass Universal Sun-dial set for use.



The Sun-dial of Ahaz.

There is a remarkable natural sun-dial on the shores of the Ægean Sea where the shadow of a mountain touches certain islands each in their turn, thereby marking different periods of the day.

The difference between sun-dial time and clock time is due partly to the irregular motion of the earth travelling in its path around the sun—sometimes slower, sometimes faster, and partly to the fact that what we call Greenwich mean time, by which we set our clocks, is purely artificial and imaginary, not agreeing with natural time, but nevertheless most necessary for commercial purposes. There are only four days in the year on which the sun casts a shadow exactly along a north and south line on a sun-dial at precisely noon of local mean time.

In erecting a sun-dial, it must be remembered that the stilus or gnomen must point to the pole of the heavens and not to the pole star, which latter is somewhat more than one degree distant from the true pole, and, of course, describes a circle about it. If the stilus is correctly pointed and a plumb bob suspended from its upper end, the shadow of the stilus will meet the bob at the instant of the sun being on the meridian, and the difference between this time and local mean time noon may be ascertained from the column "equation of time," which is given in the Nautical Almanac. When the dial is correctly graduated in hours, the shadow will have the same error for the other hour marks as for the noon mark on any given day. The error will be found for every day in the year in the Nautical Almanac.

The practice of inscribing mottoes on the sun-dials seems to have gone hand in hand with the art of making them. The simple altar-like structure with its passing shadow is more suggestive and poetical than the sound of a pendulum which marks all hours, sunny or otherwise. In either verse or motto, one thing is most noticeable, the endeavor to teach human beings to dwell on that unpleasant subject—the brevity of life. The idea evidently was that although there was light on the dial, darkness was man's portion.

There are, however, a few cheerful mottoes, and those few are charming. Here are some of them:

"Lead Kindly Light."

"Let the Mind Know no Twilight."

"I Register Only the Happy Hours."

"I Give the Hour if the Sun Does."

Sun-dial mottoes may be said to have been used for advertising purposes by Inns in the long ago. For example, on an old English Inn is one which advises, "As well drink here as anywhere" and on another, "The present hour and this world's cheer are in a moment gone from here."

On an old schoolhouse sun-dial is the following: "Teach or learn or out you turn."

Biblical texts offer an almost inexhaustible field for what the English term the God-help-us mottoes. These are to be found on sun-dials which adorn the walls of Saxon and Norman churches and ancient upright gravestones in Ireland. There are really too

(*Continued on page* 63.)

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

What is News?

News can only be that which is true—confirmed fact, evil exposed, and constructive good made known. Not rumors of the worst. Nor accidents, scandals and crimes of the day, with grewsome details.

The gossip of a community does not constitute news, but a statement of the substantial progress of a world does.

The Christian Science Monitor

An International Daily Newspaper

looks first for fact.

Constructive fact it enlarges upon.

And it is entertaining as well as true, thorough and fearless.

This motive and method has given it a universal news service, a world-wide circulation, an international advertising patronage.

The Christian Science Monitor is **$9.00** a year by mail, or may be obtained at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for **75c**; a single copy for **3c** stamp.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON U. S. A.
Sole publishers of all authorized Christian Science literature



Best for Baby

After many years' use by parents of all classes, in Royal Nurseries and humble homes, Savory and Moore's Food has the reputation of being a thoroughly reliable food for infants.

The experience of parents, nurses, and medical men all goes to show that babies *do* thrive remarkably well on this famous food, that its use prevents infant ailments, and that it builds up a strong constitution, so important in later life. You may therefore bring up baby on Savory & Moore's Food with the assurance that you are doing the best you can for your child.

MOTHER'S GUIDE FREE

Savory & Moore's little Book, "The Baby," is full of useful information on Infant Management, and contains hints on such subjects as Feeding, Teething, the Toilet, Exercise, Weight, Infant Ailments, and many others. It is just what a young mother requires, and will prove invaluable in the home. A Free Copy may be obtained on application to Savory & Moore, P.O. Box 1601, Montreal.

SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD

Of all Druggists and Stores.



Ritz Carlton Hotel
MONTREAL
Canada's Finest Hotel
For Reservations apply to
FRANK S. QUICK, Manager.



Costing 35 and 15c Contains 2490 Calories

It Looks Big

When You Figure Its Food Value

Meat Costs 8 Times as Much per Calory

The small package of Quaker Oats contains 2490 calories of food. It costs 35 and 15 cents.

The calory is the energy unit used to measure food.

Quaker Oats equals in food value—approximately—the following amounts of other staple foods:

Measured by Calories

One 15c Package Quaker Oats Equals

3 lbs. Round Steak	3½ qts. Milk
3 lbs. Leg of Lamb	2 lbs. White Bread
5 lbs. Young Chicken	7 lbs. Potatoes

Figure what you pay for these foods. You will find that meat foods—for the same calories—cost 8 to 14 times as much as Quaker Oats. Then compare them.

Calories Per Pound

Round Steak	890	Eggs	720
Young Chicken	505	Quaker Oats	1810

Thus Quaker Oats—the food of foods—has from 2 to 3 times the calory value. Yet all are good foods, and some are indispensable.

Use Quaker Oats to bring down the food-cost average. Make it your breakfast. Serve it fried. Mix it with your flour foods to add flavor and save wheat. Each dollar's worth used to displace meat saves you about $8, measured by the calories supplied.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

The reason for Quaker Oats is super flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

When such a grade sells at no extra price, it is due to yourself that you get it.

35 and 15c Per Package

Except in Far West

Quaker Oats Muffins

Two-thirds cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked).
2 teaspoons salt.
½ cup sugar.
2 cups boiling water.
1 cake yeast.
¼ cup lukewarm water.
5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Peterborough Canada **The Quaker Oats Company** Saskatoon Canada

(2021)

The Pianoforte Record

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

Recent Progress in this Branch of Musical Reproduction Opens a New Field of Enjoyment.

Some months ago, in the course of a series of articles on sound-reproducing instruments, I stated that I had yet to hear a good pianoforte record—measured, of course, according to the standards attained in reproducing the human voice and the violin. I, however, ventured on the prophecy that the difficulties involved in making such records would not prove insuperable, and would shortly be overcome. The statement was challenged in certain quarters where it was assumed that it was my purpose to disparage the piano record. This was very far from my intention; for I was merely voicing the general experience of those who had had much more to do with the making and selling of reproducing instruments than I. It is the more gratifying, therefore, to be able to state that the little prophecy I uttered has been fulfilled; that improvements in methods of manufacture and in the mechanism of the reproducing machines themselves, have within the past six months raised the piano record to a much higher artistic position than it previously held.

The importance of this advancement, in musical and educational results, could hardly be over-estimated. Many of the very greatest living interpreters and composers are pianists; and it would have been a pity had these men been destined to go to their graves without leaving for the delight of future generations, those permanent memorials which had been already secured in the case of singers and violinists. For the education of the living generation the really good piano record must hold a paramount place, because piano study is the most widely popular form of musical education; and the mere possession of records which preserve the phrasing, accentuation and special qualities of touch which characterize the great pianists, must prove an immense aid to serious students of the pianoforte. For instance, we will take the young student who is face to face with an intricate passage in one of the works of the great composers for that instrument. Here at hand is a demonstration of how Paderewski or Josef Hofmann unfolds its mysteries and traces its outlines.

In the larger realm of general appeal the development of a piano record that can really be enjoyed, as a piano solo by a competent performer is enjoyed, and which is not merely an interesting mechanical curiosity, is of great importance. A few readers may recall the enthusiasm of music-lovers when the "Svelte Mignon" machine, a player-pianoforte which automatically reproduced on the keyboard the touch and phrasing of the noted virtuosi, was first manufactured. But that machine was so expensive that its enjoyment was limited to an infinitely small minority of music lovers. The perfected piano record will bring Paderewski and his rivals into the home in the same sense that singers like Galli-Curci and violinists like Jascha Heifetz are already in the home.

The piano record has already reached the point where, upon a reproducing machine of the higher standard, it can deceive the senses and convince a hearer in the next room that a soloist is actually present. A few weeks ago I heard certain records on a highly perfected machine that in fullness of tone and entire absence of any foreign or disturbing sounds would carry conviction that the performer was bodily present, did not the eyes prove the contrary. Several instances where individuals had been actually deceived were cited.

The building where I heard these records is a large musical warehouse in Toronto, devoted to many branches of the trade, which are allotted to different floors. A visitor, well acquainted with the layout of the premises, happened to be going up on the elevator with a member of the firm. As they passed the floor on which a piano record was being tried, he remarked: "Oh, you have moved your pianos up a storey or two." His companion smiled and said, "Yes." Noting the beauty of the tones, the visitor said: "That's some pianist, too; who is it?" "Oh! just one of the girls showing off," said the other laughingly, and then revealed to him the joke. The visitor would not believe that his ears had hoaxed him until he was taken down and given a demonstration.

Yet another incident of the kind occurred this summer in Northern Ontario, where a prominent business man has a summer home, in which he has installed an excellent phonograph. His wife was very fond of putting on the newly perfected piano records in her possession, and one day received a visit from a journeyman piano-tuner, who had visited the town in search of business. He asked if she desired to have her piano tuned, and when she stated that she had none, turned away with a look of satirical disgust on his face. It was evident that his confidence in human nature had received a shock, but he evidently decided to give her another trial. Two days later he came back and said: "Lady, you'd better let me tune your piano; I'm going away to-morrow and you may not get another chance this year." Again he was told that there was no piano in the house. "What's the use of telling me that?" he retorted angrily, "I've been past this place half a dozen times this week and heard you playing it." Then he was invited indoors, and furnished with proof to the contrary. "Well," he said, "I thought you couldn't fool me about a piano, but I was mistaken."

Now a very short while back such a delusion would have been impossible, for it must be admitted that in the past the average piano record had a banjo-like quality of tone and was deficient in volume of sound. Now it is quite clear that the piano record has definitely arrived. In its perfected form it represents a patient triumph over difficulties which do not prevail in connection with the recording of vocal or violin tones. The manufacturers of records could justly claim that the fault lay rather with the peculiar quality of the modern pianoforte rather than with the recording process. In truth, the defects of the piano record were actually a proof of the fidelity with which sounds are recorded.

In defining certain peculiarities which were popularly regarded as defects, I am indebted to an article published some months ago by an American expert, William Braid White, who admitted that though wonderful progress had been made in making piano records, much technical refinement had yet to be brought about before the marvellous fidelity and power of vocal records was approached. This drawback, he pointed out, was due to the fact that the record picks up and fixes permanently a certain varying number of fugitive incidental sounds that accompany all playing of the piano and reproduces these with complete fidelity.

The average listener, maintains Mr. White, hears selectively, and in listening to an ordinary piano solo his ear instinctively rejects or ignores these fugitive sounds. For instance, a piano in a small room produces a multitude of reverberations or echoes, which do not touch the consciousness of the listener. The record, in the process of making, takes up these additional sounds and produces at times a blurred effect, and at any rate a modification of tone that does not make for improvement. It is plain, therefore, that the pianoforte, while it has certain paramount advantages over all other instruments in making the production of music easy for the actual performer, is not an ideal instrument for the recording of sound.

The defects of the piano for the men who first tried to make records of its tones were numerous. It is a complex mechanism, and the sounds which proceed from it are very widely diffused over the field of sound-wave activity. Again, the sounds which proceed from struck strings begin with a great intensity and rapidly subside, and so tend to reflection from the walls of a small room, producing the extra tones as above described that interfere with the clarity of the reproduction. The bass tones especially are subject to this infirmity. In addition there is the vibration of the case and metal framing, which send forth fugitive sounds of their own that interfere with clarity.

(Continued on following page.)

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

The Pianoforte Record

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

As I understand it, the recent efforts of manufacturers, which have undoubtedly been crowned with a great measure of success, have been in the direction of devising a chamber in which the drawback of fugitive and confusing sounds would be minimized—a sort of immense horn into which both piano and pianist enter, and from which the sounds flow directly upon the matrix that is to become the permanent record. Much must have been accomplished by the artists themselves in adapting themselves to these conditions. The great men speedily found out that they could not sit down and make a record with the same ease that they could go out on the platform and play a selection. For instance, a pianist like Paderewski, who is liable under stress of emotion to force the tone on the concert platform, must carefully modify his methods when playing for record purposes. In listening to the records made by several of the noted contemporary pianists, I was struck by the fact that the best records come from men like Leopold Godowsky, who make a cult of pure "pianism"—that is to say, men who try to preserve the gentle harmonies of pianoforte music and do not aim at heavy and grandiose effects. Perhaps the finest records yet made are those of Andre Benoist, a young Frenchman with no very wide celebrity, but who has mastered the art of playing for record purposes, just as Mary Pickford has mastered that of making dramatic films.

In addition to the improvements achieved in the making of records by a better adaptability of methods to the effect to be attained, there has also been an improvement of devices for absorbing the metallic quality of the tone when the record is actually in utterance. Of the piano record more than in that of any other class of music, it is emphatically true that the better the instrument, the better the effect produced.

A Rose Enchanted

(*Continued from page* 11.)

moonstones around her soft young throat.

The princess gazed as one not believing the evidence of her own senses.

The king and queen waited in tense silence. The fairies of the court stood poised as for flight; the grey elves sat cross-legged, all eyes, and ears, and eagerness.

Even the very birds stopped singing, and the leaves of the great tree overhead hung motionless.

Then, as in a flash, the princess caught the necklace of moonstones from the Lady Mayblossom's throat, threw it on the grass, and stamped her foot upon it, once! twice! thrice! The jewels crumbled or were crushed into the earth. Seeing them so, the princess laughed softly, but defiantly, and in the silence that followed, her words fell on the air without a tremor:

"So! So!" she said. "It is so I shall do to those who cross my will!"

The fairy queen covered her eyes with her hands. The king stood in silence, his face hardening. The little court fairies still were poised for flight, yet did not fly; and the grey elves sat cross-legged and watched, their goggle eyes staring wildly; and as they watched and listened, they shook like autumn leaves in the wind.

The Lady Mayblossom alone turned and fled.

The princess still stood, her foot upon the jewels, and the ancient fairy, leaning on the ebony cane, gazed at her fixedly.

Then she spoke, and her voice had lost its quavering tone and sounded young and strong again, while her eyes, that had never grown old, shone bright in her old, old face. Slowly she lifted the ebony cane.

"Move not!" she commanded. "Move not, anyone, except my grey elves! Go you, O grey elves, and bring hence a rose-plant that grows in a golden pot by the south gate of this garden. Bring it hither with care. Go! Be nimble!"

The six grey elves departed swiftly, and as swiftly returned. They bore a golden pot, from which grew one tall rose-plant. They placed the pot at the ancient one's feet. Green was the rose bush, with many leaves, but no rose or bud grew upon it.

(*Continued on page* 56.)



I wish I could tell you what entire contentment there is in owning a New Edison.

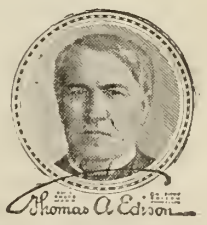
We put on a piano selection by the celebrated Andre Benoist. It is Godard's "Second Mazurka." What we hear—those mighty chords, those runs of stirring crescendo, those soothing modulated passages—ah! what we hear is not a mere resemblance, not an *imitation* of piano tone. It is as much *Benoist* and his marvelous playing as though the great French virtuoso was sitting there at our own piano. Only *this* is *Music*. There is nothing more in music to wish for. There is nothing more to be obtained.

Hear the New Edison yourself. Its "Re-creation" of an instrument or the human voice is really marvelous. Has permanent diamond point, no needles to change. Plays all makes of records. Easy terms if you wish.

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"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Good Cooks Must Have Good "Tools"

Clean, hygienic utensils mean better, tastier food.

OLD DUTCH

quickly and thoroughly cuts burnt-in grease — always insures hygienic cooking utensils.





Meet me at the TULLER for value, service, home comforts

New Hotel Tuller

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Center of business on Grand Circus Park
Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Ave.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

200 Rooms, Private Bath, $1.50 Single, $3.00 Up Double
200 Rooms, Private Bath, $2.00 Single, $3.00 Up Double
100 Rooms, Private Bath, $2.50 Single, $4.00 Up Double
100 Rooms, Private Bath, $3.50-$5.00 Single, $4.50 Up Double.

Total 600 Outside Rooms. All Absolutely Quiet.

Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms. New Unique Cafe and Cabaret Excellente.

She's gone!

If war work has summoned daughter from the home, or the maid to the munition factory, there are busier times than ever ahead—for women who stay at home. You need all the time-saving helps you can get hold of. See how Gold Dust helps out day by day:



Monday

Besides being laundry day, means 'picking up' and freshening the house after Sunday. Gold Dust takes care of the 'wiping up' of kitchen and bathroom, removes finger prints from woodwork and windows because it quickly and gently dissolves all oil and grease. A tablespoonful to half a pail of water.

Tuesday

After the ironing is out of the way there is time for such little odd jobs as cleaning cut glass and bric-a-brac, mirrors, windows, glass globes, lamp shades. They all sparkle like diamonds after an easy application of Gold Dust and hot water.

Wednesday

After baking there must always be a general clean-up of utensils. Gold Dust dissolves the grease quicker than soap—important to remember after shortening has been used. No soapy taste left behind.

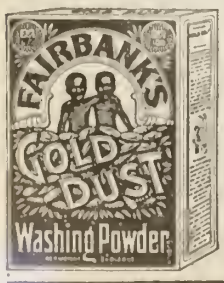
Thursday

—is Gold Dust day for bathrooms. Gold Dust smoothly—without scratching, gently dissolves all oil and grease and quickly removes dark circles and stained rims from bath-tubs and bowls. Remember, too, to flush out the pipes with hot water in which you have dissolved a tablespoonful of Gold Dust.

Friday On sweeping day a cloth dipped in Gold Dust water freshens and purifies door sills and window sills, dark nooks and crannies, and corners of rooms and other places hard to reach where 'oily dust' sticks. A tablespoonful of Gold Dust to half a pail of hot water performs sanitary wonders, for dirt simply can't stick after Gold Dust gets rid of every particle of oil or grease.

Saturday

means extra cooking for over Sunday and the final clean-up of kitchen and kitchen utensils as well. Gold Dust freshens the ice box to receive Sunday's supplies with no danger of soap left behind. A tablespoonful to a dishpan or half a pail of water accomplishes a wonderful amount of sweet cleansing.



GOLD DUST

The Busy Cleaner

MADE IN CANADA

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED, MONTREAL



Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work.

Going South

A Nature Story For The Girls and Boys

By ETHEL BAIN.

"No Tickets, No Luggage! Isn't that a Splendid Way to Travel!"

"Honk, honk, honk," cried the flock of ducks as they flew overhead.

Bushy, the Red Squirrel, scampered up to the topmost branch of his home tree. There swaying in the wind he watched the migrators as they soared over his head in V formation. "Good-bye," he called, but they were too high up to hear him. Bushy did not mind, for all day long he had been saying farewell to his friends. "Hello, Chickadee," he cried, as his little black capped friend perched beside him. "Thank goodness, you're not going too," he went on. "I'm so tired of saying good-bye to-day, that I really wish I was going south myself."

"It does make one sad for a time," replied Chickadee, "but cheer up, Bushy. The months will soon pass, and you know it always pays to keep a smiling face."

"You're right," chattered the Red Squirrel, "and you're the brightest of us all, Chickadee, for you keep so cheerful, even during the most dreary days of winter."

"It pays," replied Chickadee, wisely. "Well, I'm off now. See you later, Bushy."

Left alone, the Red Squirrel continued to watch the sky for more of his friends, but none appeared, so down the tree he ran, and sadly wandered along the woodland path. Notice boards met him every way he turned; quaint little notices they were, as the Red Squirrel saw when he stopped to read them. Most of them read, "Going South? Join our party leaving in October." One stated, "No baggage allowed on this trip."

"Wish I could go," chattered Bushy. "Must be nice down there. No snow or cold winds. Wonder how long it would take to get there," he pondered.

"Get where?" asked a merry voice. Startled, he turned to see two Scarlet Tanager birds. "Saw you as you came along, Bushy, so thought we would run down and say good-bye."

"But," stammered the Red Squirrel. "Which is which, for you look exactly alike, yet your voices are different." Both birds laughed merrily as they saw how bewildered their friend was.

"Allow me to present you to Mrs. Scarlet Tanager," cried the Tanager Bird. "As for myself, well, you see, Bushy, I've got my winter suit on."

"Your what?"

"My winter suit."

"Oh, but I like your bright coat much the best."

"So do I, but it's better to follow the 'Safety First' rule. That is why Mother Nature provides me with this dull brown coat, for then I don't attract the same attention I would if I kept my gay red coat on when travelling. There is always someone ready to take a shot at the birds when they're migrating. True, we fly mostly by night, but in the early hours of daylight we get caught, and when resting. You see every person is not a bird lover, and sometimes what seems a most inviting feast spread out for us is only a trap after all."

"Well, I think that sort of people are just horrid to go and set traps for such useful workers as you all are."

"So do we, Bushy," replied Scarlet Tanager. "It shows how little they know about Mother Nature's children. Well, we must be going now. Look out for us next May, won't you?"

"Sure, and I'll be glad to see you back again."

He watched them until they had disappeared. "Oh, it's getting lonely," he cried as the silence deepened in the wood. Away he sped; then as he reached the end of the path he stopped to listen, for he heard a lot of chattering. Following the voices, he scampered out into the open and down to the brook. There he spied all kinds of birds flying about and bathing in the silvery water that laughed as it danced its way over the white pebbles. "Hello, everybody," cried Bushy, as with twitterings and chirping they greeted him. "I thought you'd all left."

"Not yet," replied a Bluebird. "We are just having a little change after housekeeping all summer. Our babies are able to look ater themselves now, and this week we have taught them their last lessons, how to take care of themselves when flying south, and always to remember to obey the leader. Oh, we're having a lovely time, a real holiday."

"I wish you didn't have to go south," said the Red Squirrel.

"But," protested the Bluebird, "we would die if we stayed here during the winter months, for where should we find enough to eat? The insects are nearly all dead, and it's getting cold at night."

"You'll all come back?"

"Surely we will, if we survive the dangers of our journey. Two thousand miles is a long way, and there are many dangers, but our leader is always the oldest and wisest of the flock, and he knows the best resting places for us."

"You fly mostly by night?"

"Oh, yes. That is the safest time for us; then we can rest during the daytime, for if we flew in the hot sunshine for hours at a time we would get so very tired."

"You're right," said the Red Squirrel. "When do you leave?"

"I really can't tell you. Maybe to-night, perhaps not for a few days, but we are all ready; just as soon as our leader thinks the weather favorable off we shall go. Until then we can rest and enjoy ourselves."

"Bon voyage," he cried as he turned away to go home to his tree house. Up to the top of it he scampered, and there settling himself, he waited.

The day waned, and night took charge of the sleeping earth. Still Bushy, the Red Squirrel, remained in the tree top. As an owl swept silently by, he crouched low, so that the sharp eyes of the night hunter should not see him. Once a shadowy thing brushed his face, and he felt, oh so frightened, but it was only one of those curious half mouse, half bird animals—a bat—that was out looking for its supper. The moon rose and still he watched. Suddenly he heard a faint cry far away, and now eagerly he scanned the sky. There they were, the dark cloud passing high over his head, and he could hear the metallic voices of the Bobolinks, the chirping of the Warblers, and the soft whistle of the Thrushes. They were off on their wonderful journey, those feathered travellers, off to face the unknown dangers, off through the darkness to the sunny lands of the South.

. . . . . .

The Bird Lover watched the sky with anxious eyes. "Surely they have not gone another way," he said to himself, but the fairies of Hope whispered to him that his wish would soon be realised. Day after day he had been out in his garden as the first streak of dawn crept across the sky, filling afresh the bird baths and renewing the drinking water for the coming guests. When his tasks of love were finished he always went up to the rose arbor on the hill and there he watched for some sign of the travellers.

At last, one morning in early October he was rewarded, for there, coming from the north was a black cloud. Nearer and nearer it came until he could clearly see the birds themselves and hear the sound of their whirring wings.

Still flying high, they swept over his head, across the garden and beyond. Disappointed he watched them, for surely he knew the leader. Sadly he rose to leave the arbor, when, flying lower this time, the flock returned and circled over the trees. Breathlessly he waited, then to his delight the birds came to earth, tired as he could see, but happy to find a sheltered resting place. Glad twitterings and chirpings broke the calm silence of the October morning as the king of day rose in golden splendor, but gladder than all was the heart of the Bird Lover to know that those he loved had not forgotten him in their hour of need.

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

My Best Idea

Contributed by Our Readers.

In this Department we will publish the best original items of general interest to housekeepers which are sent in by our readers. For each of the accepted items we shall pay the one sending it fifty cents.

If the description is not clear, we would suggest that the contributor send a rough sketch, making the idea plain, which can be used as a guide to the artist who will illustrate this page.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL *cannot return the items submitted, therefore it is advisable to keep copies of matter sent for consideration.*

Address "My Best Idea," care of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. *Give your name and address.*

The Art of Making Good Apple Sauce.

Apple sauce, like everything else, can be very well or very poorly made. Here is a plan that is economical on both sugar and time, and most appetizing. Do not pare or core the apples, but wash them thoroughly, removing just the bad parts. Put on to cook with as much water as required and cook *quickly*. Then put through a colander or strainer, and while still hot, sweeten to taste.

By this method one is assured of delicious apple sauce, with no raw pieces or bits of core in it. You are not sweetening any part of the apple that is not used. You are saved the time of paring the apples, and besides, the beautiful red skin of some apples makes the apple sauce a lovely color. Try this method and you'll never go back to the old way.

OBSERVER.

To Fill Cracks.

House cleaning will soon be with us again, and fore-warned is fore-armed. Fill all those unsightly cracks in your floor, before you paint or stain it, with this simple preparation, which will prove, I am sure, the best you have ever used.

Buy some of the cheapest varnish you can buy, and mix it with cornstarch to the consistency of a thick paste, and apply evenly in the cracks.

OBSERVER.

Grease and Grass Stains.

Do not despair if your child comes in with his dress ruined, as you think, by grease off an automobile or his waggon. Rub the greasy spots well with lard, roll the article up and set it away for an hour or so. Then apply coal oil before you wash it, and after the wash the stains will have disappeared.

I have also found if grass stains are soaked in coal oil, and allowed to remain a little while before the wash, that the grass stain disappears after the wash.

OBSERVER.

Nice Hands—But Busy.

I always have great trouble with my hands when there is so much fruit, and so many vegetables to be done. But this year I just use pumice stone on my hands, and a little lemon, and I have no trouble at all. It is so easy that I am glad to tell others. It is pumice stone that does the trick.

Dip your finger nails in a little peroxide of hydrogen and it will keep under the nails clean.

OBSERVER.
Grand Valley.

Corn Starch Saves Wheat.

Corn starch is as good for boiled starch as the laundry variety and saves wheat, as the laundry starch is made from wheat. In using corn starch use a little bluing.

A. G. C.,
Oxbow, Sask.

Delicious Sherbet.

Last year when we were canning peaches. we had a lot of juice left which would not go into the jars. I filled the can of the ice-cream freezer about half full of the juice, and when it was almost frozen I put in the beaten whites of four eggs. When frozen, the sherbet is a delicate pink color. I use four eggs for a six-quart freezer.

Milliner's Combs.

Who has not experienced the unpleasant sensation, after trying on several hats, of having the hair most untidy? If milliners would keep a supply at hand of tiny washable combs, it would be a decided drawing card for their parlors. Until such time it will be found an advantage to carry a small comb in one's bag when going to the milliner's.

E. G. G.,
Brampton.

Oilcloth Paper.

Oilcloth, covered with a coat of paint, makes splendid kitchen wall-covering and will wear indefinitely.

Your Kitchen Sink.

If you are building a new kitchen, measure the woman of the house and not the plumber to determine the height of the sink, tables, and so on. Thirty-two inches is a good average. If your sink was built for some one else, use a stool; shorten its legs if necessary for greater convenience.

Knitting Remarks.

Mark on one of your knitting needles the length you make your sock and it will save you constantly measuring.

Wind your wool in this manner, and your ball will not run away from you. Leave a piece about 15 inches long before beginning to wind, then wind as usual, fastening the end when finished. Use from the end that was left hanging out, and if you have wound your wool *loosely*, as you surely do, the yarn will pull out easily and your ball will stay where it is placed.

OBSERVER.

A $10,000 Discovery.

Grate raw potatoes to a pulp and add a pint of water to a pint of pulp; pass this liquid through a sieve and allow it to settle. Pour off the clear liquid, which is to be used for cleaning. Dip a sponge in the liquid and apply to the fabric till spots are removed. Rinse in tepid water and press with a warm iron on the wrong side.

The Paris Art Institute offered $10,000 for a preparation that would clean delicate fabrics without injury to color or goods, and this simple recipe won the prize.

A New Place to Sprinkle Salt.

Scatter a little salt from the salt-shaker along the whole length of the window-sills right under the sash when cold weather comes. A fine, even coating of salt at this line will prevent snow or moisture getting between the bottom of the sash and the sill, and freezing, thus making it impossible to open the window.

C. N. R. TOURIST CARS THE REAL THING.

Comfortable and Economical Berths Between Toronto and the West.

Canadian Northern Tourist Cars serve those who, demanding efficiency, do not cavil at simplicity in appointments.

There is the same wide berth, the same scrupulous cleanliness, the same privacy and perfect ventilation and electric lighting as met with on the C. N. R. Standard Sleeping Cars—and they offer opportunities for economy, of potent appeal, these waste-not stressful days.

A kitchen and ready-to-use range is at the disposal of the tourist car passenger desiring to cook meals en route, and the cookery of "back home" can be enjoyed all the way; or a capable cook will be found in the porter who stokes the range and looks after the kitchen, but unless called into service keeps discreetly out of the way.

And it is not necessary to purchase first-class transportation to secure accommodation on C. N. R. tourist cars! Holders of second-class and home-seekers' tickets may book what berths they need from the fourteen comfortable roomy sections—at exactly half the rates prevailing for similar sized space in the Standard Sleepers.

These cars are of solid construction throughout, built on steel underframe, and the conventional, Canadian Northern, highly polished, dark green finish of the exterior, and the mahogany furnishings of the interior, present a very pleasing appearance to the eye.

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

Time and Money

We want and we will liberally pay one energetic lady in each community to represent the "Canadian Home Journal."

We already have scores of local representatives in our big Home Journal Club, and some are making as high as $100.00 per month.

There are still many towns and villages in Canada in which we have not a representative and if you have any spare time that you desire to turn into money, write us to-day.

The remuneration of a "Canadian Home Journal" representative is according to the time and activity devoted to the work.

If you have plenty of time and energy there is practically no limit to your income or territory, for we make special provision for the live ones.

The women of Canada require more money to-day than at any time in the history of the nation. The "Home Journal" will supply that money in exchange for your time.

Write us to-day.

Canadian Home Journal
71 Richmond Street West
Toronto

Alma College

The Money Value of an Education

"Girls' Schools," said our practical friend, "are all very well for the daughters of the wealthy, but there are too many frills in them for the ordinary young woman who must earn her own livelihood afterward," which proves that he never heard about Mary Jones in particular, and the thousands of Marys in general who have been trained at Alma College.

This Mary Jones lived in a small town with her parents. When she had completed her Collegiate education she went into an office and was earning twelve dollars a week. But Mary was not satisfied. She longed for further education along musical lines, so she set to work to plan.

She found that for five hundred dollars a year she could study music and several other subjects as well at Alma College, so she borrowed the money at once, and at the end of the first year an equal amount from a friend with interest at six per cent. Mary graduated at the end of the second year because of her faithful application and went home to form a class of pupils. Twenty-five were interested and paid seventy-five cents a lesson. To this income was also added five dollars weekly for playing the organ at her church each Sunday. This gave Mary a weekly income of $23.75 instead of $12.00, and at the end of two years she was able to pay back the money borrowed with the interest. Was this a practical course for her to follow? I believe even the hardest-headed business man must agree that it was a paying proposition.

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The Queen's Tear-Bottle

By VIRNA SHEARD

(Continued from the September Number.)

"'Bless me, my fathers, and send thy blessing to the King of Egypt, for, having conquered, he returns.'

"With uplifted hands they blessed her, and she departed. But not knowing the King was dead, the priests wondered at the whiteness of her face and the glory of her robes—which were ceremonial robes and heavy with much gold.

"The litter-bearers bore the Queen onward until they met the triumphant legions of Egypt.

"At their head was carried the body of the King upon the linked shields of his guard, and beside the litter walked the greatest of the tame war-lions. They lowered the shields at the Queen's approach, and she stepped from her litter and knelt in the sand beside it. The mighty warriors of the guard wondered at her that she did not weep.

"'So you return to me—in triumph, O My Lord!' she said, as though he heard. "'Tis joy to meet thee. Thy people have been sore beset and very pitiful. But all I could do, O most dear, I have done. It was but little, and I forgot to lay my sacrifice of tears upon the altar of Amen-Ra. Quite forgot, until word came of thy victory. Now it must serve but for a thank-offering. The priests have promised to offer it thus with incantations and praise—that the gods may be content and not angry with us any more. Perchance we were too happy—and thereby forgot them in our hearts.'

"Gently she stooped and laid her lips against his face, that had still the dust of battle upon it. As she did not rise, and the moments passed, the guards looked into each other's eyes, and were troubled, thinking she had fainted. Then one, bolder than the rest, lifted her up. And they saw her spirit was no longer in her body, but had hastened on to overtake that of her Lord the King of Egypt, so that it might journey with him into the land of Peace.

"The High Priests laid the tear-bottle on the altar at the feet of Amen-Ra, as they had promised. There it lay, O, my little ones, amid the daily offerings of fresh flowers, for many, many, many years.

"When the city, long afterwards, was burned and sacked, and the temples destroyed, an aged priest took the token from the desecrated altar of the Sun-God, to bear it away. And, behold! The tears within the crystal had, by some miracle, turned into a jewel, the wonder of which no tongue can tell.

"There it shone with serene rays of light, that all might see and marvel. Moreover, that time-worn priest secreted the token, and at his death gave it to another, and though the temples were laid waste, yet has the Queen's Tear-Bottle been passed down from one to another of that priestly line unto this very day."

In the fire-lit room there was silence, and one boy after another roused as from a spell. The Egyptian rose and stepped to the floor with the light spring of youth. He, too, was as one who had come out of a dream.

"Thanks, Abydos Khon!" the boys called. "That was a good story! Some story, Abydos Khon!" One after another, they registered their approval by word of mouth, and so scattered in different directions, shaking from them rather gladly, perhaps, the mystic impression of his words, and making for the world they belonged to. So youth can escape quickly from one condition to another. But age is not so.

The Man-Who-Was-Rich rose stiffly from his chair beside the hearth, and approaching the hooded figure of Abydos Khon, as he was about to depart, touched him on the arm.

The Egyptian turned and looked into the cynical eyes of John Mayor.

"Who are you, Abydos Khon?" he asked.

"Why should I think you would believe me if I told?" he questioned with a smile.

"Why not?" said the other.

"Because you do not easily believe," returned the Egyptian.

"Are you, then, so extraordinary a man one could not give credit to your identity?" Mayor asked with cold politeness.

"That is as it may be," said Abydos Khon. "But I will try your faith. I am of the old line of the Pharaohs!"

The Man-Who-Was-Rich gazed at the strong young figure before him, at the beautiful face that might have been cast in bronze; the eyes, from which shone out the flame of the soul within; the thick, white hair, white as a thing grief-stricken; the patrician hands of such vast repose.

No, it was not difficult to believe that he came of a race of kings. But the Pharaohs!

"What proof have you of what you claim to be?" questioned the Man-Who-Was-Rich.

Abydos Khon smiled—and the smile was like a light.

"Ah!" he returned "I was right. You have no faith. Well, what does it matter? Yet this much I will say. My people of Egypt do not aver their line of birth unless they have proof thereof. The birth records are sacred—but not for every idle and curious eye to see." He waved his hands lightly, as though dismissing the subject. Then, bowing, turned to the door.

But the Man touched him on the arm again.

"Wait!" he said in his clear-cut voice. "Wait, Abydos Khon! I am not done with my questions—though, of course, you may not answer. Yet, I desire to know a thing or two regarding your statements in the little story. A strange story, Abydos Khon, and akin to those of the Bible we were bidden to believe in our childhood. No whit stranger than those most true stories, and very beautiful. Therefore, tell me—what of the Queen's Tear-Bottle you assured your credulous audience had come down to this day? Was that truth or polite fiction? What of the jewel it held—a jewel compounded of tears, as you told us? Why go so far into particulars? Why drag in miracles or enchantments? It did not seem necessary."

Abydos Khon regarded him steadily. Beneath the brown hood, that was like a friar's hood, his eyes were as stars. About him clung the calm of the East. It enfolded him as an intangible garment. For a moment he stood so; then bowed again.

"I admit your right to question," he said, "and it is my pleasure to answer. The story, as I told it, is true—if we may believe any story so handed down. It has come with little variation through the priests of the temples that belong to days that are very far off. Some stories are so wondrous, so lovely, they carry the power of conviction. Nothing can be added to them or taken away that would not mar their perfection. This, every man that hears them acknowledges. Therefore, in the chronicles and repetitions they remain unchanged, and they seem to need no proof. Yet, of this story, I alone, of all the living, *have a proof*." From the inner folds of his cloak, above his heart, he drew a crystal vial. In the dim room it shone with a soft radiance. He held it out.

"Look!" he said in his bell-like voice. "Look! It is the Queen's Tear-Bottle!"

The Man-Who-Was-Rich started, his eyes fixed on the shining thing, then he reached out and took it with his own hand, but with an incredulous smile.

"Oh, come!" he exclaimed. "O, come now! You can hardly expect one to credit *this*—to accept it as genuine, you know, or connect it with your very wonderfully recited story?"

The Egyptian shook his silvery head. "One does not look for credence in the hard-to-believe. Not, at least, here, in the City-of-Money. It may be the boys believed while they listened. Perhaps they still believe. But you—you are different—a product of your time and city. Still, at the least, I will leave with you food for thought. Hold the bottle to the fire-light."

The other did so, and looked long. It was a lovely thing he held, and made of a transparent crystal, luminous in places, as though flecked with phosphorus. The mouth of the bottle was wide and flaring, but the neck slender and long. Below it was delicately curved, and at the base so rounded it could not be set upright.

The stopper seemed made of a single opal, and was cut and threaded as a screw is threaded, so only by turning could it be fitted to its place. When once fitted, it held perfectly, and nothing could escape, not even vapor.

(*Continued on page* 47.)

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For Those Who Would Write

By KATHERINE HALE.

To A Poet

This article is the inauguration of a new department in "Canadian Home Journal"—a department of literature and journalism where questions relating to the needs and perplexities of writers, especially young writers, may be sent and will be answered by Katherine Hale. Henceforth, only one column will be used for the purpose of questions and answers, the remainder of the page to be devoted to monthly articles on Canadian literary haunts, beginning next month with "Some Literary Traditions of Toronto."

When the announcement was made in July that letters relating to questions about literature and journalism would be answered in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL a new department was created, and this at mid-summer, the season when the minds of most writers are presumably concerned with relaxation rather than with research. Yet the invitation was promptly accepted, and the first letters were answered personally In the future, while a private reply may be necessary and will be sent on request, answers to correspondents will, whenever it is possible, be shared by all readers of the Journal.

Out of the very first letter of the first correspondent of this new department there dropped a poem. This was to be expected, for nowadays the amateur poet is everywhere. To write to a poet is to write to almost everyone. I believe that there are more men, women and children in the world, trying to write poetry to-day than there are men, women and children trying to do any other one thing. These people may not confess their efforts, the world may never see the result, but there they are, singing away in a thousand minds: vague verses, trite hymns that the critics would undoubtedly call "crude"; some of them, perhaps, never even written out, but all making for a something necessary and musical in life, a something that otherwise would have been formless. Sometimes I think they are like the little never-born children of love and loneliness—these poems—these endless poems that ring through your imagination and mine, and through the imagination of the flippant looking saleslady who pretends to be interested in the pan you are buying, and the street car conductor who is so rude and careless, and the maiden lady who talks thrift, and the over-tired mother of many, and the endless other people that we meet for a moment every day of our lives and who seem pre-occupied. Catch them off-guard and then you know that Alfred Noyes spoke the truth and there are moments, chance moments, perhaps, when

They're all of them returning to the
heavens they have known,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

In Italy, indeed in nearly all the southern lands, the whole country seems to resound with song. The peasants sing as they work and they sing more spontaneously than they speak. But as one comes north the song seems to die upon the lips and the music of life (for there must be music—music is just vibratory sound and is a part of the very fabric of our being) the music turns inward, so to speak. In such countries as Great Britain and North America people seem to be writing instead of singing the song.

This great war, which has in some way entered every home in Canada, has proved this. You will remember that there were no songs resounding through the silent streets as our soldiers marched away, even the wonderful Community Singing has not reached Canada yet. But the strange and awful new thing in life had to be expressed in some form of rhythm and the outlet has been verse. Oh, the thousands of poor, pathetic, desperate verses about this war! We have glanced at them from day to day in every newspaper from one end of the continent to the other—and quickly glanced away. Most of them are pretty bad. Some of them I should say are frankly "invented"—that is, thought out and built up and crudely rhymed for the sake of effect. They seem almost like an egotistical comment on the greatest of tragedies. But for the most part these verses are, I believe, sincere. They represent the pent-up emotion of hearts torn by grief, strained by anxiety, over-taut with the pictures of vague happenings, terrible in their nature to those nearest to them,—*lines that had to be expressed.*

In most cases it would have been better for the writer, more honest, too, on the part of the editor had most of the verse remained in the writer's private possession, for often they are merely depressing in form—little gray rags of grief. And yet the bright red of courage has often shone through. There has been quite a handful of lovely lyrics among the thousands of drab ones, and a few splendid and powerful appeals. Also, the fact remains that the spirit of self-expression is abroad in the land, one of the healthiest of signs.

And so, to the poem that slipped out of the envelope of the first correspondent of this department. It came to me as a sign and a symbol of that effort which has blossomed out into a great flower and is distinguishing Canada among other countries to-day. I mean her school of poets, the few who have through experience and labor been able to perfect their art in a manner singularly characteristic of this country.

Our novel writers of real distinction are so few that you could count them on the fingers of one hand. Our real short story writers are even fewer. But the work of a group of our verse writers has carried all over the world. Such names as those of Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Wilfred Campbell, Arthur Stringer, the Scotts, Isabella Valancy Crawford, Marjorie Pickthall—these names, and others, are known and perhaps will be known in the far future as makers of purer poetry.

And now about the thousands that are trying. Shall I tell you something of what I wrote to our first correspondent? He enclosed a poem about a sparrow, and in it there were some very good lines, only he had made his verses a little more essay-like than song-like. He had obtained information about the sparrow and he put a good deal of it into his verses with a rather heavy hand. Now a sparrow is a small affair at best. To put it politely, a sparrow is a study in miniature. The aim of the poet in dealing with the theme should, therefore, be to make the verse characteristic of the subject. There were two or three lines that showed what the writer could do. His task, therefore, is obviously to get the thought of the whole thing as characteristic, as simple, and yet charming as the lines that were good lines. In other words, to suggest the sparrow without explaining him. Then, too, a poet is always more or less of a colorist and sometimes he is obliged to use his thought material very much as an artist does his paints. Water colors, with their bright, thin, translucent glow, are much more appropriate for some subjects than the heavier oils. You couldn't imagine an oil painting of a sparrow.

Some poets instinctively think in color. Usually their work is the more effective for this. Masefield, the Englishman, is a fine example of a true colorist. In his sea verse especially, you can almost smell the paint. Marjorie Pickthall also uses color, but her palette is subdued, she works in pastilles.

There is so much more in poetry than the fact that one can successfully rhyme a thought. In fact, rhyme has much less to do with poetry than rhythm. Some of the greatest poetry is unrhymed. The blank verse of Shakespeare, the prose cadence of Walt Whitman, some of the *vers libre* of Amy Lowell, an American writer, is true poetry, because there is perfect fidelity between the form and the thought.

And so, to put it very simply, there are surely a few rules necessary for the guidance of all of us who are writing or trying to write verse to-day.

In the first place, don't "try." If a subject does not come to you with its keen beauty, or its deep suggestion, or its overwhelming force, don't make one up and elaborate it. If you really want to write, and your heart is open to the actualities of this very actual world, one day your topic, the thing you were meant to interpret for others, will present itself to you. It will come with no apparent effort. You will think "Why this is the one thing I can write about. This has entered into my experience. I have seen or felt or known this. How could I have missed it?"

And then, having thus mysteriously found the subject, the trouble begins. Because if the subject really is big enough and beautiful enough to write about in poetry then no words of your will seem adequate, or fitting, or simple enough, or suggestive enough to give everlasting form and color and significance to your theme. It is not that the words must be unusual or poetic, or sublime. Oh, not at all. That, perhaps, is just what they must not be. If, instead, you can find words that are hauntingly simple, exquisitely sincere, clear in color, clean in expression—if you can put into the lines all the passion of the subject and also the restraint which accompanies greatest passion, which generals it, so to speak, then you will begin to get something of the wonder that comes to the writer, as well as to the reader in real poetry.

But the deep yet fresh thought, the beautiful reticence in expression, what someone has called "the mood of singing rapture," comes out of much discipline and long, long practice. It is Ezra Pound, a modern American poet, who has recently said: "Don't imagine that the art of poetry is any simpler than the art of music or that you can please the expert before you have spent at least as much effort as the average piano teacher spends on the art of music."

Have you stopped to think why those brief immortal lines of that Canadian soldier, John McCrae, "In Flanders Fields," have girdled the globe and touched men's hearts more deeply than any other verses that have come out of the war? Re-read them and you will realize their utter simplicity, sincerity, restraint. But a restraint which leashes, one of the deepest, purest passions of being—the passion for justice. No wonder that Americans by the score answered that appeal and that it has been echoed around the world. Yet, the same thought uttered with less perfection of form could not possibly have had the same effect.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high.
If you break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

No,—it was the perfect line, the exact rightness of it that has made it too beautiful to lose.

And the beauty of exact rightness is, after all, the shining mark of the poet.

Obvious.

One day, as Murphy halted at the top of the river bank, a man famous for his inquisitive mind stopped and asked:

"How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"

"Tin years, sor."

"Ah, how many loads do you take in a day?"

"From tin to fifteen, sor."

"Ah, yes! Now, I have a problem for you. How much water at this rate have you hauled in all?"

The driver of the watering-cart jerked his thumb backward toward the river, and replied:

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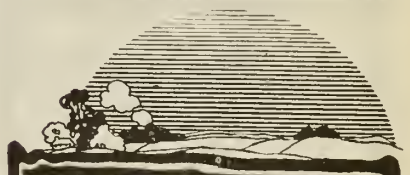
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Music During The Great War

By H. G. STANTON

In Collaboration with Hector Charlesworth.

PART II.

(Continued from September Number.)

When we turn to Italy, we find the same insistence on music as an important factor in the life of the community, which must be maintained as an essential, despite the fact that in that country the strain has been much more cruel than we have had to endure on this continent. This was to be expected, for music has been highly organized, both from an artistic and commercial standpoint, and the city of Milan, especially, reaps large financial rewards from the fact that it is one of the recognized musical centres of the world. In Italy, opera and musical education are assisted by governmental and municipal grants, and as soon as Italy entered the war, efforts were made to use music to stimulate patriotic and martial impulses, not in the crude way in which it has been used on this continent, but by the presentation of complete works and excerpts from operas which were patriotic in their inception. A perusal of Italian newspapers shows tremendous musical activity, which, under the Italian system, must have been stimulated by governmental encouragement. In fact, did the Italian Government attempt to treat music as a non-essential, its action would be regarded by the people as an expression of what has been aptly termed "defeatism."

The Italian Government also, with a view to furthering closer relations between Italy and her Allies has, since the disastrous offensive of last autumn, encouraged French, British and American musicians to give concerts in Italy and dissipate one of the most prevalent of German propagandists' arguments that the inferiority of other nations is shown by their lack of musical aspiration.

The Italian view of the importance of music in war time was very aptly expressed a few weeks ago by the President of the Accademia de St. Cecilia of Rome, in these words:

"The institution of our concerts, so far from being a useless distraction, is a centre of culture and a fount of noble emotions no less than an honor to the capital and a vigorous affirmation of art. For this reason, the Academy has considered it a moral obligation to organize the usual series of concerts . . . so that Rome will continue its normal musical life, and the artistic class, so gravely hit by the war, will not be deprived at least of this notable resource."

Less is known of Russia than of any of the other great nations engaged in the war; but we do know that, prior to the conflict, the Russian Government maintained, through its territorial administrations, a very advanced system of musical education even in its remotest district, a fact which accounts for the remarkable diffusion of musical talent among the Russian people. Russia's musical conservatories were maintained in full activity, despite her prevalent disorganization, until after the Bolsheviki seized the reins of power, and it is said that in certain districts they are still being maintained on a communal basis. The late Count Tolstoi was a very strong advocate of musical culture for the whole community, and his views were shared by many who disagreed with his political opinions.

It may be said that music has been regarded as an essential factor in civilization which should receive the support and attention of the Government, by all the western people except the Anglo-Saxon nations. It has been the policy of Great Britain and the various dominions, and of the United States also, to encourage music by letting it alone. This is not the occasion on which to argue the merits or demerits of this attitude. But it is clear to those who have followed the course of events in connection with music, that since the beginning of the war—and as a consequence of the war—there has been a widespread awakening in Great Britain to the importance of music in national life, which is likely to bear fruit. This has been partly due to the fact that, among peoples with whom she was desirous of cultivating friendly relations, the reproach has been constantly hurled at her that she is a nation of shopkeepers, and citing her inferiority in the matter of music as a proof thereof.



"This war has shown how great a part music does play in our human life."

A very strong movement for the encouragement of British composition is now in its inception, supported by those who desire Britain to attain an eminence equal to that of Germany, in all respects, in years to come. From the purely military standpoint, Sir Douglas Haig has taken an active interest in encouraging the presentation of music of the higher order to soldiers in the trenches, while many writers have urged the importance of music as a solace in helping to keep up the morale of the people at home.

Certainly the theory that music is a non-essential finds no support from the more eminent members of the British Government. Any proposal of the kind would meet with the strongest disapprobation of Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, who is strongly convinced of the moral value of music to civilization. It is probable also that Right Hon. Lloyd George holds similar views, as evidenced by speeches he has made at Welsh National Festivals on two or three occasions since the war began.

The point is brought to mind most forcibly upon reading the speech of Right Hon. Lloyd George at Edinburgh, on May 24th, during which he said:

"This is not the time to organize campaigns, to harass men in charge of the destinies of the nation. There ought to be a truce from all those manoeuvres, at any rate until this great offensive is over. Everything must be done to keep up the spirits and the morale, determination and unity of the people as long as this struggle continues."

It may be claimed by many that it is quite unnecessary to pay any attention to the spirit or morale of the people at home, but I think we can all accept the authority of Lloyd George and realize that his remarks, just quoted, are worthy of every organization's co-operation.

I venture to predict that if the war is going to continue for a still further great length of time, those members of the Government and many organizations who now look upon music as a non-essential, will feel the need of the Government encouraging and supporting music, both in the home and in public concerts, despite the fact that there now seems to be a tendency on the part of some to hamper this development.

Within the present year, the British Government has shown that it realizes the value of music as a propagandist influence. Its activities in this respect have met with little or no attention on this side of the Atlantic. Nevertheless, the British Government decided in February last to use music to effect closer relations between the British and Italian peoples. The Italians are devotees of band music, and the British bandsmen are known to be unexcelled anywhere. Consequently, the Government decided to send to Italy the famous conductor, Major Mackenzie Rogan, with 250 picked musicians from the bands of the Household Brigade — the Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, Irish and Welsh Guards. This spring this superb organization has given concerts of British music in all the leading cities of Italy, and has been received with the wildest enthusiasm.

It shows the trend of opinion with regard to music in Great Britain, that the Government should have adopted this means of promoting a more intimate feeling of friendship among the Italians, and of combating pro-German influences, notoriously insidious.

Another evidence is that shortly after war broke out, the English war Office issued orders against the use of bands excepting only drum and bugle corps. Within six months, that order was not only rescinded, but since then every possible encouragement has been given to music among the soldiers, and I learned only a few days ago that they have now established in England, "The Music In War-Time Committee," under the leadership of no less a person than Sir Hubert Parry, and that this committee have given 3,000 concerts in England, including those in the hospitals. They also entertained weekly 4,000 people at the luncheon-hour concerts for munition workers.

It is quite evident from the above facts that any measure in the direction of treating music as non-essential would be regarded as a retrograde step by those nations which are included in the actual theatre of war. It may, of course, be argued that, while music does play an indispensable

(Continued on following page.)

Music During The Great War

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

role among the French, Italian and German peoples, it is an art foreign to the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race, and that therefore expenditures in connection therewith by us come under the category of waste. It is this opinion, so widely entertained by other nations, that the friends of Great Britain have been most anxious to combat. That it is false, the large expenditures on music and musical instruments are sufficient proof. To say that the people who make these expenditures are recklessly extravagant, and ruining themselves by useless expenditure, like the man who wastes his substance in drink and gambling, or the woman who is carried away by a passion for dress, would be ridiculous.

In support of the argument that the Anglo-Saxon people are not less musical than those of other nations, it has been pointed out that they have more music in their homes than other peoples. While other peoples have more public recognition of music, the art as a dramatic institution and a source of private enjoyment, is probably more firmly established among the English-speaking peoples than any other. It is this fact that makes the music trades so important a factor in the social and industrial life of Anglo-Saxon countries. For this reason, music touches the morale of our communities in time of war quite as nearly as it does that of the European countries which give official recognition to the art.

As has been said, the proposal to treat music as non-essential originates in the United States. It was one of those floating ideas which were born of the bewilderment of the American people when they at last found themselves actual participants in the war and when any suggestion calculated to show that America was putting her shoulder to the wheel, obtained the thoughtless acceptance of certain coteries. But it was so thoroughly opposed to the best currents of opinion in the United States, where a great movement to make music a more definite factor in American civilization has been for some time in progress, that it gained little headway.

In this movement, no class of American has been more potentially active than the members of the banking and financial class. One may cite the instance of the veteran banker, Henry D. Higginson of Boston, who has spent at least two million dollars in the support of symphonic music in his own city, and has had a wonderful influence in promoting similar expenditures by wealthy men in other parts of the United States. Less well known are the expenditures of the famous New York banker, Otto H. Kahn, whose German birth has not prevented his being one of the staunchest friends of the Allies. Mr. Kahn's musical expenditures have probably exceeded those of Mr. Higginson, in an endeavor to make the better class of music accessible to all sections of the American people.

One may also mention the names of Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, the late Joseph Pulitzer, and the late H. H. Flagler, as those of men who have made contributions on a vast scale to the support of music. Those hard-headed business men are not, and were not men to throw away money on a useless luxury. They believed the development and diffusion of good music to be of essential value to the welfare of the American people. For that reason, their views, backed up by lavish expenditure of money, have distinct bearing on the point at issue. There is no reason to believe that their views have been altered in the slightest degree by the incidence of the war.

It is also worth noting that during the month of May, the great captain of industry, Charles M. Schwab, has not allowed his preoccupation with the task of increasing the output of American shipping, to interfere with his active and generous assistance to the great Bach Choral Festival annually held at Bethlehem, Pa.

It may be added that, from the military standpoint, General Pershing, after he went to France, became convinced of the moral value of music, and made an appeal to the United States War Department for a betterment of the standards, both in quality of performance, and of work performed by army bands.

Very significant also were the words of Major-General Leonard Wood after his return from a visit to the American army in France. General Wood, when in France, noted that the forces of the United States were alluded to as the "silent army." He went so far as to say: "It is just as essential that the soldiers know how to sing as it is that they carry rifles and know how to shoot well."

Coincident with the interest of the wealthy bankers and financiers of the United States, there has been in progress a great movement for what is called the democratization of music, and the development of community music, whereby the better order of compositions may be made accessible to all classes of the community. It may, without exaggeration, be said that the success of this movement, which has been great in many American cities, has been in a large measure due to the development of reproducing instruments, like the player piano and the phonograph, which in the space of ten years has greatly extended the knowledge and influence of music in communities where it formerly received little attention.

It has been pointed out by numerous writers on sociology that if the beneficence of such men is to be really fruitful of good results, the musical movement must begin at the bottom, by the development of the musical instincts which are latent in nearly everyone; which are apparent in the little children who follow a hand organ from corner to corner; and the washwoman who sings over her tubs. Fortunately, that movement is already under way in the United States, and has also spread to Canada, where at isolated points experiments in community music are now in progress. It is a matter in which Canada has been backward, and therefore, any step which could be construed as designed to place music in the non-essential class, would be deplored as a retrograde step.

Already this movement has taken a concrete form in the organization of the Musical Alliance of America, which was effected at Baltimore about a year ago. The first clause of its statement of purpose reads:

"To demand full recognition for music and for all workers in the musical field and musical industries as vital factors in the national, civic and home life."

It is an organization founded on such actual requirement, that during the first twelve months of its existence, it was able to render most valuable service. Last autumn, when an endeavor was made to persuade the American Government that music should be classified among the non-essentials, the Alliance succeeded in placing its views before President Wilson personally, and the leading members of the Senate and Congress, so effectively, that the project was abandoned. Among the representations made by the organizer of the Alliance may be quoted the following passage:

"The war has shown us how great a part music does play in our human life. It helps the soldier in the trench. It soothes the wounded soldier lying on his cot in the hospital. It inspires the marching regiment. It assists the recruiting officer. It consoles those saddened with the loss of dear ones. It unites in a chorus those on the hospital ship that has been torpedoed by the ruthless U-boat.

(*Continued in November Number.*)



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Wholesome Foods At Reasonable Cost

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Economical Cookery."

Economy Does Not Mean That One Should Starve

Foods to be wholesome and nourishing, must be properly cooked, therefore much depends upon the ability of the cook, whether she is the owner of the kitchen or the woman hired to fill the position.

Foods may be wholesome when purchased, but under the manipulation of an ignorant cook may be made unfit for the human stomach. It is time well expended to enlighten one's self on the proper methods of preparing meals if one wishes the family to keep wholesome in mind and body. An over-abundance of starch or fats at meals for several months will have its effect in an unhealthy and ailing family.

October offers an abundance of nutritious food which, if properly cooked and served, will form material by which the body may be kept repaired and its muscular power and tissues rebuilt. To keep the body well nourished should be the object of the housekeeper, and for such reasons she should combine her foods to produce the greatest benefits for the family.

The five principles of food are protein or nitrogenous compounds, carbohydrates, fats, mineral matter and water. The food receives the first principle from white of egg, curd of milk, lean meats, gluten of grains, and other vegetable proteid, usually called legumen, all of which are instrumental in building the tissue of the body.

Carbohydrates are sugar, starch, fats and oils of meats, grains and vegetables. Sugar and starch are transformed into fat after eating, and the others are stored as fat in the body, but all serve as fuel to yield heat and muscular power. The mineral matter is received from fruits, vegetables, meats and nuts, and aids digestion, also forming bone.

The cheapest and most healthful food is that which gives the greatest amount of nutriment for the least cost. It will be seen without much effort that the best food is that which combines the most healthful and cheapest materials and is best suited to the needs of the consumer.

As conditions and habits of individuals differ, their food should be adapted to their particular requirements. Each person must learn by experience what kinds of food give him nourishment with the least discomfort. The real value of food materials is determined by the proportions which can be digested and utilized by the body, as well as the amount of nutritive ingredients which a food contains. The reason that foods should be pleasing to the eye and palate is that they then stimulate the flow of the digestive juices.

Economy does not mean that one must starve, but that waste should be avoided either in purchasing or cooking the food. This may be possible by careful planning and buying those foods that have the least waste, avoiding expensive cuts of meats, and fruits and vegetables out of season.

Steamed Hominy.—For each person allow two tablespoonfuls of dry hominy, which place in a double boiler, adding boiling water, while stirring, sufficient to cover. Fill the lower part of the boiler with boiling water and set it where it will continue to boil. Watch the hominy, and when it absorbs the water add more, if needed, to thin it and cook the grains until very tender. When done, it should be thick enough to retain its shape when spooned into the serving dishes, but not so thick that it will be difficult to eat. The amount of salt which must be added during the cooking depends upon the taste of the family.

Salmon Pie.—One can of salmon, two cupfuls of bread or cracker crumbs, four cupfuls of white sauce, and plain pastry. Remove the liquid, skin and bones from the salmon and flake it into pieces. Line a deep fireproof dish with pastry rolled thin, then fill it with alternate layers of crumbs, salmon and sauce. Cover the top with pastry and bake in a moderate oven until browned on the top. Have the sauce well seasoned with salt, pepper and paprika.

Vegetable Cutlets and Cold Meat.—Any left-over cooked vegetables may be used for these, and a combination of two or three of these flavors which will combine nicely, such as carrots, peas, and potatoes, or turnips, and potatoes, oyster plant and potatoes and carrots, cauliflower, cheese and wax beans. Place three tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan, and when melted stir in four tablespoonfuls of corn flour or barley flour, then add one and one-fourth cupfuls of hot milk or water, stirring until well blended, season with salt and pepper and add enough vegetables to make the sauce thick, then spread on a platter to cool. When cold form into neat cutlet shapes, and cover with bread crumbs or corn meal, then brush over with beaten egg or milk, then dip into crumbs or corn meal again and bake in a hot oven or fry in smoking hot fat until a delicate brown. Insert a beverage "straw" in each end and serve hot surrounding cold sliced meat, or creamed meat.

Onions In Batter.—Peel medium-sized onions and steam until tender, but unbroken; remove carefully to a dish and dust with pepper, then dip in batter, dropping carefully into smoking hot fat to cook until brown. Serve as an accompaniment to roasted meats or fowl. Another method is to wrap the cooked onions in cooked rice, seasoned with salt and pepper and binding them with one yolk of egg. Set each onion in a greased baking pan and bake in a hot oven, basting with melted drippings. The onions in this case do not require to be quite tender.

To make the batter:—Sieve one cupful of flour and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt into a bowl, and make a well in the centre. Add one-half cupful of tepid water by degrees, and beat well with a wooden spoon to make a smooth paste free from lumps. Then add one tablespoonful of melted butter substitute and beat again for five minutes, then add one well beaten egg, and the stiffly beaten white of one egg. This batter may be used for all kinds of fritters. It is better if allowed to stand for one hour before using, and before the eggs are added. The batter should be thick, and of the consistency to coat completely the article it is intended to cover.

Scalloped Oysters.—Rinse, drain and dry good sized oysters (allow six or eight to each person). Dip each in slightly beaten egg and roll in fine bread crumbs or corn meal, with each cupful of which there has been well mixed two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute. Arrange in layers in shallow greased baking dishes, dusting each layer with salt, pepper and a little chopped celery or parsley, then adding two tablespoonfuls of cream. Bake in a quick oven from twenty-five to forty minutes, according to the depth of the dish.

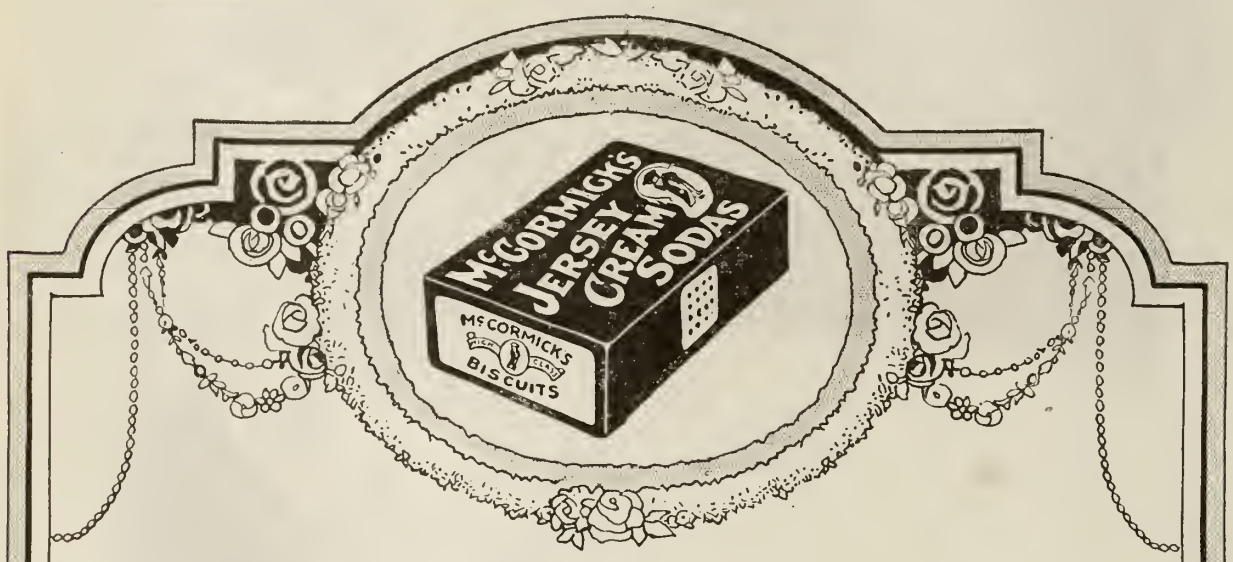
Curried Chestnuts.—Shell and blanch one pound of chestnuts, then cook in stock or water until tender. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan, fry in it one small sliced onion, one small sliced sour apple, one tablespoonful of curry powder or paste, one teaspoonful of chopped chutney, one tablespoonful of rice flour and when smooth add one cupful of stock or gravy. Cook until the apple is soft, then strain, add one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of syrup or honey, and simmer the chestnuts in this until they have absorbed the flavor. Serve hot with plenty of plain boiled rice.

Bread Griddle Cakes.—Pour one and one-half cupfuls of hot milk over one cupful of bread crumbs; add two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, two well beaten eggs, one-half cupful of flour sifted with one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix and bake on a hot griddle, and serve with honey, syrup or preserves. Cooked cereal may be substituted for the bread crumbs.

Scrambled Rice.—Blend together one tablespoonful each of butter substitute and flour in a saucepan over the fire, when bubbling add one cupful of milk and cook until smooth and thick, stirring all the time. Now add one cupful of cold cooked rice, two well beaten eggs and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Pour into a greased frying or omelet pan and cook like an omelet. When set, fold and serve with hot tomato sauce.

Mock Duck.—This is a Welsh dish, and very delicious. Put enough drippings into a saucepan to just prevent

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COME and take a glance inside McCormick's Biscuit Palace, the finest in America. See the snow-white interior and the spic-and-span white uniforms of the employees. Look at the immense windows through which the sunshine streams in. Note the perfect ventilation—how pure and fresh the air. See the white-enameled ovens—the wonderful mixing machines, and so on. The more you look around the greater your admiration—and you certainly will enjoy McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas after seeing where and how they are made.

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The Usefulness of Salt

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Salads, Sandwiches, and Chafing Dish Recipes."

It Is Only Common Salt, Yet Absolutely Indispensable

There is a natural craving for salt in all animal creation. Animals will travel long distances to get it, and in countries where it is scarce men will give gold for it, or anything else they possess. African explorers tell us that the children in some districts of Africa will suck a lump of salt in preference to candies.

Although salt is used ordinarily to make our food more palatable, the natural craving for it shows that it must perform some far more important function than this. It purifies the blood and assists in the processes of the digestion of the food. The true value of salt in food is best realized by its absence, when almost everything we eat is without flavor. Since its introduction salt has steadily increased in value, until it has become an absolute necessity.

The story of the young princess who told her sisters that she loved her father "more than salt," is well known, and the cook who overheard her, showed the king, who had also been a listener, that the youngest daughter was cleverer than the other two, who had chosen wine and bread as symbols to show their love for him.

It was not in food alone that salt was valued by the ancients. Among them a salt spring was regarded as a gift from the gods, and any salt found in the soil lent it a peculiar sanctity and made it known as a spot where prayers were most readily heard. Every meal that included salt had a certain sacred character creating a bond of piety and friendship between host and guest, hence the expression, "there is salt between us," meaning friendship, and to be "untrue to salt" means to be disloyal or ungrateful.

The numerous references in the Bible to salt indicates that the sacred writers attached much importance to it as a symbol of something that was of great value: "Ye are the salt of the earth."

In the middle ages, when all classes and degrees of men sat at the same table, the salt cellar which occupied a position in the middle, was used to denote the position or rank of the guests. "Above the salt" meant of high degree. Below the salt sat the yeomen, serfs and vassals of the feudal days.

The value of the article as well as the significance which attaches to the word is still retained, showing it has "lost none of its savor." To take anything with a pinch of salt means to excuse or make allowance for it. A pinch of salt is always considered lucky in cooking. To "salt" one's conversation means to make it sparkle. To "salt" a ship is to fill with salt between the timbers and planks for the preservation of the timbers.

When we wish to season or preserve meat we sprinkle salt on it, as our forefathers from the earlier ages have done. The quantity used for curing fish is almost incredible. For cooking purposes it is indispensable, and it is well to remember that salt brings out other flavors. Even sweet puddings are improved when a pinch is added. Its antiseptic and preserving qualities are well known, and by destroying the organisms that promote decomposition it is invaluable for keeping fish, meat and other foods.

When mixed with crushed ice it lowers the temperature to 32 degrees below freezing point, and advantage is taken of this property in making ice cream and ices. Apart from these qualities there are many other ways in which it can be used. When our teacups or pots and pans are discolored we rub damp salt on them to remove discoloration. It will also remove egg stains from silver spoons.

It brightens as well as extinguishes fire, as a teaspoonful of salt put into the paraffin oil of a lamp makes it give a brighter light, and salt in a bucketful of water helps to extinguish a fire.

Then, when broiling a chop or steak, a little salt thrown on the fire lowers the flame and makes a more suitable fire for the purpose. A little strewn on the lid of a saucepan will prevent the contents from being smoked. If the housewife has the misfortune to spill milk or fat on the kitchen range a little salt thrown on it will keep down the smell, and if grease is spilt on the table, salt will keep it from sinking into the wood. A little salt put into the washing-up water brightens crystal and also removes discoloration from water bottles. It should be used plentifully in cleansing sinks, baths and lavatories. It will likewise save labor in cleansing mirrors, window panes and lamp glasses. Salt cleans and strengthens basket-work, chairs and tables, and if new brooms are soaked in brine they will wear longer. Salt dissolved in oil will help to remove stains from furniture, and mixed with vinegar it will remove stains from articles of brass and copper. They must be brightened afterwards with some polishing liquid or paste.

Cut flowers will keep longer if a pinch of salt is added to the water in which they are kept. The stains that sometimes discolor doorsteps may be removed by its means, and a liberal sprinkling of coarse salt in the spring and fall will destroy the plants of grass and weeds that so often disfigure a garden walk.

If the carpet is dull looking the colors may be renewed by rubbing it over with a flannel cloth wrung from soapy water and afterwards from water in which a little salt has been dissolved. Common sense will tell the housewife that using too much will leave the carpet damp.

If any one has the misfortune to upset an ink bottle, a little salt and milk sprinkled on the stains while they are fresh will do much to remove them. A little salt in the ink bottle, moreover, keeps the ink from getting moldy.

Salt is good for the stings of bees and wasps, and a thick plaster of wet salt put on a sting will take the pain out of it. To clean stains from the hands after paring peaches or apples, rub the hands with lemon juice, then sprinkle on salt and rub together. Wash in clean water and dry thoroughly.

Salt placed under baking tins will prevent their contents from scorching on the bottom. In the laundry a handful of salt put in the washing-up water will prevent the colors from running in prints and woollen articles, a small pinch in the starch will prevent it from sticking to the iron, and a rough iron may be smoothed by rubbing it on fine dry salt; if new prints are soaked in salted water before washing they will keep the color better.

As a kitchen disinfectant, salt is invaluable. A lump of it should be kept in the kitchen sink, where it will dissolve slowly and keep the drain pipe pure and wholesome. Where it is desirable to cleanse a waste pipe that has been neglected, flush it freely with a strong solution of boiling hot salt water.

A pinch of salt added to the whites of eggs will cause them to whip in half the time usually required.

A pinch of salt added to ground coffee just before cooking accentuates the natural flavor of the berry and gives "body" to the drink.

Insects, flies and fleas have a dislike to salt, and a little sprinkled about will help to keep these down.

Salt may be used to strengthen a sprained limb, and for those who cannot enjoy sea bathing a bath of salt water occasionally is very refreshing

(*Continued on page* 35.)



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Milk As A Meat and Wheat Substitute

Recipes for the Use of Evaporated Milk.

Milk is the most essential food product in your kitchen.

It is safe to say that you have never prepared or served a meal that did not include milk or milk products in some one of the dishes.

You usually have butter for your bread and cream for your coffee. If there are little folks at your table the mug of milk at each place is as familiar and important as the bib and the high-chair.

But we must not let the idea of fresh milk being turned into canned milk alarm or prejudice us. Nor must we associate any preservatives with evaporated milk. There are no preservatives in evaporated, unsweetened milk. The milk stays sweet because it is air-tight. The milk is pure because it has been sterilized. The machinery that does this work is clean and modern. A few hours after the cows have been milked and the milk brought to the condensery, it is sealed in the containers and ready for use.

Part of the water in the milk is evaporated and this leaves it rich and smooth. It looks not unlike heavy cream and is of about the same consistency. When you dilute the evaporated milk with an equal quantity of water you bring it back to its original state, although still it is better than most ordinary milk because reliable brands of evaporated milk, even after being diluted, contain a greater proportion of butter fat than regular bottle milk.

It is economical because there is no waste. You open the container when you need milk, and every drop of it can be used. It stays sweet for several days after the container is opened, and does not have to be kept on ice, merely in a cool, dry place.

Evaporated milk is convenient because the wise housekeeper who has it on her shelves is always prepared for any recipe requiring milk; she can serve luncheon or afternoon tea to any number of extra guests, and always have the cup of milk for the unexpected little visitor who has accompanied her mother.

As it is nothing but pure milk to begin with, evaporated milk can be used the same as the bottled product. In cooking it is usually diluted to make it the consistency of ordinary milk. If you use it just as it comes from the container, you save on butter and other shortening, as evaporated milk is very rich.

On the table you chill evaporated milk and use it just as it comes from the container. It will improve any cup of coffee, and over cereals and fresh fruits it is delicious. It can be whipped with satisfactory results.

Most of us know that right now it is important to consume as much milk as possible. There is plenty of milk in Canada, and it is a valuable substitute for wheat and meat. Butter and cheese and all milk products are health-building and strength-sustaining foods.

Dishes prepared with cream sauces, foods cooked in milk, creamed soups and vegetables, and custards of all kinds, should be on the table of every patriotic Canadian household. For your country's sake—because we must substitute on wheat and meat, and for your family's sake—because they are entitled to appetizing as well as nourishing food, begin now to use more milk; and for your own sake—because it will prove safe, convenient, and economical, try evaporated milk in your cooking and on your table.

Cheese Bisque.

One and a half cups evaporated milk, one and a half cups water, one tablespoonful cornstarch, one cup grated cheese. Thicken the milk with the cornstarch, cooking thoroughly. This is best done in a double boiler. When ready to serve, add the cheese, salt, paprika, and a little Worcestershire sauce.

The most popular soup from October to March, when the weather is cold and appetites keen, is oyster stew. If you have never tasted an oyster cream stew made with evaporated milk you have yet to learn how truly delicious this dish can be. It has a piquant flavor entirely different from oyster stews made with ordinary milk, and is very rich and smooth. Here is the recipe for making it:

Oyster Cream Stew.

Melt two tablespoonfuls butter; add two tablespoonfuls flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, dash of pepper, and mix well. Add a cup of water and a cup of evaporated milk and cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Add a pint of oysters and heat until oysters are thoroughly warmed through.

For the substantial part of the meal, evaporated milk may be used in making meat souffles, gravies and sauces, ham and tenderloin baked in milk, and many kinds of meat substitutes. We give below two recipes for substantial dishes.

Veal Baked in Milk.

This dish is as tender and delicious as chicken if cooked long and at low temperature. Cut a veal steak into six or eight pieces and place in a shallow casserole boat. Pour over a mixture of one-half cup evaporated milk and one-half cup water with one-half tablespoonful of cornstarch and one tablespoonful butter. Season with salt and pepper, and bake until the meat is tender, basting, if necessary, with a mixture of equal parts of evaporated milk and water.

Nut Bake.

This is a splendid meat substitute, as it contains fully as much nutriment. One cup ground peanuts mixed with one cup bread crumbs, one cup grated cheese, one tablespoonful tomato ketchup, salt and pepper. Moisten the above with one-quarter cup evaporated milk, add one small onion sliced thin and browned in butter, mold into a loaf and bake slowly for thirty minutes. Serve with tomato sauce.

Evaporated milk is especially good for making nut and vegetable, as well as meat loaves, as it holds them together compactly.

For luncheon you will find this cheese custard particularly delicious. It is a new recipe, and when the platter of golden brown slices is garnished with parsley or celery tops, it is quite festive enough for company luncheon.

Cheese Custard.

This is not a dessert, but another splendid meat substitute. Take eight slices of bread, not over one-half inch thick, one-half pound of cheese, three-quarters cup evaporated milk, three-quarters cup water, one egg and one scant teaspoon salt. Make eight sandwiches of the bread and cheese. To the milk and water add salt and egg and beat. Saturate the sandwiches thoroughly and place in shallow pan, not touching each other, in which are five tablespoonfuls melted fat. Place in a slow oven until cheese is melted, then remove to top of stove and brown, turning only once. Serve immediately.

Evaporated milk gives a new flavor to vegetables. The inevitable canned corn and canned peas of the long winter taste differently, and very much better, when the rich evaporated milk is added. Of the few fresh vegetables that can be obtained reasonably, celery is probably the most popular, and the tough, outside branches that cannot be served as a relish may be prepared for the table in this manner:

Celery Au Gratin.

Cut the stalks into inch pieces and boil in salted water. Remove and drain, and add to a thick white sauce made with evaporated milk. Pour into a baking dish and cover with a layer of grated cheese, then a layer of browned bread crumbs. Sprinkle with pepper and place in the oven until cheese is melted.

When salad greens cannot be obtained, vegetables that have been canned or dried in the summer must be substituted, together with the half dozen fruits that can be used for a salad. Under these circumstances a great deal depends on an appetizing dressing.

The Bird In The Bush

(*Continued from page 7.*)

nothing of his plans, but if he wished her to go to the world's end she was ready to cut all ties and fare with him into the unknown.

It would be hard to say good-bye to her friends. It would be a genuine heart-ache to give up Rodolphe and the happy comradeship of years. At the thought of Rodolphe her face grew very serious. He was to escort her to the soiree and then leave her—to Armand. The simple fact seemed suddenly full of moment to her and to him. Rodolphe would miss her. There was no vanity in the admission—merely a deep and pitying tenderness. She would miss him, too—how much she was afraid to think. He had been such a good friend, so unwavering in his devotion. If it had not been for Armand she might have cared enough,—but, that was a thought crushed in its birth by the stupendous fact of Armand's return.

In spite of its many duties the day dragged slowly to an end. The early November night closed in with a crispness that breathed of coming snow. A stiff breeze swept in from the Baie de Chaleur and the blue Laurentides were wrapped in a steely haze.

The simple supper was eaten as a matter of custom, but Annette was too excited to enjoy the homely fare. Gran'moder Boileau had much the better appetite and old Paul, Annette's father, sipped his tea with a gusto born of a day's hard labor.

Annette was already dressed in her blue party-dress, her wonderful hair braided in glistening coils upon her head.

At half past seven Rodolphe drove up in his light buggy. His face was very serious as he stood in the lamp-light, his fine eyes fixed with a look of abject renunciation upon the girl at his side. He spoke but few words to Paul or his mother and silently helped Annette into the ouggy. He tried to be natural, but his laugh failed to deceive Annette. She, too, felt the tension of the moment, and something of her joy faded before Rodolphe's evident misery. Neither mentioned Armand.

In silence they drove along the shore and down the side-road that led to Collettes'. The lights shone from the farm as they drew up before the door. Germaine Collette and his sister, Elise, met them in the broad beam of hospitable light. Already Isaie Valinquette was tuning up his fiddle and several couples were shuffling their feet, anxiously waiting for the dance to begin.

Her heart was throbbing painfully as Annette stepped within the roomy kitchen with its yellow-painted floor, its ears of corn and strings of red pepper hanging from the rafters. Bunches of feathery asparagus decorated the walls and festoons of dried apples swayed in the draught, casting weird shadows upon the ceiling.

Her eyes took in the room at a glance. Absently she answered the voices that greeted her. In a dream she went into the small bedroom to remove her coat and scarf. She wished that Rodolphe would soon come in from the barn where he had gone to put his horse.

As yet Armand had not appeared. She dreaded meeting him before this crowd of watchers, and breathed a sigh of relief as Rodolphe entered and came quickly to her side. He felt that she was under his care until Armand appeared. The musiclan drew his bow inspiringly across the strings. One couple started off to a lively waltz tune; others followed, and soon Rodolphe and Annette stood alone in a corner. He held out his arms and in a moment they, too, were lost in the gaily twirling throng. Annette was glad of the action, for her mind was distraught with expectancy.

The waltz died away in a screech and a wail that usually announced the end of each dance. Annette sank into a chair with flushed cheeks while her partner sat beside her.

"Ah—dere is Armand Collette heemself," ejaculated Camille Primeau, as she adjusted the artificial rose in her hair. Annette turned at the same moment as Rodolphe, and together they watched Armand shaking hands with one group nearest the door.

Annette caught her breath. She would have risen to her feet had not a sudden faintness driven the red from her cheeks.

Armand Collette! The stout, flashily dressed man was smiling a greeting as he tried to recall amidst much merriment the faces of old friends. Annette gazed as if turned to stone, watching each movement with painful incredulity. There was little to remind her of the old Armand. He had become very fat. Although in his early thirties he was exceedingly bald, his scalp resembling moth-eaten patches. A front tooth was missing and a blue scar trailed across one cheek. Gone were the beauty and the youth that had held Annette through the long years of waiting. He evidently did not see her and suddenly she found herself wishing that she were away in Rabbit Town, lost in the dream from which she had been so rudely awakened.

Then something of the humor of it all came over her. She felt a wild desire to laugh. Gradually Armand was drawing nearer to her and she leaned heavily towards Rodolphe for support.

At last the moment had come. She rose unsteadily to her feet as the lover of her dreams stood before her with extended hands. She placed her cold fingers in his fat palm, but as quickly as possible drew them away. Physical contact was absolute pain. All the yearning, the slumbering passion, the romance and devotion of years, seemed suddenly to die. Over her came a great fear that he would claim her as he had promised. The hope of years had become a tragic menace. She scarcely heard his greetings.

"Well, this is little Annette! You haven't changed very much since you used to let me kiss you good-night in Rabbit Town!" The fact that he could thus openly refer to moments that to her had been infinitely sacred, grated rudely upon her sensibilities. She crimsoned at his laugh and dared not look at Rodolphe. Here was humiliation refined into exquisite torture, cruelty unlike anything she had ever before experienced. Her pride, her womanhood, were dragged in the mire, and she was made to appear like some light o' love. She stood silently awaiting further indignities, abased, scorned, her shame flaunted before the faces of her friends.

It was as if her world had been swept from beneath her, leaving her spinning through space in a febrile isolation. The warmth of the room, the odor of cheap perfumes nauseated her; she grew faint and giddy.

Then she became conscious of many eyes fixed on her in friendly curiosity. Armand was smiling before her as he mopped his bald forehead with a heavily scented silk handkerchief. Rodolphe shifted helplessly from one foot to the other.

"Let me see—you were seventeen when I went away—as pretty a little girl as ever I see. Do you remember how I used to say I was coming home to marry you some day?" He laughed boisterously and Annette cringed. He was going to exact his pound of flesh. He had lost the caressing accent of his own people and spoke with a harshness of unfamiliar speech picked up in his travels. For some moments he rambled on in a flood of reminiscence, each recalled event spelling torture to Annette. She was brought to herself by his next question, as he turned his attention to Rodolphe.

"And is this your husband?" With bold eyes he surveyed the handsome young lumberman.

His indifference, his ignorance of her life, real or feigned, cut her to the quick. It was, however, the one thing needed to restore her self-possession. A sudden anger took the place of despairing chagrin. No longer was she a tortured thing at bay. Laughing lightly, she turned towards Rodolphe and with a pretty gesture of ownership placed her hand upon his arm. With an archness heightened by the charm of her beauty she answered slowly, "He's not ma husban' yet—but soon, M'sieu Collette. Some tam before de New Year. You will be here to dance at de wedding, mebbe? Rodolphe was only a child too w'en you went away—how long ago, M'sieu?" She matched her indifference with his own as she smiled into his face. Her color had returned and she stood before him in all the pride of her youthful beauty. With her defiance there was a strange gladness in her heart, a wondrous sense of peace, as that of a homing bird which has come again to its own.

Rodolphe stood as one in a dream. Scarcely could he interpret as tragedy or comedy the little scene into which he had been drawn as a chief actor. It all seemed too wonderful to be true. He felt that Annette must be joking, but he always found her so tender, so fearful of wounding, that he could scarcely reconcile the thought to fact. She was not a woman of whims and had always possessed a supreme regard for the truth. He shifted again from one leg to the other, brushed his hand nervously through his soft brown hair, and waited for the outcome of the scene unfolding before him. He had never seen Annette more beautiful, more desirable. Her eyes were glowing, her cheeks were a beautiful pink, and her air of careless abandon was regal in its quiet dignity.

Rodolphe was disappointed in Armand Collette and the old feeling of jealousy changed to one of disgust as he studied the man's worn features and flamboyant attire. He had come to town after Armand's departure, and this was his first glimpse of Annette's idol.

"Have you met the Madame yet, cherie? She is anxious to meet my old sweetheart. She's a little jealous, but she won't mind so much now that you are going to be married too." Collette laughed roughly and gave Annette a playful dig in the side. Resentment shone in Rodolphe's eyes. "You're a lucky fellow, Savard. If I wasn't a married man I'd give you a close run." His facetiousness evoked merely a forced smile.

"Ah, M'sieu Collette, it would do no good. Rodolphe he's already won de race. De music it is fine—shall we not dance, Rodolphe?" With a pleasant smile of dismissal she turned her back on Armand and in a moment was lost with her partner among the other dancers. Rodolphe's face had gone white and he held Annette very close as they kept time to the wailing fiddle.

"Annette—you mak' de joke?" he asked, as they glided slightly away from the others.

"I mak' de joke of Armand Collette, cher ami. He's ver' fonny. I know now dat I love bes' de bird in de han'. Will you marry me, Rodolphe?"

Her eyes were raised to his, her warm breath played upon his cheek. He drew her closer and whispered very softly, "I tell you dat w'en we on de way home, cherie."

To both, the music of Isaie Valinquette was that of a choir unseen.

THE END.

The Usefulness Of Salt

(*Continued from page 33.*)

For unbroken chilblains rubbing with damp salt is one of the best remedies known.

We all know, more or less, the agony of toothache, and other pains, and how comforting a bag of hot salt is, often giving immediate relief, while a weak solution, used as a gargle, is good for sore throats, not forgetting it is also beneficial as a dentifrice.

No application is better for lusterless hair than salt. Rub well into the roots of the hair at night, and cover the head with a nightcap. Brush out the salt in the morning. Several applications will show a marked improvement in the appearance of the hair.

In severe attacks of colic a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in one-half cupful of cold water has been known to give immediate relief. The same dose will revive a person who has been stunned by a heavy fall, if he can be forced to swallow it.

When salt is dried for the table it should be allowed to grow cold before being put into the salt cellars. When this is not done the salt is apt to cake together in lumps.

If the feet are tired or painful after long standing, great relief can be had by bathing them in salt water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can be comfortably borne. Immerse the feet and throw the water over the legs as far as the knees with the hands. When the water becomes too cold, rub briskly with a towel. This method, if used night and morning, will prove most beneficial for the feet.

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Read
"The Home Garden"
By George Baldwin
On Page 20



"Mother, What does Cocoa Mean?"

"Well, my boy, good cocoa means

Baker's Cocoa"

It is a rich red-brown powder made from high grade cocoa beans, which have been carefully selected, skilfully blended, roasted, ground exceedingly fine, and with the excess of fat removed without the use of chemicals.



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When Our Friends Drop In

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "How to Cook in Casserole Dishes."

"There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease."



Maple Cocoanut Cookies.

Company Dishes Which Are Easily Made.



Raisin and Orange Salad.



Fruit Cup.



Apple and Nut Roll.

Rice Salad and Cold Meat.



THE cordial hostess welcomes the unexpected with the same sincerity as the expected guest and sets to work to arrange the most appetizing menu she can with the supplies at her command. It is well to keep in an emergency closet a few goods for just such occasions, then one will never be at a loss to know what to serve when company drops in at the most unlikely moment. This closet or shelf should contain such articles as crackers, tea, coffee, cocoa, canned lobster, tuna fish, shrimp, sardines, salmon, peas, tomatoes, peaches, a few tumblers of mixed jams and jellies, a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, a box of gelatine, canned soups, a jar of beef extract or a few bouillon cubes, canned milk, a jar of grated cheese and a jar of boiled salad dressing.

The housewife who would have no fear when the unexpected guest drops in for a meal, should take time by the forelock and make a few preliminary preparations. First, she should learn the art of saving odds and ends of food. Bits of bread should never be thrown away, but dried, run through a food chopper or rolled with a rolling pin and placed in glass jars. These crumbs are most valuable in the making of forcemeats, croquettes, and the scalloped or *au gratin* dishes. Stale cake should not be thrown out. Slices of this spread with jelly or marmalade, covered with a thin custard and topped with whipped evaporated milk make a delicious sweet. Fruit juices, left-over preserves, cold meats and vegetables may all be utilized if one has thrift and ingenuity.

The housewife whose friends feel at liberty to make unexpected calls, should master the making of sweet and savory sauces.

Slices of cold beef may be heated and covered with a brown sauce to which a few chopped olives have been added. Another way to prepare cold meat is to dice it, fry it in hot butter substitute, then heat it in brown sauce. Serve on squares of toasted bread with a poached egg on top of each piece.

Cold Ham.—Cut thin slices of cold cooked ham, spread a slice with chutney or piccalilli and mustard, cover with another slice, and broil carefully. Serve hot.

Cinnamon Toast.—A friendly cup of tea made with extra nice tea and served with thinly sliced lemon and accompanied by cinnamon toast is delicious to offer an afternoon tea guest. See that the water for the tea is actually boiling, scald the teapot and put in the leaves. Then pour the boiling water over them and let the beverage brew for a few moments.

To make the cinnamon toast:—Cut stale bread in one-fourth inch slices, remove the crusts, and cut the bread in three pieces crosswise. Toast carefully, spread with butter, and sprinkle with sugar mixed with powdered cinnamon, using three tablespoonfuls of sugar to one tablespoonful of cinnamon.

Raisin and Orange Salad.—Line a bowl with crisp lettuce leaves. Peel and slice four oranges, lay the slices on the lettuce, sprinkle over with one cupful of fine chopped celery, add one-half package of seeded raisins, and serve with French or mayonnaise dressing.

Apple and Nut Roll.—Roll out some plain pastry, spread over with cold stewed apples, sprinkle with chopped nut meats, roll up like a roly poly, place on a greased baking tin, brush over with milk and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve hot or cold with sugar and cream.

Rice Salad With Cold Meat.—Line a salad plate with crisp lettuce leaves. Into a bowl put three cupfuls of cold boiled rice, add one tablespoonful of melted butter substitute, one-half tablespoonful of onion juice, and one-half cupful of French dressing. Press into a greased mold, turn out on the lettuce and serve with cold sliced meat and extra dressing.

Maple Cocoanut Cookies.—Cream together one cupful each of butter substitute and grated maple sugar, add two well beaten eggs, one cupful of barley flour, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and one cupful of chopped cocoanut. Roll out on floured baking board, cut out, lay on greased baking tins and bake in a hot oven. Cool, brush over with maple syrup or honey and sprinkle with cocoanut.

Fruit Cup.—Three-fourths fill glasses with any preserved fruit, add a little fruit juice and serve topped with whipped and sweetened cream or whipped evaporated milk and small cookies.

Curried Meat.—Brown one sliced onion in two tablespoonfuls of hot butter substitute, add one teaspoonful of curry powder or paste and one cupful of soup stock, tomato if possible; or the meat stock could be used, adding one-half cupful of tomato, either canned or fresh. Add one quart of cold cooked meat, cut into small pieces, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, and heat very slowly. Line a hot platter with plain boiled rice which has been seasoned with salt and butter substitute. Make a well in the centre and pour in the curry. Serve hot.

Coffee Ice Cream.—Pour two cupfuls of left-over coffee into a saucepan, add four cupfuls of milk, and bring to boiling point; add one-half cupful of sugar or honey and cool. Then add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and freeze. Serve with wafers.

Popovers With Banana Sauce.—Into a bowl sift one-half cupful each of flour and corn flour, and one-half teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder. Beat up two eggs, add one cupful of milk, then add these gradually to the flour mixture and divide into hot, well greased popover molds. The molds should be a little more than one-half full. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five minutes. The oven door should be kept closed until the mixture has a firm enough crust to keep its shape when the door is opened. Serve hot with the following banana sauce:—Blend two tablespoonfuls each of butter substitute and flour in a saucepan over the fire, add one cupful of hot milk and one-fourth cupful of sugar, honey or syrup, and stir until the mixture thickens; then add yolks of two eggs and cook for three minutes. Add a pinch of salt, two bananas which have been rubbed through a sieve and one cupful of whipped and sweetened cream or whipped evaporated milk.

This banana sauce is excellent with gelatine jellies.

Hash au Gratin.—Slice one small onion and brown it in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute, add two large baked potatoes pared and cut in pieces; then stir in one cupful of cold cooked diced meat; cover and simmer until heated through; add one tablespoonful of butter substitute, salt, pepper and paprika to taste; pile on a greased fireproof dish, cover with grated cheese and brown in a hot oven. Serve hot.

Fish Pudding.—Mix three-fourths cupful of milk with one cupful of fine bread crumbs and heat for a few moments; then add the beaten yolks of three eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and white pepper, one cupful of cold cooked or canned fish and the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a greased fireproof dish and bake in a moderate oven until firm in the centre.

Chicken a la Terrapin.—Cut cold cooked chicken into good-sized pieces, and to each pint allow one cupful of sauce made in the following manner:—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan over the fire, stir in one tablespoonful of flour and add three-fourths cupful of milk and stir until boiling and smooth. Then add the yolks of three hard-cooked eggs, the pieces of chicken, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika and a pinch of powdered nutmeg. Cook over hot water until the chicken is hot. Serve very hot on toast.

Omelet With Mixed Vegetables.—Prepare one cupful of neatly cut cooked carrots, turnips, peas and beans. Heat up in a little white sauce, add one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and a pinch of sugar. Break four eggs into a bowl, season with salt and white pepper, and beat for ten minutes. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in an omelet or small frying-pan, when hot, pour in the egg mixture, and stir until the eggs begin to set. Put the vegetables in the centre, fold over, brown in the oven and serve at once.

Hurry-Up Soup.—Dissolve three bouillon cubes or three teaspoonfuls of beef extract in three cupfuls of boiling water. Moisten one and one-half tablespoonfuls of rice flour with one-half cupful of milk, stir this into the boiling water and stir constantly until the mixture boils; then add one cupful of cream, and salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Serve hot with crackers or small pieces of toasted bread.

Sardine Toast.—Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan over the fire, add one-third of a cupful of soft bread crumbs and one cupful of milk or cream. Bring to the boiling point and add two hard-cooked eggs finely chopped and one small box of sardines. The sardines must be freed from skin and bones. Again bring to boiling point and season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve hot on pieces of buttered toast or buttered crackers.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Wash, scrub, peel and boil fourteen potatoes, drain and rub through a sieve. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan over the fire, add the potatoes, three tablespoonfuls of hot milk, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, three yolks of eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Grease some scallop shells or fireproof dishes, dust them with fine bread or cracker crumbs, fill the dishes with the potato mixture, smooth over the top with a knife, brush over with melted butter substitute, cover with bread crumbs and grated cheese and bake in a hot oven until nicely browned. Serve hot with a good white sauce.

Cheese Sandwiches.—Mix four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese with two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, one tablespoonful of chopped celery or two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped nut meats and one tablespoonful of chopped gherkins. Cut thin slices of bread, butter them, spread over the cheese mixture, cover with a crisp lettuce leaf and place another slice of bread on the top. Cut them into neat shapes, squares, oblongs or crescents, and serve.

Cold Slaw With Sauce.—Select a nice, white, hard head of cabbage, peel off the loose outer leaves, and cut in half. Half a cabbage is sufficient for a moderate sized family. Shave fine with a cabbage cutter, and sprinkle with salt. Boil one cupful of vinegar. Break in a bowl two yolks of eggs, and stir in gradually one cupful of milk, when mixed stir in the boiling vinegar very slowly, season with salt and pepper, add one tablespoonful of sugar or syrup, one teaspoonful of butter and two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk. Put back on the stove, and boil, stirring constantly to prevent curdling, and as soon as thick remove immediately. Mix with the slaw while hot, and serve when very cold.

Cheese Savory.—Melt one tablespoonful of butter substitute in a saucepan over the fire, add three sliced tomatoes, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, one-half cupful of milk and two cupfuls of grated cheese. Stir continually until the cheese is melted, then add three beaten eggs and cook until it thickens. Serve on crackers or toast.

The Mandarin Blouse and Long Jacket Are Chic Style Notes

7647—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch dotted organdy—1 yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar—1½ yard filet lace for trimming. A large gathered frill finishes the V neck, and over this may be arranged a shawl collar knotted in front. The blouse is gathered in front on the shoulders.

7650 — Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch plain voile—¾ yard 36-inch embroidered voile—2⅝ yards edging. The sleeves instead of widening out below the elbow, may be gathered to deep cuffs finished with turnback cuff sections.

Blouse 7647 Blouse 7650

7963—Ladies' Coat (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth—4¾ yards 36-inch Pussy Willow satin for lining. Length at center-back 48 inches. Most of the new utility coats are cut on straight easy lines like this model. For early Autumn the coat fronts may be rolled back to form revers as illustrated with the collar turned down, while for colder weather, the coat may close to the neck with the fronts buttoned over.

Blouse 8000
Skirt 7330
Braiding 12425

Coat 7997
Skirt 7339

8000 — Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch black satin. Braiding border No. 12425, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing three yards of 14-inch border, 50 cents. No. 7330—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Presented here is the new Mandarin blouse with straight Renaissance neck-line and Mandarin sleeves. It closes at the back, and has a deep border of soutache braiding. The sleeves are sewed into the armholes of the underbody, and instead of the Mandarin sleeves, plain sleeves may be selected. The skirt is a gathered model, but as it is made with straight lower edge, it may be accordion-plaited as illustrated here.

7997—Ladies' Coat (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch black velvet. No. 7339—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Skirt (20 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch plaid. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. For informal street wear the plaid skirt and black velvet coat is particularly jaunty. This coat buttons in single-breasted style and is finished with a shawl or square collar. Plaited skirts are among the notable fashion features of the season, and this model is distinctly smart, arranged in side plaits and closing at center-back.

Coat 7963

Jacket 7960
Skirt 7830

7960—Ladies' Long Jacket (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch English mixture—⅜ yard 36-inch velvet for collar. Length at center-back 43 inches. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch English mixture. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Here is one of the new long jacket suits that are the smartest things for Fall wear. This suit has the straight tailored lines that are so much in vogue for general wear, and may be fashioned of tweed, English mixture, serge, or gabardine. The back is made with the fashionable full-length panel. At the underarm there are applied sections cut in one with the belt that crosses the front of the jacket.

7838—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch check taffeta—2⅛ yards 44-inch serge—¾ yard 44-inch organdy for vest and collar—4 yards wide and 4 yards narrow braid. Width at lower edge 1⅞ yard. Quite new is the combination of check taffeta with serge which may match the dominant tone of the check. This model shows the fashionable long waist-line at which the serge is joined, tho the dress itself is belted at normal waist-line.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

Dress 7838

Jacket 7958
Skirt 7797

Dress 7818



Morning and Home Frocks and Some New Sleeveless Overblouses



Dress 7606

Work Dress 7436

7436—Ladies' Work Dress (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 7¾ yards 36-inch linen—½ yard plaid gingham for collar. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. In these days when women are engaged in so many outdoor activities a dress like this is a perfect boon. It consists of a simple gathered waist cut in one with pantalets and drawn in at the waistline by elastic drawn through a casing, forming overalls. The pantalets are drawn in at the lower edge, and over these is slipped a separate three-piece skirt. A small square collar finishes the open neck, and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length.

7911—Ladies' Morning Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch percale—½ yard 27-inch white lawn for collar—½ yard 27-inch chambray for trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Delightful in its simple charm is this morning and home frock of figured percale closing in front, and with square collar of white lawn finishing the open neck. The edges of the collar are rolled back and faced with solid color chambray. One-piece sleeves are provided which are perforated for shorter length, and the four-piece skirt, which is joined to the waist under the belt, is slightly gathered.



Apron 7643
Cross-stitch 12460

Dress 7816

7606—Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 6 yards 27-inch check chambray—⅝ yard white lawn for collar—1⅞ yard lace edging. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Easy to make and launder is this simple house frock of check chambray buttoning at center-front. Allowance is made in the pattern for a square collar, and a pointed collar perforated for round outline.

7907—Ladies' Morning Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch plain gingham—⅜ yard plaid gingham for trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Embroidery No. 12184, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.



Dress 7911

Dress 7907
Embroidery 12184

Apron 7981

7981—Ladies' Sleeveless Apron and Cap (25 cents). Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch calico—⅝ yard white lawn for bias trimming-bands. This is an attractive apron for the housewife with comfortable low neck and large armholes. The closing is at the back, and a choice is offered of square and V neck outlines. A cap is provided.

7643—Ladies' Apron (20 cents). Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires for apron with short sleeves, 7 yards 27-inch chambray—½ yard 27-inch white lawn for collar. Cross-stitch No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents. This neat apron is plaited below a square yoke front and back, and may have long or short sleeves.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 67



Overblouse 7344
Braiding 11818

Overblouse 7778

7816—Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch check serge—⅝ yard black satin for collar and belt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. This dress may be in single- or double-breasted effect.





Overblouse 7854
Braiding 11347

Overblouse 7792
Embroidery 12372

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St W. Toronto.

How To Be Modish tho Stout Is Attractively Shown Here

Blouse 7592
Skirt 7995

Blouse 7599

Blouse 7723
Embroidery 12367

Blouse 7937

Dress 7965

Dress 7984
Beading 12461

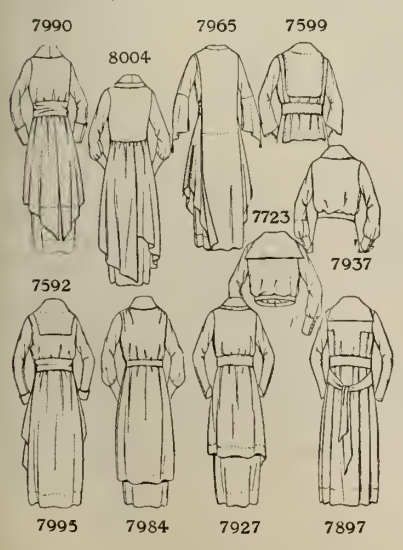
Dress 8004

Dress 7927
Braiding 12321

Dress 7897

Dress 7990
Embroidery 12422

7592—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. No. 7995 — Ladies' Two - piece Skirt (25 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4½ yards 40-inch satin —1⅛ yard beige satin for vest and drapery facing — ½ yard 27-inch white lace for collar — ¼ yard black lace for trimming-band — ⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Because one is stout is no reason why one may not dress smartly and in up-to-date style if the proper lines are adhered to in the design of the frock. In this satin afternoon model the long revers of the blouse give length of line in front, and the skirt while simple, has an up-to-date touch in the drapery sections that are inserted in the side seams and are faced with contrasting satin. For a plainer frock these may be omitted.



7599—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅜ yard 36-inch satin—1½ yard passementerie—1⅛ yard 18-inch allover cream lace for collar and vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The bretelles that extend over the shoulders and down to the waist-line are very becoming to stout figures, and length of line is given by the hanging pockets that depend below the shaped girdle.

7937—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch voile. Like most of the new blouses this is very simple in line, but the fulness on the shoulders is very becoming to women of plump figure. For the slender woman the blouse may be high-necked with a high turn-down collar.

7723—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3½ yards filet lace for trimming. Embroidery No. 12367, blue or yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents. When developed in soft fabrics like voile and Georgette crêpe draped revers of this style may be worn by the stout woman.

7965—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch satin—4⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Here is a charming frock for afternoon or informal evening wear for the stout woman. The closing is at the back, and the tucked kimono blouse may be made with high, round, or deep square neck outline. The tunic falls in points in front, and is mounted on a two-piece gathered skirt.

8004—Ladies' Dress (25 cents) Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch satin—2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The stout woman who is inclined to be short-waisted will find this an ideal model for giving the effect of a longer waist-line. The surplice blouse is drawn down to form a deep girdle, and buttons at the side, and the skirt may be accordion-plaited or gathered, and is attached to the underbody.

7990—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 36-inch black satin—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12422, blue or yellow transfer pattern, 20 cents. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Long rolling revers and a vest that extends below the girdle give the desirable and becoming length to stout figures, and a gathered tunic is mounted on the two-piece skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

What One Mother Did With Pictorial Review Patterns

DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

Aren't these the most perfectly adorable kiddie's things you ever saw? No, they didn't come from Paris, nor did I buy them



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12081, blue or yellow 15 cents, on dress No. 5797

in a high-priced specialty shop. I made them myself from Pictorial Review Patterns, and I am so delighted with them that I just *had* to send them to you to be photographed for your magazine so that you could tell other mothers of my success. You see it isn't as if I were an expert sewer. I never made any clothes for myself, and I started in buying my little daughter's clothes ready-made, too. But one day I happened to see in Pictorial Review a coat and dress that appealed to me so that after trying vainly to duplicate them in the shops, I made what was to me a most terrifying resolve to try to copy them myself. So I bought the patterns



Back view of Dress No. 5797. ½ to 4 years, 20 cents.



Pictorial Review Transfer No. 11741, blue or yellow, 15 cents.

and before spending any money on materials, I read the directions over carefully, studied the cutting and construction guides, and said, "Well, if I can not follow these simple instructions I must be lots more stupid than I ever thought I was." I bought sheer white batiste for the dress and



Pictorial Review Coat Pattern No. 6873—Sizes, 2 to 8 years 20 cents.

bonnet, and pale blue silk poplin for the coat. Of course I was slow and clumsy at first, for remember this was my very first attempt at dressmaking. But by degrees I found the work simply fascinating, and as the little garments grew under my fingers into things of beauty, I really think I got as much pleasure from them as an artist from painting a lovely picture. And think of the money that I saved. Why clothes one makes oneself cost about one-quarter what they cost ready-made. Long live Pictorial Review Patterns.



Back view of coat No. 6873. Embroidery Transfer No. 12081.

MRS. BLANCHE ANDERSON.

Charming Afternoon and Street Frocks for the Young Girl



7983—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 44-inch plaid serge—½ yard 44-inch white organdy for collar, vest, and cuffs—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge edge about 1½ yard. The blouse of this frock of plaid serge is cut down in deep U shaping in front to show a chemisette of white organdy which is applied to the front-closing underbody. Perforations permit of shortening the long sleeves that are gathered to deep cuffs, and the one-piece gathered tunic is attached to the blouse at slightly raised waistline. It is mounted on a two-piece gathered skirt closing at left side-front and joined to the underbody.

7970—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch velvet—¼ yard satin for collar—1¾ yard narrow—1⅝ yard wide fur banding—⅜ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Velvet is the material of the season for handsome afternoon frocks, and it is at its best in a simple model like this which closes at the side. The blouse is mounted on an underbody of lining, and there are two styles of neck outlines and two styles of sleeves provided. Fur and fringe trim the frock attractively, and there are flying panels arranged at the back of the dress, extending from the shoulder seam down almost to the hem of the two-piece gathered skirt. The panels may be worn under or outside the girdle as preferred.

7989—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 48-inch serge—1¾ yard 36-inch satin—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and sleeve facing—22⅞ yards soutache braid for trimming. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Over a front-closing blouse of satin is arranged a jumper section of serge draped to form a girdle. The neck may be high, square, or round, and one-piece sleeves gathered to deep cuffs may be substituted for the Mandarin sleeves illustrated. The jumper closes on the left shoulder. Rows of soutache braid trim the skirt effectively, and the moat collar is a distinctly new feature.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

All that Is Newest and Smartest in Fashions for the Miss



7959—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine. No. 7773—Misses' Two-piece Suspender Skirt (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch tricotine. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. For young girls as well as their elder sisters and mothers the long jacket is a new style feature. This jacket buttons all the way up the center-front like a tailored dress, and may have a standing collar with small turnover, or the open neck may be finished with a large square collar as illustrated. The two-piece gathered skirt has a suspender or jumper attachment.

7938—Misses' and Juniors' Coat (25 cents). Eight sizes, 13 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth. Instead of the notched collar and open front, the coat may have square collar and may close high to the neck. An inverted plait is formed at center-back.

7987—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 44-inch serge—4¼ yards 36-inch satin—1⅜ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt about 2 yards. This jaunty frock of serge and satin shows the new "sandwich" panel effect. The panels are of serge and are loose from the neck at the front and back, tho the front panel may be held in slightly at the waistline by a satin girdle. They are mounted on a foundation dress of satin consisting of a front-closing waist joined to a one-piece accordion-plaited or gathered skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

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Simple Lines and Little Trimming Mark Children's Styles

7935—Girls' and Juniors' Coat (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch covert cloth. Quite military in style is this smart belted coat with inverted plait at center-back. It fastens in double-breasted style, and may have the collar turned down and the fronts rolled back in revers as illustrated, or it may close high to the neck. Large pockets accentuate the jauntiness of the coat.

7503—Child's Coat (20 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch broadcloth—⅜ yard 24-inch velvet for collar. The surplice collar buttoning onto the coat is a charming feature of this model.

7967 — Child's Empire Coat (20 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 36-inch velvet. The richness of velvet needs no trimming, and it is very effective in this model which may have a round or shawl collar. The skirt section is gathered to the body.



7748—Juniors' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 13, 15, and 17 years. Size 13 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch serge—½ yard 48-inch white broadcloth—2⅝ yards braid. Here is a very jaunty school frock of blue serge lightened by a collar of white broadcloth. The waist may be made with or without the deep yoke, and it is joined to a four-piece skirt plaited in front and closing at left side-front. Pockets may be inserted in skirt and yoke.

7789—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yard 36-inch satin. Embroidery No. 12469, blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents. A touch of novelty is given to this serge frock by the extensions on the front of the waist that form a sash effect. The inset vest that fills the deep U-shaped opening is of satin to match the collar and cuffs. The sleeves may be long or short, and the two-piece skirt closes at left side-front. A square collar finishes the neck.

6856—Child's Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 2 yards 44-inch serge—6¾ yards soutache braid. The sleeves of this little frock are attached at drooping shoulder-line and the closing is at left side-front.

7866 — Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 32-inch check gingham—¼ yard 27-inch piqué for collar —¼ yard plain gingham. The simplicity that is such a feature of school frocks is admirably displayed in this model of pink and white check gingham trimmed with pipings of plain pink gingham and a Peter Pan collar of white piqué. The skirt is a two-piece model with straight lower edge and closing at left side seam.

7849—Juniors' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool Jersey. Embroidery No. 12363, blue transfer, 15 cents. A novel belt gives style to this frock of the fashionable wool Jersey which is untrimmed save for a touch of hand embroidery in dark red silk. The closing is at the back, and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

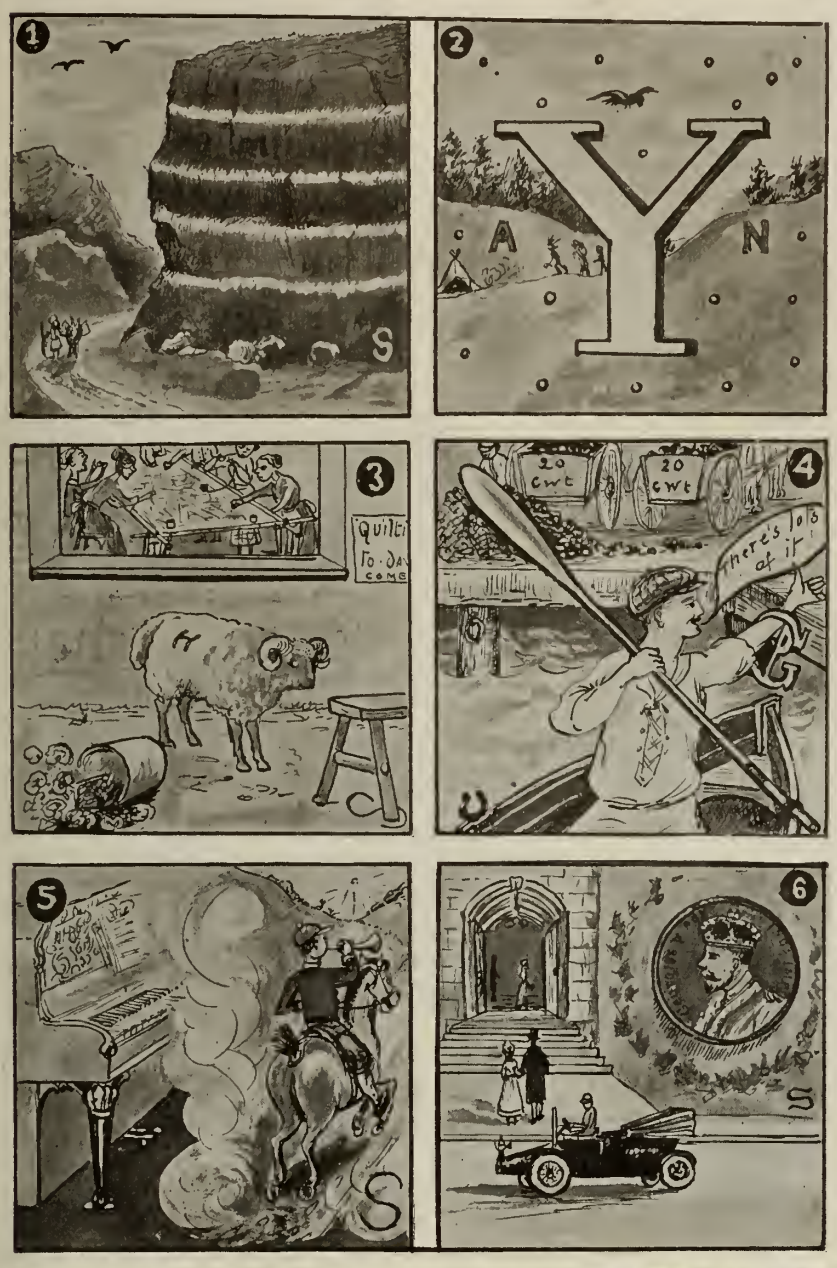
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October Picture Puzzle

By TOM WOOD

Each of the first six pictures represents the name of a special breed of POULTRY. Can you tell what they are? Numbers 7 and 8 are well known PROVERBS in picture language. Can you interpret them?

Send in your answers before October 31st.



Two prizes will be given, first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete in this contest.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF THE AUGUST PUZZLE.

Rivers in France:
1—Aisne.
2—Oise.
3—Somme.
4—Marne.

No. 5.

A R A B
R A C E
A C E S
B E S T

No. 6.

S U B S
U N I T
B I T E
S T E P

The largest number of words made from the letters in "Something" were puzzled out by Mrs. H. K. Forber, Wessley, Ont., who had 279, and won first prize. The second prize goes to Miss Isabel Markle, Shoal Lake, Man., who had 223 words. A few had more words than these prize winners, but the letters were used more times than they appeared in "Something." Space does not permit us to publish the entire list.

Address all answers to The Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.

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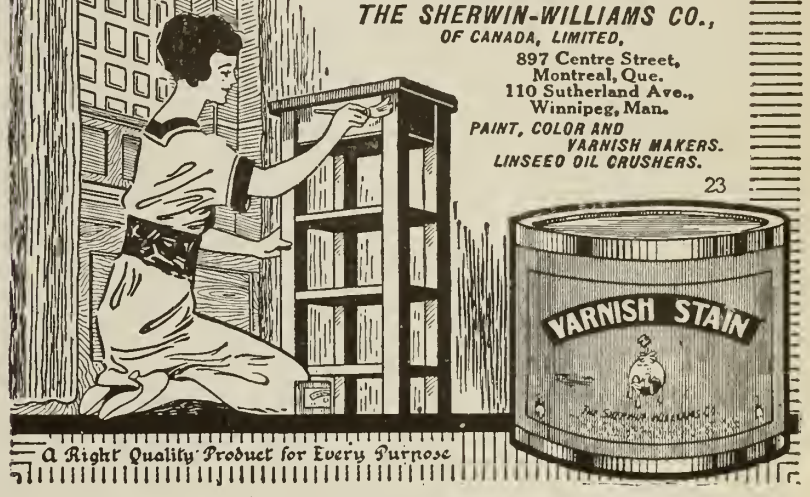
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"The First Canadians in France" by F. McKelvey Bell.

Canadian Magazine, February issue 1917.

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A Woodland Sketch

By EDITH HALSTED LORWAY.

(Continued from September Number.)

"That isn't any way to air a mattress. You should do it when the sun is shining, and you should—"

"Ah, shut up," interrupted Frank. "Who is the captain around here?" Under such pleasantries do boys usually labor together.

The sleep of the just may be sound, yet sounder is the relaxing sleep of a healthy youngster. All four awoke next morning, refreshed *and* hungry—very hungry.

For breakfast they had porridge, delicious coffee—a rare treat allowed on hikes, and doughy pancakes at which, however, their young appetites did not balk.

During the morning they tramped six miles to another lake. Here on the shore they roasted potatoes and each in the confident hope of catching sufficient fish for supper, ate his remaining chop. This hope came true, for the lake yielded generously of its population, so that four lads tramped joyously back through the woods, with two or three trout each. For supper there were more doughy pancakes, but there was also a large potato each, and trout well cleaned and cooked according to scout directions—what more could a king wish?

The third day was one of those spring days when the busy housewife looks longingly out of doors and is wont to say, just as Farmer Bairnes' wife had said that morning, "Jack, you just hitch up the team and we will spend the day over to Jones' Creek." Thus it happened that when the captain knocked at the Bairnes' door there was no response. The stable was locked, and worst luck of all, the chickens were padlocked in a covered runway — no hope of milk or eggs *that* day.

This annoying incident, however, did not daunt the captain. They still had a little flour with which to make pancakes, and there was still the lake, full to the brim with fish, that was, judging by yesterday's catch; but the fish must have joined the union, for they refused to work for so little an advantage, as being caught on a hook. A few strike breakers nibbled at the worms but were evidently pulled away by more loyal "stand-patters." There was nary a fish caught that morning nor that afternoon.

"Gosh, this is some lake," said Bill.

On coffee and more doughy pancakes they managed to wriggle through another breakfast and nominal dinner, after which their pantry was empty, so to speak. Like Napoleon, the captain strolled off alone to think what could be done, for it was not conceivable to four healthy boys to go to bed without any supper.

They did not sleep well that night. Their little empty stomachs resounded like hollow rooms. It was eleven o'clock when Bill awoke. There were no stars, no moon—just blackness. A dead calm seemed to pervade all things. As on a rainy night in the city when the street lights are reflected from the dark, wet pavement, so the lights of the town across the lake shone into the inky water.

When wider awake Bill became aware of a heavy sobbing—or deep breathing—no, snoring, that is what it was. Bill was in no mood to put up with *that*.

"Say, cut it out," and he gave Fat, peacefully sleeping in the cot next to him, a jerk, and turned him over on his other side.

Then the snoring seemed to come from another cot, so Archie was next flopped over, but still the sound continued. The captain awoke when he received his anti-snoring treatment.

"What do you think you are doing anyway?" he said.

"If you think I am going to lie there and listen to *that* you have got another think," responded Bill. Yet his endeavors to cure his comrades of their nasal habits of the night, apparently met with no success, for the deep breathing continued to punctuate the stillness.

"You are a boob," said the captain. "Don't you know an owl when you hear it?"

Whereupon the luckless bird became the target for several pairs of shoes. As the last boot sailed through the branches of the overhanging pine, the Seeing-one-of-the-Night took flight, and once more the scouts gave themselves up to slumber.

Nature does few things without warning. There had been reason in the stars and moon being hid. Soon from out the dark clouds stray raindrops began to ooze and patter through the pines. Faster, faster they came, until the rush of the wind and rain sounded like a great waterfall.

Fat's bed was the most exposed. He awoke to find himself lying in a miniature lake.

"Gosh," he grumbled, and sprang out upon the wet floor. "We'll have to go indoors."

The others were less wetly situated. Go in doors and desert the primitive life! The idea was preposterous—even suppose the whole fury of the storm beat upon them, there they would stay. It poured all night, and the next morning the rain across the water looked like a grey chiffon veil, dimming the town across the lake and the adjacent shores, but worst of all, their boots lay saturated upon the ground, and to get them they had to wade through the long grass. They put them on wet, trusting to the heat of their bodies to dry them, for as the captain remarked, if they put them by the fire they would never be able to put them on at all.

Breakfast was the first duty of the day, and eagerly looked forward to it was. Bill and Archie were assigned to go up to the farm house for milk and eggs. Secretly they were going to add a little butter. Half an hour they came back, wet, despondent, and minus any dairy products. The Bairnes' had not yet returned and the next nearest dwellings being across the lake were out of consideration, for the old row boat used for fishing was not sufficiently lake-worthy to venture far from shore.

The coffee and oatmeal were about run out, so that a very weak cup of coffee without milk and a milkless tablespoonful of porridge did not make an over appetizing breakfast. Surely, they thought the Bairnes' would return before dinner time, but they did not. Not one scout thought of returning to town before the allotted time. Again the captain wandered off alone to think what could be done. Stumbling through the woods he came upon a pond. Here he became fascinated watching the diving frogs and the little slippery tadpoles. It was not long before he was running back to the others, ladened with an inspiration.

"Hey," he called out, "Got an idea!"

The captain was always having ideas, many of which turned out disastrously. Therefore, the others were not prepared to give strict attention, until it dawned upon them that it meant something to eat.

"Ever had frogs' legs?" he queried.

"Sure," answered Fat, "had 'em lots of times."

"Ever had oysters?" continued Frank.

"Sure," they all responded.

"Then here's my 'hunch.' I've been watching the tadpoles and they're just like oysters only they're brown and have tails, being frogs' children of course they're like frogs. Now, if frogs' legs are good to eat and oysters are good to eat, why aren't tadpoles?"

None of the others could think of a negative sufficiently weighty to cope with such deep logic.

"Say, they'd be swell fried in a little flour and butter, wouldn't they? Archie's imagination already tasted them, crisp and delicious.

"Now," said Bill, "I'm not going to eat any of that rubbish." By which remark he almost took away Archie's enthusiasm, but it was quickly brought back for Fat asked:

"What *are* you going to eat then? Tadpoles are just as good as fish or anything else that you catch and fry." Thus Bill was reluctantly won over. All four went over to the pond without nets and with just their hands; it was not an easy thing to catch the things; for many times they caught one only to have it slip through their fingers. In the mental exhilaration and zest of the catch they temporarily forgot their "stomachtical" wants. Yet with perseverance a seemingly impossible feat often becomes highly successful; thus, it was not long before the boys had a pailful each—a pailful of eel-like pollywogs. In great glee they took their prize back and fed well on these creatures of Nature.

"Gosh, I can't eat any more till breakfast," said the captain.

(*Continued on page* 57.)

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The Queen's Tear-Bottle

(*Continued from page* 26.)

The Man-Who-Was-Rich turned the bottle a little this way and that, against the red fire-light, for, within, something rolled softly from side to side against the crystal.

"By all that is mysterious!" he exclaimed again. "There is a jewel within it! A pearl, perhaps! No, brighter than a pearl! A diamond? Not so brilliant. An opal—possibly an opal! How marvellous! For the jewel, or whatever it is, is far too large to have fallen into the bottle. Like the camel and the needle's eye, there was no possibility of entrance. A curiosity certainly. A puzzle of some sort, no doubt, originally. A puzzle yet, for that matter." He held it out to the Egyptian.

"What is this thing?" he questioned, a note of annoyance in his voice. "I want the truth."

"I have told you," Abydos Khon responded quietly. "It is the Queen's Tear-Bottle — the Queen Aureanta. Within is the jewel—as far as man can see—made of her tears. By what magic or miracle or fairy charm, who can say? Upon the bottle also is engraved the King's sign—but time has almost effaced this. From the priests of Amen-Ra the crystal was handed down. The brothers of the Pharaohs were often times the High Priests, and through many hands it has reached mine," he said, as though stating a fact easy to believe. "But now—"

"Yes?" questioned the other.

"Now the time has come to part with it. The old temples are dust, but the God-of-Yesterday-To-day-and-To-morrow needs them not. As for this token of past sorrow, I must possess it no longer."

"You mean?" again questioned the Man-Who-Was-Rich.

"I mean we have fallen on evil days, I and my people. All is gone that we called our own. My father is old and needs many things. My little sister—who is beautiful—must be cared for. My brothers, who are young, cannot be cast upon the world unprepared. This must be now our country—a gracious country to the friendless—but we cannot come to it as supplicants—as beggars. I have been a translator of books, but one may starve while one works. Also I have a trade of metal-working. But it brings one little. Little, also, have we to part with. Yet there is this one precious thing. I have thought the great Art Museum might take it from me, and give in return what my people need to set their feet firmly upon this new land."

The Man-Who-Was-Rich looked down at the crystal thing. His grey eyes still held their half-sceptical smile, and yet—the story was haunting in its loveliness. The softly rolling unnamed jewel within the bottle held him—even sent a thrill to his heart—his heart—long unused to thrills. If the story should be true—he thought—if it should!

He turned to Abydos Khon.

"As this is for sale, I will buy it," he said. "Come to my office." They went together through the almost deserted building, and entered the cold room. The very air was charged with the business affairs of to-day. No touch of sentiment lay on anything.

Still holding the crystal, Mavor seated himself at his desk, drew out a cheque-book and lifted his pen to write.

"How much?" he asked the Egyptian shortly.

"That I do not know," Abydos Khon said vaguely, shaking his young head. "Enough to bring my people comfort until the winter is past—to help them—a little—that will be enough."

The Man-Who-Was-Rich smiled grimly. "You are no merchantman, Abydos Khon," he said. "Unlike your kindred, you bring your wares to market, yet do not look for the highest bidder, nor set a price upon them. There is something lacking in you, my friend: But perhaps you are right. There is no price set upon tears—even tears that by some alchemy have been turned into a jewel. Also, there can be no established value placed upon the rare—the very old—the perishable that has persisted where all else has passed.

"It may be this antique would be worth a good deal more—or a good deal less to the Museum—but I want it, and will set my own price upon it—with your permission."

He drew the book to him, wrote the cheque, and handed it to Abydos Khon. The Egyptian's hand trembled as he took the piece of paper. For once his calm slipped away, he gave a low cry, and dropped to his knees. Lifting the hand that had written the cheque, he touched it with his lips.

"It is too great a sum!" he said brokenly.

"No," said the Man-Who-Was-Rich. "I think not."

The Egyptian looked up into the strong grey face, and understood that he was satisfied.

"I thank you!" he cried. "O most kind one! The winter has been long—the ways of the land are new, we have known grief, I and my people. There has been little money.—I thank you."

Rising, he took the Queen's Tear-Bottle, bowed before it, and touched it to his forehead solemnly. Then gave it back.

He pulled the cloak about him.

"Farewell," he said. "Farewell.—Abydos Khon will not forget."

The other smiled, but the smile was no longer hard.

"Farewell to you also, O Son of the Pharaohs!" he answered.

The heavy door opened, closed. Then the Man-Who-Was-Rich took the crystal bottle, slipped it into an inner pocket of his great-coat, reached for his hat and cane and went out.

The wind smote him like a whip as he reached the street. The snow drifted and swirled in white hillocks. The traffic was blocked.—No motor, he concluded, could get far.

He struggled against the storm. But he was not thinking of the wind, nor the people who buffeted it beside him. His thoughts were travelling back to an old beleagured city and a woman who wept. He saw her with the tear-bottle against her face. He saw her white mourning robes—her unbound yellow hair. She seemed strangely real. He saw her in the temple bringing her offering of tears. He saw her in her robes of State upon the scarred road whither she went to meet the dead King.

Within his coat he felt the little precious crystal. His lips wore the old cynical expression for a moment. "I am a fool," he said half-aloud. "A fool—a fool—" but his face again changed, softened. "If it should be true—" he whispered. "If it should."

Raising his eyes he saw he was passing a shop of antiquities. A well-known place filled with the gleanings of centuries.

Entering, he sought out an old clerk, as well-known as the place. The snow melted upon his head and shoulders unnoticed. He took the crystal from his coat and handed it to the old clerk.

"Can you tell me what sort of curiosity this is?" he asked.

The clerk turned the crystal bottle about; held it to a strong light. Fastened upon his eye a powerful glass, and turned and returned the crystal before he spoke.

"It is a tear-bottle," he said at last. "An Egyptian tear-bottle. Yes. Genuine. Of the Dynasty of the Rameses II—III—I do not know. The sign is cut upon it—diamond cut—but almost smoothed away by time. They are very rare—these—Oh, very. I have not seen quite such a one. What puzzles me is the jewel within—How did it come there? Oh, you cannot say? Ah! —There is no flaw in the crystal—it could not have passed through that slender throat of glass.—Have you an explanation, sir? No? Strange."

"I thank you for your opinion of the antique," said the Man-Who-Was-Rich,

(*Continued on page* 56.)

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A King In Babylon

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

CHAPTER XXIX.—(*Continued.*)

WE found the excavation in deepening shadow and descended the steps in silence. None of us had thought to bring a light, and it was very dark inside the tomb, but we could see dimly the rude wall which Davis and Mustafa had built to brace the roof. I confess it looked none too secure to me; but Jimmy passed on into the corridor with scarcely a glance at it, and Creel and I followed. And then I heard, from the inner chamber, the ring of iron on stone which told that Davis was working at the wall. It was Mustafa who was doing the pounding, with Davis holding the torch. He turned quickly at the sound of our footsteps and flashed the torch over us.

"Hello!" he said. "You're just in time. We will have a hole through the wall in another minute." Then he saw the whip in Jimmy's hand. "What is that for?" he demanded, with an acerbity which surprised me.

"To keep that devil inside from coming out!" said Jimmy.

He spoke with a loud bravado, which his pale face and strangely shining eyes belied.

Davis gave him one long, searching look, then turned back to the wall.

"Go ahead, Mustafa," he said, and I saw that one of the stones, about a foot square, was loose. A few more strokes of the heavy crow-bar, and it was ready to come out. "Stand back, now," said Davis, and instinctively Creel and I shrank away against the sarcophagus. Only Jimmy held his ground, his whip-hand poised to strike. "All right, Mustafa!" And while I held my breath, Mustafa threw all his weight on the bar; the stone trembled, slid forward, and fell with a crash upon the floor of the tomb.

I don't know what it was I feared—perhaps some such awful spectre issuing from that hole as greeted the fisherman in the Arabian Nights when he broke the seal on the bottle he had drawn from the sea; but I *do* know that a prickle of terror ran up my spine and off across my scalp as I stared at that square of blackness—as we all stared for a long minute—and nothing happened—nothing.

"Aren't you coming, Tina?" called Jimmy, an ugly snarl in his voice. "I'm here! I'm waiting!"

And just then there was a sort of flicker in that black square, and like a flash Jimmy sent his lash cracking toward it.

"Ah, ha!" he cried. "You didn't know I had the whip! Come out, Tina! I haven't forgotten how to use it! Come out!"

The words conjured before my eyes again that vision of white shoulders streaked with blood, of a merciless hand rising and falling . . .

"Oh, shut up!" snarled Davis, and I guessed that he had seen the vision too. "I've had enough of that nonsense!"

"Didn't you see her?" Jimmy demanded. "She was coming out. . . ."

"No, I didn't see her!" Davis retorted, and with a sublime courage which I shall never cease to admire, he dragged the fallen stone aside, dropped to his knees, torch in hand, and peered into the darkness of the inner tomb.

I heard his deep gasp of astonishment.

"By George, it's there!" he muttered hoarsely.

"Of course she's there!" mocked Jimmy. "Haven't I told you from the first? Didn't you hear her beating to get out last night? Didn't you see her a moment ago?"

He cracked his whip again, and leered around at us; and I swear, if any man was ever mad, Jimmy Allen was mad at that moment—stark, staring mad! I felt as though I were going mad myself . . .

"Rubbish!" said Davis, harshly, still peering through the hole. "She's as dead as door-nails!"

"No, she isn't!" Jimmy cried. "She's fooling you! She's just waiting . . ."

And again he cracked his whip.

But Davis paid no further heed to him. He remained at the hole for some time; then he rose slowly to his feet and handed me the torch.

"Take a look," he said. "It's a mummy, right enough," I heard him saying over my shoulder as I knelt before the hole; "or rather, a body shrivelled up—I haven't a doubt it was walled up alive and left to die. It's a great find—there are only three others like it . . ."

And then his voice faded from my ears, for there, on the floor of the inner tomb, I saw it . . .

It was lying on its side with its face toward me—its knees doubled up, its hands clasped as though in prayer—for all the world just such a ghastly figure as we had brought with us from New York—and dead as doornails—there could be no doubt of that!

And then, quite suddenly, I realized that it was watching me—that its eyes were open—I could see the light from my torch reflected in them—and the features seemed to fill out—the blackened lips parted in a smile—a fiendish smile . . .

I stared fascinated, horror-stricken, till I could endure that gaze no longer.

Davis caught the torch from my hand, as I fell back with a hoarse cry.

"What's the matter, man?" he asked.

"The eyes!" I gasped. "She was looking at me!"

Davis caught me savagely by the arm.

"Get up!" he said harshly. "Don't be a fool! Get up!"

I staggered to my feet.

"But the eyes!" I gasped. "I saw them . . ."

"You saw nothing of the sort. There are two ornaments or jewels on the forehead which reflect the light—that's what you saw!"

But I knew better. It was no ornament that I had seen; it was a pair of living eyes, glittering with malice! And the evil smile upon the lips—and the face, black and distorted, which yet somehow seemed familiar . . .

And I staggered against a pillar and caught myself from falling, as I realized why it seemed familiar.

And then I saw that Creel was looking in. Would he recognize her too; would he . . .

"I don't know what you fellows are talking about," he said, impatiently. "I can see the mummy, right enough—it looks exactly like my papier-mache fake—but its back is toward us . . ."

"Let me see," broke in Davis, and pulled him away and snatched the torch and dropped to his knees.

I pressed my palms against my burning eye-balls. Would I never get that horrid vision out of them—that cruel face—the face of the siren who had lured Jimmy Allen out across the sands . . .

Davis rose to his feet, a line of perplexity between his brows.

"It's strange," he said, "but the body undoubtedly *has* turned over. Perhaps the draft of air through the opening caused it to relax—the change of temperature. The mummy of Rameses II. raised its arm, you know." And he stood staring at the hole, scrabbling his beard with nervous fingers.

"Let me look," said Jimmy, and took the torch from Davis's hand and fell to his knees.

The next instant he had started back with a sharp cry of pain.

"You would, would you!" he cried, and sprang to his feet and brought down his whip against the lower edge of the opening; and I saw, with a spasm of terror, that there was a streak of blood across his cheek. "She nearly got me," he said, with a wry smile, wiping the blood away. "I might have guessed she'd try! Clawing out eyes is one of her favorite diversions—as Digby can tell you!"

And I went faint again at the implication of the words . . .

"There's a spur on that next stone," rapped Davis. "You scratched your cheek on that!"

But he was evidently shaken—and I couldn't see any spur . . .

"Did I?" sneered Jimmy. "Well, have it so! But I would advise you to put that stone back into place for the night—and to wedge it in well!"

And with that he turned and walked out of the tomb.

There was a moment's silence, then Davis handed the torch to Creel.

"Get hold of the stone, Mustafa," he said hoarsely, and they lifted it between them and tried to thrust it back into the hole.

Half-way it stuck.

"Let go," said Davis; "I can push it in," and he knelt before the hole and pushed with all his strength.

I saw the sweat break out across his neck with the effort; and slowly, slowly, as though some weaker arm on the other side found itself overpowered, the stone slid into place.

"There," said Davis, "that's safe, I think," and he rose and mopped his shining face. "Don't think," he added violently, "that I did that because of Allen's insane suggestion. I was going to do it anyway—to protect the body. It will probably fall to pieces at a breath."

Then at something he saw in our faces, he stopped suddenly, and with a gesture of rage and impatience, led the way from the tomb.

CHAPTER XXX.

DARKNESS had come while we lingered in the tomb. The stars were incredibly bright, and along the east a line of light heralded the moon. The air was delightfully fresh and cool, and we drew deep breaths of it as we climbed quickly out of the excavation. We were all more deeply shaken than we cared to admit—even Davis, I am sure, felt his skepticism tottering!—but, under the influence of the perfect night, insensibly our spirits brightened.

Davis was the first to cast off the spell which had fallen upon us. He took off his helmet, and threw back his head, and straightened his shoulders, as though flinging away some burden. Then he looked toward the

(*Continued on following page.*)



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A King In Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

East, where the band of light was broadening.

"The moon will be full to-night," he said; and his face lighted suddenly with the old raillery. "It's at the full of the moon, you know," he added, with an ironical glance at us, "that ghosts are especially active. They simply *can't* stay quiet and behave themselves under a full moon!"

"So I have heard," said Creel. "Therefore we'd better keep our eyes open!"

And just then, from the native camp, the sound of that ceaseless chant floated to our ears.

"We might go over and sleep with the fellahin," Davis suggested, "inside their magic circle. Then the ghosts couldn't get us!"

Creel walked on for a moment in silence.

"Just the same," he burst out, "I'll be glad when this night is over! Thank heaven, it's our last night here!"

Davis stopped and stared at him.

"*Is* it our last night?" he asked.

"It is if you can get ready to leave to-morrow. The picture is done—or practically so; I can finish it at Luxor, or even in New York. And I think for all our sakes—but especially for the sake of Jimmy and the Princess—the sooner we get away from here the better."

"I suppose you are right," agreed Davis, and walked on slowly. "Anyway, if you are ready to go, that settles it. It's your expedition."

"Perhaps another day wouldn't make so much difference," Creel began; "I suppose we could stand it . ."

"No," Davis broke in; "I can easily finish things up to-morrow. There is nothing left to do except to get that body out, and examine the tomb it is in—two or three hours' work at most."

"All right," said Creel. "That's settled, then. I confess I'll be glad when I see the last of this place! So will all of us, I think."

A moment later we reached the tents, and found Ma Creel and Mollie anxiously awaiting us. They had an unpleasant bit of news. Mlle. Roland had sunk again into a cataleptic sleep.

"I'm worried about that girl," said Ma Creel, as we sat down to dinner. "She's not well—she ought to have a doctor, or nerve specialist, or something. You oughtn't to keep her out here in the desert, Warrie. It's not right. She isn't fit to work!"

"I know it," said Creel. "Therefore we are going to start back to-morrow."

"Oh, fine!" cried Ma Creel. And then she looked at him, like the good wife and helpmate she was. "Is the picture done?" she asked.

"All but some finishing touches which I can give it anywhere," Creel assured her.

And then Ma Creel's eyes turned to Davis, and I knew she was thinking of him, too. But of course she would! Ma Creel always thought of everybody but herself. Davis caught her glance, and understood.

"I will be ready, too," he said. "I've only got two or three hours' more work over there."

"Then everything's all right," said Ma Creel, with satisfaction. "And I am glad! It will be a good thing for all of us. There's something wrong out here — I don't know what — but we've all felt it." And she looked about the board, and no one said her nay.

"There's a curse on the place!" said Mollie, suddenly.

"Yes—I've felt that, too," agreed Ma Creel. "We're all nervous and overwrought. As for Jimmy Allen, he's quite mad, I think!"

"Where *is* Jimmy?" asked Creel, and looked about as though missing him for the first time—though there was something in his air which told me that he had missed him from the moment of our return.

I certainly had; and I had lost no time in assuring myself that he was not in the tent. I had feared that he, too, was sleeping that terrible sleep, which I somehow dreaded most of all. I had breathed a deep sigh of relief when I found that his bed was empty.

"He isn't in the tent," I said.

"No," said Ma Creel. "He went striding past half an hour ago like a man possessed, cracking a whip he had got somewhere. He's mad, I tell you! Wasn't he over at the ruins with you?"

"Yes; but he left before we did. What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He never looked at us. He went right on past, as though we weren't there, and disappeared in that clump of palms over toward the native camp. What does that queer chanting mean?"

"Oh, just some of their superstitious hocus-pocus," answered Creel, carelessly; but he glanced a little toward the native camp, and I knew that he was wondering, as I was, what Jimmy was doing over there. Calling for volunteers to fight the devil, perhaps . . .

I rather expected to hear Jimmy's whip cracking and to see him come striding back, before the meal was over; but there was no sign of him, and as we rose from the table, Creel drew Davis and me to one side.

"What deviltry do you suppose Jimmy is cooking up over there?" he asked.

"I don't suppose he is cooking up any," Davis retorted. "He has probably gone to claim the protection of the chant and the magic circle, as a king of ancient Egypt. We will find him squatting in the midst of the natives, like one of them."

"Well, I am going to see," said Creel; and we two followed him.

As usual, we found that Davis was right, in a way. Jimmy was there. But he wasn't squatting among the natives like one of them. He was sitting on a hummock of sand, with the natives ranged around in a respectful circle, for all the world like a savage king and his court. Directly in front of him knelt the priest, or medicine-man, or whatever his proper name was, with eyes closed, and head thrown back in a sort of ecstasy, bellowing the four or five notes of the chant from a pair of leather lungs. In his right hand, Jimmy held the whip, and he was gazing steadily out across the sand in the direction of the ruins, now clearly outlined against the rising moon.

"Great Scott!" whispered Creel, at last. "If I could only get that on the screen!"

I couldn't help smiling at the way the great passion of his life cropped up, even at such a moment!

"Well, why not?" asked Davis satirically.

"It can't be done," said Creel, with a gesture of despair. "The picture—yes, I might get that—flat black figures on a white ground. But how could I get the atmosphere, the color, the wind through the palms, the desert perfume, the sound of that weird chant? I tell you, Davis, the throwing of flat black images on a screen is merely the first step in the moving picture business—we haven't arrived—we're just getting started; gradually we will learn how to add the rest — color, sound, atmosphere — we'll show people in the round, as they really look—we'll appeal to all the senses . . ."

"I don't see why you can't get atmosphere, now," said Davis, "by the use of perfumes, controlled by fans or by some similar device."

"Perhaps we could," Creel agreed, and fell silent, turning the suggestion over in his mind.

"What are we going to do about Jimmy?" I asked, at last.

"My advice would be to leave him here," said Davis.

Creel shook himself out of his thoughts.

"Yes, that's best," he agreed. "He would probably refuse to go back with us, anyway; and he's safe here."

"He's safe anywhere," Davis put in.

"I know," said Creel; "but being safe isn't the whole thing—*believing* you're safe is just as important. He believes he's safe here, so this is the best place for him. But look how he stares over toward the ruins. He's waiting for something."

"He's waiting for his Tina to work that stone out of place and come after him!" mocked Davis.

But I cast a startled glance out across the sand; undoubtedly that was what Jimmy expected; I almost fancied I could see that dark, terrible, ape-like figure stealing along in the shadow of a ridge . . .

"Let us go back," said Creel, abruptly, and we left Jimmy throned in the midst of his court.

We found Mollie and Ma Creel waiting for us with anxious faces, for they had seen us go away together and had suspected that something was wrong. They listened in silence to Creel's account of Jimmy's eccentricity, told as lightly as Creel could tell it.

"I knew he was crazy," said Ma Creel, when her husband had finished. "I've known it for days! But this is the worst yet!"

"Well, he's doing no harm over there," said Creel, "so we decided to let him alone. Is the Princess still asleep?"

"Yes—if you want to call it that."

"What else would you call it?" Creel demanded, glad to get the talk away from Jimmy.

"She's in a trance—she's not asleep at all. She needs help worse than Jimmy!"

"We can't start before to-morrow, can we?" Creel retorted, for he felt something accusing in his wife's look

(Continued on following page.)



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A King In Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

"Come along, Digby; I'll help you get things together."

Davis had already disappeared into our tent, where I could see him, in fancy, bending above the hieroglyphics on the coffin of Sekenyen-Re. I looked at Mollie and then I looked at Ma Creel, and just at that instant she glanced up and caught my eye.

"You two get along out of here," she said. "I don't want you bothering me. I've got some thinking to do."

"If you're sure you don't mind," I began.

"Mind! Of course I don't mind! But I don't see how Mollie endures that pipe!"

"Oh, I rather like it!" said Mollie, to my intense astonishment; and in another moment we were walking away under the palms together, and my heart was beating like a trip-hammer, for I knew that my great moment was at hand. "Let us go out to the edge of the desert," she added. "It will be beautiful under the moon. Have you noticed that the moon is full to-night?"

"Yes," I answered, and couldn't find another word.

So we walked on in silence till we came to the place where we had sat two nights before, right at the edge of the sand; and I spread her cloak on the ground, and she sat down, and I sat down very close to her, and my heart lightened suddenly, for she didn't draw away.

But my voice still stuck in my throat; vanished utterly were all those eloquent periods which I had rehearsed in private, in order to be ready when the moment came. And Mollie, too, was silent. Perhaps it was the awful panorama which stretched away in front of us that rendered speaking difficult—ridge after ridge of drifted sand mounting to the horizon, one behind another like waves of a sea—a sea suddenly arrested and frozen motionless, but ready at any instant to rush down upon us and engulf us. It was suffused with light — the darkness seemed somehow filtered through with rose—and occasionally a wisp of vapor floated up like a sheeted ghost from the dark valleys between the sand-ridges. I felt that anything could happen there—anything . . .

"It is lovely, lovely," said Mollie, at last. "But I'm glad it is our last night—I'm so glad of that!"

"Yes," I agreed; "so am I."

"Do you really believe it is just the heat and worrying about the picture?" Mollie asked, and I knew she was thinking about Jimmy Allen. "Tell me honestly, Billy. Do you?"

"No," I said, "I don't. There have been too many things . . ."

"Things like—like those we saw?"

"Yes, like those. Davis laughs at them—he has an explanation for everything; and at first I thought he was right. But when things you can't understand keep right on happening, you feel that—that something is wrong."

"How would he explain what—we saw?"

"As cloud shadows—or wisps of vapor like those out yonder. And of course they might have been. In fact, I suppose it is silly to think them anything else—and yet . . ."

"Yes," said Mollie, "and yet—that's just it! I am sure, somehow, they were *not* shadows or wisps of vapor . . ."

She fell silent, but she looked so sweet and tender sitting there in the moonlight, that I suddenly found myself taking her hand and drawing her to me.

"Mollie," I began, but my voice was shaking so I had to stop.

And then she looked up at me, and her eyes were full of tears, and she just snuggled against me and laid her head on my shoulder . . .

"I *do* love you, Billy," she said. "I've loved you all along!" . . .

But presently she stirred and sat erect and held me away from her and looked at me.

"You're sure you forgive me, Billy?" she asked. "You're *sure?*"

"Forgive you?" I echoed in amazement. "What for?"

"For — for the uniforms and things."

I managed to pull a serious face.

"Well," I said, "you *did* go the limit, you know, Mollie!"

"I know it—it wasn't nice. I oughtn't to have let him hold my hand . . ."

"Let *who* hold your hand?" I demanded.

"But it made me so angry to see how *she* monopolized you . . ."

"Who monopolized me?"

"That—vampire! And she was laughing at me all the time—and at you. And she was just doing it to annoy me and make trouble . . ."

"Nonsense!" I protested. "And you mustn't call her a vampire—it isn't nice."

"I don't care! It's what she is—I have felt it from the first! And I could see she hated me. That was why she made up to you. I tried to get her away, but she wouldn't even let me introduce anybody else—she said you were enough. It was horrid! No wonder I—I flirted a little."

"Well, *I* didn't," I said severely. "I never held anybody's hand. There was never a hint of flirtation between Mlle. Roland and me. Anybody could have heard every word we uttered."

Mollie snuggled to me again with a little sigh of content.

"I was sure of it," she said; "but I wanted you to tell me. And you forgive me?"

"On one conditon."

"What is it?"

"That you never do it again!"

"You're a goose!" she said. "You ought to have taken a whip to me!"

"I will," I said, "after this!"

And then suddenly I thought of Jimmy's whip, and of him sitting over there in the midst of that circle of crouching blacks . . .

And involuntarily I looked out again across the desert . . .

The rosy glow was fading; the shadows in the folds of the sand seemed deeper, like valleys of blackness between ridges of light . . .

From one of the valleys, a shadow detached itself . . .

It was moving toward us; it came slowly, with deliberation, hugging the shadows wherever possible, seeking to hide itself behind every ridge, skulking low across the ribbons of light; for all the world like one of the natives trying to sneak back to camp unseen—a native who had stripped off his clothes—lean and ugly . . .

And then my heart leaped sickeningly, for I saw what it was . . .

CHAPTER XXXI

I SUPPOSE Mollie felt the convulsive shiver which I was utterly unable to suppress, for she raised her head from my shoulder and looked up into my face; and I tried to smile as I met her eyes, but couldn't. And then she drew away, though I tried to hold her, and slowly turned her head and looked out across the sand . .

I felt her stiffen with horror as she saw the thing, though I knew she couldn't guess . . .

Slowly and stealthily it crept forward, keeping to the shadow wherever possible; but there were instants when there was no cover for it, and it stood revealed in the moonlight—black, terrible, sickening; and then it would melt again into a shadow, and for an instant disappear; and then it would appear again, nearer—always nearer.

"What is it?" Mollie breathed at last.

"It's only one of the natives," I answered hoarsely.

"No, it isn't! It's something else! You know it's something else!"

"What else could it be?" I countered feebly.

"I don't know—something terrible, or you wouldn't be so frightened! It looks like—it looks like—oh, Billy!" and she hid her face on my shoulder, shaking with horror. "It's the mummy!"

"No, no," I protested. "Nonsense! Jimmy tore it to bits this afternoon!"

"Then it has put itself together again—or, or . . ."

She shook convulsively, and buried her face deeper.

"Billy!" she breathed. "It's another one—it's a real one . . ."

"No, no!" I said, and patted her hair and held her close.

But I was shaking, too—for I knew! I knew!

"I can't stand it!" she moaned softly. "It's too awful—I can't stand it! I'm going—I'm going to faint!"

(Continued on following page.)

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

A King In Babylon

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

"No, you're not!" I said, and held her tight and pressed my cheek against her hair . . .

And always, out across the sand, the thing crept nearer.

"Is it—is it still coming?" she whispered, at last.

"Yes."

"Don't stir!" she gasped. "If it—if it should see us!"

"It isn't us it's after!" I said hoarsely.

Her convulsive trembling stopped for a moment.

"How do you know? Who is it after?"

"It's after Jimmy," I answered, in the merest breath. "God help him!"

"Jimmy?"

"He knows," I said. "He's watching for it!"

And then I suddenly realized his danger. If it should spring upon him from behind, before he saw it . . .

I don't know what dreadful thing I feared—withered fingers at his throat—lipless fangs—I didn't dare think of it . . .

"We must warn him," I said. "Come, Mollie, be brave! We're not in any danger!"

"Don't move! Don't move!" she pleaded. "It will see us!"

"No, it won't. We're in the shadow. Even if it did . . ."

"Oh, I should die!" she moaned.

But she managed to totter to her feet, and I led her back among the palms. The last glimpse I had of it, it was quite near: I could see it clearly—it was not to be mistaken . . .

"Come!" I said. "Hurry! There's no danger!"

We stumbled dazedly on—startled by the black trunk of every palm we passed—shaking at the whisper of the breeze in the long fronds overhead—glancing fearfully back . . .

But there ahead was a light—such a warm, friendly light! There were the tents, looking more home-like than I had ever thought they could; there were Ma Creel, and Digby, sitting side by side, chatting placidly . . .

I delivered Mollie, half-fainting, into Ma Creel's arms . . .

"Where's Davis?" I demanded; and then I remembered, and burst into the tent. Yes, there he was, torch in hand, his nose close to the coffin. "It's out there, Davis!" I panted. "It's out there!"

He cast one glance at my working face, then grabbed me by the shoulder and thrust me down upon a cot.

"Pull yourself together!" he commanded.

I did my best—with every nerve and muscle tense, I did my best.

"That's better!" he said. "Now—*what's* out there?"

"That—that thing!" I stammered. "I saw it—Mollie saw it! It was right at our heels! It's coming after Jimmy!"

"Nonsense!" he began, but I stopped him with a savage gesture.

"Don't say that!" I shouted, with sudden fury. "It isn't nonsense! I know—I saw it . . ."

And just then Creel came in, his face very white.

"What's all this?" he demanded. "What's the matter with Mollie—she's in hysterics—jabbering . . ."

"It's out there, Creel!" I gasped. "We saw it! It's after Jimmy!"

Creel's face went whiter still. He, at least, believed!

"Jimmy's ready for it!" he said, and ran trembling fingers through his hair.

"But if he shouldn't see it! If it leaped upon him from behind!"

For an instant longer Creel stared at me, then he swung around to Davis, his face hard as flint.

"Didn't I see you wearing a pistol the first day?" he demanded. "Where is it?"

(*Continued on page 58.*)

"You Can Mend Almost Anything With This."



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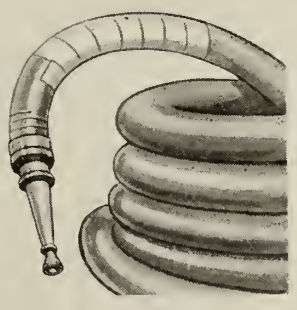
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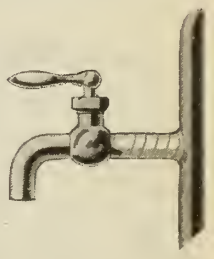


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Use it to stop leaks in automobile tops.



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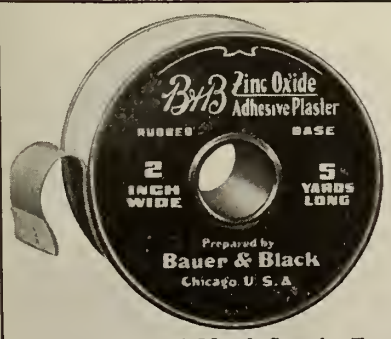
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Parliament Buildings

Brampton Women's Institute Stands At The Fore

The secret of success has, for a certainty, been discovered by the members of the Brampton Institute. The report of their year's work shows one continuous list of successful ventures. Nothing is too large for this enthusiastic society and no detail too small for their careful attention. They plan equally well for a Peel County Garden Fete with an attendance of over five thousand and a regular monthly meeting about which the men of the town are overheard to remark: "I tell you, the Women's Institute meetings are worth going to."



A Booth at the Navy Military Fete held by the Peel County Institutes.

It will be interesting to the smaller Institutes to know that three years ago the Brampton Institute had a membership of only twenty-five, and to-day there are one hundred and eighteen on their roll. Personal effort has brought about the change. The newcomer to town was called upon, the old members looked up—telephones were kept busy, and nothing was left undone that would interest women in the Institute movement. Definite work was allotted, special speakers were brought to town to address the meeting and give additional inspiration, but perhaps most important of all was the warm welcome which each received at the meetings. Every woman was made to feel that she was a part of the splendid Women's Institute organization, that she was wanted and needed to work through it for "home and country." It has been said that back of every successful movement there can always be found one strong personality, and in this instance, the leading spirit has been the president, Mrs. E. G. Graham.

Brampton Institute did not prepare a programme for the year's meetings, but two of the directors were placed in charge of each meeting. Dr. Margaret Patterson was invited to speak on Medical School Inspection, a subject in which this Institute is particularly interested. When it was decided that an effort should be made on behalf of the blinded soldiers Corporal Viets, who lost his sight in the present war, addressed a meeting which was open to the public, and at which a collection amounting to $91 was taken.

The Sock Fund.

Mrs. Crawford, who is First Vice-President of the Institute, is also President of the Red Cross, and Mrs. Dennison Secretary Treasurer of the Red Cross, is Superintendent of the Sock Club of the Institute. The Sock Fund is raised in a most unique manner, and is so successful that other Institutes should try the same scheme. A house to house canvass of the town is made by the Institute women, and envelopes given out on which is printed, "Sock Fund for Our Boys in the Trenches." Each envelope contains twelve smaller envelopes, each with the same lettering and all numbered alike. The one receiving the envelopes pledges herself to give a certain amount, and her name, number, and the promised amount are listed by the canvasser. The stores co-operate to the extent of keeping in convenient places padlocked boxes in which the ladies can slip these envelopes each month. Over $1,500 was raised in this manner, $1,350 of which was used for wool, and $150 for postage. Current magazines always accompanied the socks to the boys, and the following little printed prayer was slipped in each pair:

Lord Roberts gave the following prayer to the Soldiers during the South African War:

"Almighty Father, I have often sinned against Thee. O, wash me in the precious blood of the Lamb of God.

"Fill me with Thy Holy Spirit, that I may lead a new life. Spare me to see again those whom I love at home, or fit me for Thy Presence in peace.

"Strengthen us to quit ourselves like men in our right and just cause. Keep us faithful unto death, calm in danger, patient in suffering, merciful as well as brave—true to our Queen, our country, and colors.

"If it be Thy will, enable us to win victory for England, but above all, grant us a better victory over temptation and sin, over life and death, that we may be more than conquerors, through Him who loved us and laid down His life for us, Jesus our Saviour, the Captain of the Army of God. Amen."

Peel County has taken up the matter of School Inspection very thoroughly, and several of the country schools have been medically inspected. Brampton Institute has assisted in this work, and so convinced are they that it should be done in the Brampton schools they have interviewed the Board of Trustees and offered to help in every way.

Last autumn a canning demonstration was held, and the fruit and vegetables canned, with a goodly amount solicited at the Fall Fair, amounting to 86 jars in all, went to the Military Hospital at Newmarket. Six large pails of pickles and 360 pounds of marmalade have just been shipped to the convalescent homes in Toronto and vicinity by this energetic Institute; the tomatoes for these pickles being the gift of a greenhouse man, who is taking out his plants to put in others and had several bushels of the green tomatoes which would have been wasted had not the Institute taken immediate action and used them for pickling. A jam factory very kindly made up the marmalade for the ladies, generously supplying the little extras that were needed.

Four hundred dollars was raised for the Belgian Relief by the Brampton Institute in a manner which could well be tried in any town. Small envelopes were given out and the citizens asked to fill them as they sat at their Christmas tables. Who could refuse such a plea? Sitting at a well filled table in comfort and plenty, the heart would be made of stone which would not go out to those who have suffered so nobly in order that we might be secure and happy in our homes, at this festive season.

Military Fete a Great Success.

Brampton and the other Institutes of Peel united in holding a Military Fete which proved the largest affair of its kind ever held in Peel County. Port Credit, where the Fete was held, was gay with flags, banners, and from every quarter motors speeded toward the home of Mrs. A. L. Hobberlin.

At the entrance, so that no one

(*Continued on following page.*)

Mrs. E. G. Graham, President of Brampton Women's Institute.



Five thousand people attended the Garden Fete held at the home of Mrs. A. L. Hobberlin, of Port Credit.

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

could mistake the nature of the fete in progress within, had been arranged groups of life-size sailors, surrounding a grim, grey battleship, the gift of Mrs. R. Y. Eaton. Bunting and flags in attractive arrangement were the background.

Within the grounds a Midway, on the lines of the famous Midway of the National Exhibition, had been arranged. It extended in a horseshoe from the front gates, around the sunken garden, whose fountain had been turned into a fish pond for the kiddies, then to the left back towards the gates.

The attractions of this Midway were most wonderful. From one to another went the crowd, to return for some feature missed on the first inspection. Old and young stood in amazement about Leslie Thatcher, the magician, who took bowls of goldfish from the ether. Near this attraction was the Punch and Judy show, that will draw a crowd as long as the world lasts. The wonderful freaks, the fat woman who weighed 478 lbs., and who poured tea from the tiniest of teapots, and the two-headed boy, in charge of his negro mammy, who sang to the thrumming of her guitar, while the spieler called attention to the show, rivaled anything ever seen at the Exhibition.

As no Midway would be complete without games of chance, opportunity was afforded to "swat the Kaiser," an opportunity used to advantage. By throwing a ring about the neck of the stork, a soap baby might be secured. Then there were the wheels of fortune, with twelve fortune tellers, one of whom was a returned soldier minus a leg, lost in the cause of the Allies.

Among the crowd passed the girls, clad in gay colors, who were selling the balloons to the kiddies. On a platform near the entrance several young ladies danced gracefully to the music of the hurdy-gurdy.

Well in from the entrance was the dancing platform, on which young and old tripped the light fantastic, stepping a fox trot or an old-fashioned waltz, according as they interpreted the music, furnished in the afternoon by the Queen's Own Band, in the evening by Sergt. Bodley's Orchestra from the Base Hospital.

Little Miss Franch, of New York, a visitor in the neighborhood, clad in graceful Grecian draperies, gave classical dances. Miss Duchess Huestis and Miss Helen Barker also gave interpretative dances.

Not by any means the least part of the show was the drill of the Naval Cadets. Clad in their uniforms, and headed by their own Bugle Band, they made a splendid showing. As they marched past, Commodore Jarvis took the salute, and many a heart thrill d at the sight. This exhibition was a very fine one.

When the kiddies had been satisfied with a sight of everything to be seen, had had a ride on the ponies, fished in the pond, and bought one of "Mother Goose's" surprises, they were sent off by the elders on the slides and swings, while the elders took a peep at the more serious side of the fete.

Several booths had been erected. One of these belonged exclusively to the Clarkson ladies, and contained all kinds of things that cater to the tastes of an outing party on a hot summer day. A similar one belonged to the eighteen Institutes of the county, and was under the direction of Mrs. E. G. Graham. From the latter all afternoon the visitors were buying farm produce, cakes, pies, biscuits and the pickles, fruit and relishes that have "that taste." The ladies in charge of the Institute booth were Mrs. E. G. Graham, assisted by Mrs. Quinn, Mrs. (Dr.) Edwards, Mrs. Vanderlip and Mrs. Norfolk, of Brampton; Mrs. Lammy, of Malton; Mrs. Adamson of Erindale; Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Chambers, of Streetsville, and Mrs. Sibbald, of Claude.

Later in the evening, Mr. E. W. Burns, of Port Credit, acted as auctioneer, and it is greatly to his credit and a fine tribute to his ability as an auctioneer, that the booths were cleared out. In one case, Mr. Burns got 65 cents per dozen for eggs.

Meals were served on the cafeteria plan, Mrs. A. R. Clarke being in charge of this branch of the fete, and very up-to-date and thorough was the management. Mrs. J. J. Foy made a very businesslike cashier.

Long before the day of the fete, the ladies of the Institutes, from the north of the county to the south, had been selling tickets for "Malte," the fine little pig, contributed to the fund by the members of the Malton Institute. Anticipation was at its height when the announcement was made that the winner of "Malte" was Mrs. D. Newbold, of Clarkson. Instead of keeping "Malte" for a pet, Mrs. Newbold added still further to the funds by having an auction on that popular animal, receiving a bid of $16 for him.

A booth that delighted the small boys was that in which every kind of water craft was sold. At the close of the day, Col. Williams disposed of the beautiful cruiser that had stood all day at the entrance. The bidders paid over their money as they bid, and the last bidder, Port Credit School, received the boat. One bid of $50 was made, a fair tribute to the willingness to help the Navy League that prevailed all day. The total amount received for the model was $339.

Out in the capacious garage, Miss McIntosh, of the Department of Agriculture, had on view many things that appeal to the modern woman, especially in these conservation times. There was the home-made "fireless cooker," costing only $2.50. There was the "iceless" refrigerator, recommending itself to the flat-dweller; there was a complete canning outfit, and the dozen things that Miss McIntosh has on display to make work easier, more practical and money-saving for women. The placards decorating the walls were noteworthy. One of these read, "Every woman who preserves food places herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation."

Col. Williams made a great hit by calling to his side a splendid specimen of the navy itself, a big, strong, finely built sailor, who had spent many years in the North Sea. Eloquent as was the tribute paid to the heroes of the navy by Col. Williams, this silent witness was far more telling. Col. Williams spoke of the need of more education in matters pertaining to the navy; people are not doing all they can to help, because they are ignorant of the facts. "Education is salvation," he said, in telling of the work the Navy League is doing for the great silent force that will guarantee to the world civilization.

Jutland Veteran Present.

This sailor proved to be H. Searles, A.B., of Brampton, who is home on leave from the British Navy. He received three rousing cheers from the crowd. Searles is a veteran of the famous battle of Jutland, where he fought as a seaman-gunner on the "King George V," which emerged from the fight with a good record of "hits," but without being damaged herself. "We got a few hits," said the seaman. His navy experience goes back to 1912, when he was living in Southampton. In that year he joined the "Impregnable" at Dartmouth, and served continuously up until a few weeks ago, when he was given leave to visit his parents at Brampton. Since the outbreak of war he has been with the Grand Fleet in the North Sea. One brother, Pte. Leonard Searles, made the supreme sacrifice with the 74th Battalion, C.E.F., and another brother, Gilbert, is at present in France with the Canadian Forces. Searles accepted the cheers with a brief "Thank you," and then retired as soon as possible into the crowd.

The evening's events were a huge success. Following a programme given by the farmerettes in costume, a marriage was celebrated among their number, Archibald Clarkson Rhubarb being wedded to Miss Mary Strawberry Blossom. For the description of the affair read any modern marriage notice in the society papers; nothing was lacking; Mary had a page and six attendants. Instead of a sword with which to cut the cake, she used a sickle, and the cake was sold for the Navy League. A monster procession about the

(Continued on following page.)

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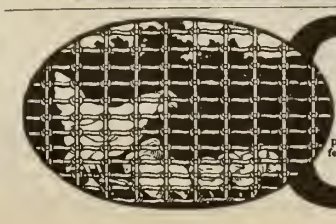
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The cost of everything which goes into a pair of shoes is high, and is going higher. Workmen by the thousands have joined the colors, and labor is increasingly hard to get. It is not merely a matter of high prices, but of producing enough good quality shoes to go around.

These conditions are beyond the control of any man, or any group of men. They fall on all alike. No one is exempt—neither the manufacturer, the dealer, nor the consumer.

You must pay more today for shoes of the same quality than you did a year ago. Next Spring, prices will be higher still.

These are hard facts. They will not yield to argument. They cannot be glossed over. We cannot change them, much as we would wish to do so.

But you, as a wearer of shoes, can help to relieve them if you will exercise prudence and good judgment in purchasing. See that you get *real value* for your money. Spend enough to get it, but spend nothing for "frills."

See that the manufacturer's trade-mark is stamped upon the shoes you buy. High prices are a temptation to reduce the quality in order to make the price seem low. But no manufacturer will stamp his trade-mark upon a product which he is ashamed to acknowledge. Remember this, and look for the trade-mark. It is your best assurance of real value for your money.

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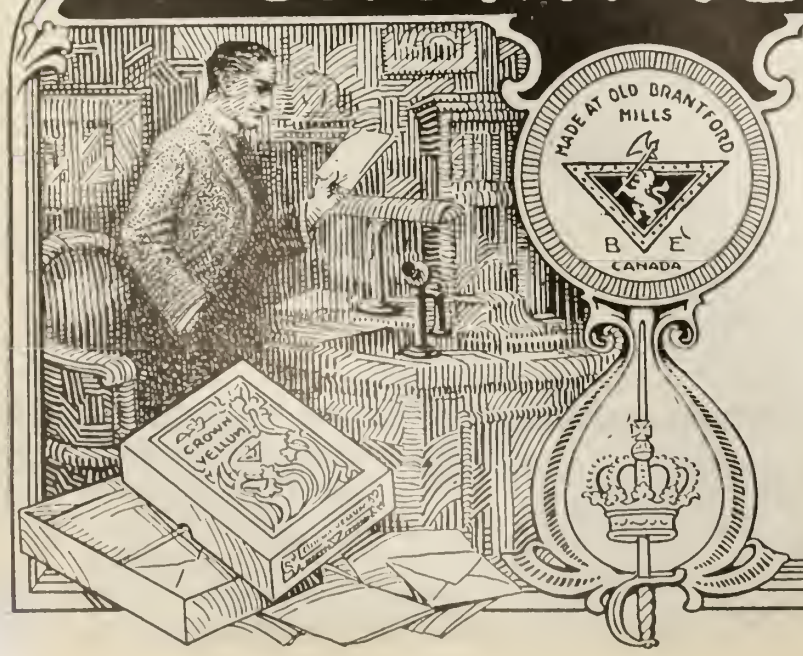
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Canadian Women's Institutes

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

grounds succeeded the marriage as n attraction. That brought to a close a very perfect day from every standpoint.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE ONTARIO WOMEN'S INSTITUTES, 1918.

Convention at Ottawa.

The Eastern Convention of the Ontario Women's Institutes, which is announced for October 17th and 18th, will be held at Ottawa, with four sessions, beginning on the morning of the 17th.

The first session will include statements from several Branches which have something of special interest to report. A summarized statement of the patriotic work for the Eastern Institutes for the past year will also be given. An interesting feature of this session will be a message from the Institutes of Western Ontario, to be given by a district officer who is in close touch with Institute work, and has done much to stimulate it in her own district.

At the afternoon session, the address of welcome and the reply to the address of welcome will be given. These will, no doubt, include reference to the place which women are taking in the world as an outcome of the war. The superintendent will give his annual report, outlining the various phases of the work covered during the past year, and offering suggestions for the enlargement of the work in the coming months. The place of the girls in the Institute has been demanding more and more attention, and this subject will be dealt with in a comprehensive way. There will be a general discussion on the various suggestions brought out in the addresses.

At the evening session it is hoped that there will be an address on Food Control, by Mr. H. B. Thompson, the Canadian Food Controller, and the subject of Medical School Inspection will be discussed by Dr. Mary McKenzie-Smith.

The principal address of the morning of the 18th will be one on the Housing Problem. The Nationalization of Institutes will be brought before the delegates, and there will also be a discussion on War Work, Demonstration Lecture Work, and the extension of Institute work. At this session, there will also be a report of the Resolutions Committee. At the close of this morning's session, which will close the Convention, the delegates will have luncheon together, at which there will be several addresses. This will be followed by a visit to the Dominion Experimental Farm.

The various sessions will be presided over by leaders in Institute work.

Convention at London.

The Convention of the Institutes in Western Ontario will be held at London on October 30th and 31st. The first session will include a statement of the activities of the Institutes in Western Ontario for the past year, with discussions on the same, and suggestions as to methods of raising funds for patriotic and other work.

In the afternoon, the address of welcome will be given, followed by the reply to the address of welcome. Under the title of "Future of the Ontario Women's Institutes," the superintendent, Mr. George A. Putnam, will give a brief survey of the growth of Institute work, covering their activities in patriotic work, and will outline the possible enlargement of Institute work in the future, as the result of the broadening of the individual life of each member. An address, which will be of peculiar interest and which will be delivered in a convincing way, will be on "Conservation." A message from the Institutes of Central Ontario will close this session.

At six o'clock the delegates will lunch together, and will listen to brief addresses.

At the evening session of this day, the present need in patriotic work will be the subject of an address, and under "Women in Agriculture"; three brief addresses will be given on "What Farm Women Are Doing to Help," "Women and Farm Work" and "My Experience as a Farmerette." It is also expected that an address on "The Farmers' Opportunity" will be given by the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. G. S. Henry.

On the morning of the 31st, the greater part of the time will be given to a discussion of District and Branch work, and an address on "Canadian Tradition and Ideals" will close the session.

(*Continued on page* 64.)

The Home Garden

(*Continued from page* 20.)

will not be sorry. Darwin Tulips can be had in endless varieties and shades. The varieties for the third row are as follows: For Paeonies, owing to the numerous varieties on the market, one is apt to get muddled if trying to select six from the catalogues, and from experience would recommend Festiva-Maxima, Rosea, Humeii, Therese, Martin Cahusac, and Model de Perfection. As we have so few blue flowers in the garden, I always look upon the Delphiniums or Larkspur as very majestic, and strongly recommend Duke of Connaught, Musea, King of Delphiniums, Persimmon, or you can raise some good seedlings yourself. I raised two which turned out to be excellent varieties, one a semi-double of a mauvish blue, and which I have named after a friend, Mrs. W. H. Alderson, and another of a single type, pale blue, with immense spikes, and which I have named Rotary.

Phlox Perennial, the grandest of our garden flowers, owing to the wonderful shades and colorings, and profusion of bloom, should be in every garden, and the following varieties will be found to give the very best results, Coquelicot, Eclaireur, Wm. Robinson, Europa, and White Lady. For Heleniums, Riverton Beauty, and Autumnale Striatum, and for Helianthus, Daniel Dewar, Miss Mellish, and Orgyalis, but build a cement wall around these, as they will run all over the garden in time if not checked. The Boltonias are very much admired, and justly so, and Asteroides Decurrens, and Latisquama will be found to be very satisfactory. There are three good varieties of the blooming shrub Tamarix, one or more of which should be in every garden, and are Indica, Africana, and Hispida Estivalis, the former for preference; they will train nicely on a fence or trellis.

More important gardening operations are missed between Sept. 15 and Oct. 15 than any other month in the year. Cut out the spring rush. Save a year by planting trees, shrubs, plants or vines this Fall. It is possible to plant them next spring, but the chances are you won't. You will be too busy. The Fall is the best time to perfect your garden of perennials by multiplying the best kinds, buying new ones, and rearranging the whole according to a definite color scheme. You can divide perennials, and rearrange your border as late as the last week in October. More money is spent in September on Paeonies than on any other plant of the perennial family. Don't plant Paeonies in the Spring. September is the best month, but October is good. If frost has not destroyed your garden, you can enjoy it two to six weeks longer by covering plants with boxes, burlap, newspapers, etc., at night time.

Worse than death, taxes, and the poor—the dear little cut-worm is always with us. To be sure, there are many sure death devices on the market and many sage instructors—for placing sugar-plums for cut-worms on the shady side of a shingle near where the cut-worm is working. Now, how is anyone to know where the cut-worm is working until he has worked? If we knew where he was working we would simply dig him up and make an example of him. I find the best preventive is slaked lime and powdered sulphur in equal parts.

A few words on the storing of vegetables for Winter use will be timely. Potatoes should be taken up the first week in October. Try to arrange for three fine dry days before digging if possible. Bag them up, leaving them in the bags; place scantlings on the cement floor of the cellar for them to rest on; cellar must be cool and dry. First or second week of January take them out of the bags and spread them out in layers on shelves or boards, with holes through the boards for the air to get through; pick them over occasionally for possible bad ones. Cabbage can be pulled up by the root and placed in the root-house if you have one; if not, make a slanting trench in the garden, where the water will not drain in, cover with a thick layer of straw, and cover over with a good thickness of garden soil. For Taproots, such as Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, turnips, and winter Radish, get a large packing case, set on two pieces of wood, to keep off the cement floor in the cellar, placing a layer of Taproots, then a layer of earth, damp but not sodden; or sand may be used. It is advisable to change them out of one box into another once during the winter.

Tomatoes that have not ripened before frost arrives can be pulled up root, bine and all, and hung upside down on the wall in the cellar, or each tomato can be picked off, wrapped in paper, and packed in a box; they will ripen very quickly. Onions should be pulled up and left lying on the ground for three days; do not let the rain on them. Then place them on boards or benches in the cellar until they are thoroughly dry, when they can be bagged up. Dig up parsley by the root, pot them up, and place in the cellar window.

Training Boys and Girls For War Time And After

(*Continued from page* 18.)

yet the first sentence in that last paragraph worries me. She says "he changed to a pig"—that "he" meaning iron; so she thus delicately poetized my prosaic "pig iron"! What a happy thought to me! It certainly is very plainly "pig" in Helen's bold roundhand, so I wouldn't for the world change it, even though I might be tempted to think it was a slip of the pen for "pin."

Sergeant Thomas tried his hand also at political economy lessons, giving them to a class of boys in afternoons at Memorial Institute, but I am sure he did not put so much poetry into his work as I got out of mine! I speak with all humility, however, for I am prepared to give Helen all the credit for the poetic and dramatic touches!

The Fireless Cooker.

While on the subject of compositions, I may say I offered similar prizes in connection with the fireless cooker, which was exhibited and explained to the children, with a telling illustration of its use, namely, treating the children to hot boiled rice from the pot carried in the cooker. Many of these cookers were made in the schools, and thus I hope something was done to help war-time economy. Here is the first-prize composition on the cooker, by Charlotte Green, aged 14, from Memorial Institute:—

The fireless cooker is made for a purpose of conserving gas, coal and electricity . . . enables us to cook our food in less . . . and also the food tastes the s . . .

With very little skill, anyone may make one for themselves by taking an ordinary board box, packing it with excelsior not quite to the top. Then put pasteboard on top to keep the excelsior packed tight. Then cut a hole the size of the pot, line the hole, and put a cushion on top to keep in the heat, then put the lid of the box back on again.

If rice is being cooked, it will cook in forty-five minutes in the fireless cooker. (She should have added: after five minutes' boiling on a fire.)

People should take advantage of this, as they don't know until they have tried how much it saves. It is also a great labor-saving device; you may put it in the fireless cooker and go on with other work.

The Vacation School as a War Measure.

An Alberta teacher, Miss Bessie M. Arkell, happened to be in Toronto when the Vacation Schools were in session, and she wrote a paper for a Western Women's Institute, in which she gives her impressions after a tour of our schools. I am permitted to quote from her remarks, which show the value of these schools from another point of view—that of the public school teacher, who knows how difficult it is to get pupils to settle down to their studies after an exciting and disturbing vacation.

"At no former time in the history of our country have we needed to consider more seriously the needs of our boys and girls, both individually and collectively; on no former occasion

(*Continued on page* 62.)

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.



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Don't overlook the Announcement of Prizes offered for Suggestions On Page 64



Acknowledgments to Luke Fildes.

TO every home there comes a time when every thought, every hope, every prayer for the future centres on the recovery of one loved one. In that hour of anguish, every means to recovery is sought—the highest medical skill, trained nurses, costly treatment. Does the price matter?

★ ★ ★ ★

It may be so great as to stagger the imagination—a sum beyond the posssible.

But does anyone ask, "Can we do it?" Money or no money, they do it. And somehow they pay.

It may mean doing without things they think they need. It may mean privations, sacrifices, hardships. They make unbelievable savings, they achieve the impossible, but they get the money to pay.

★ ★ ★

To-day in this critical period of our nationhood, there is imperative need for MONEY—vast sums of money. Only one way now remains to obtain it.

The nation must save, every community, every family, every individual Canadian must save.

If anyone says "I cannot save" let him consider to what extent he would pinch himself to relieve the sufferings of a loved one at home; and surely he would not pinch less for our fighting brothers in France.

Without suffering actual privations, nearly every family in Canada can reduce its standard of living, can practice reasonable thrift, can make cheerful sacrifice to enrich the life-blood of the nation.

You who read this, get out pencil and paper NOW. Set down the items of your living expense. Surely you will find some items there you can do without.

Determine to do without them.

Start TO-DAY. Save your money so that you may be in a position to lend it to your country in its time of need.

Published under the Authority of
The Minister of Finance
of Canada.

A Rose Enchanted

(*Continued from page* 23.)

The anclent fairy glanced at the waitlng court.

"Harken ye all!" she said In that ringing voice. "You have seen what you have seen, and heard what you have heard. See and hear further. One and all, you know that again the Princess Jewelette has shown that her heart was to-day dominated by love of self—and love of self only. Now, love we must all have In some form.

"Through love of others we grow to be like the God-of-All-Things. Through love of self, we grow to be unlike Him. That, my chlldren, is to change, little by little, to what is evil.

"So, little by little, your princess is losing from her heart all love but that of self, yet hope is not yet gone. I would save her, my chlldren, and to save her, she must be made to suffer, and she must learn to love *another* better than *herself*.

"One wish remains in this old, old ring of mine. With it I will turn her into a rose. But it will be *a rose enchanted*. In the heart of it will be held a drop of magic perfume. The leaves around the golden heart of the rose will be folded so closely that this perfume cannot escape unless the flower itself so wills; and while the perfume is held there, the rose will live on, and *never* fade. Should it let the magic essence sweeten the air, it will swiftly *die*. What may happen after, I know not; but in this matter I must not falter, but deal with the princess only for her spirit's good."

Raising her ebony cane, the ancient fairy looked around the assembled group. No one had dared to move or question her, yet fear whitened every face.

The queen clung to the king's arm, and the king was as immovable as though under a spell. The little court fairies seemed about to fly, yet did not, and the cross-legged grey elves gazed at the scene with unblinking goggle eyes.

The princess alone stood as before, disdain and anger in every line of her face and figure. In the shadow of the great tree she still seemed enfolded by the afternoon light and color.

Not for a moment had she thought of asking for pity, even if she believed her godmother would carry out her dire threat. She alone, among them all, looked quite unafraid.

The ancient one paused, as though waiting for some word of repentance or supplication—some littlest word.

There was only a dread silence in all the king's garden.

Then slowly the black cane swung through the air—once—twice—three times. A sudden darkness fell, as though the sun had been snuffed out like a candle.

A roll of thunder followed, and after that, slowly, slowly, the light came back. From a misty grey it grew into the radiance of afternoon. The birds were again singing in the garden, and a light wind ruffled the leaves.

All the fairies stood as before, on the green heneath the great tree—*all but the little princess Jewelette*. She was no longer there, but on the rose-bush in the golden pot bloomed a marvellous rose not yet quite blown—a red, red, red rose of perfect beauty!

The fairy queen slipped down to earth in a deadly faint, and they carried her away to the castle. The fairies, so long undetermined whether to go or stay, lifted their silvery wings and flew

(*Continued on page* 58.)

The Queen's Tear-Bottle

(*Continued from page* 47.)

placing the bottle again within his pocket, and fastening his coat.

"It has been a pleasure to see it," answered the old clerk. "A great pleasure. Should you wish to part with it at any time, sir, we would be glad to consider—"

"No, thanks, no," he answered, and went out again into the storm.

But still the words of the Egyptian sounded in his ears, insistently. "Then came an ancient minister of state to the Queen—'Your Majesty,' he said, 'the people need bread, there is indeed wheat in the city—but they have no money wherewith to buy it.' Then the Queen called her maids-of-honor. 'Bring hither my jewels and golden ornaments'—she commanded — 'Take them to the dealers in wheat, that they may be paid; give the wheat to the

(*Continued on following page.*)

The Queen's Tear-Bottle

(Continued from preceding page.)

people, and deal fairly by them everyone.'

"Then came again the ancient Minister. 'The wells are empty, O, Your Majesty,—where shall the people go for water to drink?' 'Bid them come to the royal wells,' she answered, 'and fill their pitchers so long as the water remains.' "

On and on through the storm pressed the Man-Who-Was-Rich. It beat against his body; but the words of the Egyptian beat still more against his soul —haunting him.

"And again the ancient Minister of State came, and he said, 'O wonderful Queen—there is dread illness among the people!' and, she commanded her servants to bring them into the palace, and she said, 'I will go down into the city and help those whom I find.' And she went abroad and by day and night forgot her own grief in ministering to those who had fallen."

On and on the words pursued him, as though carried on the wind.

"Then came the runner of the King. 'O dear runner!' she cried. 'What news? What news of my Lord the King?' And the runner bowed his head. 'The King has passed on—into the land of Peace—'

" 'Now—methinks all is told—naught is left for me but to meet my Master, the King.' But before she set out, she went to the Temple of Amen-Ra.

" 'I come not to pray—but to lay my offering of tears upon the altar.' "

So the words haunted him. He bent before the wind, and struggled onward. "If it were true," he thought. His hand went against the crystal lying near his heart.

Through the white smother of the snow he saw a wide frosted window, and upon the white banner of the frost a lighted cross of red.

Buffeted by the storm, he yet stopped and gazed at it.

And it grew to be a new and wonderful sign in his eyes. The old hard look vanished out of them.

"Little Queen," he said, softly, "O little Queen of the faithful heart—I would be worthy to follow you down into the city of the dead, and dying—worthy to be the keeper—even in this day—of the gift of tears you laid on the altar of the gods who are gone."

THE END.

A Woodland Sketch

(Continued from page 44.)

"Me neither," echoed Fat.

"Those tadpoles were all right," condescendingly remarked Bill.

"They were all right. only they weren't tadpoles; they were pollywogs," corrected Archie.

"Same thing," said Fat. "Call them either one you like."

"I remember now they are *not* the same," said Bill. "Tadpoles are little hop-toads, while pollywogs are small frogs, and frogs are all right to eat, but not hop-toads. What do you say, Frank?"

The captain reflected, "Fat's right. Toads are always toads. I know, because I've seen them when they were teeny things and they were just toads and didn't have any tails, so pollywogs must be the same as tadpoles."

"Those that think they're pollywogs come on this side and those that think they're tadpoles go on that side, and we'll soon find out what they are."

This was strictly in accord with the present day world-cry—which we hope is slowly changing—that "might makes right."

Bill and Archie stood side by side. The captain faced them. Fat was really neutral, but in order to swing the balance of power evenly he sided with Frank. They began in fun, but as the impetus increased the fury of the battle raged hotter.

Suddenly around the curve in the road, a siren horn sounded. As four heads spontaneously turned to see what it was, their fist blows missed their marks, and all four scouts went sprawling on the ground.

"Any chance of getting something to eat here?" sang out a voice through the trees, which turned out to belong to Mr. Norwood.

"Sure," the boys responded, before they had time to remember that there *was* nothing to eat.

Mrs. Cunningham had not brought up four boys without acquiring considerable wisdom along the boy line. Knowingly she said, "Now you boys never mind getting us anything to eat, we will just go up on the verandah and eat our sandwiches and coffee there." Whereupon a hamper of delicious looking things was opened and its contents spread upon a white cloth. The parents expected the would-be primitives to make quick work of the lunch, and for that reason they brought an ample supply. However, they were much mistaken. The boys hung back and seemed very silent over the adult picnic.

"Come on boys," said Mrs. Norwood. "You all ought to be ready for a second dinner."

"Naw," said Frank. "We don't want anything to eat—we're chucked full to the brim."

"Yes, and almost spilling over," blithely added Fat.

"I don't know as I can eat anything more till breakfast," said Archie.

"Me neither," chirped in Bill.

Yet as mice nibble around a cheese until finally the whole is consumed, so the scouts nibbled at a sandwich here, and a bun there, until the major part of the lunch was chucked into their four stomachs.

It was not long until Archie disappeared. Concerning his disappearance he vouchsafed no information, but his three comrades looked at his pale face and knew.

They were to have stayed another night, but Mrs. Norwood's remark that "Of course you boys will want to walk back but the car is out there if you would rather ride," sounded like sweet music, or, as the college boys say, "like money from home."

As *well* and *healthy* youngsters, they had wished to be close to "mother Nature," but as *sick* boys, they were longing to be close to their *own* mothers by the shortest route possible.

After they were a mile on the journey home Fat remarked that he hadn't been in an auto for so long—four days to be exact—that the riding made him seasick.

At the Norwood residence, as they were alighting from the auto, Mrs. Norwood said to her son, "Frank, whatever is the matter with you I do not know, but get your things off and go to bed. If it were summer I would think you had been eating green apples."

"There is nothing the matter with me. I wish you wouldn't all make so much fuss—guess I'm tired, that's all."

"Tired. yes—and something more. No more nonsense, get into bed."

In truth, the captain did not know how he could possibly stay *out* of bed, so he said no more.

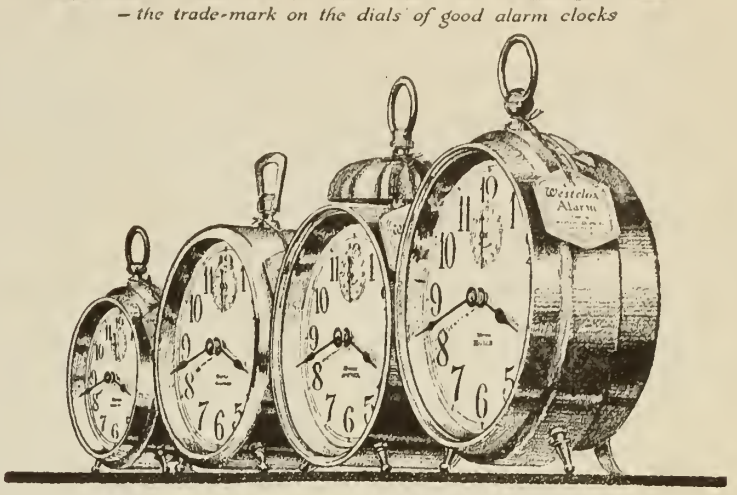
All that night he knew he was lying in his own bed, yet he seemed to be riding round and round and round and round on a merry-go-round, with the merry left out. Toward morning calm seemed to settle down, and as in a semi-dream he heard his parents discussing as to "whatever in the world that boy could have eaten," but the captain said nothing, for he was fast sliding down that incline which takes a sudden drop into the abyss of dreams.

THE END.

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A King In Babylon

(*Continued from page* 51.)

Without a word Davis snapped open the bag beside his cot, took out the pistol and handed it over.

"It's loaded?"

"Ten shots."

"Come along, then," said Creel, and stepped out into the night.

"But wait!" Davis protested. "This is the wildest folly I ever heard! Do you mean to tell me seriously that you're afraid of a thing buried four thousand years . . ."

"I saw it!" I said again, and staggered to my feet and followed Creel.

"Oh, well!" said Davis, and with a gesture of despair, came after us.

Outside, we drew insensibly together, and hastened on under the palms—Creel first, his weapon ready; I next; Davis last, sending the beam from his torch to right and left and behind us—oh, behind us . . .

And then we caught the sound of the chant.

"It's all right!" said Creel, hoarsely. "We're in time!"

The next instant, the chant was drowned in a chorus of shrill cries—then it rose again—we heard the whip crack . . .

And then we came out on the slope above the camp . . .

"Good God!" muttered Creel. "Are they all dead?"

But they were not dead. After that wail of terror, they had flung themselves on their faces in the sand, grovelling hideously, paralyzed with horror; and in their midst stood Jimmy, whip in hand; and just outside that circle of prostrate forms hovered a grisly shape . . .

"So you've come, Tina!" called Jimmy, with a bravado which his voice belied. "I'm ready!" and he cracked his whip again. "Come closer, Tina! You shall feel the lash again . . ."

His voice broke sharply; he stood an instant staring, then took a slow step forward.

"Is it you?" he muttered. "Is it you? You are both the same, then! I thought so!"

Creel had swung his pistol up—then his arm fell to his side again.

"Look!" he whispered. "Look!"

And I swear, as I stared out across that circle of huddled figures, I saw beyond them, on the spot where that grisly shape had hovered, a woman's form, clad in robes that sparkled in the moonlight; I could see her shining eyes; I could see the smile that parted her red lips; and she raised her hand and beckoned . . .

"Quick!" cried Davis. "Quick! It's the ape! I was sure of it!"

"No, no!" I gasped. "It's the girl—it's . . ."

Jimmy took another slow step forward.

Then, from the corner of my eye, I saw Creel's pistol-arm swing up again; and I sprang wildly upon him and pulled it down.

"You can't do that!" I sobbed. "You can't do that! It's murder!"

"Let me go!" panted Creel, and tried to throw me off. "Billy . . ."

He stopped, staring; and looking over my shoulder, I saw that figure, now luminous, now dark, glide swiftly away into the desert, gazing back with alluring eyes — eyes that promised everything . . .

And Jimmy followed. It was our scene of the afternoon over again — but this time in deadly earnest!

We watched them, spell-bound, as they moved away . . .

"Give me that pistol!" growled Davis between set teeth, and tried to take it, but Creel shook himself free.

"I'm all right," he said. "Come on—we must catch them! If they once get out into the desert . . ."

But they were headed not toward the desert, but toward the mounds which marked the ruins. Jimmy was running now, his arms outstretched; and the figure he pursued glided on just beyond his reach.

It was luminous no longer . . it was black and menacing . . A moment more, and both of them vanished among the mounds.

What would happen to him there? What dreadful thing would happen to him there? Over and over I asked myself that question, as we raced on. She would lure him into the tomb; and there, in the terrible blackness, what awful thing . . .

(*Continued on page* 60.)

A Rose Enchanted

(*Continued from page* 56.)

madly in every direction. The king stood as still spellbound, while the grey elves rose from the grass and clustered together.

"Hither!" the ancient one called to them. "Hither, my good grey elves! Lock again my jewels in the black box! Take it and drop it into yonder lake where the water is deepest. Then return. Be nimble! Be nimble!"

They did her bidding and returned.

"Hasten once more!" she said to them. "Hasten! Lift the golden pot wherein grows the rose-plant with its one blossom, and bear it to the garden of the great and lonely king who reigns over the first and most troublesome kingdom of mortals beyond the river bounding the land of fairies. Leave your burden within the stone wall of his garden, close by the bridle path, and near the great iron gate that opens to the high road."

As she spoke, her voice changed, quavered and grew old. Yet the king, listening, heard each word. He saw the grey elves lift the golden pot and fly away with it. Powerless to detain them, silent as though under a spell, he watched until they disappeared in the blue of the air.

The ancient fairy sank into her twisted green chair. Folding her withered hands on the crotch of her stick, she leaned her chin upon them. Her strangely young eyes gazed out over the king's sunlit garden, gazed long and lovingly. Then she closed them.

The king came close to her and called her by name. Again he called her, and his voice was shaken and very sad. When she did not answer, he stooped and looked into her old, old face, and then he saw she had departed to the land where all things are made new.

END OF PART I.

(*To be continued.*)

Wholesome Foods At Reasonable Cost

(*Continued from page* 32.)

potatoes from burning, slice in as many potatoes as required, and allow one good sized onion for each pound of potatoes. Sprinkle well with pepper and salt and cover over with sliced bacon, cover with the lid, and cook until the potatoes are done, over a rather slow fire.

MINCED STEAK WITH VEGETABLES.—Season two pounds of minced steak with one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, then add one tablespoonful of butter substitute, one cupful of fine bread crumbs and one well beaten egg, mix well, moistening with a little milk if too dry. Put into a baking pan with four potatoes pared, sliced and arranged as a border to the meat. Drain one can of tomatoes free of liquor. Mix the bulk tomatoes with the same amount of bread crumbs, and add seasonings of salt and pepper and put a layer of tomatoes on top of the meat loaf. Cover and bake for forty-five minutes, reducing the heat after the first ten minutes. When done remove the meat to a large hot platter with the potatoes around it. To the gravy in the roaster add one tablespoonful of corn flour, one-half cupful of boiling water, one finely chopped onion and a dash of powdered nutmeg, allow to cook for five minutes and pour over the roast.

CHICKEN STEW.—This dish should be started about four hours in advance of the time for serving. First fry in a large saucepan one-half pound of fat salt pork for ten minutes. Add two cupfuls of boiling water and the following materials chopped finely: Five onions, one-half pound of liver and four good-sized potatoes. Let cook for thirty minutes, then add one can of corn and two cupfuls of boiling water and cook for thirty minutes. Now put in two chickens which have been cut into neat joints, and the giblets. At the end of another hour add one can of okra, or an equal amount of green okra that has been well cut up, one can of tomatoes and two cupfuls of boiling water. One hour before dinner put in a loaf of bread, which has been broken up, soaked in hot water and squeezed to a pulp, one tablespoonful of butter substitute, one teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper. Cook slowly, stirring often.



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Thanksgiving Cheer

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,

Author of "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes."

"The waning year grows brown and gray and dull,
And poets sing of autumn, bleak and sere;
But from the bounteous garnered harvest store,
With grateful hearts we draw Thanksgiving cheer."

Thanksgiving is one of the red letter days on the calendar when old-fashioned cooking and family recipes are set forth to regale the palate. This year let us have a rational Thanksgiving feast. The groaning board that our grandmothers knew has been materially reduced.

To simplify the labor entailed in preparing a family dinner, it is a good plan to prepare as many dishes as possible the day previous. Pastry shells for mince and pumpkin pies should be made the day before, or the whole pies for that matter, when the cook understands the art of making a wholesome, crisp crust.

Cranberry sauce or jelly should be made in individual molds. It is more attractive when served in this manner. Fruit cakes are richer and tastier when they have been made two weeks or a month in advance. Mince meat for pies should be prepared and time allowed for the ripening process, which adds so much to its richness and flavor. A month is none too much to develop its spicy seasoning. Contrary to general opinion, mince meat is not necessarily unwholesome eaten in moderation. The proper proportion of meat, fruit and spices and the fine "mince" to which they are subjected tend to make the mince meat easy of assimilation. Nor should it be expensive when apples are cheap and plentiful. The spices should be of the purest.

Even the most humble Thanksgiving table may have its attractive centrepiece. Autumn leaves, with their glowing color, ferns, strings of bright red cranberries, ears of corn, sheaves of wheat and bowls heaped high with fruit and nuts are decorations for the table and house that blend most pleasingly with the harvest season. A well-shaped pumpkin or cabbage, when hollowed out and filled with fruit, makes an attractive centrepiece for the table. Place cards with little personal jokes, simple pen-and-ink sketches and tiny snapshots add zest to the most simple meal and provoke good cheer and conversation.

MENU.

THANKSGIVING SOUP
PICKLES CELERY
ROAST TURKEY BREAD SAUCE
CRANBERRY JELLY
POTATOES BAKED SQUASH
LETTUCE FRENCH DRESSING
MINCE OR PUMPKIN PIE FROZEN PUDDING
FRUITS NUTS CANDIES
COFFEE

THANKSGIVING SOUP.—Three pound shin of beef, one chopped onion, one chopped turnip, two chopped carrots, one-half cupful of chopped celery, one bay leaf, twelve cupfuls of water, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of peppercorns and the grated rind of half a lemon.

Wipe the meat and cut the lean part in small pieces. Sear one-half the meat in a small saucepan on a hot fire, using the beef marrow from the bone as fat. Put the remainder of the meat with the bone in a soup pot, add water and browned beef, bay leaf, peppercorns, and bring to boiling point; cover and simmer for four hours, removing scum as it rises. Then add vegetables, salt and grated rind of lemon, cook for two hours, strain, and when cold remove fat and reheat. Save the fat to use later for cooking purposes. If the stock has been simmered slowly, the fat carefully removed and the straining done through a fine strainer, the stock will be quite clear. The meat may be used as hashed meat.

ROAST TURKEY.—The Thanksgiving turkey should be selected some days in advance. See that the eyes are full, the feet soft and moist; if young, the lower end of the breast-bone will be soft and pliable, the legs short and plump, and many pin feathers on wings and body. Long hairs indicate age, as do thick, coarse scales on the feet. To remove the sinews, a slight incision is made below the leg joint; it is caught on a heavy hook, and with one jerk the sinews are dangling.

After singeing cut off the head, just below the beak, and break the legs below the joint. Cut off the feet and lay them aside. Turn the bird over on its breast and with a sharp knife cut down the skin over the backbone from the neck downward; draw back the loose skin, loosen windpipe and crop and pull them out. This leaves the skin over the breast intact. Cut off the neck close to the body, leaving the flap of skin to cover its removal. At the end of the backbone, close to the tail, is the oil bag, which must be carefully cut off, then turn the bird breast upward. Cut the skin above the vent sufficiently to admit of the introduction of a couple of fingers. Loosen the various organs from their attachments to backbone and ribs. Grasp firmly the gizzard and with a steady pull draw it out; it will bring with it the liver and intestins. Cut the skin entirely round the vent, thus removing the abdominal contents without cutting. Inspect the cavity, removing lungs, heart and kidneys. Wipe out the cavity with a wet cloth and cleanse the skin by a thorough wiping. Stuff the bird, both the breast and body; sew up with string and roast. A turkey weighing from eight to ten pounds requires fully three hours' cooking in a hot oven, and another hour must be added if from twelve to fifteen pounds in weight. Rub the skin well with butter substitute, dredge with salt and pepper and place in the roasting tin. Tie stout paper round the legs to keep them from burning, and protect the breast in the same way. Baste well during the cooking with a mixture of water and butter substitute kept hot for the purpose. Dish the turkey on a hot platter, pour a little good gravy round, and send the remainder to table separately. Also serve bread sauce.

To Make the Stuffing.—Mix two cupfuls of breadcrumbs with one small chopped onion, add one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful each of sage and poultry seasoning, one-half cupful of chopped nut meats, one-half cupful of seeded raisins and one-half cupful of melted butter substitute. This makes a delicious stuffing.

BREAD SAUCE.—Put one cupful of milk into a saucepan, add one onion stuck with three cloves, and four peppercorns. Bring it to boiling point, then add one cupful of bread crumbs and one tablespoonful of butter substitute. Let it simmer very gently for ten minutes. If it is too thick, add a little boiling water. Remove the onion and peppercorns, season with salt and add one tablespoonful of cream. Serve it in a hot tureen.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Cranberry jelly may be easily made by boiling for thirty minutes one quart of cranberries in half a pint of water. Strain and add one cupful of sugar and one cupful of syrup or honey, cook again for ten minutes and pour into glasses. Turn out when wanted.

POTATOES BOILED.—Select potatoes of equal size and peel a strip one-half inch wide around each one. Cover with cold salted water and boil covered for thirty minutes or until tender. Drain and serve.

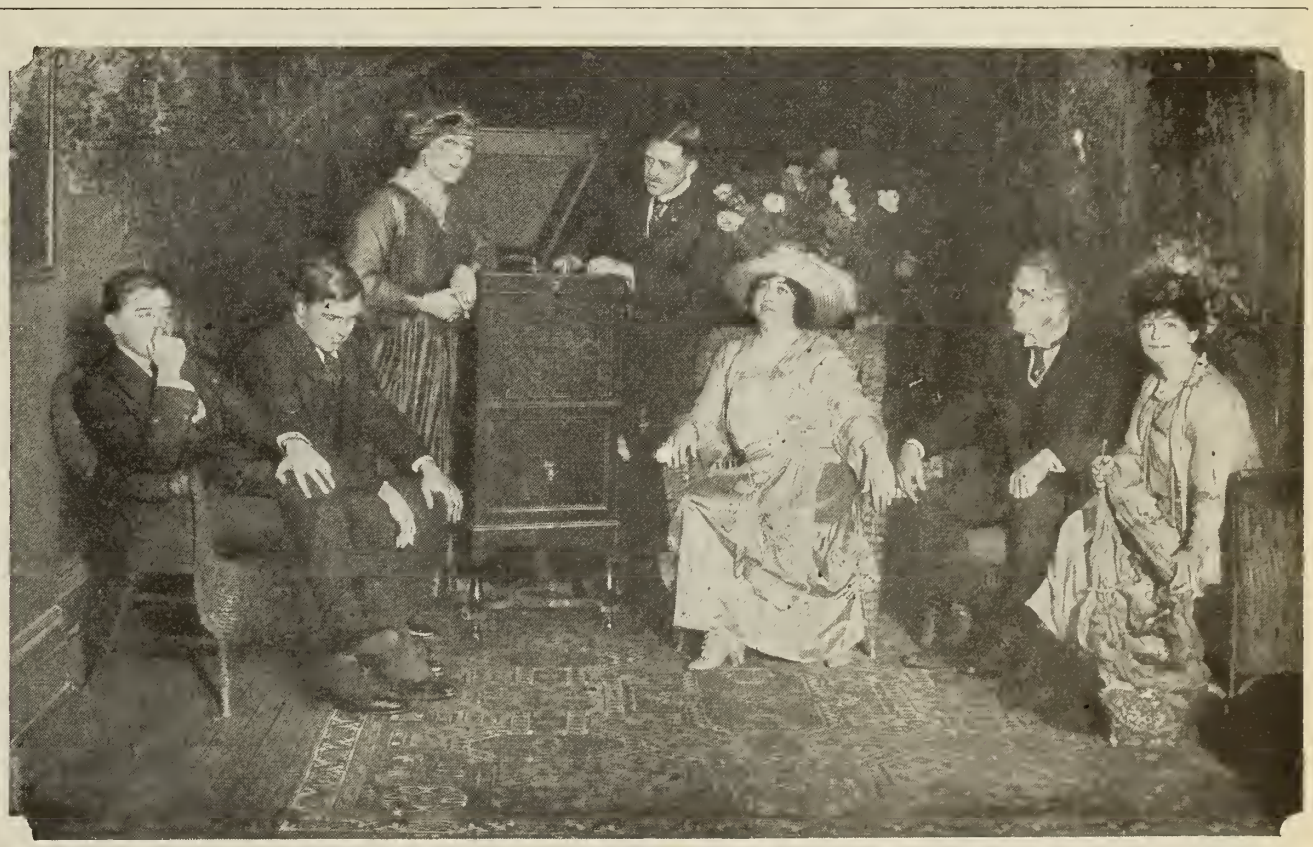
For Baked Squash:—Split the squash, remove the seeds, and bake until tender. Scoop out the pulp, mash it, add salt and pepper to taste and one tablespoonful of butter substitute. Fill into the shell, cover with crumbs, dot with butter substitute and brown. This dish makes a very pleasing appearance on the table.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Pare and cut the pumpkin in pieces one inch square, put them in a saucepan with just enough boiling water to cover, stew very slowly until tender (about fifty minutes), then press through a sieve. To every cupful of pumpkin add one tablespoonful of butter and a saltspoonful of salt; mix and stand until cold. When cold, put one and one-half cupfuls of this pumpkin into a bowl, add to it one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon and ginger, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered mace and nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of honey or syrup and two well beaten eggs. Line two pie plates with pastry, fill with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

FROZEN PUDDING.—Scald two cupfuls of milk and when cool add one cupful of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of honey, two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Freeze and when half frozen add one cupful of cleaned raisins, chopped figs and cherries cut in small pieces. When frozen pack in a mold and allow to ripen for three hours.

COFFEE.—For after-dinner coffee, use one tablespoonful of coffee for each cupful of boiling water. After putting the coffee into the pot, pour over it the boiling water. Pour off into a hot pitcher and serve in small coffee cups.

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A King In Babylon

(Continued from page 58.)

The silence was rent by a wild cry of triumph

"He's got her!" gasped Creel; but the words were drowned by a scream so shrill, so fiendish, so inhuman . .

We scrambled up a mound of loose sand, clawing for a foothold, and the excavation lay before us, bathed in moonlight . . .

Near the black entrance to the tomb, a ghastly struggle was in progress. We could hear a man's gasping breath; we could hear an inhuman voice chuckling as in triumph; and then there was a shrill cry of pain, and we saw Jimmy trying to tear himself away from something that caught and held and dragged him down — something dark and hideous and ape-like, that dragged him toward the blackness . . .

I shall never cease to admire Creel. It was he who rushed for the steps—who sped down them three at a time. I am glad to think that Davis and I were close behind!

"All right, Jimmy!" shouted Creel. "We're here! Hold on!"

The struggle paused for an instant; then the dark shape shook itself free and darted for the hole. Creel's arm snapped up and he fired; and then we were at the entrance to the tomb; and Creel sprang inside and fired again; and I saw the flash of the powder; and then the beam from Davis's torch leaped through the blackness . . .

"Come back! Come baok!" he cried, and caught Creel by the shoulder and dragged him back.

There was a crash like thunder; the world fell to pieces about us . . .

CHAPTER XXXII.

AS I wiped the dust from my eyes, gasping, choking, half-stunned, I realized what had happened —the roof of the tomb had fallen in. And Creel? Yes, there he was; safe, thank heaven, with Davis still dragging at his arm . . .

It was plain enough — the heavy vault, groaning under the weight of the tons of sand which the winds of forty centuries had piled above it, hanging by a thread since the removal of the supporting wall, scarcely braced at all by the rude prop which Davis and Mustafa had hastily reared, had been brought crashing down by the detonation of Creel's pistol-shot. The debris, hundreds and hundreds of tons of it, filled the tomb from side to side. The entrance to the inner chamber was irrevocably blocked. Whatever it was had flitted along that passage, would never emerge again.

That was the thought which filled my mind, as I stood blinking at the ruins, and I found myself murmuring, "Thank God, Thank God, Thank God!" over and over. Thank God that horror was forever buried; thank God no other ear would ever hear that beating on the wall; thank God that that age-long dream of vengeance must remain unsatisfied . . .

But must it!

And suddenly I remembered Jimmy. Perhaps it had done its work, with claw and fang—perhaps . . .

Creel was already kneeling beside that body, flung limply on the sand, peering anxiously down into its face.

"Bring the light!" he called, and slipped a hand inside of Jimmy's shirt. "He's not dead," he added in a moment. "His heart's beating. Let me see."

He took the torch from Davis's hand and turned it upon the unconscious face. There were ugly purple marks about the throat, but the chest suddenly rose and fell convulsively with a labored breath. We had been in time! But what was that dark spot, spreading across the shoulder?

With a little cry, Creel tore back the shirt, almost before I realized that the spot was blood.

With his handkerchief, he wiped the blood away. In the top of the shoulder was a savage bite . . .

And just then Jimmy opened his eyes.

"Where is she?" he gasped, and his hand groped for tho whip, which had fallen close beside him, found it, and grabbed it tight. "Where is she?" and he thrust Creel aside and sat erect.

"Lie still, Jimmy!" said Creel. "You're too weak . . ."

"I'm all right! Where is she?"

"She's gone," said Creel. "She will never trouble you again!"

"I am not so sure of that!" Jimmy muttered. "Help me up."

We raised him to his feet. He staggered for an instant and pressed his hand against his eyes, as though to conquer a sudden giddiness. Then he straightened up and looked around.

"I'm all right!" he said again. "Now—where is she? In the tomb, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Creel; "she's in the tomb."

I saw the convulsive shudder that shook Jimmy from head to foot — a shudder of mortal terror. Then his lips drew away from his teeth in an ugly snarl, and his grip on the whip tightened.

"I'm going after her!" he said. "I'm not afraid! And by God, this time I'll finish it! She can't get away in there!"

"It's no use," said Creel. "Look!" And he threw the light from the torch over the towering, tumbled mass of sand and rock. "She will never get ut again!"

For an instant Jimmy stood staring as though unable to believe his eyes. Then a great breath of relief shook him.

"You are sure she went in?" he asked.

"We all saw her. I took two shots at her. That's what brought the roof down."

Jimmy's face was alight with triumph, as he sent his lash cracking forward into the darkness.

"Good-bye, Tina!" he called. "Good-bye—you're safe now for all eternity!" and he turned back to us, and I saw how his eyes were shining. "I've won!" he cried. "I've won, Creel! You don't know yet—but you will . . ." His eyes fell upon the pistol-butt protruding from the pocket where Creel had hastily thrust it. "Have you any shots left?" he asked.

"Yes—eight."

"Let me have it."

Creel hesitated an instant, then placed the weapon in Jimmy's outstretched hand. He supposed, I think, as I did, that Jimmy wanted to discharge those shots toward the imprisoned Tina. Instead, he thrust the pistol into his own pocket.

"Thanks!" he said. "I may need it. I must hurry—I've got a lot to do."

"Wait!" shouted Creel, as he turned away. "A lot to do? What do you mean? The first thing you've got to do is to have that wound dressed."

"What wound?"

"On the shoulder—you were bitten . . ."

Jimmy glanced down, his head awry, and saw the dark red stain.

"Bitten, eh?" he laughed. "Well—she's fond of biting! Mustafa can tell you that!" And he sprang up the steps and out of sight.

"What the devil is he up to?" Creel demanded, staring after him. "I was a fool to give him that pistol!" he added, half to himself.

"Yes," agreed Davis crisply, "I think you were."

"Somehow I couldn't help it," Creel explained, and mopped his forehead. "There was something in his eyes . ."

"But it's not the first time to-night," Davis went on. "Why didn't you shoot that ape?"

"Look here, Professor," and Creel swung full upon him, "on your word of honor, now, do you really believe it was an ape?"

"Certainly I do," answered Davis sharply; "a chimpanzee, to be exact—the mate, no doubt, of the one I killed last fall."

"It didn't look like an ape," protested Creel. "It looked like that dried-up, blackened body I saw lying on the floor of the inner tomb."

"But, great heavens, man," began Davis, in a voice shrill with exasperation, "do you realize . . ."

"Yes," said Creel, "I realize the monstrous absurdity of it. Nevertheless, I believe that is what it was!"

"So do I!" I burst in. "Why, you saw it — both of you — you saw it change to a woman—to the Princess —you saw the shimmering garments . . ."

"I saw the moonlight shining on its fur," said Davis. "The rest existed only in your super-heated imagination, son! Though I suppose you saw the lady, too!" he snorted at Creel.

"Yes," answered Creel, soberly, "I did. That's why I couldn't fire."

Davis tossed his arms despairingly above his head.

"It's a breeder of lunatics, that's what it is—this moving-picture business! You're mad, both of you! It was an ape, I tell you! Why, don't you see," he added excitedly, "this makes it all clear!"

"No, I don't see" said Creel doggedly.

"It was the ape that was in that rear chamber—it was the ape beat upon the wall—it was the ape scratched Allen . . ."

Creel stood staring.

"How could it get in there?" he demanded.

"I don't know—perhaps the wall had given way, or a bit of the roof fallen in—there's a crevice somewhere—and the ape crept in, frightened by us, perhaps, and couldn't get out—and it beat against the wall when it heard us, for it would be half-crazed with thirst—but when we got the stone out, we frightened it again, and it hid away in a corner, except for that one dash at Allen—and then, as soon as we went away, it worked that loose stone out of place, and ran over to the well, and then skirmished around the native camp, looking for something to eat — for it would be hungry, of course — yes, and emaciated just like the body . . ."

Creel passed his hand dazedly before his eyes.

"Perhaps you're right," he said. "I hope you are—it seems to hang together. Just the same . . ."

"No, it's not picturesque," sneered Davis. "It's not . . ."

And then we stood rigid, staring into each other's eyes, for, from the direction of the oasis, came the sharp crack of a pistol.

"Good God!" groaned Creel. "It's that madman!" And he darted for the steps.

Blood-curdling visions flashed through my brain as I panted after him—I saw the Princess in her cataleptic sleep—I saw the spirit leave the body and float out across the sand and enter the inner chamber—and that other body suddenly stirred and sat erect and rubbed its eyes; and stole out of the ruins and back across the sand, on its deadly errand—and I remembered Jimmy's shout of triumph . . .

"I've won! I've won! You don't know how—but you will!"

And he had seized the pistol and sped up the steps . . .

What was it he had planned? What desperate deed? To rush in upon the girl—to sit beside her, pistol in hand, and wait . . .

Or, perhaps, not to wait, not to let her waken, but to press the pistol to her temple . . .

I am sure it was some such vision as this which urged the others forward, too, until we all were gasping for breath . . .

And then my heart leaped sickeningly, for a shrill screaming rent the air—the scream of a soul in torment . . .

"Good God!" panted Creel again, and paused. But Davis laughed mockingly.

"Another ghost!" he sneered. "Or perhaps a banshee!"

"What is it, then?" gasped Creel.

"It's just a camel howling!" snorted Davis.

In a moment, another took up the cry, and then another. We were quite close to the oasis now, and Davis stopped and stared with frowning brows toward the native camp, where the camels were tethered.

"We'd better see what is going on over there," he said. "Camels don't scream like that for nothing. Surely, those natives . . ."

He broke off and hurried on, his lips compressed. Then we caught the murmur of excited voices, and another voice shouting commands — Jimmy's voice. The chanting had ceased . . .

And just as we reached the first group of palms, a weird procession passed like a shadow before us. At its head marched Jimmy, with Mustafa a pace behind; then came three camels, and then the whole string of fellahin . . .

(Continued on page 66.)



Labor Savers are Life Savers

In nothing are we more extravagant than in the waste of vital energy, and the results are serious.

The home is the centre of the universe—woman is the centre of the home; civilization, therefore, is dependent upon her health and her stimulating influence. All household improvements and labor saving devices which can be provided to conserve her strength will add to her power and efficiency.

The average woman wastes a large amount of energy in useless walking. She crosses and re-crosses the central floor space from one place to another.

Disorganization in the kitchen means wasted energy.

Have a place for everything and everything in its place. Why not some built-in cupboards and utensils and supplies nearby? If built-in cupboards are an impossibility, then a kitchen cabinet fills a necessary need. A tall stool adds much to the housekeeper's comfort in the kitchen. She can sit down to iron clothes, peel vegetables, mix breads, etc.

A dumb-waiter saves much travelling up and down stairs.

Do we all use an egg-beater instead of a fork? a long-handled soup ladle instead of a cup? sharp knives for carving and slicing? a can opener? a food grinder instead of a hand chopper? a bread mixer, etc.? If not, we are wasting our energy.

The fireless cooker is not only a labor saver, but a fuel saver—hence, a necessity this year. Then again, some foods are improved by long cooking at relatively low temperature. The texture and flavor of tougher cuts of meat, and old, tough, fowl, are improved by slow cooking. Cereals, dried legumes and dried fruits are more palatable and wholesome when cooked for a long time. Soups and stews are delicious when cooked in the cooker.

If you do not care to purchase a commercial fireless cooker, you can make one successfully in the home—an old trunk, a candy bucket, or a lard pail, a little galvanized iron, some asbestos and excelsior and a soap-stone are all that are necessary to make a fireless cooker.

A service table wagon is a strength and time saver. The tray saves many trips between the dining room and kitchen, both in serving and clearing away meals. The top and shelf spaces are sufficient to remove all dishes to or from the table in one trip.

The vacuum cleaner has come to stay.

If we cannot have the one worked by electricity, let us use the one worked by hand power. The cleaning part is simply a pumping apparatus, very similar to a well or cistern pump, but instead of sucking water, it sucks air and the suction is strong enough to draw the dust out of the carpet, along with the air. It raises no dust. It is unnecessary to remove anything from the room, therefore much time and energy are saved.

Hot and cold running water.

Have you piped the water into the house? Many have the water piped into the barn for the stock. Why not into the house? It is needed there.

If nothing better can be afforded, a large barrel placed outside the kitchen wall and fitted with a pipe and faucet will furnish running water for a large portion of the year. The eavetrough might be connected with the barrel. Storage tanks which furnish running water throughout the house are being more and more used and are inexpensive and easy to install.

It will not cost any more to outfit your house with a bathroom and hot and cold water taps in the kitchen than it will cost to buy a new binder.

Let the engine do the work.

The engine in the farm home makes possible the combination of a number of labor-saving facilities.

The engine will do away with the weekly turmoil of the wash tub, saving much work and many back-aches. It will do the churning, separate the cream, pump the water, grind the feed, saw the wood and run the vacuum cleaner.

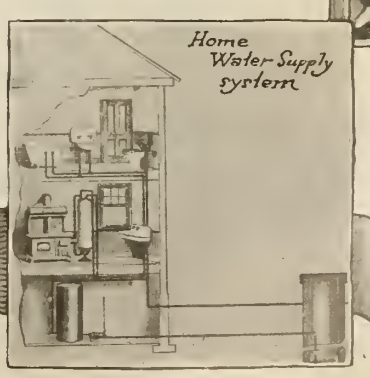
It will also furnish the power to operate a home lighting plant.

For practical information on labor saving devices and the installation of water systems for the home, write the



WOMEN'S INSTITUTE BRANCH,
ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

ONTARIO





Mr. Hoover

"Citizen of Honour and Friend of the Belgian People"

Pleads for the

Belgian Children

Mr. Herbert Hoover, Food-Controller of the United States, has earned the title bestowed upon him by King Albert and the Belgian Government—"Citizen of Honour and Friend of the Belgian People."

The world knows what was accomplished under Hoover's administration before America's entrance into the War. In July of this year, he was in London in connection with his responsibilities as Food Controller, and took the opportunity to learn how things stood in Belgium.

So terribly serious are conditions there among the children that Mr. Hoover wrote an urgent plea, parts of which are quoted:

"On May 14th, 1917, I advised you of the financial arrangement with the United States Government whereby funds were provided for the general rationing of the civilian population of Belgium..... I stated my hope that the various committees of the Commission for Relief in Belgium that had already accomplished so much would hold together despite the new financial arrangement in order to support certain needed special charities.....

"It can be readily understood that in providing a general ration for the whole nation the rigorous system necessary to handle such a great project can make little provision for special cases and for special needs. These cases, running into hundreds of thousands, of sick and defective children.....cannot be taken care of by the general funds. There is an increasing need for funds in these cases. The gifts are running low, and our last reports show that the soup lines of Belgium have increased from one-and-a-half to two-and-a-half million persons.

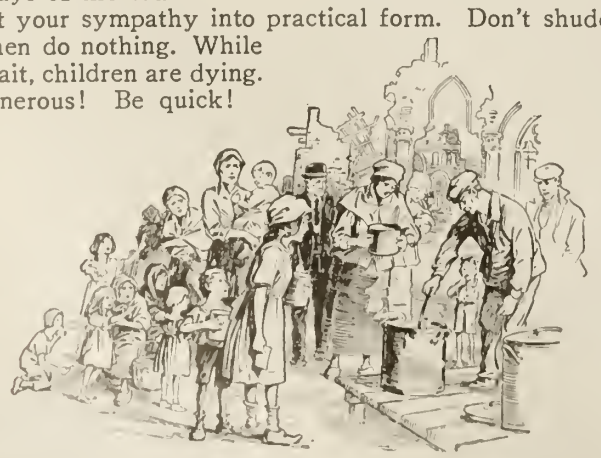
"I wish particularly to remove any doubt as to the acceptability of contributions to the Commission for Relief in Belgium for the special purposes above indicated..... This transmission of money is absolutely guaranteed by virtue of an agreement between the belligerent Governments, the C.R.B. and the Neutral (Spanish and Dutch) protecting Ministers in Brussels."

Read between the lines of Mr. Hoover's letter to his associates, and you will realize the ever fresh tragedy of Belgium. You will see little babies, pinched with hunger, waiting in line for the bowl of soup and the two pieces of bread that form their daily ration.

Think of it!

Is it any wonder Consumption and kindred ills sweep through the stricken country, harvesting the starved orphans left behind by soldiers who died holding back the Hun in the first days of the War.

Put your sympathy into practical form. Don't shudder—and then do nothing. While you wait, children are dying. Be generous! Be quick!



Make cheques payable and send contributions to

Belgian Relief Fund

(Registered under the War Charities Act)

to your Local Committee, or to

ONTARIO BRANCH BELGIAN RELIEF FUND,
95 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

111

A Million Children Facing Starvation

Twelve Hundred Thousand Young Belgians Dependent Upon Relief Work.

With the advent of war in Belgium, both public assistance and private charities found their resources strained to the breaking point. Children's aid societies, orphanages, day nurseries, etc., viewed with alarm the swift dwindling of their finances. Well might they be alarmed, for upon their efforts depended the lives of more than one million children. From the very beginning, the Belgian Relief Commission undertook the special task of nourishing children as well as the general work of alimentation. A children's department of patronage was established. At first this department was devoted to helping charities already in existence, but gradually its scope was extended until it embraced three branches: Children's Aid Societies, the Feeding of Children, and War Orphans. These three branches have a common secretary, and a complete board of inspection sees to it that measures decided upon at the monthly meetings are put into effect. Every two weeks delegates from all the provinces meet in Brussels and discuss plans for the whole kingdom. At least 20,000 men and women are devoting themselves to the protection of children in the occupied parts of Belgium. The branch having to do with the feeding of children is managed by the Commission for the Alimentation of Children, to which are attached the most eminent Belgian physicians. One section of this branch provides meals for 985,617 children at the schools in 1,897 communes. Canteens for debilitated children provide special nourishment for 53,311 little tots.

It is an indisputable fact that but for these activities over a million children would be without the means of supporting life, that over a million children would perish of starvation and diseases consequent upon malnutrition. This great work is at present seriously hampered by lack of funds, and looks to the Belgian Relief Commission for the means wherewith to continue its noble efforts. It is on behalf of these and similar organizations, on behalf of the lives of more than a million Belgian children, that the Belgian Relief Fund is appealing to the generosity of the Canadian public to-day. Every dollar contributed or withheld means life or death for a child. Contributions should be sent to the local branch of the Belgian Relief Fund or to the Canadian headquarters at 59 St. Peter street, Montreal, Que.

Training Boys and Girls For War Time And After

(*Continued from page* 55.)

have we called on the resources of our boys and girls, as at the present time.

"Many of the younger children of the cities are attending the Daily Vacation Bible Schools, and they just love to sing hymns and jolly songs, repeat yards of Bible verses in unison, make hammocks and baskets, rugs and toy-waggons, dresses and aprons, fireless cookers and fly-swatters, mud pans and clay men, *ad infinitum*."

Rev. J. B. McLaurin, of India, who made a tour of the schools, writes:—

"I had been slightly prejudiced against the idea of using the children's holidays to foist another school on them, but this was removed by actual observation. Here were no tiresome books or homework, but carpentry, knitting, weaving, chorus songs, in which the children delighted, and bright, interesting talks. I was impressed by the evident enjoyment of and absorption in their work by the girls and boys. In most of the schools they would hardly look up to notice the visitor. Under these circumstances, the discipline seemed to take care of itself. There was a welcome lack of glaring posters and charts, and the now too universal appeal to the eye was offset by teaching the children to learn by hearing as well.

"The very high quality of the officers and teachers also impressed me. As we went from school to school and saw the almost perfect discipline, combined with a fine comradeship between teachers and children, noted the spirit with which the pupils sang, and the accuracy with which lengthy passages of Scripture were recited, the conviction grew that the movement had been most fortunate in the calibre of the helpers it had attracted into this work. The evidences of patience, real interest in the children, ability to grip a situation, and Christian character, were marked in every school we entered.

"It seems to me that many homes, as well as public and Sunday schools, will find discipline easier and children happier and brighter through this summer's work of the D.V.B.S. And best of all, it represents the churches getting to work amongst the unchurched."

Trade Talks, Lantern Lectures, Cartoons, etc.

Cartoon Chalktalks, by Mr. J. W. Bengough, were again a feature of the Vacation Schools, and they were so thoroughly appreciated that the lecturer generally responded to the encore by reciting "Little Orphan Annie," or some other juvenile piece, which tickled the children immensely. Our good friend, Mr. Geo. W. Allen, was generous with his lantern lecture on the "History of a Lump of Coal," and also told the thrilling story of the "House that Jack Built," which, in this case, was the true story of his own home, which he built entirely with his own hands in spare time—a marvelous tale, as strange as any in the "Arabian Nights." Dr. J. N. E. Brown pleased both children and adults with his lantern lecture on "Gold Mining in the Yukon," showing how the mines are worked, and also scenes on the trail and in Dawson. Mr. J. L. Rook, of the Canadian Home Journal, told the mysteries of the "Art of Advertising," illustrated with specimens of beautiful advertisements. Miss Grace Johnston spoke about singing, and practically demonstrated how easily children catch new tunes, by teaching a new "Round." Miss Martha Cullen exhibited a fireless cooker which she had made principally from material which is usually wasted, and demonstrated its use. Mr. Laing, of the Navy League, gave an illustrated address on the wonderful work of the navy in the war. In addition to my talk on the Pin, I gave an exhibition of Industrial Art by children and peasants—leather, clay, wood-carving, needlework, etc.—from different countries, distributing the various articles among the children and explaining their features while they were being examined and admired.

How the Schools Were Appreciated.

Letters poured in telling of the way in which the schools were appreciated. Many were received at Parliament street, where the number of children is great, the attendance running up sometimes to over 180, although this was the first year of the school.

Extracts from some of the letters received may be interesting:—"My little girl thoroughly enjoys the school, and looks forward to it more and more every day, and has been helped very much by it. What I saw on Friday evening surpasses all my expectations." "We think it is a grand thing for the little children, and we hope it will be a great success." "My child has received a great benefit from the D.V.B.S. It has been somewhere for her to go in the mornings for which she looks forward, and the picnics she has thoroughly enjoyed. Many a little child has had an enjoyable outing which otherwise they would not have had." "Thank you very much for your kindness to my grandson. It has helped him very much, and he likes going. I am sending a thankoffering. I wish I could give more, but being a widow I have not got much." In many cases donations towards the school work, which is conducted on an entirely philanthropic basis, were enclosed with the letters of appreciation.

The weekly calendar of Bloor Street Baptist Church, in which a very successful Vacation School was conducted for the first time, had the following comments in connection with the "Trade Talks":—

(*Continued on page* 65.)

Knitted Comforts for the Frosty Days that are Coming

Any of the articles illustrated on this page would make the best possible sort of Christmas gift for friends.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 546.—The bed-socks shown at the right were made of knitting-yarn and worked on two needles.



No. 546—Practical Knitted Bed-socks that are atractive as well.



No. 512—A useful Knitted Cap—Pulls down over the ears.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 512—This cap will be found especially comfortable on the steamship as it pulls down over the ears. For working directions No. 512, which include knitted stockings for men and boys, send 10 cents and stamped self-addressed envelope.



No. 547—Ladies' Knitted Stockings.



Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 549.—Mittens like these will provide comfort on many occasions as they can be worn alone or over gloves. They are very simply made as both are alike and can be worn on either hand. Upon receipt of 10 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope, full working directions for No. 549 will be sent.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 547.—These well-fitting stockings will be valuable to the woman engaged in out-of-door work. Those shown above were made from a Scotch mixture knitting yarn. Send 10 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope for working directions of No. 547.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

The Garden God—The Sun-Dial

(*Continued from page* 21.)

many memento moris. It rather takes away the charm of the sun-dial to be continually confronted with "Oh! remember how short my time is." "I shall return, thou never." "I mark the time which thou dost lose." "Snatch the present hour and fear the last." "Before thou lookest if I am right look if thou art right thyself."

After these lugubrious sentiments, the following seems quite merry:

"Time wastes us, our bodies and our wits,
And we waste time, so time and we are quits."

The following exquisite little French poem adorns a very beautiful sun-dial in a Paris garden:

La vie est veine
Un peu d'amour
Un peu de haine
Et puis—bon jour.

La vie est breve
Un peu d'espoir
Un peu de rire
Et puis—bon soir.

The day of the sun-dial is not yet done. It is still quite an industry in Birmingham—or was before the war. Whatever part it may have to play in the future history of individuals and nations, it must never be forgotten that as a faithful recorder of the passing hour, it remains the most accurate keeper of sun time that has been discovered by man.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(*Continued from page* 19.)

only our duty. But I am sure we would look a long time before we could find such a pleasant one.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I do so much want to do something to help in this great war, but here seems so little a country girl can do. How old must one be to take the Massage and V.A.D. course? What are the expenses of the course? Are girls sent overseas before they are 21?

Ripples, N.B.

The Massage course is given without tuition, and the girls are paid a certain amount after they have served their

(*Continued on page* 69.)

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

How Much Money Can You Make? Let the Auto-Knitter Answer for You.

It does the work of 20 hand-knitters.

Turns out Beautiful Work. Makes Money at Home.



The Auto-Knitter works by turning a handle—thirty stitches a minute. It is easily learnt; our Instruction System is very clear and simple. It is a pleasant, permanent money maker in thousands of homes—why not yours too?

KNIT SOX AND DOLLARS.

If you want to make money at knitting, you must get away from slow hand knitting and use the fast, reliable, modern Auto-Knitter. Affords you profitable work in peace or war time.

THE WONDERFUL AUTO-KNITTER

is the most modern development of the knitting machine. It works very fast and turns out high-grade socks, even better than hand knit, plain or ribbed, such as soldiers, sailors and civilians need in thousands. Weighs only about 20 pounds; may be fastened on any table. It is sent, guaranteed perfect, and with a piece of work started, ready to continue. Can do the work of 20 hand knitters, using much less yarn.

JUST LIKE KNITTING DOLLARS.

Making money? Yes, indeed—if you want to make money in the quiet of your home, we gladly arrange, for as long as you wish, to take all the Auto-Knitted socks you do not wish to dispose of otherwise, and pay you highly profitable prices for your work. The demand is tremendous, our present workers cannot begin to meet it.

War Relief Organizations throughout the Allied countries are using Auto-Knitters with wonderful results. One or two of these fast, reliable machines in each district can do more work than fifty ladies hand knitting.

These are extracts from customers' letters:—

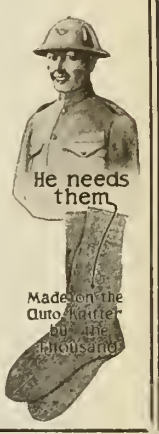
Mrs. W. A. C., Vancouver: "Have just finished two dozen pairs soldiers' sox on my Auto-Knitter, and it is very satisfactory. I work in my spare time for the Red Cross." Mrs. A. S., Dauphin: "The Auto-Knitter is fine and everybody who sees it thinks it is great. We are getting all the work we can handle." Mrs. R. E. D., Westport, N.S.: "I find it a pleasure to work the Auto-Knitter and the Instruction Book is a wonderful teacher." Mrs. G. W., Miniota: "Since receiving my Auto-Knitter I have been kept very busy. I had no idea orders would come in so rapidly, and I fear I will have no socks to send you as I am selling them locally." Mr. P. J. M. (fireman), Edmonton: "I have knitted over 2,000 pairs of men's socks in ten months. I have tested the Auto-Knitter and it is splendid."

NO YARN PROBLEM

We send replacement yarn free when you are working for us, and guarantee you liberal pay for your work. This agreement is continuous on our part.

MORE SOX. THE URGENT CALL

It is your patriotic duty to answer it—now—and you can provide yourself with a good income maker at home with the Auto-Knttter no matter where you live.

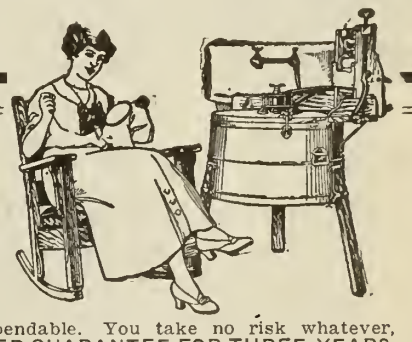


The hosiery trade is booming, more workers are wanted at once. Write to-day for full particulars enclosing 3c stamp, and see what you and your family can now earn at home and do for Patriotic work.

AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY (Canada) CO., LTD.

Dept. 210D. **607 College St., Toronto, Ont.**

Try This Washer Before You Buy It



You have seen many other Water Motor Washers, but, until you have investigated the "1900" Agitator Machine, you do not know what perfection is, in a washer that operates by water pressure.

The motor is thoroughly dependable. You take no risk whatever, because **WE GIVE YOU A PRINTED GUARANTEE FOR THREE YEARS.** The washing action is the same as is incorporated in our splendid Wood Tub Electric Machine. No other Water Motor Washer has this feature.

Our specially designed (and patented) swinging Agitator Board cannot possibly do any injury to the most delicate fabric, and yet it accomplishes a surprisingly good washing effect. And when we say "surprisingly good" we mean that you will actually be surprised at the splendid results secured.

We have a liberal "trial offer" whereby you can test the machine in your own home. We know you will decide to keep it—and it can be paid for by easy installments.

Write **NOW** for our illustrated folder containing complete information.

We also make a full line of hand and electric power machines. State whether you are interested in a Washer that operates by Hand, Engine Power, Water or Electric Motor. Our "1900" line is very complete and cannot be described in a single booklet.

Better address me personally. O. L. MORRIS, "1900" Washer Company, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto.

KEEP YOUR SKIN LOOKING LOVELY



It is not difficult. By using our preparations which counteract the causes of defective skin the beautiful, clear, freshness of youth may be restored. Sufferers from Eczema, Pimples, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Undue Redness, Blotches, Crow's Feet, etc., should consult with us at once and secure our free advice as to the proper preparations to use.

Princess Complexion Purifier	$1.50
Princess Skin Food	1.50
Princess Hair Rejuvenator	1.50
Princess Cinderella Cream	.50

Write for FREE SAMPLE of this delightful Cold Cream. Our preparations, with full instructions for home use, sent to any address on receipt of price.

Write for copy of our Booklet "H."

THE HISCOTT INSTITUTE, LTD.,

Established 1892. 61B College St., TORONTO

MONARCH-KNIT SWEATER COATS

THERE is a certain captivating style to Monarch-Knit Sweater Coats which wins the instant approval of the woman of taste. There is likewise a real economy in their sturdy construction and careful finish, as well as warmth and comfort in their fine yarns and closely-woven fabric. In times like these when supplies of raw materials vary so frequently, both in quantity and quality, it is well to safeguard your purchase by asking for Monarch-Knit. The models now being shown are especially designed for Fall and Winter wear; ask to see them at your nearest dry goods store.



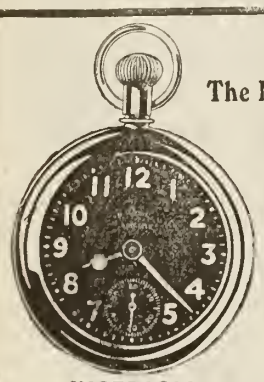
One of the season's newest models. A pretty combination in pink and green.

The Monarch Knitting Co., Limited

Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

Manufacturers of sweater coats, hosiery and fancy knit goods for men, women and children. Also Monarch Floss and other hand-knitting yarns suitable for soldiers' sox, etc.

The Name *Ingersoll* on the Dial



INGERSOLL RADIOLITE $3.00

Guarantees you a watch that has given a better time-keeping service to the people of the world than any other watch, at any price.

Before the invention of the Ingersoll, a quarter of a century ago, watches were luxuries, now fifty million men, women and children—seven times the population of the Dominion—have learned to be punctual and systematic by using an Ingersoll watch.

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Canadian Offices and Factory

128 Bleury Street, Montreal, Quebec

Canadian Women's Institutes

(*Continued from page 54.*)

In the afternoon, the delegates will visit the Byron Sanitarium, in which so many of the Institutes in Western Ontario have taken a practical interest. An address will be given at that place on "The Education of Returned Soldiers," and the delegates will visit the hospitals and class rooms and work shops.

Full information regarding the Conventions will be sent the Institutes concerned.

Central Convention.

The Central Convention will be held in Toronto during the second or third week of November. This will be attended by delegates from the Eastern and Western Districts as well as from the Central District, and will really be a Provincial Convention.

Plans are being made to have representative reports from a few Institutes which have been doing original work along patriotic lines, and Branches which have been carrying on regular work effectively, as well as their share in patriotic work, will report. Opportunity will be given for discussion as to ways and means.

The activities of the Women's Institutes along Medical Inspection lines and an outline of workable and effective methods for rural districts will form an important feature of the convention.

Production and conservation will receive attention, the work of the canning centres being emphasized.

The delegates will be addressed by a leader in the education of returned men, and an opportunity will be given to visit one or more military hospitals, as well as work shops and class rooms of returned men.

Educational matters and better health campaign are included in the proceedings, as well as the housing problem, and woman's work on the farm.

Full announcement of the Central Convention will be made in the next issue of this Journal, and direct to the Institutes.

Girls' Canning Centre.

The Girls' Service Battalion of Niagara-on-the-Lake, in co-operation with the Women's Institute of that place, and the Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture, have had splendid results at the canning centre which they opened recently.

The volunteer work has been most willingly given, and donations of fruits and vegetables sent in have been most gratifying. That the good things put up by the girls have been appreciated is indicated in the following letter:

Niagara Camp, Ont.,
August 26th, 1918.

To Capt. Rigg, O.C., Girls' Service Battalion, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

Dear Captain,—It is difficult for me to really adequately express the thanks of the patients for your kind donation of twenty-nine quarts of fruit received to-day. As you know, army rations are intended for strong, healthy and vigorous men, and sometimes it is difficult to provide the boys who are ill in hospital with a few comforts. Fruit is out of the realm of possibility for them, unless it were of the canned variety, which I have hesitated to provide. If you could have seen the glad faces on the tasting of the fruit sent to the hospital, it would prove ample reward for your efforts. I fully realize the trouble entailed in preserving fruit, and I know that it is no small effort so to do, but I can assure you that your efforts have met with silent appreciation on the part of all the patients in hospital, and they have asked me to try to express to you and the girls of your battalion, their heartfelt thanks for same.

Wishing you every success in future,

(Signed) GORDON ARMSTRONG,
Captain,
O.C., A.M.C., T.D. No. 2.

Cherry Valley Institute.

The Cherry Valley Institute in Prince Edward County, has been constantly at work and has done a great deal towards greater production, also providing comforts for the soldiers.

One member alone cultivated, planted and cared for 4 acres of land. Her vegetable garden has been reported as doing unusually fine.

The district of Prince Edward County, of which Cherry Valley is a branch, during the past year, sent over 9,000 pairs of socks overseas, and monthly contributions are made to the Prisoners' of War Bread Fund. Interest is also being taken in providing supplies for the new hospital at Picton.

Bangor Institute gave the popular play, "The Temple of Fame" recently, the crowded house showing the interest and appreciation on the part of the entire community in their endeavor. Four hundred dollars was raised for Red Cross, and they expect to make an additional $200 by giving the play again at Massie.

(*Continued on following page.*)

Important Notice

For Every Women's Institute Member

In an endeavor to enlarge and improve the Women's Institute Department of "Canadian Home Journal," we request women from British Columbia to Nova Scotia to send direct to us reports of work being done in their Societies. These reports should tell of new and interesting work being successfully accomplished; new courses of study which have proved beneficial; new methods and plans of raising money; new forms of entertainment and work; unique methods of making appeals for money and labor to the community; new ways in which the Institute has bettered the community; methods which have worked well in enlarging membership of Institutes.

Cash Prizes For Institute Members

First: A Prize of Five Dollars will be given any Women's Institute member who sends in the best description of the way in which her Institute raised money successfully.

Second: A Prize of Five Dollars will be given any Women's Institute member who sends in the best description of some unique way in which she thinks an Institute could raise money.

Third: A Prize of Five Dollars will be given any Women's Institute member who sends in the best description of the way in which she thinks "Canadian Home Journal" could be of more service to Institute members.

All letters become the property of "Canadian Home Journal," that extracts may be published from time to time.

All communications must be addressed to:

Women's Institute Department,
"Canadian Home Journal,"
71 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

The contest closes November 1st, 1918.

SOMEBODY WILL WIN THESE PRIZES—WHY NOT YOU?

Plain Living Gives a Nation Strength—Save.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

MODEL CANNING CENTRE ESTABLISHED AT BARRIE.

The town of Barrie can boast of a patriotic work which equals that of many of our larger cities, in using the means at hand to the best advantage to help win the war, says the "Sunday World." At the beginning of August, the Simcoe County canning centre was opened under the auspices of the Women's Institute. The Department of Agriculture (Women's Institute Branch), as part of its work, is establishing canning centres and community kitchens in the fruit districts, for the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables. This department installs the necessary equipment, all of which is the latest and most modern that can be obtained. The Government also gives the services of a demonstrator to show the workers the how and why of the work they have undertaken, and this good cause has been so well advertised in the town and surrounding districts that fruit and vegetables are poured in from far and near, in large and small quantities, to be used as the centre deems best.

Almost without exception every woman in Barrie is interested in the work, many of them giving a few hours of their time each week, while others devote every minute they can spare from their household duties. Some come from a distance to give a morning or afternoon to help out. The women work in shifts of a few hours each to prepare the fruit and vegetables for preserving, and as a rule many willing workers make the duties light and agreeable. The women are an organized body and no work is done in haphazard style.

Town Hall as Factory.

The use of the old town hall has been given by the council, in which to carry on the work. The kitchen where the work is done consists of the front part of the building divided in two sections by a glass and wood partition. The walls of both apartments are whitewashed and are kept spotlessly clean. Every pan, tin and other utensil not in use hangs on a nail, while the butcher's tables on which the paring and stoning of the fruit is done are kept well scrubbed. Everything presents so clean and neat an appearance as to suggest a model centre rather than a working one. The building is so located as to command an excellent view of the road, the railway and across the lake. The big double doors which compose the main entrance to the building are thrown wide open, and the passers-by can see the work in vegetables. Thirty sealed tins are placed in a retort and thoroughly sterilized. The tins are placed in a galvanized receptacle, which fits neatly into the steel retort. The top is screwed down tightly and about ten pounds of steam pressure turned on. This gives a heat of roughly 240 degrees Fahrenheit. A short time in the retort finishes the canning process, and the tins are ready to be packed two dozen in a case and taken to the station for shipment. The retort can also be used for cooking purposes, and the demonstrators hope to be able to cook 10,000 chickens to be canned. They could be cooked a dozen at once in a very short time. The whole chicken is cooked, and whatever cannot be canned is used for a chicken soup.

All Help Voluntary.

A boiler erected in the basement of the building supplies the power, and is attended to by voluntary help, though arrangements have been made to employ an engineer, who will also perform the duties of caretaker. Outside of the work of the caretaker and that of the cooking demonstrator, every bit of work is done voluntarily. Every item of fruit and vegetable is donated, and also the use of utensils. The upkeep of the equipment is provided for by the Government. Sugar, spices, vinegar and the containers come from the Red Cross Society in Hamilton. Peclin, which is made from apples, is used as a substitute for sugar, and a great saving of a commodity fast-growing scarcer has been the result. Incidentally peclin thickens the jam, making it much more easily handled.

Extent of the Work.

Some idea of the extent of the work being done can be gathered from the figures showing the output up to the present date. Since August 1 there has been put up in tins over 5,000 pounds of jam of various kinds: raspberry, rhubarb, blueberry, and a combination of raspberry and rhubarb. About 750 pounds of apple butter have been made, besides over 50 quarts of canned apples. Beans, peas, carrots and beets constitute the 400 quarts of vegetables which have been preserved. Other vegetables will be handled when in season. Fruit and vegetables have been sent a distance of 70 miles to the centre to be canned.

One of the objects of the centre is to promote to a greater extent the practice of canning and preserving of all available fruits and vegetables. The women of the district may bring their fruit and vegetables to be preserved, which is done free of charge, provided a fair part of the canned goods be donated to the centre.

Qaalified Demonstrator.

A qualified demonstrator instructs the women in the art of preserving and shows many economical and modern ways of storing away for the winter months some of the things we can't always get in the colder season, without paying an enormous price to satisfy our luxurious tastes.

Every tin of canned fruit and vegetables is turned over to the Red Cross Society, to be given out to the boys at the front and in the military hospitals, and the work of the women and girls is certainly worth while, according to the number of appreciative letters received from "over there."

"A FRIEND."

This little verse was quoted by Miss Isobel Noble, president of the Women's Institutes of Alberta, in an excellent address before the Rural Leadership Conference recently held in Edmonton. It may well be taken to heart by busy women everywhere.

Around the corner I have a friend
In this great world that has no end,
And days go by and weeks roll on
And before I know it a year has gone;
And I never see my old friend's face,
For Life is a swift and terrible pace.
But he knows that I love him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell and he rang mine;
We were younger then,
But now we are busy, tired men,
Tired of playing this foolish game,
Tired of trying to win a name.
To-morrow, I say, I'll call on Jim,
Just to prove that I really think of him,
But to-morrow comes, and to-morrow goes,
And the distance between us grows and grows,
Around the corner, yet miles away.
"Here's a telegram, sir; Jim died to-day."
Yes, that's what we get and deserve in the end—
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Training Boys And Girls For War Time And After

(*Continued from page* 62.)

'These talks by men in different walks of life are part of the instruction in the schools, giving the boys and girls some idea of the wonders of modern industry, and directing their thoughts toward callings, hitherto unknown to them, so that they may have some definite basis for their choice of a life work."

As one outcome of the Vacation work at Bloor street, the superintendent of the Sunday School, Mr. H. L. Stark, is making arrangements for evening classes twice weekly during the winter, for instruction in woodwork of an advanced and very interesting character, such as large relief map three by six feet, made of wood and plaster, models of missionary houses, chapels, etc., the whole to form a grand exhibition at the close of the term. The map and mission buildings will all be correlated with the lessons and work of the Sunday school, forming a new development of Sunday school work in Canada. The director of this work will be Mr. E. Gulley, who is recently from England. He holds a gold medal for special excellence in woodwork.

Thus these Vacation Schools are proving to be "experiment stations" for educational work on new lines, and are proving to be pathfinders, showing Sunday schools as well as our public schools the road to new vital and profitable lines of development.

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

The old delusion that Canada could not produce a first-rank magazine of its own has been upset during the past few years. The phenomenal growth of MacLean's—in quality, in circulation, in public esteem—has been an eye-opener to the general public. MacLean's is to-day entitled to rank among the leading publications on this continent.

The October cover carries the likeness (in colors) of Canada's foremost soldier—Sir Arthur Currie.

MacLean's is edited and published by Canadians, and on merit alone has developed into "Canada's National Magazine." There are three reasons:

The first is that the publishers have not been afraid to spend thousands of dollars each month for the best reading matter and illustrations. MACLEAN'S publishes exclusively the best work of the best Canadian authors—

Stephen Leacock, Robert W. Service, Agnes C. Laut, I. B. Yates.
Arthur Stringer, W. A. Fraser, Alan Sullivan, and many others.

In addition, stories and articles are purchased direct from many writers of widest reputation, including H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, E. Phillips Oppenheim, C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

The second reason is that MacLean's has spoken out frankly and fearlessly on all public questions. It has told the truth about the war and about politics with a directness that has been electrifying. When necessary the articles in MACLEAN'S hit straight and hit hard.

The third reason is that MACLEAN'S is thoroughly Canadian in tone. The reading matter is clean. The advertisements are rigidly censored. MACLEAN'S can be received into any home with utmost confidence.

Test this out by getting a copy of the October issue, which contains among other features

"The Story of War Under the Earth"

You have read countless articles about war in the trenches, in the air, on the sea. Now read something new. Read of the warfare that goes on under the earth—of tunnels that stretch under enemy lines, of death-grapples in the dark, of strange devices and destructive machines. Read Lieut. Tilbrook's article on tunneling, "An Underground Tank." It is gripping, stirring and different from anything you have read about the war.

A STRANGE NEW CHANGE IN WOMAN'S WORLD. By Agnes C. Laut.
The new status of women, arising out of the war, is treated in the powerful style of this famous writer, who came from the Canadian West. It introduces a new thought.

CONSCRIPTION AFTER THE WAR. By Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley.
A young Canadian who rose from Lieutenant to General in three years and originated the "Critchley Method" of military training, tells what he thinks about the need for compulsory service after the war.

THE LIFE OF MARY PICKFORD. By Arthur Stringer.
The second of a series of articles on Canada's most famous woman. No expense has been spared to produce the beautiful illustrations shown in this article. Miss Pickford specially posed for the photographs.

THE FOUR FACTIONS AT OTTAWA. By J. K. Munro.
That the House will split into four, more or less, distinct groups is the guess of the author, a trained political observer. He outlines the reasons, humorously, pungently and impartially. It is a political article on new lines and will be found refreshing.

BONEHEAD BILL—Another Service Poem.
Robert W. Service, most popular of poets, sends all his war verse to MACLEAN'S. In "Bonehead Bill" he depicts the grief of a soldier for his fallen foe.

THE EVENTS OF A MAD WORLD.
are summed up in the "Review of Reviews" which give reprints of the best articles from the magazines of the world. All the best and most important articles are selected—five dollars' worth for twenty cents!

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For Women's Institutes, Red Cross and Church purposes. "Our Entertainment, 'Afternoon Tea in Friendly Village 1862,' was a great success. All taking part were Institute ladies; some over sixty; we enjoyed it immensely. All say it could not be better. With pleasure use our name as testimonial."
Sec'y Women's Institutes, Durham, Grey Co.

"Cleared $200.00 after paying all expenses."
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"We have given your four plays—great success—repeated. Have you another ready?"
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Pres. Y.M.B.C., Gananoque.

"We made over $500.00 out of 'The Young Village Doctor,' and 'The Minister's Bride.'"
Pres. L. A., Oakville, Ont.

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PRIVATE NURSES—Earn $10 to $25 a week. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, 709A7 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Did You Read our offer of prizes for suggestions on page 64 ?

A King in Babylon

(*Continued from page 60.*)

They were headed in the direction of the tents . . .

"He's gone mad!" said Creel hoarsely. "He's starting a mutiny!"

"Come on!" said Davis. "We must head him off!" and together we dashed toward the tents.

We reached them first, and were welcomed with gasps of relief by Ma Creel and Mollie, who were white and shaking.

"He's been here," whispered Ma Creel. "He ran past into your tent and stayed there a minute, and then came out and ran toward the camp . . ."

"Is the Princess still asleep?" asked Creel.

"How do I know? Do you suppose I'd go in . . ."

And then Jimmy strode out from the shadow of the palms, with Mustafa at his elbow, and the three camels towering behind him, and the rabble of natives bringing up the rear.

Creel went forward steadily to meet him. Good old Creel—I take off my hat to you!

"What does this mean, Jimmy?" he demanded sternly, and from his look you would have thought it was he who had the pistol.

"I'm going to leave you, Warrie," Jimmy answered sweetly, without a trace of the excitement I had feared.

"We are all going back to-morrow," Creel pointed out.

"I can't wait till to-morrow," said Jimmy. "I've got to go to-night."

"You *can't* go to-night."

"Yes, I can, Warrie—and what is more, I am!" said Jimmy quietly. "Don't try to stop me. It wouldn't do any good—and it might do a lot of harm."

There was not a trace of threat in his tone; but his hand fell carelessly to the pistol-butt, and he stood for an instant looking smilingly into Creel's eyes. Back of that smile was a meaning there was no mistaking. Creel saw it—and drew back a pace. He realized the uselessness of argument.

"That's right," said Jimmy, with a nod. "That's sensible."

"But you will lose your way," Creel protested. "You'll die of thirst."

"I can't lose my way," said Jimmy. "The river is to the west—I couldn't miss it possibly—I have only to follow the moon by night and the sun by day. As for thirst, I want to load one camel with food and water. You have plenty—and I'll pay for it—and for the camels, too, if anything happens to them—out of my salary. I leave all that to you."

"Is it so, Mustafa?" Creel demanded. "Is it so that he can't miss the river if he holds to the west?"

"That iss so, saar," said Mustafa. "North and south the river stretches, hundreds of miles."

"What provisions will he need?"

"He should have provisions for a week, saar."

"Give him provisions for two weeks," said Creel. "Or for three weeks, if he can carry them. That is, if he is really determined on this crazy project."

"I am," said Jimmy. "If I can't have the provisions, I will go without."

"Of course you can have them," said Creel. "All you can carry," and Mustafa, calling a force of natives, hastened to the supply tent.

A moment later, the camels, protesting loudly, were forced to kneel, and one of them was quickly laden. I saw that the other two were fitted with saddles; and it occurred to me that Jimmy was not taking much of a chance, since he evidently intended taking a guide along. No doubt he had already picked one of the men.

"There is one thing, Warrie," said Jimmy. "If you have any extra cartridges for this pistol, I wish you would let me have them."

"It isn't my pistol," Creel began, and turned to Davis, but the latter had already started for our tent. He reappeared in a moment, a box of cartridges in his hand.

"There you are," he said, and Jimmy slipped them into his pocket with a nod of thanks.

"How about your wound?" asked Creel. "It ought to be dressed."

"It's all right," said Jimmy. "I ashed it out and dabbed some iodine on it when I changed my shirt just now."

"All is ready, saar," announced Mustafa, coming forward and reporting to Jimmy as to a natural and recognized commander. "You will not forget — the river is to the west, always to the west. To the south, there is only the desert—the great desert—that star yonder . . ."

"I know," said Jimmy. "Stand back, everybody!"

And suddenly he raised his arm and cracked the whip.

"Tina!" he called. "I'm ready! I'm waiting!"

And again the whip cracked.

And suddenly I understood. I stared toward the door of the women's tent, my hair on end . . .

"Tina!"

The call was commanding, insistent, not to be denied . . .

The tent-flap was thrust aside—the girl came slowly out, like one walking in her sleep.

"I'm ready!" Jimmy said again, and held out his hand.

She came slowly forward, as though impelled by a force she was powerless to resist, and placed her hand in his; and he led her forward to the camels.

Not till then did Creel understand.

"No, no!" he shouted. "That won't do, Jimmy! I won't have that!"

Jimmy never so much as glanced at him; he only thrust the whip under one arm, and drew the revolver from his pocket and held it ready.

"Mount, Tina!" he said; and the girl stepped up into the seat on the camel's back.

In an instant he had leaped into the other seat—the camels rose growling to their feet—and then I saw that they were tethered together by stout leading-ropes. Mustafa had certainly thought of everything . . .

For a moment, Jimmy looked down into our upturned, staring faces, and his eyes were like coals of fire.

"Good-bye, friends," he said. "Good-bye, Ma Creel!"

"Oh, Jimmy!" she cried, and ran forward toward him. "*Must* you go?"

"Yes—there's no other way!"

He sat an instant longer looking at us, then he struck his camel sharply, and turned him toward the desert. The others followed . . .

We strung along behind, overwhelmed, inarticulate . . .

In a moment we were at the edge of the oasis. Jimmy looked back at us and waved his hand.

"Good-bye, everybody!" he called again.

The girl stared straight before her, out across the sand, erect and motionless, as though struck to stone.

Spell-bound, we stood watching them as they faded away through the moonlight.

"My God!" said Creel suddenly. "He's not going west—look, he's going south! Toward the desert!"

He started to run forward; stopped; came slowly back.

"He's mad!" said Mollie, bitterly. "So is she. I have known it from the first!"

But Creel, his eyes on those dim shapes, fading out against the horizon, shook his head impatiently.

"They're not mad!" he said hoarsely. "They're sane—supremely sane! Saner than any of us! Ahead of them is romance, adventure — and they're riding forth to meet it!"

"There's death ahead of them!" said Ma Creel, softly, and I could see the glimmer of the tears which were streaming down her cheeks.

"There's life ahead of them!" said Creel. "If we weren't fools and cowards, we'd ride after them . . ."

But alas and alas for romance and high adventure! it was toward Luxor and civilization and the lights of Broadway we turned our faces next day.

Alas for romance, did I say? For Creel, perhaps; for Digby; not for me.

For Mollie rode close beside me.

EPILOGUE.

IT was last night I read them the story, clustered around the table in Creel's library. They were all there—Creel and his wife and Mollie and Davis and old Digby—and when I had finished, they sat silently for a moment, weighted down with poignant memory. Then Creel leaned forward across the table and held out his hand.

"It's fine!" he said. "Nobody could have done it better!"

I tried to protest that it was no great

(*Continued on page 68.*)

Newest Fancies In Fashions

(*Continued from page* 37.)

7958—Ladies' Jacket. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch gabardine—3 yards 36-inch Pussy Willow taffeta for lining. Length at centre-back 45 inches, perforated for 42-inch length. No 7797—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge 1¾ yard. Shawl and notched collars, both of which are included in this jacket pattern, are the newest neck finishes for the season's tailored suits.

7818—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch satin—2⅜ yards 44-inch serge—½ yard white satin for vest—1¾ yard fur banding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. There is quite a fad for these conservation frocks that by using part satin and silk minimize considerably the quantity of wool material that is necessary.

(*Continued from page* 38.)

7344—Ladies' Sleeveless Overblouses. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires for the overblouse illustrated 3¾ yards 36-inch black velvet. Embroidery or braiding No. 11818, blue or yellow transfer. Two overblouses are included in this pattern.

7778—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36 and 40 bust. Medium size requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch sports satin.

7854—Ladies' Sleeveless Overblouse. Three sizes, small, medium and large, corresponding with 36, 40 and 44 bust. Medium size requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool Jersey. Braiding No. 11347, blue or yellow transfer.

7792—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 15 years, 36, and 42 bust. Medium size requires 3 yards 36-inch velvet. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer.

(*Continued from page* 39.)

7984—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch satin—3¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—¼ yard white Georgette crepe—2 yards fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Beading No. 12461, blue or yellow transfer. Georgette crepe and satin combine attractively in this frock which is designed to give length of line to stout figures.

7927—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch serge—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for overcollar and cuffs—⅜ yard white Georgette crepe for vestee—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Braiding No. 12321, blue or yellow transfer. A tunic with irregular lower edge gives style to this simple frock of blue serge which is suitable for afternoon street wear for stout women.

7897—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 44-inch check serge—⅝ yard 36-inch black satin for collar. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Distinctive style is given to this good-looking frock of check serge by the yoke which extends into a full-length panel at the centre-front and back.

(*Continued from page* 40.)

7973—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch plain taffeta—1 yard plaid taffeta for collar and trimming—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Among the smart features of the season are the surplice blouses that are drawn around to form a girdle. In this model the surplice closing is outlined by a long shawl collar of plaid taffeta, and the plaid is repeated in the facing of the sleeves, and of the tunic which is a one-piece gathered model pointed front and back. It is mounted on a two-piece skirt closing in front.

7906—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch taffeta—2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—9¾ yards silver ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Over a kimono blouse of Georgette crepe is mounted a panel of taffeta front and back cut with the straight neck-line that is so fashionable. The sleeves may be in elbow length as illustrated or they may be cut off at drop-shoulder line and deep Mandarin sleeves attached. Over the two-piece gathered skirt of taffeta which closes at left side is arranged a three-piece gathered tunic open in front and trimmed with bands of silver ribbon.

7778—Ladies' and Misses' Overblouse. Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 18 years, 36 and 40 bust. Small size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch velvet—⅝ yard white satin for collar. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow,

No. 7776 — Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 18 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette for dress without collar. Width at lower edge 2 yards. For early fall afternoon wear a frock of Georgette crepe in delicate coloring with an overblouse of black velvet is distinctly chic. The waist of this dress closes in front, but the closing is concealed by a panel which fastens on the left shoulder. High V. and round neck outlines are provided, and Mandarin sleeves may replace the gathered sleeves illustrated.

8002—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch serge—2⅛ yards 36-inch satin—1¾ yards soutache braid—⅞ yard 36-inch satin lining for underbody. Width at lower edge of accordion-pleated skirt about 2 yards. There is a perfect craze for these plaited skirts, and many of the newest frocks show them developed in satin with long Mandarin or Russian blouse of serge. This closes at the back, and the long sleeves may be made without the flaring cuffs. The deep circular peplum forms points front and back, and it is worn over a one piece skirt that may be accordion-pleated or gathered.

7977—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards 44-inch organdy—10 yards satin ribbon for ruching and trimming—¼ yard satin for girdle—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. There is a quaint old-time charm to this frock of maize organdy with its Quaker fichu that is finished with a ruching of ribbon. The waist closes in surplice style and the odd sleeves are in two sections. Over the two-piece gathered skirt which closes at centre-front, are two straight tunics gathered at the top, and finished with ribbon ruching to match the fichu.

(*Continued from page* 41.)

8005—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge of accordion-pleated skirt about 2 yards. Braiding on blouse No. 12419, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Presented here is the new Mandarin blouse with the fashionable Renaissance neck cut straight across from shoulder to shoulder, though it may have high or round neck if preferred. The blouse closes at the back, and plain sleeves may replace the flowing Mandarin sleeves. A one-piece accordion-pleated or gathered skirt is attached to the underblouse.

(*Continued on following page.*)

Pictorial Review Pattern Prices

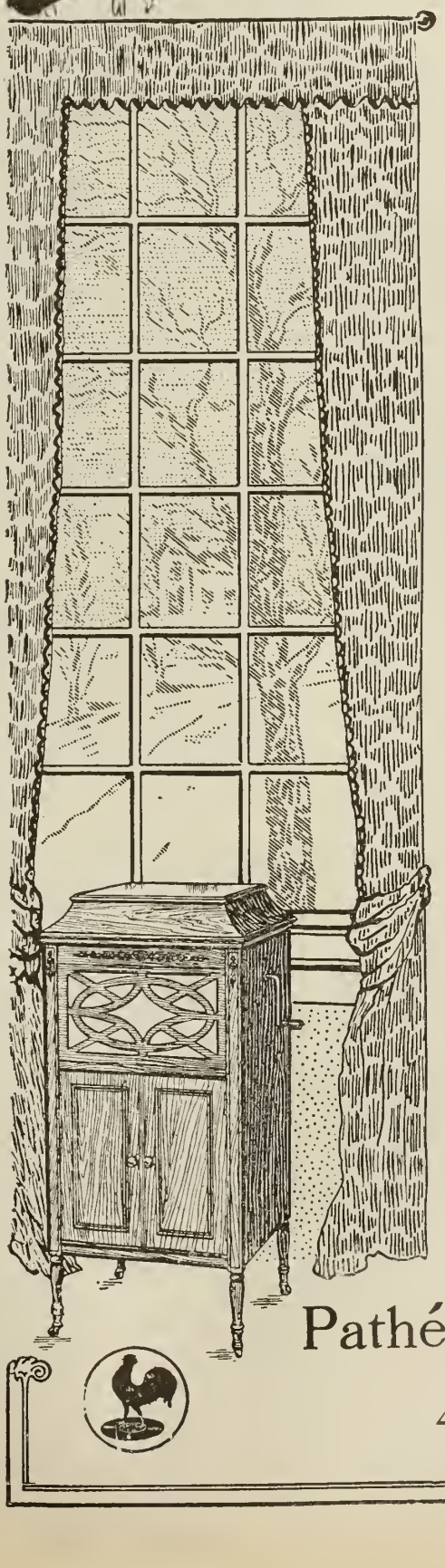
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Fortunately, the United States got over the idea that it could lick the world single-handed before the world decided to let them try.

Congressmen who voted against the war because they thought their constituents didn't want war are now discovering that it was themselves the constituents didn't want.

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Newest Fancies In Fashions

(*Continued from page* 67.)

7966—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch navy satin—3½ yards 40-inch navy Georgette crepe—½ yard white satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Embroidery No. 12461, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Over the front closing blouse of Georgette crepe is arranged a jumper section of satin that is draped around to form a girdle. This closes at left side-front. Over the two-piece gathered skirt which closes at centre-front, is a gathered tunic falling in a deep point at the side-front and side-back.

7982—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅞ yard 44-inch organdy for shawl collar and chemisette—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Braiding on collar No. 11290, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Among the new fashion features of fall frocks are the long-waisted surplice blouse worn without a girdle, the shawl collar, and the irregular edged tunic. This charming frock of taffeta combines all these features and is ideal for afternoon wear for the young girl. The blouse buttons at the left side-front and crosses in surplice style over a front-closing underbody with square or V neck. The waist is attached to the gathered two-piece tunic which extends in a deep point front and back. The one-piece skirt may be accordion-pleated or gathered.

7980—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 9¼ yards 36-inch black satin—¼ yard white satin for un ercollar. The overcollar is an embroidered one that may be purchased ready-made. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard, a pleated panel is applied at the centre-front and back of this frock of satin, the foundation of which consists of a front-closing blouse with square or round neck joined to a gathered skirt in two sections tucked above a deep hem.

7860—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 32-inch figured challis—⅜ yard white organdy for collar—½ yard 36-inch satin for sash—⅜ yard fringe. A charming feature of this simple frock is the yoke which descends into a panel at the centre-front and back of the blouse. This blouse shows the fashionable low waist-line, and the neck, while high at the back, descends in a V in front. Full-length or three-quarter sleeves may be selected and the waist closes on the left shoulder, and at left side-front. It is joined to a three-piece side-pleated skirt with straight lower edge and about 2⅜ yards wide.

(*Continued from page* 42.)

7994—Infants' Layette. This consists of a dress, kimono, pinning blanket, shirt, and bootees. Cut in one size only. The dress requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook, the kimono 1⅝ yard 40-inch cashmere, the pinning blanket 1⅛ yard 36-inch flannel, the shirt ¾ yard 27-inch baby flannel and ¼ yard 27-inch pique for bootees. Scallop on kimono No 11747, blue transfer pattern. Featherstitching on pinning blanket No. 12363, blue transfer.

Religion In China

(*Continued from page* 14.)

women. In the Book of Rites of the Chau dynasty these men and women are indiscriminately called Wu. Such men still exist, and it is not contended that they are confined to China. Long before the appearance of Confucius the ancient forms of religion were practised by the people. Confucius, like the Buddha and other religious founders, came as a Reformer, and to restore forgotten or neglected forms of truth.

In the ancient religions of China the names and attributes of the Divine were as varied as in Egypt and other lands. The state or Shinto religion follows the ancient forms. The terms Shang-ti, Supreme Ruler, and Tien, Heaven, are used interchangeably. It must be evident to the student that Tien means much more than Heaven in the conventional sense. It is really Space, with which is associated Time or Duration, and Motion or Life, better conveyed by the old word "quickening." These inseparable three, unthinkable apart from each other, are One. That One is Shang-ti.

Rev. John Ross, D.D., missionary of the United Free Church of Scotland in Manchuria, says that in this ancient period the religiosity of the Chinese was most pronounced "They appear to have lived und the unceasing consciousness of the presence and interference of an all-knowing Power, and under the protecting care of an intelligent, just, all-knowing, benevolent and almighty Providence." There was no image of any shape, nor idol worship of any kind. A temple, styled Miao, was dedicated to the worship of ancestors, and only in this temple could ancestors be worshipped. But there was no temple to God or to Heaven. Anywhere and any time, however, an altar could be raised on which to offer sacrifice to God. Hence, we infer, says Dr. Ross, that God was believed to be everywhere present.

Taoism originated in the dynasty of Tchou as recorded in the 12th century, B.C. Lao-Tze, who is identified with Taoism, was born much later in 604, B.C. It is said that when he was very old Confucius paid him a visit. This was in 517 B.C., when Confucius was 33. Taoism has never been popular in China and is not now, says Walter Old, in repute among the learned men of the land. The reason is that such a mystical philosophy does not appeal to a practical and ambitious people.

Tao represents the ancient esorteric conception of the Sanscrit Bodh, wisdom or enlightenment, like the Parabrahm of the Secret Doctrine, and the Ain Soph of the Hebrew Kabalists. It is in a deep and spiritual sense the Way of Christianity. The Tao-teh-King, or "Book of the Way of Virtue," is becoming more and more widely known in Western lands. It embodies much of the occult ethics, and is purely spiritual in its aims.

"Could the most ancient MSS. of the Lolo language, that of the aborigines of China, be got at and translated correctly, many a priceless piece of evidence would be found," is the statement of one of the Brothers to whose resorts Lao-Tze betook himself when, long past ninety, having finished his work, he bade farewell to his friends and, setting out on foot, disappeared among the mountains to the west, and was never seen again.

It was on the 30th day of the last month of the year 68 A.D., that the first Buddhist Hindu missionaries were admitted to see the Chinese Emperor. Buddhism, like Christianity, though several centuries earlier, was founded on purely spiritual teachings, but developed later into a great ceremonial institution or church. It never was the state religion in China, but grew side by side with it, and obtained the partial support of the people. Buddha, known as The Lion, the Great Hero, the Honoured One of the World, the King of the Law, and by other titles, was received as an incarnation of Kwan-Shai-Yin, who is "the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world," and is known in China generally as Amita. It will be remembered that Buddha was canonized by the Roman Catholic Church as St. Josaphat. He is first mentioned thus in the Romish martyrologies of 1370. Confucius was also canonized two hundred years ago. But the ancient blending of nature-worship and the worship of ancestors, called Shintoism has never been displaced. This and Buddhism and Confucianism are three approaches to the one religion underlying all. Confucianism is a practical code for every day living. The ceremonial ancestor-worship is really recognition of the "Sons of Mind," the spiritual selves of men who incarnate in human bodies, and the mystical union with whom on the part of men during incarnation is the birth from above, and the object of the Tao. The Buddhism of China embraces all these more or less, and is but a later development of the old and universal principles. "The Knowledge of that Eternal Tao is illumination."

A King In Babylon

(*Continued from page* 66.)

feat—that I had only set down what had happened—that there was no art about it—but Creel wouldn't listen. Nor would the others. And Mollie's eyes were very tender.

"The only trouble with it is," said Ma Creel, at last, "that it doesn't end—it just stops."

"There isn't any end," said Creel. "There never will be—not as far as we're concerned. We'll have to imagine it for ourselves."

And then there was another silence, broken only by the rustling of paper as I gathered my manuscript together. Each of us, I suppose, was trying to imagine what the end had been . . .

Many things have happened since that day—how long ago it seems!—when we said good-bye to the oasis. Sekenyen-Re rests gloriously in a glass case at the Metropolitan; there are rumors of a great work which Davis is preparing. We had our hour of triumph, too, when "A King in Babylon" was shown for the first time. But I needn't tell that story! Those who haven't seen the picture, have at least read about it, for the papers gave flaring headlines to the sensation it created; and then more flaring headlines to the money it was earning—"A Poem Makes a Million!" "A Gold-mine in 'Poets' Corner!'"—well, those were exaggerations, but not such great ones . . .

At least, we were on Easy Street again, with reputation re-established. The trouble was to live up to it! . . .

Davis sat there scrabbling at his beard, in the familiar way, and looking at us with that quizzical smile of his.

"Yes," he said, at last, "we shall have to imagine the end for ourselves. What is your guess, Mrs. Williams?"

"I'm almost afraid to think of it," answered Mollie, slowly, "for of course they just rode on and on till they could go no farther . . ."

"Nonsense!" broke in Creel. "They travelled on and on, till they came to a wonderful oasis, far out in the desert, whose people had never seen a white man, and they are living there to-day, worshipped as gods, just as they were in Egypt four thousand years ago . . ."

"Behold the movie imagination working!" commented Davis. "I'm afraid you'll never outgrow it, Creel."

"I don't want to outgrow it!" Creel retorted. "It's a heaven-sent gift! Come, then, since you're so wise—tell us what really happened!"

Davis smiled around at us again, and there was something in his face that brought us upright.

"Oh, Professor!" Ma Creel began. "Do you really know . . ."

"I really know very little—and I warn you it isn't at all romantic! It won't make a picture!"

"Well, let's have it, anyway," growled Creel.

"What I do know amounts to this: it wasn't toward the illimitable desert that Jimmy Allen rode away that night. It was toward another oasis not far south of ours. Mustafa confessed to me that he had told Allen about it, and how to get there. Allen had been consulting him it seems . . ."

"Yes," I broke in; "I stumbled over them, one night, with their heads together!"

"Of course Mustafa was well-paid," Creel added; "and no doubt he has taken care that the two shouldn't perish!"

Creel ran his hand perplexedly through his hair.

"I always admire your explanations, Professor," he said; "they are adroit and they hang together; but they never satisfy me. For there is an element—and a very important one—you don't take into account—a supernatural element . . ."

"Poof!" scoffed Davis.

"And furthermore, they haven't always worked out. You will remember you couldn't find any opening at the back of the ruins—not so much as a crack . . ."

"I had only an hour to look for it," Davis broke in, "you were in such an infernal hurry to leave. Besides, the sand may have drifted over it."

"And finally," Creel concluded, "I have the feeling that all these theories of yours have been just a sort of desperate barricade between yourself and the unknown . . ."

"Why, I admit that!" cried Davis. "I've tried to find a rational explanation for events which were very puzzling, and I haven't always succeeded . . ."

"We'll give you one more chance," said Creel. "Assuming that Jimmy did conspire with Mustafa and reach the oasis, what was his game? Do you mean to say that all those heroics were a fake?"

"No," Davis answered slowly, "I don't think they were a fake—at least, not altogether. Jimmy was desperately in love with that girl—he felt that he couldn't live without her. and he realized that the only way he could get her was by some monstrous coup. But events got a grip on him and whirled him along out of his depth—and undoubtedly there was a psychic element which grew stronger and stronger—he was just a sort of inspired lunatic at the end—it's always dangerous to meddle with the unknown . . ."

His voice trailed away, and again there was a little silence. It was almost like those shadowed days in the desert . . .

"Do you know the position of that oasis?" Creel demanded, at last.

"Mustafa does."

"By George, I've a notion to organize an expedition and test your theory! Consider my position, Professor! I discover the greatest star the screen has ever known! I produce a tremendous picture! And then I'm done—my star has disappeared! Why, if necessary, I'll go out to that oasis and build a studio there . . ."

"Oh, you won't have to do that!" said Davis. "Some night there'll come a knock at the door . . ."

Will there? I wonder!

THE END.

Douglas Fairbanks Leads In Canada's Victory Loan Picture

(*Continued from page* 15.)

Almost instantly the way by which they had entered was cut off by falling columns and beams hurled there by the explosion.

Then John Bull heard the summons and answered nobly. One, Two, Three, Four lines of hose he threw into the conflict, but still the inferno raged. Then he sent aid in overwhelming numbers, and the Fifth Victory Loan, the final outpouring, soon began to make headway against the blazing furnace.

Democracy, though cut off by the flames at the window and the wreckage at the doors, fought manfully to open a way to safety for National Liberty and himself, and John Bull pouring forth his resources through the Fifth Victory Loan, soon subdued the flames around the window sufficiently to give hope that rescue might be made. But Propaganda, sneaking around from the front, saw this and hurled a bomb of "Lies" into the alcove. But Democracy caught it and hurled it back at Propaganda's feet, where it exploded, ending Propaganda. A span of life was formed by the Man-Power of the Allies from the roof of the Hall of Justice to the alcove where Democracy and National Liberty were imprisoned. and he with National Liberty in his arms, strode across the living bridge and he turned her over to the Free Nations of the world.

Prussianism from his point of safety, saw this and ran to find some place to hide, which fittingly enough was the Hall of Justice. As Democracy handed over National Liberty to the Free Nations, he saw Prussianism through the skylight. Jumping through, he caught Prussianism, tore his cloak of "Kultur" off, and without a moment's hesitation, hurled himself at the beast. Unaccustomed to fair fighting, the brute was soon at Democracy's mercy. After smashing him into insensibility, Democracy dragged him out of the Hall of Justice, grabbed a fire hose, and threw him into the gutter. To the delight of the entire world, he then washed Prussianism where he belonged—down the sewer.

Cannerettes vs. Farmerettes

How Many Girls Will Volunteer?

Will Canada's girls can fruit and vegetables? Well, rather. Ten National Service college girls sat around a table in a cannery, blithely cleaning blueberries for canning. No green berries, no leaves must go in, but careful work did not prevent them from singing lustily as they worked with purple stained fingers.

It was such a jolly sight that the visitor donned an allover apron, borrowed a pan of clean water, cleaned blueberries too and questioned the girls.

"Do you really like cannery work?" "Oh, yes, We came out here to help send more food to the boys overseas, and to conserve it for home consumption, but now it is a pleasure as well as a duty. Most of us would rather work indoors than outdoors now. At first we objected to cannery work and preferred being farmerettes, but now we welcome it, especially when it is hot outside. Besides, we have just as jolly times as they do in the fruit camps. The Y.W.C.A. supervises them and there are just as nice girls."

The visitor then sought the employer. "Does this type of worker make good?" was asked. "Fine, better than any others we have ever had—they don't quarrel, they don't steal the goods, they behave themselves after hours, they work well, they are not nearly the worry and trouble that other types of workers are."

So much had been said about low pay in canneries, close, bad-smelling canneries and back breaking work that the sceptic visited another cannery camp where National Service girls to the number of twenty-four were working They sat around one big table in farmerette costume covered by a big apron, stemming cherries. A big machine pitted them and several girls were busy filling cans with the cherries. There were no songs at this big, airy, busy place, but the girls all looked cheerful. The camp secretary, who was good enough to take the vistor about, said: "The girls certainly like the cannery work better than the outdoor work. I do not know why it is, but I do know that, without exception, the girls who asked for outdoor work when they came soon grumble when there is work to be done for more than a few hours outside.

"Personally I think working in a cannery is as good as a course in cookery, and a very practical one, too. I have already learned a great deal about canning fruit and vegetables. Besides, I am gaining in strength. The past two seasons I was on a farm, but went home played out, but this year I am able to stand the work, and have gained five pounds."

The foreman of this factory said gleefully: "They are just fine girls. I don't see how they ever got such good girls to come here."

The conditions in the canning camps are continually improving. The minimum rate of pay where National Service girls work is $1.50 a day with piece rates. On berries the girls were making $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 or more a day. When beans came on it was very hard to earn even the minimum, but when the girls begin to pick tomatoes they will again earn good money. More and more canneries are asking for National Service girls, and all are agreeing to the terms set.

One canner who had had National Service girls for picking cherries and hoeing said, "I want seventy-five girls like these for peeling tomatoes this fall. I'm sure that this kind of help will get more cans of tomatoes out of a bushel than any other kind, because they are so careful about anything they undertake."

(*Continued from page* 63.)

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(*Continued from page* 6 .)

two months probation, which is necessary before they are finally accepted for service. The V.A.D. course costs $2.50 for First Aid, and the same amount for Home Nursing. V.A.D.'s. are sent overseas at the age of 23. The age for Massage is 22.

Thank you so much for your very kind letter, also the addresses. The letters to the boys are on the way. I have much spare time on my hands, and I would like to knit some sweaters for the soldiers if I could procure the wool. I would be very glad if you could put me in touch with some society which looks after that department of the work. Wellington.

The Red Cross does not give out wool for sweaters. They are trying to discourage the knitting of sweaters for the soldiers; it takes too much wool, as the wool is very, very scarce at the present time. Instead, they are making sweaters of wool cloth and I am sending you the address of the society from whom you can get the patterns for making these sweaters. In fact, so short is wool that the socks for the soldiers overseas are now made nine inches instead of eleven inches as formerly.

I am just convalescing after a rather serious operation; my head bothers me yet, so I cannot write just as I want to. I am a bank clerk, but as there seems to be no scarcity of them, I feel there are places where I am needed more. I want to know about the Y.M.C.A. canteens and how I could go overseas in that capacity. Also, about the Massage course, and address where the course is given. Prince Edward Island.

Have you taken into consideration the fact that a girl must be abnormally physically fit to do canteen work in France? And in your physical condition I am very much afraid it would be too much for you. On account of so many Canadian women being overseas, there has not been the demand for canteen workers that would have otherwise ensued. However, there have been a few sent over. These were chosen from those who have been connected with active Y.W.C.A. work as secretaries, etc. There is a course starting on Sept. 28th in Montreal to train young women for Y.W.C.A. work. It extends till December 21st. After this course you can take a position, and if you can prove your worth, and canteeners are needed, I am sure you might stand a chance. But do not mistake me, this is not a direct training for girls to do canteen work in France. I am sending you the information about the Massage course, and also the address to which you should send your application.

Could you please tell me if I have a chance of being accepted for the Physio-Therapy, or Functional Re-education course you so interestingly described in the "Canadian Home Journal"? I am a Scotch Canadian and have had a great deal of experience in mental cases, being a trained nurse. Hartford, Conn.

I am sorry that I could not say if you would be accepted or not, as that is a question that is settled by the military authorities. I should judge, however, from your letter and your wide practical experience that you would stand a good chance. I am sending you the address of the O.C. to whom to address your correspondence, and I sincerely wish you success.

We are a club of fifteen girls who belonged to the same holiday camp this summer. We were there two months and we decided soon after we arrived that we would do no fancy work or any kind of sewing for ourselves, but we would knit for the soldiers. The consequence is that we have an enormous amount of scarfs, socks, trench caps, mitts, etc. We want to send them to the men in the front line trenches, and as we are not not interested in any particular battalion we do not know how we should send them. We thought perhaps you could help us out. The Busy Fifteen.

I am sending you the address of the society which looks after the soldiers' comforts. All comforts for the men in the front line trenches are sent to them and they repack them and send them to their headquarters in London, Eng. If any requests for soldiers comforts come to the commanding officers from the men in the front line trenches they are immediately passed on to London and the supplies are sent to the men from there. I think your idea of working for the soldiers in your holiday is a splendid one, and I know if you dispose of your work in this way you will be entirely satisfied. I hope many more girls will follow your example.

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Marion Harris Neil.

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About Music.

Questions relating to music will be answered by Hector Charlesworth.



Hector Charlesworth.

On The Kootenay Trail

(*Continued from page 9.*)

things with her. I holds the paper awful quict, till my arms is achin' an' cramped-like, an' my eyes a-burnin' from trying to sec enough of Nellie to last me fcr another ycar. Then I notices she's got somethin' on her mind. I keeps quiet—just sittin' still and waitin'—an' so help mc, ma'am—but it's God's truth—word by word she points out a message from that paper, crawlin' here an' there. 'It's time for you to come,' she points out. I whispers 'How?' But it ain't a regular whispcr, scarcely, 'cause my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth. She lifts herself in the air, an' I reaches up for her—I'm scared she'll go without tellin' me the way. She comes down againn, slowlike, an' settles on my rifle a-standin' in the corner. Then, there afore my eyes she begins ter fadc. She lifts in the air like a speck o' smoke—an's gone.

"So—I'm a-goin' to Nellie—that way—by the rifle route. And I come to ask you, would you be so kind as to send the first trapper that happens along—sorter to see to the remains?"

He ceased speaking, and the muscles of his face and neck twitched horribly. The woman sat against the door, spots of red growing in her cheeks, her eyes narrowing to thin angry slits. Behind the door one of her babes whimpered in its sleep. She spoke suddenly.

"Remains?" she snapped. "You think I'd trouble about your remains? A coward like you, who'd come to a woman alone in the night, with a story like that?"

Then all her loneliness, all her heart's longing for her husband, all the growing horror of the monotonous days of winter silence became merged into a fierce, primitive hatred of the man before her, a hatred that was part unutterable contempt and part anger at the eerie, gripping fascination of his tale. She placed the gun again behind the door, and breathed deeply of the warm air of the cabin.

"You—you dog!" She cried it out malevolently. "Rotting in your bunk alone would be too good a death for you. You come to me with a story like that—a woman, alone with her three babies, snowed in, and fighting the isolation of mid-winter! Do you think I can forget it? That my flesh won't creep to the memory of your vile lie again and again, till God's springtime comes and brings me my man back? You're a miserable, weak-minded craven, scaring women with your ghost tales. The country's got you, but you wouldn't be hard for any country to get. There's no sand in your make-up, only a mile-wide streak of yellow. You've sat quiet and brooded and nursed your grievance, never fighting it, and now it's bigger, stronger than you. And so you want to pass it on to somebody else to carry. It's ruined your poor little mind, and now you'd poison mine, if you could. Lor' if there only was a man here to lick you—as you sure deserve. Why didn't you take your troubles to Old Warder? I'll tell you why. You were scared to. Afraid he'd lick you off his place with his belt. And that he would! Ten years you've loafed in the woods. Ten years, a seventh of a lifetime, wasted 'cause you were too lazy to get up and dust and chase the bugaboos away. If you'd logged your place off, there wouldn't be nary a shadow, either in your mind or the woods, for spooks to sneak around in. Look at you—caved in—dumped down—done for! Nothing but bacon from the store—ugh! If you'd killed more jack-rabbits and listened less to flies buzzing in your brain, you wouldn't be out scaring lonely women to-night. Go back to your cabin, crook your toe around the trigger of your rifle—and put out your feeble little light! The world's the better for the riddance of such as you. But don't flatter yourself that I'll bother about you, or send a real man over there. Stand up—if you can. Stand up! Now get out of here, and get fast, while the going's good! Hear me?"

She rose and opened the door. The keen cdge of the wind cut knife-like through the warmth of the cabin, through the velvet black of the aperture gleamed the twinkling stars, jewels caught in the prongs of the silver forest.

"Now go!" She flung her arms out in a comprchensive gesture toward the night.

The man shambled forth, and she slammed and bolted the door behind him. Then, with the passing of her anger came reaction, all her strength and courage ebbed as swiftly as her passion vanished. Its stimulant gone, she stood shaking as with fever, her hand still clutching at the latch, her ear against the door, harkening fearfully to what she deemed his returning footsteps, but which in reality was but the pounding of her heart. A grey pallor washed out the flaming spots on her cheeks, and in its pallid trail her eyes burned somberly, like embers dashed with water.

"Jerry," she moaned. "Jerry, boy, I'm scared—terrible! I want you—the country's got me—I'm scared——"

She sank slowly to the floor of the cabin as one bends frost-numbed limbs and winces with the pain. Behind her a door opened softly. The woman heard it not. Little, warm feet pattered across the distance, and moist, sweet lips mouthed her face. With a joyous cry that was half-sob she turned, and caught the little body close, straining its yielding suppleness to her breast, the while her lips caressed the rosy, laughing countenance. In her eyes was a great light, of understanding, and in its dazzling beacon was nothing of fear, but only age-old mother wisdom.

Long before the gilt specks of the mountains were picked out against the morning sky, the woman stood at her cabin window, staring outward. In the snow a troubled trail led up the canyon and away into the bleak fastnesses. As far as eye could reach, piercing through the grey vapor of dawn, the trail led on and on. Fourteen miles, she remembered, he had said. She stepped to the door and opened. There was no sign of trapper or hunter in the silver forest; there was no track, save only the grimly troubled one that staggered mountainwards. The lifting darkness, filling still the deep footsteps, gave them a semblance of wells of blood. Presently, she went to the room where the children slept, and quietly assembled her snowshoes and furs. Then the baby woke, opening his little shining eyes and stretching rosy fists at her, and she knew she could not grant the last request of Cole McCrew; that she could not leave these little ones alone. She came slowly to the window again, and stood there.

Gradually the gold in the east flowed down and gilded the snow. The staggering tracks to the mountain looked less like blackened blood and more like the footsteps of a man. A weasel came out and trailed across the light. The smoke from her fire caught the wind and wafted forward like a blowing veil. She pressed her face hard against the pane and prayed that the sunshine would last.

Then, away in the distance something moved. Through the frost upon her window it wavered as a figure upon a swaying curtain. She caught her breath sharply, and her nails sank unnoticed into the palms of her clenched hands. Whatever it was, man or beast, it came steadily on. She threw back the window and the bitter-sweet intoxicant of the morning drifted in. She drank deeply of its tang. Something big and comforting and dearly familiar, something that hulked reassuringly against the sky like Jerry, caught her heart and set it swelling in her throat.

"He said he would come back by midwinter. He said it wouldn't take him long to get on his feet. And he's coming—as he said!" So sang her heart. But her lips were white and trembling; the cry she sent out over the canyon rang in a thin, weak treble, that quavered and died away in an inarticulate murmur. Carrying like the triumphant blast of a trumpet came the answer: "Hallo-o there!"

. . . . . .

On his melancholy errand, fourteen miles up the canyon, toiled Jerry Sullivan, and at length shoved gently, gingerly against the door of a secluded shanty. Out on the winter air floated the fragrance of frying meat and the cheering aroma of fresh coffee. Silhouetted against the snow that banked the solitary window sat the occupant of the shack, chin up, cup poised to drink as he swallowed the mouthful he was then munching. His face was twitching, humorously, the corners of his mouth dragged upward in a smile, that broadened to a grin. Jerry Sullivan—prepared for death, recoiled from life. Hearing, McCrew turned, and with cup suspended midway to lips, eyed the intruder.

"I—I just came by," Jerry began lamely.

"Come on in," responded the host, and he shoved another straight-backed chair into place at the table.

"Can't stop," mumbled the visitor; "I'll be goin'—"

Cole McCrew arose and came to the open door. He still gripped the coffee-cup in hand.

"Did the woman down the canyon send you up?" he asked.

"Yep," said Jerry.

"Well, say—you see what I'm eatin'? Fried cotton-tail! You go back an' tell her that—will you? And see them trees standin' outside? Come spring, I begin' loggin' them off an' floating them down the river. Tell her *that*, too. And, say—tell her this sure—for me. There ain't nary a man livin' can keep his right mind without some woman to tell him a few things when he needs ter know them. An' there ain't a man neither but will try to do better when the right kind of woman tells him them same sad truths—an' what she thinks accordin'. An' ask her fer me, if it won't be too much trouble to her, I'd 'preciate bein' allowed to go down there—say 'bout once a year—an' have her tell me what I am an' what I ain't—which same she did last night. Good-bye! Good luck—old man!"

THE END.

Cannerettes vs. Farmerettes

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

"You ought to pay them well then," challenged the visitor. "I intend to if I can get them," said the canner. "I'll not raise the piece rates, but I'll certainly give them a bonus of one cent a pail if they do better work than my ordinary help, and I expect they will. Girls like those," he said, (pointing to his cherry picking farmerettes) "can easily earn $2.50 and $3.00 a day without the bonus. Some will earn considerably more."

That canner's camp has now opened with twelve girls. The girls live in a house and in military tents near Lake Ontario. At night farmerette suits are exchanged for the bathing suits, for the dip before bed time. The girls are very busy; they sometimes get tired, but a good spirit pervades the camp, and the girls report all sorts of jolly times.

More girls are still needed for food conservation, as several more camps are to be started. All camps will be supervised by the Y.M.C.A., who will staff and provision the camps. Some of the camps will be by the lake shore or river side. Every care is taken that congenial girls are put together. The board is $4.50 a week, and girls are asked to bring their own bedding and towels.

The wages earned are according to the terms above, and it depends on a girl's ability how much above the minimum she makes. Unsatisfactory workers are sent home after a trial of reasonable length, but no girl of average ability need fear not being able to earn the minimum.

To-day a letter was received from a young woman by the director of Women's Farm Work, saying, "You promised to place me in September for peach or apple picking, but if there is still room in any of the canning factories I'd rather peel tomatoes. I do hope you can place me at canning work."

The director of Women's Farm Work, 43 King street west, Toronto, will welcome further enquiries *re* cannery work.

WON'T YOU ASSIST US?

To the Lady of the House:

Please order your supplies for the day early in the morning, and all in one order. One daily trip to your door should be enough. Two trips wear me out twice as fast.

Telephoning in an extra order doubles the work for both the driver and the horse. This adds to the cost of all you buy.

Hurry-up orders make whippings for me.

Please think of those who serve you, both people and horses.

Your obedient servant, The Delivery Horse.—"Our Dumb Animals."

LIVING CONDITIONS IN OCCUPIED BELGIUM.

Since the high cost of living is engaging the attention of nearly every person in the United States, the following passages from a private letter, a copy of which has been received by the Belgian High Commission, in the occupied portion of Belgium, have a special interest.

"We are all well. We have told you about the heightened cost of living, but what will you say to this: Butter, 22 francs ($4.40) a kilo (2.2 pounds); meat, 14 francs ($2.80); bacon, 21 francs $(4.20); eggs, 1 franc 10 centimes (22 cents) apiece; coal, 150 francs ($30) for 100 kilos.

"The students of the college and university come to class in wooden shoes; women and girls as well. Men's sabots cost 7 francs 50 centimes ($1.50) and women's 4 francs 50 centimes ($1.90); before the war they sold for 1 franc 10 centimes and 90 centimes, respectively (22 cents and 18 cents). A pair of socks costs 20 francs ($4); a small spool of thread, 5 francs 50 centimes ($1.10). A bag of potatoes, 125 francs ($25).

"Just now we sleep on straw, as all the mattresses have been requisitioned.

"The new chapel of the parish of St. Rombaut is almost finished. Mgr. Mercier is coming to dedicate it. It is all rebuilt and is more beautiful and bigger than it was before.

"The trams are not running any more. At night we get along by the light of a candle, costing 1 franc (20 cents). Before the war it cost 10 centimes (2 cents)."

ENGLISH WAR WORKERS TIRELESS.

Hamilton Bell, writing of "British women in the war," has this to say of the way English women have supported war industries: "Their numbers have not been reckoned and perhaps never will be. The call goes forth and they respond at the rate of 15,000 a week, old as well as young. As was said of them by the superintendent of one of the largest munition factories: 'They're saving the country.' They don't mind what they do. Hours? They work 10½ or, with overtime, 12 hours a day, 7 days a week. The Government insists on a Sunday or two off a month. But the women resent it. 'We're not tired,' they say. And look at them—they are *not* tired. I call for a bit of extra work—they stay and get it done, and pour out of the works singing and laughing. In one factory near here, for nearly a year the women have never had a holiday. They won't take one. 'What will our men at the front do if we go holiday-making?'"

AMERICANS HAVE NICKNAMED THEIR FRENCH COMRADES "DIDONKS."

It wasn't to be supposed that *poilu* would suit the American as a nickname for the French soldier. It doesn't have the tang or the snap the Yankee requires when he calls any one "out of his name" in a friendly manner. To the Americans the *poilu* has become a "didonk," and the term is used quite affectionately. Explaining the origin of "didonk" a woman correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes:

Trust our men to have a phrase all of their own for the *poilu*. They call them "didonks" with all the affection which an applied *petit nom* can have. The derivation of the word is amusing. All French *poilus* address you in the second person singular. The *camaraderie* of war has broadened the use of this *tutoiement* until only your superior officer gets addressed as "you." And every *poilu's* first phrase, whether he is asking you for a drink of red wine, or is about to grill you within an inch of your life for having broken some rule, begins, "*Dis donc!*"—the equivalent of our national "say."

Hence the nickname.



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For washing all those dainty fabrics which delight the eye and give a true atmosphere of charm to the wardrobe and the home, there is nothing to compare with Lux—the purest essence of soap in satiny wafer form.

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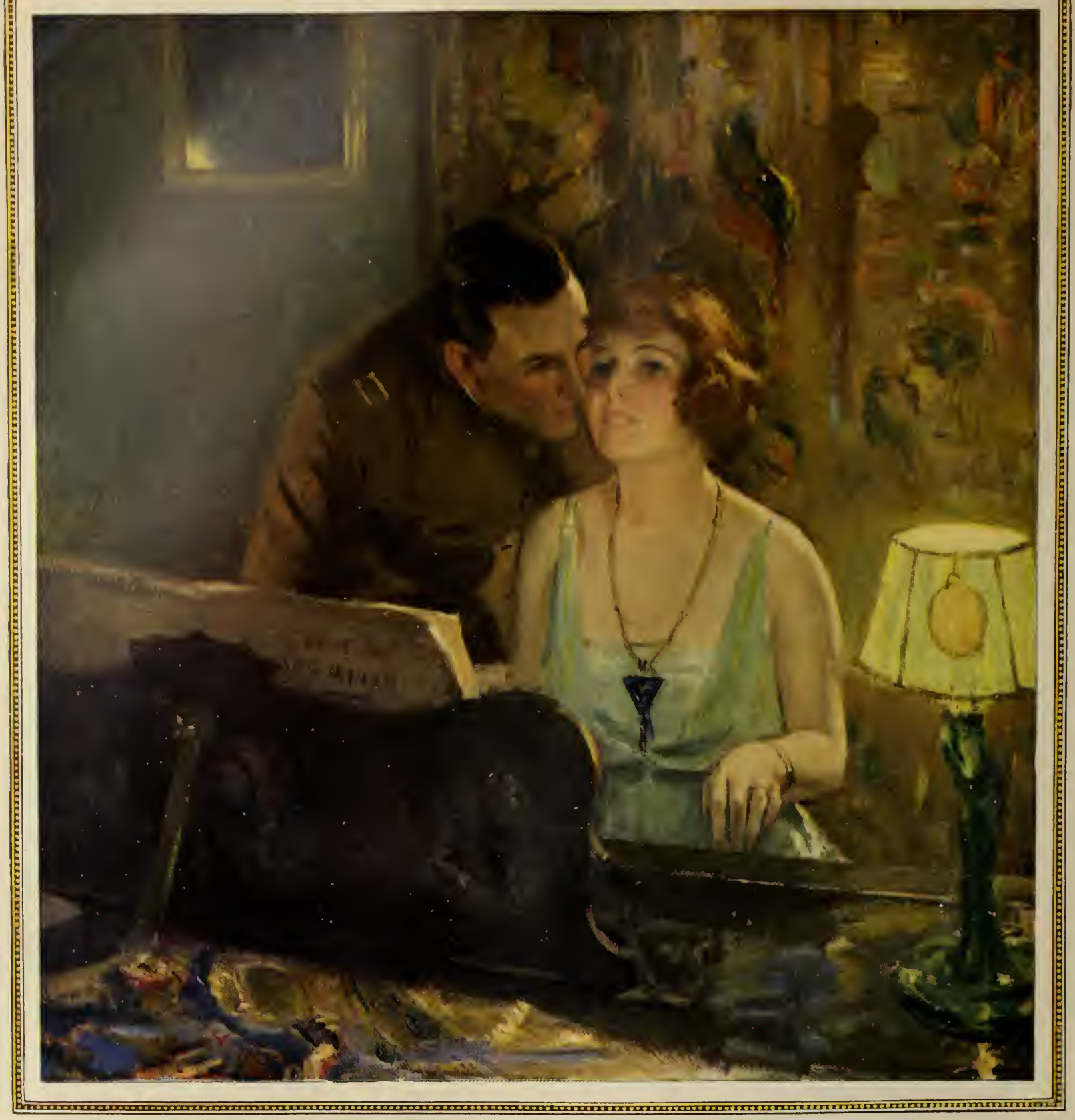
It is a genuine war-time economy to trust anything that pure water itself will not harm to the soft, creamy lather of Lux, for to do so is to renew its youth and beauty.

How to Wash Silks

Use a table spoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Dissolve in boiling or very hot water and stir into a copious lather. Cool with cold water and dip your garment through this rich suds many times. Work it about in the suds—squeezing the water through the soiled parts but do not rub. Rinse in three waters, clear and lukewarm, press out—but do not wring. Dry in the shade. When nearly dry, press on the wrong side with a warm iron—never a hot one. Press crepes from side to side and stretch a little as you press.



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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



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The Canadian Home Journal

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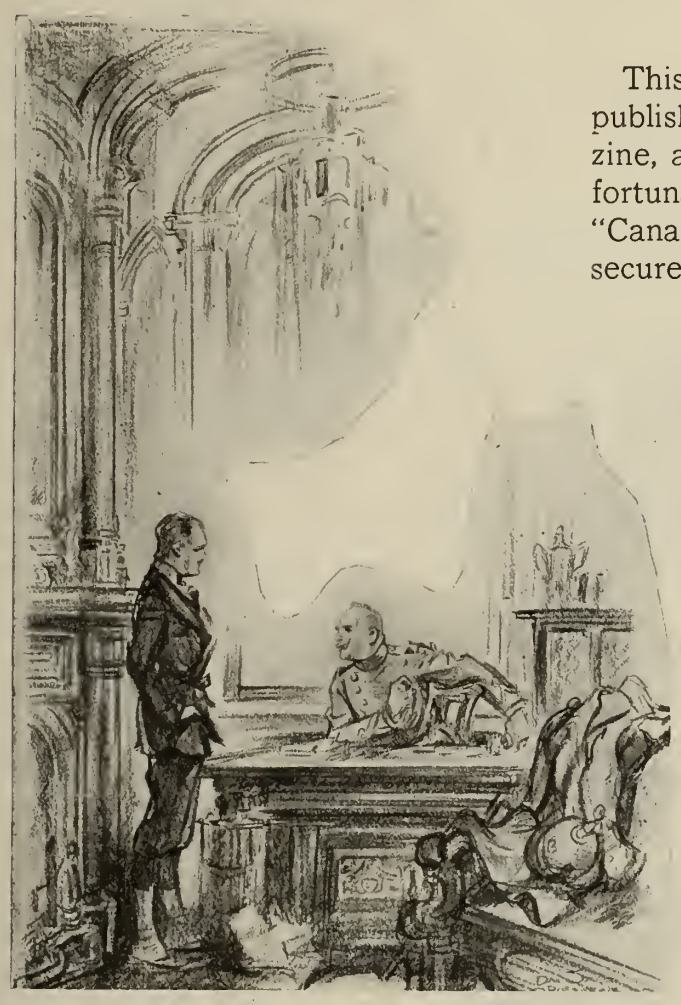
Volume Fifteen — WILLIAM G. ROOK, President, Toronto — Number Seven

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"WHO GOES THERE" By Robert W. Chambers

IS THE GREAT NEW WAR ROMANCE STARTING IN OUR

DECEMBER NUMBER



This novel has never been published serially in any magazine, and it is only by a most fortunate arrangement that "Canadian Home Journal" has secured the right to use it.

WHO GOES THERE? will be illustrated with nine excellent drawings by the popular American artist, Dan Sayre Groesbeck, who is now serving overseas in a Canadian Battery.

In this new serial Robert W. Chambers does not depict the horrors of war, but rather shows up the shrewdly daring movements of the secret service, and at the same time weaves in a very pretty romance.

Backed up against a wall to be shot, a young prisoner escapes only to find that he must choose one of two things—death, or a trip to England to find and bring back safely to his captor, the German General, his ward, a young lady caught in England at the outbreak of war. If successfully accomplished this act will give him freedom to serve again his beloved Belgium. He goes, and his adventures form the plot of this intensely dramatic and delightfully human story.

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Ethel Clayton, beloved by motion picture "fans" everywhere, says: "Cutex keeps my nails looking so beautifully, my friends often remark it"

See what specialists say

Over and over, specialists repeat the advice—"Do not trim the cuticle." "Under no circumstances should scissors or knife touch the cuticle." "Cutting is ruinous."

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Where to get Cutex

Cutex manicure preparations are sold in all high-class drug stores and at the toilet goods counters of department stores.

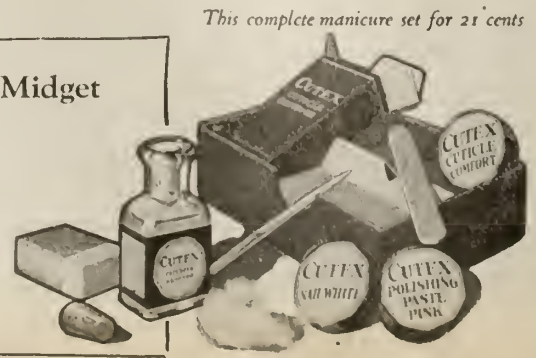
Cutex comes in 35c, 70c and $1.50 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is also 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort, for sore or tender cuticle, is 35c. If your favorite store has not yet been supplied with Cutex, order direct from us and we will fill your order promptly.

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Canadian Home Journal

EDITORIAL

The Victory Loan 1918

The case for the second Victory Loan is unanswerable. Canada is still at war, and, from present indications, will continue to be so for some time. The Central Powers are flying signals of distress and undoubtedly are willing to make some concessions in order to secure peace. But Germany continues unrepentant, manifesting no disposition either to make reparation for her crimes or to give adequate guarantees for her good conduct. So the struggle must continue until Germany's actions give genuine evidence of a change of heart.

The war is now costing Canada fully $1,000,000 a day. As the number of men in the army, especially the number overseas, grows the expense increases. Up to date about 425,000 men have been sent across the ocean, and a determined effort is bound to be made to keep the ranks filled, which means that for some time the flow of men overseas will continue uninterrupted. This rate of expenditure, $1,000,000 a day, means $45 a year for every man, woman and child in Canada. In other words, it amounts to this: If 1,000,000 people subscribe $500,000,000 to the Victory Loan, $36 of every $50 will, at the lowest estimate, go for war purposes. Indeed it is quite possible that $40 would be nearer the actual amount. This presupposes, of course, a continuation of the struggle.

IF PEACE SHOULD COME SOON. Even though peace should come within the near future, the necessity of making a large expenditure on war account would continue. It is estimated that the troops could not be brought back from Europe within less than eighteen months. In the meantime pay goes on, to say nothing of the expense of keeping the men, pay alone averaging $14,000,000 a month. Ocean and land transport to date has cost $35,000,000. This item, then, is an indication of what it will cost even to bring the soldiers home. If the war were to end to-morrow, pay and transportation charges would amount to perhaps $225,000,000 before all the troops were demobilized.

THE CHIEF PURPOSE. To raise money to meet the cost of the war is the chief purpose of the Victory Loan; but there are attendant purposes of very great importance. The unprecedented industrial activity that Canada is experiencing to-day has been made possible by the last Victory Loan, which provided a fund that has enabled the Dominion Government to advance over $300,000,000 to various branches of industry during the last ten months. The Imperial Munitions Board has received $20,000,000 a month; then $100,000,000 was advanced to finance the 1917 wheat crop; nearly another $100,000,000 to finance the sale of beef and pork products to Great Britain, and well on to $40,000,000 to finance the sale of cheese and other farm products.

What was done last year through the Victory Loan must not only be done this year, but on a much larger scale. Not only does the Dominion Government propose to make the advances it did last year, but it intends to make others. The advancing of $10,000,000 to finance the sale of the surplus B.C. salmon pack is a case in point. The sale of surplus butter, eggs and condensed milk will be financed in like manner. Then, again, large advances must be made to carry out the Government's shipbuilding programme. It cannot be impressed on the public too strongly that Canada's present prosperity is due very largely to this method of financing made possible through the unexpectedly large subscription to the 1917 Victory Loan.



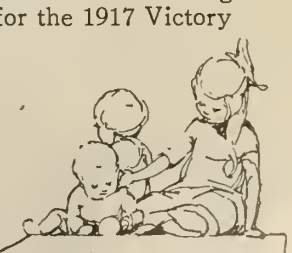
CANADA'S MILITARY EFFORT. A cursory glance at what Canada has done since the outbreak of the war will help to a better realization of the need for the millions that Canadians are being asked to provide through the Loan. Since August, 1914, when the war broke out, there have been drawn into the Expeditionary Force nearly 600,000 men, 425,000 having gone overseas, among whom is to be found as fine a body of fighting men as exists in any of the world's armies. Two hundred thousand casualties tell the story of Canadian valor; of this number probably 33,000 have been killed in action and not more than 3,500 have become prisoners of war.

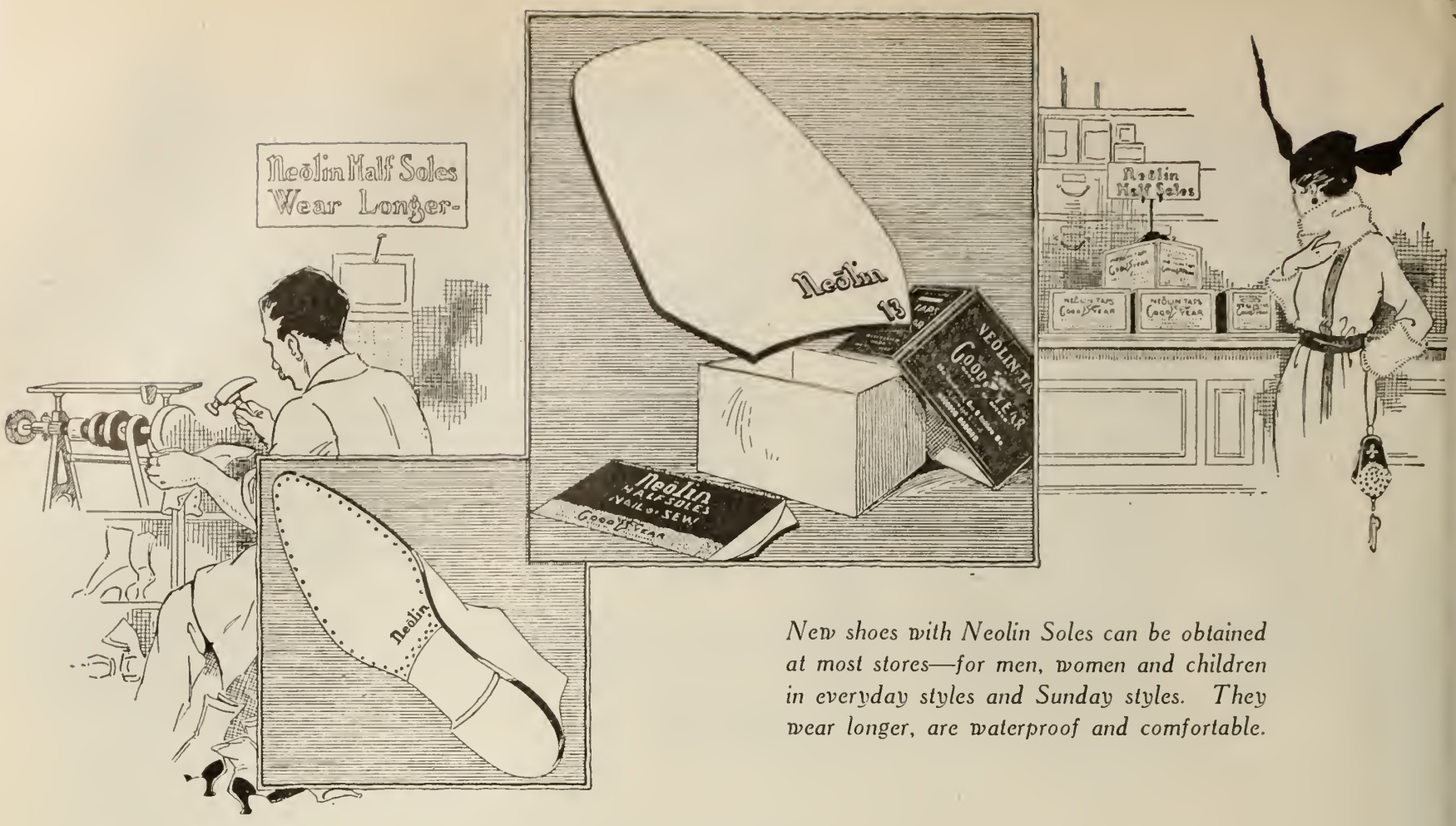
THE MONEY EXPENDED. With the growth of the army the expenditure has mounted rapidly. In 1914 it was $25,379,748; in 1915, $127,616,300; in 1916, $248,665,769; in 1917, $315,094,000. For the first six months of the present year the expenditure was $173,752,381, and that during a period of quiet, which means practically $30,000,000 a month, the total expenditure to date having been $1,000,000,000.

BUILDING OF AIRPLANES. All materials relating to airplane production and equipment are under the direction of the Aviation Department of the Imperial Munitions Board. Last year the production of airplane engines was begun and it is expected that between 1,250 and 1,500 of a high grade will be delivered overseas within the next eight months. The spruce for the British airplane factories is drawn from Canada and the United States, and as there are no reserve stocks in Britain, it is absolutely necessary that shipments of this timber should be continued without interruption. The best spruce is obtained in the Queen Charlotte Islands, although six other districts on the mainland of British Columbia are also worked. Two hundred and fifty million feet of logs have been contracted for. This, however, by no means represents anything like the amount of airplane timber secured, for owing to the extreme care exercised in the selection of wood, the recovery is only about 15 per cent. For the most part the districts in which these lumbering operations have been conducted are extremely wild, which has made necessary the building of roads, the erecting of camps, and other like work in order to get out the timber. Fir is also used chiefly for shipbuilding, a portion of it, however, being used in the building of airplanes.

BENEFITS WILL CONTINUE. What the 1917 Victory Loan has done for Canada during the last twelve months will be repeated during the coming year. At the present time the Imperial Munitions Board has $500,000,000 of orders for next year. As this implies the making of large advances by the Dominion Government, it is necessary that the money be made available through the Victory Loan. Canada is well able to subscribe half a billion dollars. That Canadians have the money is to be seen in the latest bank statement. On August 31, 1918, bank deposits were $1,569,618.382, an increase during the year of $177,000,000, and this increase went on during a period when $400,000,000 was subscribed for the 1917 Victory Loan. To-day there is $569,000,000 more on deposit in Canadian banks than there was in 1914.

In no way can the people at home better manifest their patriotism than by subscribing for the Victory Loan. Not only will it help greatly to win the war, but it will also do much to ensure a continuance of the present prosperity.





New shoes with Neolin Soles can be obtained at most stores—for men, women and children in everyday styles and Sunday styles. They wear longer, are waterproof and comfortable.

Neōlin Now in Half-Soles

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Many people get more wear from shoes *after* Neōlin Half-Soles are put on than they got before the original soles wore through. Neōlin was invented to give greater wear and so lower shoe-costs.

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Start now to save money and get greater shoe-comfort. Get Neōlin Half-Soles.

The genuine have the name "Neōlin" on the bottom.

The Goo lyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

Neōlin Half Soles

The Trust of Carmen Shelley

By BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS
Author of "In the Glow of the Christmas Candle Light."
Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE.

Little Sonny did "run faster'n Petey Rooks" and the great surgeon came again into his own

THE fingers of the consulting physician rested with an affectionate pressure on the boy's crippled foot, then raising his keen, gray eyes to the mother's anxious face, he announced without hesitation:

"Your boy need not be crippled for life. Under the treatment of a skillful surgeon, he has every chance of regaining the use of his foot. You see, the cords have been paralyzed. It will be a delicate operation and will require skill."

The woman drew a quick, panting breath and dropped her head until her flushed cheek rested against the boy's black head. A mist clouded her eyes and the furnishings of the office swam dizzily before her vision. Under the intense pressure of her embrace, the child wriggled impatiently.

"An' I can take off the old brace things an' run, Mamsy?" he questioned excitedly, his black eyes snapping with fire.

"Maybe—in a little while, Sonny," Carmen Shelley answered, unsteadily.

It meant so much to her—the walking of her little son. She had not dared to hope for a complete recovery since he had suffered from infantile paralysis, and the little leg and foot had been left a crippled, useless thing. Hope was overpowering her senses. Dully she comprehended that the office nurse was pulling on Sonny's tan stocking and boot and adjusting the brace. Then she caught a phrase of the consulting physician's directions and she pricked up her ears.

"I would recommend Farris, though Brice might have the knack and Monteith is a children's specialist."

Carmen Shelley leaned forward, the beauty of her face startlingly distinct, strange fires burning in the depths of her coal black eyes, her cheeks flaming scarlet. For a moment she gazed out of the window across the roof garden of the adjoining hotel. Then turning to the consulting physician, she questioned, a slight tremor in her voice:

"Could Haddon Spurr do it?"

"Haddon Spurr!" ejaculated the consulting physician, standing erect, a gleam of incredulity lighting his steely gray eyes.

"But Haddon Spurr is down and out," he added, his fingers nervously stroking the end of his pointed beard.

"I'm aware of that," the woman responded quickly, 'but if he were the surgeon that he was six years ago, could he do this delicate operation?"

"Haddon Spurr was most promising. He would have been a specialist in this sort of thing. There is no one to whom I would have entrusted the operation more readily than to Haddon Spurr—if he were now the surgeon he was six years ago," exclaimed Dr. Broderick.

"Then, Dr. Broderick, I shall take Sonny to Haddon Spurr," announced Carmen Shelley, a note of finality in her tone, that aroused the consulting physician's protest.

"But, Mrs. Shelley, Haddon Spurr is down and out," he declared heatedly, adding, "drink has done its worst for him. He no sooner recovers from one carousal than he courts another. The knife would be useless in his fingers. You could not trust him."

"I know too well of his downfall and his frequent carousals, but I believe the surgeon's cunning is still in his hand—if only he can be pulled up—"

"It would take a miracle to pull him up," expostulated Dr. Broderick.

"I believe *this* is the miracle," replied Carmen Shelley, softly, resting her gloved hand on the little misshapen foot.

The consulting physician threw out his long white hands in a gesture of protest, his cheeks tinged with the flush of indignation.

"But, my dear Mrs. Shelley, you are mad to entrust the operation to Haddon Spurr. I tell you his fingers are nerveless."

"But if he pulled up, he could in a little prepare himself for surgical work. I could trust Haddon Spurr—the surgeon I knew six years ago—far more than anyone who is now in the forefront," she argued, smiling a little defiant smile, then adding breathlessly, "will you give me his address?"

Dr. Broderick glared back, frowning darkly into the girlish face with its appealing sweetness. Then he turned abruptly toward his desk, fumbling among loose papers. Stooping, he scribbled an address on a prescription blank and passed it to Carmen Shelley.

"I am giving you this, that you may see for yourself the downfall of Haddon Spurr. When you have seen him, you will be horrified and will realize how preposterous is your idea—or shall I call it whim? For a few days keep under consideration those others—Farris or Brice, or even Monteith. Do not hurry the operation for the lad is young."

Carmen Shelley rose swiftly to her feet, slipping the paper inside the pocket of her tailored suit coat of battleship grey. Helping the lad from his chair, her fingers gripped his arm tightly until he had slipped his tiny crutch into place and the little, braced foot was thumping across the office floor.

"I shall always remember your kindness with a great emotional gratitude, Dr. Broderick, and some day Sonny and I will come back to show you that he can walk," she flashed back radiantly.

The boy laughed happily, his face roguishly dimpled, his arm clinging to the mother's as they passed out into the corridor.

"An', Mamsy, I'll be runnin'—jus' go a siftin' down the hill so's you can't ever ketch me. Are we going' to the *big* doctor-mans now?"

"Straight there, Sonny," responded the girl-mother.

It was an arduous task creeping down the stairway and Carmen Shelley felt impelled to gather the boyish form in her arms and hurry over the steps. But she must never put a single stone of hindrance in the path of Sonny's independence. He was alive with determination, the fighting nature bottled up in his little, crippled body, crying out for expression; yet she drew a sharp breath of relief when they had reached the pavement and she had signaled a taxi-cab.

The policeman at the cross-way rushed forward eagerly, and lifting the lad, set him inside the cab. The woman turned with a word of gratitude, but the boy, his eyes filled with tears of resentment, cried out petulantly: "Oh, an' I wanted to get in all by myself."

Carmen Shelley sank back among the cushions, her arm around the little lad, scarce more than a baby, yet so fearless. With alarming rapidity the streets narrowed and they looked out upon an obscure part of the city with low, tumbled down tenement houses crowding either side and dirty boisterous foreigners idling about the corners.

Suddenly the taxi-cab halted and Carmen Shelley stared, half frightened, out at the tumble-down doorway. A sign hung crookedly, the breeze flapping it against the grimy walls of the broken-windowed tenement house. Her heart beat suffocatingly and her confused senses only half understood Sonny's spelling out the letters on the sign:

"Dr. — Spurr!"

An icy chill ran down her spine and she shivered involuntarily, clutching the boyish form in a sudden panic of fear. What mad impulse had brought her here? She had not seen Haddon Spurr since she had married Major Shelley—six years ago. But she had heard indirectly of his downfall. If only she had been free to marry the young surgeon, she could have helped him win success. She would have proved an able support. If only he had come into her life before Hugh Shelley, but Hugh and she had been engaged when they were scarcely out of petticoats. Hugh Shelley was the best friend and chum she had ever known, but Haddon Spurr had taken possession of her heart. She had been soul in soul with him in his fight against his inheritance—a passion for drink. She had glorried in his success as in the few years of their acquaintance, he had climbed rung by rung to his pinnacle as surgeon. Then Major Shelley had come home from his military college and claimed her for his bride. Haddon Spurr had lost his grip in the fight. He had gone down to even this.

Suddenly she realized that the cabman stood before her with the door of the taxi-cab opened wide. Sonny was questioning breathlessly, "Mamsy, is this *the* doctor-mans?"

Tremblingly, silently, she helped the child to the pavement and half stumbling, pushed him gently toward the broken down doorway and battered sign. Conscious of shaking knees and pounding heart, she lifted the boy up the two rickety steps, then pushed open the the door standing ajar.

With a little gasp of terror she shrank back within the shadows of the evil-smelling corridor. Startled, she gazed into the little low-ceilinged, cobwebby

(Continued on following page.)



Carmen Shelley drew a sharp, sobbing breath, clutching Sonny's arm frantically. There surely was some mistake.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

THE TRUST OF CARMEN SHELLEY

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

room with its grime and chaos of broken furniture. Instinctively she noted the dusty shelf of books and the long, rough table crowded with dingy phials of drugs. A man, in a frayed, greenish-gray suit, a worn hat slouched down on his head, stooped over the table. At the sound of footsteps on the threshold, he wheeled suddenly, jerking off the seedy hat and exposing a tumbled shock of black hair streaked with gray.

Carmen Shelley drew a sharp, sobbing breath, clutching Sonny's arm frantically. But she must not let the shock of terror overpower her. She must pull herself together. Still there surely was some mistake. That broken, stooping figure, that face, unshaven and bearded, with despair dulling the heavy, bleared eyes and the long, unkempt hair straggling over the dusky forehead, could not belong to Haddon Spurr. Then the light of recognition flashed into the man's eyes and Carmen Shelley knew that she had gone too far to make her retreat.

"Carmen!" the man exclaimed, thickly, instinctively straightening his broken figure, questioning hoarsely, "What are *you* doing here? Have you, too, come to mock me?"

A swift sense of pity swept over the woman and she strangled back the sobs choking her. This was the hour for her mission and she must be courageous. With an impetuous gesture she pushed Sonny forward and sat him down on the battered old lounge, its tattered coverings trailing the floor. She cleared her throat of its huskiness, then dropping on the lounge beside the boy, she rested her fingers caressingly on the little braced leg.

"We have come as patients, Dr. Spurr. Sonny, you see, is crippled, and Dr. Broderick says a slight operation will straighten his foot. But it must be a skillful hand that does the work. And I would trust no surgeon but you."

"Ye gods, Carmen, but you mock me!" the man laughed hoarsely, leaning forward to scrutinize her face. "A *surgeon!* Don't you know I've not grasped the knife this four years? Why, I'm all but on the rocks. You're not blind and your woman's wit can understand how I've gone to the limit. I've been studying the drugs to make sure of the swiftest to the end," his voice broke in its agony of desperation.

The woman ignored the man's utterance of despair, though its bitterness stabbed her heart mercilessly. She raised her face, a sweet, radiating smile playing in her black eyes.

"But you must look at the foot and the poor, useless leg," she protested, removing the brace and pulling off the tan boot and stocking.

As she bared the misshapen foot, the man stood gloomily silent, then moving forward, he scrutinized it with a keen glance.

"Are *you* the doctor-mans that makes little boys *run?*" questioned Sonny, his eyes snapping with excitement. "I wants to run like Petey Rooks an' I'se bet him I can run faster'n he can when you fixes my foot."

The man started and for the first time peered curiously into the boy's flushed face. Then reaching out his long, hairy hand, he ran it swiftly over the crippled leg and foot.

"You couldn't refuse a petition like that, could you?" entreated Carmen Shelley, adding in explanation, "you see it is the result of infantile paralysis. He was so ill—so hopelessly ill for awhile—and when it was over the little leg and foot were so pitifully crippled. That was two years ago, and I was all alone to bear the burden for Sonny's father was overseas. Dr. Broderick has been treating Sonny and now he says that it is time to think about operating. He says the cords are paralyzed, but then *you* understand."

At the mention of Sonny's father, Haddon Spurr winced perceptibly, then his long fingers probed the muscles of the misshapen foot.

"It is Farris or Brice you want to consult. They are perfect wizards with the knife," exclaimed the man shortly, pausing abruptly in his examination.

"Yes, perhaps they could make him walk, but Sonny wants to *run*. Can't you understand *you* are the only surgeon that I would trust to make him run," persisted the woman.

The man pulled a wrecked kitchen chair toward the lounge and seating himself, rested the little misshapen foot on his knee, his fingers resuming their probing. Gradually intelligence crept into the lustreless eyes and a flash of animation radiated the dusky face. He was a long time silent, bent upon his tireless examination. Then suddenly he burst out exultantly:

"Jove, the simplest thing in the world! Of course the boy shall run." Then as swiftly he lurched backwards, burying his face in his hands and groaning in an anguish of despair.

"And you will do it?" questioned Carmen sharply, her voice vibrant with faith.

But the man shook his head, answering dully, "I tell you it is work for Farris. I've lost my cunning. My hand is shaky. It is not sure, and this is a most delicate operation. I've gone too low. I have lost my chance. And, Carmen, God knows I would give my right hand to make straight that little foot."

"But you can. You shall—my boy *must* run and you are the one to do it. You must *pull up* and operate," she protested vehemently.

The man struggled to his feet and paced the floor, his hands clenched by his side. "But I'm too far down to pull up," he retaliated bitterly.

"In the old days you fought and won for your own selfish goal—success," remonstrated the woman softly, the appeal of her soul illuminating her eyes. "To-day there is a new goal—Sonny wants to run. You remember how you always chose the woods for your battlefield. Up north Vincent Hardy, my cousin and your old chum, is fighting tuberculosis. He will share his camp with you. You can go there and fight back to your old footing in surgical science. It may take months to pull yourself together, but Sonny and I will wait. We shall not wait in vain for you are going to prove worthy our trust."

She ended, a little breathless, her cheeks crimson, her eyes sparkling with strange lights playing in their depths. Then picking up the little tan stocking, she proceeded to dress the boy's foot. The man leaned heavily against the crudely carved table, his head sunken forward.

"Vincent Hardy is in the city to-day for medical consultation. He will come here to-night and persuade you to go North with him. You will be ready?" she queried in a tone that demanded an answer in the affirmative.

As she slipped the brace into place, the boy clutched the tiny crutch and stumbled to his feet. The fire of battle glowed in his eyes and he turned appealingly toward Haddon Spurr.

"Say, Mister Doctor-mans, I am going to run faster'n Petey Rooks, ain't I?"

A tremor passed through the man's unkempt figure and he reached out a trembling hand toward the boy's black head. For a moment he gazed fascinated into the depths of the fearless eyes that had aroused the fighting spirit within him.

"You accept the challenge?" questioned Carmen Shelley, springing to her feet, the passionate entreaty of her being vibrant in her voice, her face wondrously, appealingly sweet.

"I—I—dare not," muttered the man incoherently, then with a sudden frenzied impulse, he lifted the boy from the floor, holding him tight in his trembling arms, resting his unshaven cheek against the misshapen foot.

"God helping me, you *shall* run, boy!" he broke out hoarsely, passionately.

He set the boy on his feet with a vehemence that made Sonny grasp his mother's arm for support, as hungrily he searched the woman's face for the faith glowing in the misty glory of her eyes.

"You will not fail our trust," she whispered softly, then turned toward the door, her hand guiding the little lad out over the rickety steps to the narrow, noisy street and the taxi-cab awaiting them.

. . . . . .

During the months that followed, Carmen Shelley's trust in Haddon Spurr never flickered. An occasional missive from Vincent Hardy told of the surgeon's stubborn fight in the Northern camp. Once a week, Sonny laboriously printed brief but emphatic epistles to "the doctor-mans who could make little boys *run*." They breathed courage incarnate, and the man, reading them was imbued afresh with the fighting spirit. Sonny, taller and rounder-faced, stubbornly met the wagers of Petey Rooks, persisting that "soon, bye an' bye," he could "run faster'n Petey hisself."

It was nine months to the day, following Carmen Shelley's visit to the tumble-down office of the down and out Haddon Spurr, that she received a summons to the Children's Hospital. She found Haddon Spurr—the surgeon that she had known in the days preceding her marriage to Major Shelley—awaiting her in the consulting room. His manner of assurance and the readily assumed professional dignity were in themselves startling, and somewhat in confusion she greeted him. Then suddenly she was conscious of the wonderfully significant fact. He had conquered. He was prepared to operate, and would not fail her trust.

"I am ready to operate—if—if you still trust me," he announced simply, his clear, brilliantly keen eyes searching her face.

The mother bent her head until her cheek rested against the boy's head. All these months she had been schooling herself, and now she must struggle against the emotion surging her woman's soul.

"We are ready, aren't we, Sonny, to let Dr. Spurr fix the foot?" she questioned breathlessly.

"Yes, an' pretty soon, bye an' bye, I'll be runnin' an' beatin' Petey Rooks," Sonny announced triumphantly.

"If you could leave him here at the hospital to-day, we might arrange for the operation to-morrow," responded Dr. Spurr, his tone purely professional, his eyes fixed on the little braced leg.

"We came prepared to stay," answered Carmen Shelley, her fingers pointing toward the club-bag on the floor by her chair.

"I will go and find the superintendent," offered Haddon Spurr, and turning, left the consulting room. Carmen Shelley's arm reached out and drew the little, boyish figure close to her side, till he leaned hard against her heart.

"Oh, Sonny, you *are* going to run," she murmured passionately.

. . . . . .

It was at noon the next day that Haddon Spurr, seeking her, found Carmen Shelley in Sonny's little white hospital room. She sat by the window, her head bowed on her arm, her hands clenched, vainly striving to quiet the terrifying tumult of her heart. At the sound of his step, she turned her face, appealingly beautiful in its unwonted pallor.

But the glow of exultation in his laughing eyes made the blood leap in her veins. In the martial swing of his tall, gigantic frame she read conquest. His hands were clapping together in the old-time, characteristic, boyish expression of enthusiasm. She sprang to her feet, holding out her arms beseechingly.

"I am cock-sure that Sonny will run," he announced triumphantly, taking her hands in his own and holding them, explaining eagerly, "You must have all kinds of patience, Carmen, and leave Sonny here in the Children's Hospital for long weeks. So much depends on treatment and care. And, Carmen, my hand never once shook. Dr. Broderick was present all through the operation, and he is sending me three similar cases at once. I can scarcely wait to see them. If only I can be as successful with them as I was with Sonny's poor, little, misshapen foot. I wonder if you understand what you and Sonny have done for me—"

His voice broke, and he ended abruptly. The woman raised her eyes, luminous with gratitude, then swiftly dropping her head, she broke into sobs—her woman's expression of joy.

The swift running of the stretcher along the corridor aroused her. They were bringing Sonny back to his room. She ran forward, then tremblingly stood aside until the nurses had tucked Sonny in between the blankets of his little white bed. A moment later she was down on her knees at the bedside, her flushed cheek resting against the cheek of the sleeping boy. For a long time she knelt there, crying softly, yet she could not have told whether the joy surging through her heart was because of the healing of the little misshapen foot or the man reborn in Haddon Spurr.

The weeks at the Children's Hospital passed swiftly. Every day found Carmen Shelley in Sonny's little white room, the merry, captivating playfellow, bubbling over with games and stories. Twice a day, fresh from his conquests in the operating theatre, Haddon Spurr came there to visit with Sonny. They were great friends—the man, who had fought his way back to the surgeon's pinnacle, and the boy, who was going to "run faster'n Petey Rooks." The woman, with her irresistible charm of motherhood, enhanced the glory of those visits. The sweetness of friendship impregnated those hours, and the woman's heart throbbed joyously at the sound of the man's laughter.

Then one day, when the boy lay sleeping, Haddon Spurr slipped softly into the room and stood looking down at the flushed face with its roguish dimples. Suddenly he turned to the mother and spoke huskily:

"Carmen, it is time to take Sonny home. You have seen him walking, and before many weeks you will see him running along with Petey Rooks and the other boys. I have done all that a surgeon can do. My work is finished. What you and Sonny have done for me can never be put into human language. But I want you to know that I do not fear slipping back. God helping me, the fight will stand victorious to the end. You were right—it was the selfish goal of my own success that lured me on in the old days. But now, it is a

(*Continued on page 37.*)

A HOSPITAL IN FRANCE

By CONINGSBY DAWSON

Hushed and happy whiteness,
Miles on miles of cots,
The glad contented brightness
Where sunlight falls in spots.

Beauty, blood, and sorrow,
Blending in a trance—
Eternity's to-morrow
Is this half-way house of France.

Sisters swift and saintly
Seem to tread on grass;
Like flowers stirring faintly,
Heads turn to watch them pass.

Sounds of whispered talking,
Labored indrawn breath;
Then like a young girl walking,
The dear familiar Death.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

Mac, The Younger Brother

A Character Sketch

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE

Illustrated by Norman Price.

IN the living-room of a country house, two young men had their heads bent together over a letter, which one of them was reading aloud for the second time. They were both so young that they seemed little more than boys; the red glow from the "self-feeder" touched them caressingly, bringing out the bright tints of their hair at the temples, the color in their smooth cheeks, and the whiteness of their round young wrists.

"It just amounts to this," said Ernie, the elder, as he finished the letter, "that he has got himself into a beastly mess, and has had to clear out, and expects us to stay here till the hue and cry is over. It's the rottenest thing I ever heard of!"

"Yes, but look here!" broke in his brother, "look here—we can't stop any longer in this dog's island—I'm sick of it already, and I guess a week of us is about enough for Uncle Tom."

"Can't you understand plain English?" said Ernie testily, "Hear what he says." And he read a portion of the letter for the third time.

"You may be certain," it ran, "that I had no idea the Permanent Loan Company was on such a precarious footing, and I took Fisher's word for it, that, as things brightened up, we could pay all the dividends. I thought the whole thing was on the square, though, of course, I knew the situation required delicate handling. I believed it would work out as other things have—Fisher has such a head!

"Well, it's all up—gone to smash—Fisher's nabbed—and they're after me. He'll get five years at least. I shall go abroad for a rest, God knows I need it! Funds are very low. Your poor mother and the children have gone to your Aunt Amy. The house is shut up, so I am afraid there is nothing for you but a prolonged visit at Uncle Tom's.

"I know you would not care to face your college friends just now, and, as I said before—I am completely strapped.

"It should not be hard for young chaps like you to pass the time on a Canadian farm. It will be a new experience. I hope the deer-hunting turned out well. Your mother was very nervous about you. Poor girl, this is an awful thing for her! But, there are always fresh fields for an energetic man, and I'm not so old yet. We might move to Western Canada.

"You must just buck up and help me out with this, boys. Then we'll all work together and make good in some fresh place.

"No address at present, and in a great rush.

"Your loving Dad."

The brothers stared at each other in bewilderment. It was their first experience of the painful side of life, and they did not know how to meet it. Hitherto they had existed only as healthy young organisms, singularly untouched by what passed on around them.

They had seen little of their busy father, but they rather liked him. He was not difficult as some fathers were. They liked their mother, too, though she was fussy, and asked questions, and always had neuralgia.

At college they made many acquaintances, but no friends in any serious sense. Ernie, who had just attained his majority, had some renown as a speedy and reckless motorist, but motoring was beginning to have no sensation for him. He would sit, unmoved as the Sphinx while bridges, ledges, and houses were passed in a blur, and village constables rushed out to take his number. He had once said—"If you go fast enough, the sensation is almost the same as standing still, so it's not much use after all."

He was a lounging, active fellow with golden brown eyes, clear-cut features, and a rather wintry smile. He had white, effeminate hands, which, somehow, were always in evidence He could play rag-time, and certain classical selections with speed and precision. He had no preference between the two, but he liked the feeling of mastering the piano, and putting his fingers through their paces. He paid attentions to a new young lady every three months, and forgot even the names of her predecessors. He simply changed them with the same regularity with which he tried new brands of cigarettes and shaving soap.

Mac was nineteen. Taller than Ernie and more loosely built, he lacked the elegance of his brother. His eyes were intensely blue, his features rather heavy, with a sullen expression, except when a naive smile, like a child's, lifted his upper lip. He drove the motor with less verve than Ernie, played the gramophone in preference to the piano, and he sometimes looked after Ernie's latest young lady in his absence.

The brothers, in spite of their close companionship, would have found it difficult to say whether they loved each other. "We get along well" would have been their reply. Their only violent collisions were usually the outcome of a damage to the car, for which neither would assume responsibility.

"You told me to drive faster!" Mac would bawl.

"I didn't tell you to run up the telegraph pole, you loon!"

But these little passages were soon forgotten, and they would resume their habitual attitude of almost melancholy indifference.

Their Uncle Thomas entered. He was a tall, dark-bearded man of fifty-five, their father's brother. Ten years before, he had bought an isolated farm in Canada, and, since then, had never been seen by his nephews, until, on their return from their deer-shooting expedition, they had, by their father's command, stopped off to spend a week with him.

He lived alone on the farm save for a Scotch married couple, employed in the house and garden, and a family of Indians, who lived in a shack at some distance from the house, and who did the work of the farm.

Uncle Tom was a man of great repose, who seemed to wander in a twilight of memories, from which he roused himself, now and then, to speak in a tone of forced cheerfulness to his nephews.

"Well, my dear fellows," he now exclaimed, "what have you been doing with yourselves to-day? Had a walk? Walking is a great thing—I'm as hard as nails from it! MacDonald and I have been away back to the bush. I think we're going to have a snow-storm."

"Uncle Tom," said Ernie, handing him the letter, "just read this."

Uncle Thomas went to a shelf beneath a large-antlered deer's head, and took from it a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles. Having adjusted these, he carried the letter to the window to catch the last of the failing light.

He read the letter to the end without comment, pushed his glasses up on his forehead, and then muttered, as though to himself—

"It's the crowd that does it—the turmoil—you get caught—hurried on—you can't think clearly—you're trapped—trapped." He shook his head commiseratingly at his nephews. "It's bad for you. Very. But you mustn't blame your poor father. It's the turmoil that does it—you lose all sense of proportion. He should have come to the country with me. I begged him to."

He picked up the iron shaker and moved the grate of the self-feeder back and forth. Fresh coals rattled down from the reservoir smothering those which glowed, so that the room suddenly became gloomy.

Ernie sighed heavily. Mac turned his head to look at him curiously. Uncle Thomas was warming his hands on the bulging nickel top of the stove. Presently, without speaking again, he left the room, fumbling with his foot to find the step that led downward into the hall.

"Shouldn't be surprised," said Ernie, "if he'd had to beat it, that time, ten years ago. Maybe it's in the blood." He laughed bitterly.

"Do you mean *being crooked* in the blood?" whispered Mac.

"Well, yes. That's heredity, you know."

"Dad's all right," Mac said with a catch in his voice. Ernie sneered.

"If you call it all right to get us in a box like this and leave us here! Why, we haven't the price of our return fare even, and nothing but disgrace to face, if we did go back, and the mater creeping off to hide at Aunt Amy's. If you call *that* all right—*I* call it rotten!"

"I wonder if Uncle Tom would pay our fare," said Mac.

"*Where?*" Ernie faced him, holding a lighted match to a cigarette. The flame flickered in his cold bright eyes.

"I dunno," murmured Mac, crestfallen.

"No," said Ernie, "we've got to stick it out here, till we hear from father; then we'll make him let us take a trip South, or a cruise, until things blow over."

Mac was comforted. The strange unaccustomed weight, that had been pressing on his chest, lifted a little. He yawned and stretched.

"If there was only something to do," he yawned, "if there was some shooting—but there's nothing but rabbits and squirrels."

"If there were only some girls about," sighed Ernie, "or even a piano!"

"Gee! We'll get sick of each other!" said Mac.

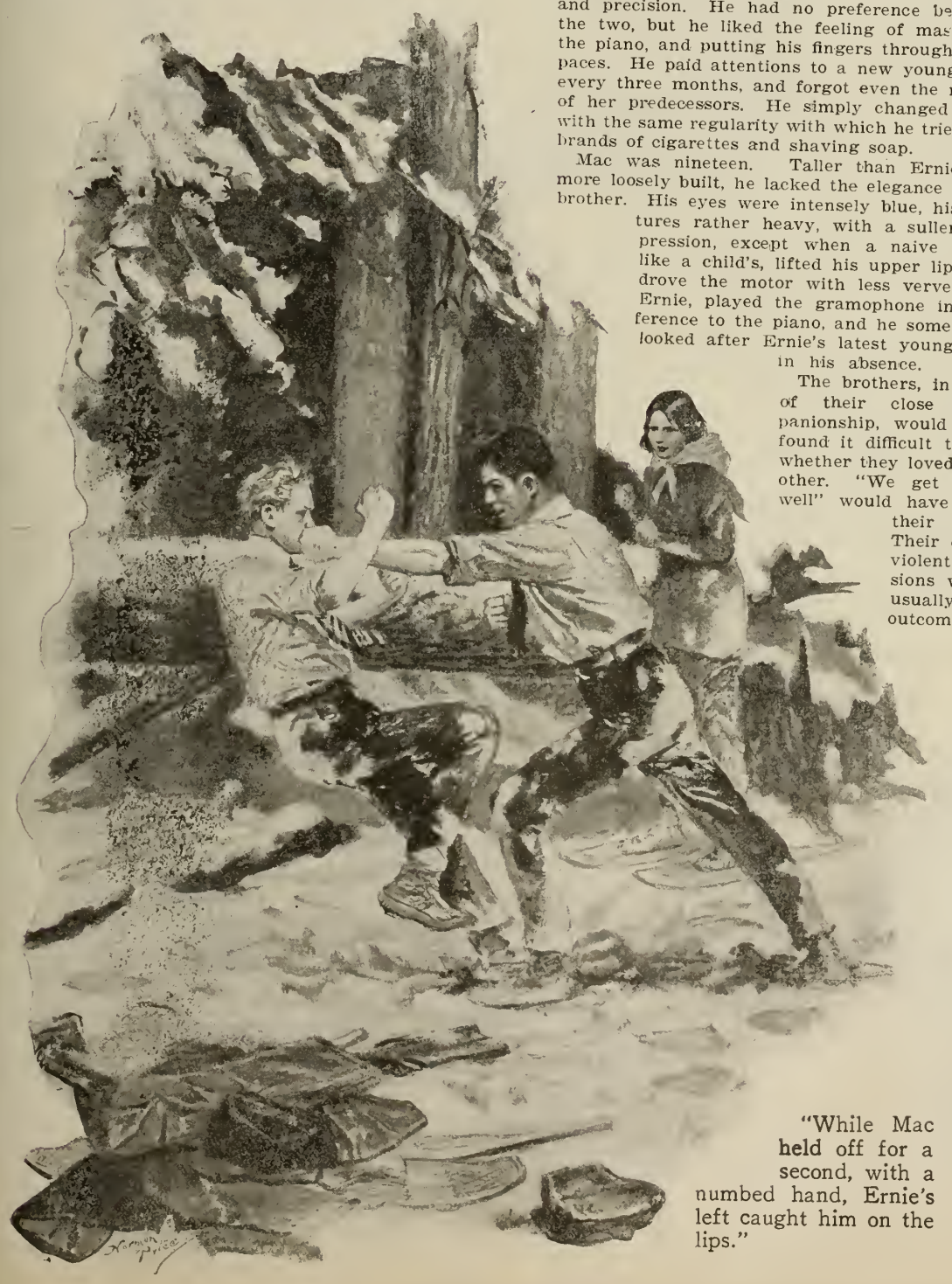
"I'm sick of you already as far as that goes," replied his elder, pleasantly.

The housekeeper came in, carrying a lighted lamp; she drew the blinds and began to lay the table.

"We'll be havin' a rare lot o' snow afore the morn," she said, "the sky is heavy wi' it noo, and it'll drift too—oh, hearken to that!"

A wail of wind, gathering in volume till it became a shriek, swept past the house, jarring and shaking it.

(*Continued on following page.*)



"While Mac held off for a second, with a numbed hand, Ernie's left caught him on the lips."

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

Mac, The Younger Brother

(Continued from preceding page.)

Uncle Thomas' Scotch collie entered the room majestically. He sought the shelter of the woman's skirts, hiding his head among their folds.

"Sit doon, Jock," she commanded, "what's wrang wi' ye, ye puir loon?"

The dog's under jaw quivered as he raised his eyes full of mute appeal to her face. The woman laid her hand on his head. "Puir laddie, dinna fret," she said.

Mac looked at Ernie with a sheepish smile; he was afraid Ernie had seen the tears in his eyes.

All night long, the brothers, as they lay, half-awake, could hear the raging and racing of the storm. Now it was the fighting and cheering of soldiers, mingled with the cries of the wounded; now a great pipe-organ, whose music, surging through the universe, lulled them to sleep once more.

Ernie, in his pyjamas, scratched a clear space on the frosted window-pane.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, "look here, Mac! Some storm."

Mac interposed his blond close-cropped head between Ernie and the clear space.

"Good gosh," he said, "we're snowed in!"

The wind had fallen; the sky was splendidly blue, save for a few transparent wisps of cloud, like white yarn; the earth lay, subdued, beneath its weight of snow. The branches of the fir trees sagged.

At breakfast, Uncle Thomas, who looked as though he had passed a sleepless night, wore, in contrast to his red-rimmed eyes and pale cheeks, an air of great cheerfulness.

"Now, my dear fellows," he said over his porridge, "you have your first opportunity to enjoy a real Canadian winter. We'll put away all misgivings and worrying thoughts and try to make the best of things, eh?"

"I don't intend to squeal," said Ernie, sulkily. "No oatmeal thanks."

"Oh, I forgot," said his uncle, "ah, that's where you make your mistake. Cultivate a taste for porridge and solitude—porridge and solitude. I take 'em in large doses."

"He's batty," said Mac, resentfully, when Uncle Thomas had left them.

Ernie made no reply. He had dragged his chair from inside the table to the stove, and sat, hands deep in pockets, staring gloomily into the coals.

Mac took a few turns up and down the room, and then looked at his watch. It was nine o'clock. He sat down beside his brother in utter dejection.

The room was filled with sunshine. From the kitchen came the clackety-clack of a churn. Mac had an idea.

"Believe I'll go and work the churn for the woman," he said.

"Don't be an ass," snarled Ernie.

An hour passed. Two passed.

Ernie said suddenly, "Go and fetch the cards. We'll play Rummy."

They played Rummy till one o'clock, when dinner was announced. Mac won $1.40 from Ernie, who give him an I.O.U. for the amount.

At dinner Uncle Thomas abruptly laid down his knife and fork, and exclaimed, "I've got an inspiration! Why didn't I think of that before? Ever tried snowshoeing?"

They shook their heads.

"Well, now is your chance!" he cried, with his pathetic heartiness. "I have both snowshoes and moccasins—Oh!" his face fell, "but there is only one pair of each! Tck—tck—too bad!"

"Never mind," said Ernie, "I don't care about it."

Mac was interested. He changed his boots for the moccasins with a sense of relief from boredom. Uncle Thomas showed him how to fasten the deer-skin thongs of the snowshoes and instructed him in their manipulation.

"I'll write to Orillia to-day," he said, "for another pair of each, so you can take tramps together." He and Ernie had come to the verandah to watch his first efforts.

"I see your finish!" grinned Ernie, as Mac tripped over his own toes.

"Fine!" shouted Uncle Thomas. "Go straight up the lane to the woods!"

Mac drew in a long draught of the crisp December air. The brilliancy of the sun on the snow made him pucker his forehead; his body was bathed in freshness and light. He wondered why he had sat all those centuries by the hot coal stove. Good old Uncle Tom to think of these snowshoes! In a little while he would be on to the racket, and would run a bit. He whistled to Jock, the collie, who came bounding, showing his pointed white teeth in a grin. He circled about Mac, uttering sharp barks and snatching hurried mouthfuls of snow with an air of relish.

They passed the orchard, where trees clothed in white cast delicate blue shadows on the snow. Half-hidden in the drifts beyond the orchard, stood the Indians' shack, a spiral of smoke rising from a stove-pipe in the roof. Several miniature wind-mills, made fast to the ridge-board, turned and jiggled with a whirring sound. Some skins of small animals, skunks, squirrels and muskrats were nailed on the door. From a corner of the shack to the gnarled apple-tree nearest, a clothes-line was secured, from which depended some dark-colored garments, and one bright red petticoat. A dark face appeared for a moment at the small-paned window and was quickly withdrawn.

For some reason, unknown to himself, a picture of the little shack was carried in Mac's mind as he swung across the fields. There was something in the poverty of it, in the crude, wild sincerity, that touched him. Dash it all—he *was* in a funny state to-day!

And yet, he felt swift and strong. Before him lay all this snow, waiting in quiescent purity for the print of his snowshoes. His to be the first—but no—over there—was it possible? A trail of other snowshoes! He tingled with excitement. Yes, there they were, heading towards the gateway in the lane—smaller than his; almost—that fellow—almost he toed in!

Joyfully Mac and the dog followed the trail, across the field, up the lane, guarded by oak, and beech, and silver-birch, never deviating, but just as though the unknown one had jogged pleasantly on, enjoying the movement and the keen, bright air.

Presently the wood loomed before him, dense with a new growth of spruce and pine. Here the trail meandered in and out; Mac had to crouch low to follow it in places. What the deuce was the fellow up to? The snow was not so deep here; there were treacherous half-hidden roots and fallen branches. A ticklish place for snowshoes. Anyone might have been tripped up, but Mac, sprawling in the snow, horribly tangled up with himself, cursed his stupidity.

At the same moment he heard a low laugh, a musical chuckling laugh, of infinite amusement. He turned his head sideways in the direction of the laugh, supporting himself on all fours. He saw, amid the rich green of a clump of young spruce trees, a little brown face peering out, and again came the malicious chuckle. Like the face that had appeared at the window of the shack, this was withdrawn the instant that it was observed.

"Come out and help me up," said Mac coaxingly.

"I am afraid," came a very small voice.

"Afraid? Why should I hurt you?"

"You would hurt me 'cause I laugh at you."

"Say, I'd fall all over again just to hear you laugh like that! Come on out!"

"I am afraid. You come and bring me out."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Mac, springing to his feet, and approaching the evergreens. "Do you know that you smell just like Christmas in here?

"I suppose she's an Indian girl—a little squaw—" he thought, as he parted the branches, "but what stunning eyes she's got, and what a glorious color!"

The warm red beneath her brown cheeks was indeed lovely, and the square of bright green stuff she had about her head, and her red jacket seemed all of a piece with this woodsy place. Mac remembered in a flash the red petticoat on the line at the shack.

"I saw you comin' an' I hid," she explained, with a little apologetic glance at him from under her long lashes, "then when you fall, I jus' got laughin', you look so fonny." Her teeth gleamed.

"Well," said Mac, "it's just three days till Christmas—this is a Christmas tree—and you're my Christmas present—that's your punishment! Now, will you come for a little walk with me, and tell me all about yourself—and everything?"

"I come here," she said, "to look in our traps for rabbits an' I jus' got killin' this feller here—" she held to view a dead rabbit, which she was carrying by the back of the neck.

"By jove, you're a little rip!" exclaimed Mac, admiringly, "did you kill him yourself? But how?"

"Yes," she said, "I kill him. That's not hard. I jus' foller him kinder quiet till he git settin' down, nibblin', then I give a jump an' hit him on the head with this stick—he squeak jus' once—an' die! Tonight, my mother put him in the pot"—she hunched her shoulders in a little foreign gesture. Spanish she looked, Mac thought. Only far more vivid—why, her movements as she walked beside him were as swift and unconstrained as a bird's.

His spirits rose, his young limbs rejoiced in the exercise, and his laugh rang out through the woods.

She was the most primitive being he had ever met—pathetically innocent — those slanting looks came naturally to her — she had a way with her!

She scratched the snow from a bank of wintergreen, and gave him the red berries to eat; she taught him to climb fences, to run and jump in his snowshoes. He was filled with admiration for her prowess, yet felt tender towards her because of the wistfulness in her deep brown eyes.

"Let us sit on that log," he said, at last, pointing to a fallen tree, whose trunk, still attached to the stump, and supported at the other end by strong branches, made a high, but inviting seat.

Mac swung himself up easily, and the girl, dropping her rabbit, made an ineffectual attempt to raise herself to his side.

"Here, you lift me," she commanded, "my legs are too short."

Mac put his arm about her waist, and drew her up beside him. He did not remove the arm and she, looking down at his big hand on her side gave a little laugh and pressed closer to him.

"Do you know," said Mac, "that you are awfully coquettish?" She nodded, chuckling.

"Come now," he probed, "I don't believe you know in the least what coquettish means. Now do you?"

"Yes." She regarded him seriously. "It means that I act like I was half white—eh?"

"Oho!" He laughed uproariously. "That's a good one! Why not make it *all white* and be done with it?"

"Oh, I couldn't be *all* white," she objected, "but I might be just *half*. Some Injuns are."

"I suppose they are," said Mac, looking at her meditatively.

"You are awful white," she commented, and pulling off a red mitten, she laid a small nut-colored hand on his.

He thought it was the prettiest hand he had ever seen, smooth, delicate, with such shapely nails, and such a round, supple wrist!

They were alone in the sunlit fragrance of the pine woods. Their eyes met. He saw the lights that moved in the brown depths of hers, was conscious of the exquisite curves of her dusky eyelids, of the pulse that throbbed so quickly in her throat.

"Promise me," he said, a little thickly, "that you will come again—here—just like this—to-morrow."

"Yes," she whispered, "to-morrow in afternoon. I got to work all mornin'."

"Will your mother and father mind your coming to snowshoe with me?"

"No," scornfully, "not as long's I work! They don't care what becomes to me."

"Hm," said Mac, puckering his eyes.

They walked homeward together through the snow, still virgin save for their double snowshoe tracks, but pink with the reflected splendor of the sunset.

The girl moved lightly by his side in silence, but her eyes were ablaze with rapture.

"What are you thinking?" he asked softly.

"I was thinkin' how I jus' lof this day."

"So do I," he said, "it's the best day I've had in a long time."

After he had left her, he ran back to ask breathlessly,

"Your name? I don't know what to call you, do I?"

"My name is Madeline, but they call me Bee," she said simply.

"All right. Good-bye Madeline! Good-bye Honey-Bee! Say, Good-bye, Mac!"

"Goo'-bye, Mac!" She disappeared into the shack.

Mac found Ernie still sitting by the stove, with a copy of "Scottish Chiefs," lent to him by the housekeeper, in his hand. He had passed an afternoon of unspeakable boredom. Mac, on the contrary, was filled with an elation new to him. The piquancy of his adventure gave a savor to his meal. He praised the Scotch woman for her scones. He did not, however, expatiate with too much enthusiasm on the joys of snowshoeing. With a weather eye on Ernie, he told his uncle that he believed, with practice, he should find it rather good sport.

"Just so," affirmed Uncle Thomas, "and I only wish the new ones would arrive from Orillia to-morrow, so you could go off together. Much better."

"Thanks," said Mac, "but somehow I don't believe Ernie will take to it."

After tea they again played Rummy and Mac won $1.80 from Ernie. Everything, it seemed, was coming his way.

All next morning he strained with impatience towards the hour of meeting, and when, at last, he set out, with Jock at his heels, he could have sung for joy. He came upon her at the foot of an oak tree in the lane, smiling at him over an odd little muff, made of mink skin. Something she had hidden in it, of which she made a mystery. He must guess. It was a present for him. He guessed vainly. It was not an Indian meal cake, it was not a rabbit. That guess brought a scornful "No-o!" He gave up. She brought it forth then, a little oval box of birch bark, bound with sweet hay, and embroidered in porcupine quills, in their natural shades.

"It is for you," she announced, proudly, "to hold little things what you lof—I make it all myself."

Mac was struck by the beauty and precision of the work on the box. Certainly she was a little wonder! How superior this to the gaudy sofa pillows and boat cushions other girls offered! And how seemly that she should make beautiful things of natural

(Continued on page 53.)

In The Baby's Eyes

What is the dream in the baby's eyes
As he lies and blinks in a mute surprise?
With little wee hands that aimlessly go
Hither and thither and to and fro;
With little, wee feet that shall lead him—God knows.
But a prayer from my heart like a benison goes;
Bundle of helplessness, yonder he lies—
What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

What does he wonder and what does he know?
That we have forgotten so long, long ago?
Bathed in the dawnlight, what does he see
That slow years have hidden from you and me?
Out of the yesterday seeth he yet
The things that in living he soon shall forget,
All that is hidden beyond the blue skies?
What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

Speak to me, little one, ere you forget
What is the thought that is lingering there yet?
Where is the land where the yesterdays meet,
Waiting and waiting the morrows to greet?
You wee, funny fellow, who only will blink,
What do you wonder and what do you think?
Bright as the moonlight asleep in the skies,
What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

—Tom Cordry.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

BETWEEN TRAINS
AT A PARIS STATION

FROM THE SKETCHBOOK OF
ESTELLE M. KERR

Refugees Arriving From The North and Soldiers Leaving For The Front Waiting In a Station Canteen.



Refugee mothers trying to quiet their fretful children in the canteen.



An infantryman in his képi.



The béret worn by the Chausseurs á pied (Light Infantry).



Flemish refugees in the canteen.



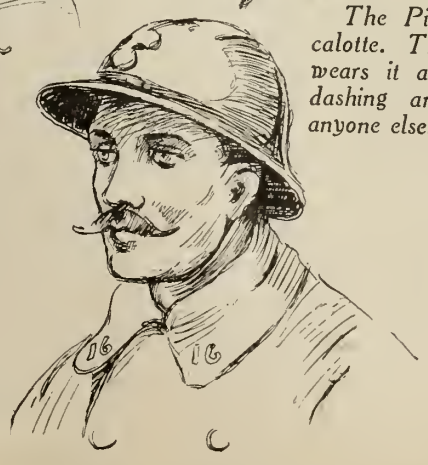
"Le Vieux" writes home.



Soldat du génie (Engineer).



The Pilot in his calotte. The aviator wears it at a more dashing angle than anyone else.



Le casque—a steel helmet painted blue, universally worn at the front.



An ancient Flemish dame and her faithful servant—homeless in a strange land.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.



Stuart's grocery shop, over which lived Canada's greatest woman poet, Isabella Valency Crawford.

Some Literary Traditions of Toronto

By KATHERINE HALE.



Trinity College, a rendezvous for literary lovers.

WHEN the matter of authors and authorship comes up in Canada the invariable comment occurs: "Of course, Toronto is the 'centre.'" What is meant by that apparently cryptic phrase must be that Toronto happens to have become the publishing centre of Canada. And indeed, when the spring and fall lists come out, it would seem, by the testimony of hundreds of books bearing a local imprint, that this city is a centre of literature in a very practical sense. Canadian publishers, however, speaking generally, are not so largely agents for Canadian literature as for British and American publishing houses, although there are, one is quite willing to admit, some noble exceptions.

Canadian publishers have been known to purchase poems, novels, or whatever the book may be, even in some cases paying advance royalties, but as a general thing a successful Canadian book is sold first in London or in New York. After that, the Canadian publisher buys the right for this country, affixing the name of his house to the title page. And so it is that many a literary aspirant in the Middle West or the Far East looks with longing eyes toward this "centre," not realizing that his Mecca is more or less of a chimera.

All of which is not to deny that Toronto is a stimulating city in which to live and write. The very fact that the news and announcements of books, many books each season, issuing hot from the presses, is as much a part of the early spring and the late fall as the announcement of new habiliments, puts one into a sort of living mood as regards literature. Also, there are always "chances" in journalism. And journalism is the school of authorship. But when all is said and done, we must hark back a little to find any real atmosphere in Toronto.

One of the most delightful of Canada's writers, in talking over the situation the other day, resolved it in one sentence when she said: "The truth is that the Toronto of Colonial Canada possessed literary value; the Toronto of a National Canada is largely commercial and almost untouched by literary tradition."



"The Grange" with its artistic setting, the former home of Professor Goldwin Smith.

Perhaps one reason for this obvious truth lies in the fact that the Toronto University has never entered the life of the city. It exists, a little citadel-town, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. Apart from the large body of students, who are, of course, absorbed in its life, it might as well be situated in Chicago. There is something almost phenomenal about its lack of real influence over the community at large. Perhaps at the heart of it lies the fact that the spirit of romance has been absent from its life. The consequence is that, from all the band of writers who have gone out from its gates, I have yet to read one arresting line in poetry, and very few in prose, testifying to any romantic passion for Alma Mater.

A few lines I do recall from Harvey O'Higgins' little-known and beautiful novel of Canadian youth, called "Don o' Dreams," where he writes describing the effect of the perfect Norman Tower of Varsity on the uninitiated student.

The Toronto University has had some great professors. It has also refused the services of some great professors, notably Charles G. D. Roberts, who might have meant much to students in and outside of the college halls.

But there are little shrines, there are sweet-scented traditions, there are ghosts that haunt old streets and buildings and soften the commercialism of to-day.

Once I had a charming letter from Algernon Blackwood, an English writer who is perhaps the completest and most delightful pagan and mystic in the world, and he said: "The heading of your letter—Beverley Street—recalls many things to me. I used, in student days, to go up and down that quiet street and to haunt the garden of the Grange. Can you still hear the crows and the rooks in those mighty trees?"

Professor Goldwin Smith, the "Sage of the Grange," the caustic philosopher of an older age, who came to Toronto from Oxford University and became allied by marriage with the old Canadian family of Bolton, made for himself a beautiful house and garden on Grange Road, at the head of John Street, then quite far out of town. Here he used to gather visitors of note from many places in the fine old colonial house, standing so grandly on its great tree-decked lawns.

As a child, I can remember the charm of the gloomy, richly tinted old hall and library. There seemed to pervade the whole place the essence of an exquisite colonialism, but colonialism tinged with an acid that youth finds it hard to understand. The tender mercies of the Sage were not always kind, and it could hardly be said that he encouraged anything or anybody. But somehow, and by what magic one hardly knows, the feeling of the beautiful old Grange certainly permeated much of old-time Toronto.

There was another rendezvous of literary lovers during the late 70's and the 80's and extending into the 90's, and that was the residence of Professor and Mrs. William Clarke, of Trinity College. At first they lived, as Goldwin Smith did, near the centre of the town, but later they moved out Queen street to take up residence at Trinity.

Most beautiful of colleges, one of the loveliest exteriors in all America, it was a fit setting for that genial, charming Englishman, whose lectures on Tennyson and on Kingsley's "Water Babies" endeared him to a whole generation of Canadians. Those who possessed his friendship knew him for one of the most truly cultured, benign and delightful personalities imaginable. His love of literature was as sincere as it was deep and broad. His very voice was an education, and his outlook, being more human, was therefore more vital and constructive than the bitter learning, the caustic comment of Goldwin Smith.

Trinity College was "out in the country" in those days, but Jordan street—now almost on the water front—was quite in the midst of things. And it was in a certain dingy office of a grimy building in this lane-like thoroughfare that there was installed a brilliant journal called "The Week," which existed for over a decade and became of decided literary influence. "The Week" was really founded by Goldwin Smith, with Charles G. D. Roberts as its first editor.

A study of the files of this journal would show that nearly all the names we know so well to-day—Lampman, Bliss Carman, W. W. Campbell, and so on—appeared very frequently here. It is interesting also to note that in those comparatively early days the Woman Editor was already in evidence, for we find that Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, known by her pen name "Seranus," was the musical and then the literary editor of "The Week," and Sara Jeanette Duncan was also an editor.

It was at this time, while Mrs. Harrison was its literary editor, that a new genius climbed those dingy stairs. "A tall, dark young woman," says Mrs. Harrison one whom we would gather was difficult, almost repellant in her manner, a victim of sad

(*Continued on page* 42.)

Literature and Journalism ---A Criticism

From one special correspondent I have received certain questions, the answers to which embrace those requested by other young writers along the same line.

This correspondent encloses a poem, a short story and a play. She asks for a frank expression of opinion on each, and also wishes to know which of the Canadian magazines pay for all publications, and how a young and inexperienced writer may obtain his or her first "start."

My reply is that all magazines, Canadian or foreign, that are worth writing to pay for all material accepted, and that the best test of the value of work is to send it persistently to the best magazines.

This special correspondent shows through her letter, a real desire to write, the sincere feeling which lies at the root of all expression of life in art. The MSS. does not yet exhibit originality or any special "gift," yet the gift must lie latent behind so strong a desire.

Originality, the germ of story writing, does not come "naturally" as most people imagine, any more than the bird-like voice of the great singer arrives at the beauty and spontaneity in which we hear it without long study and much practice. Originality is the result of a study or a strong realization of life, and this knowledge, this feeling for life, applied to the story-form.

To a young writer, therefore, the first concern must be with life itself, by which I mean the looking into and the living of that which is fundamental, until one finds certain phases or circumstances of life so vital that the imagination is seized and stirred thereby. And so this desire to write, coupled with an experience of life, brings the student to the place where he is willing to work very hard and to accept a slow success, and one must be ready to study short story writing by the only possible process: the study of life, the study of literature, the study of story-forms and the technique of plot-making. Also one must acquire patience to write and re-write until the work becomes actually human and arresting. A helpful text-book, as to plot-forms, is written by Henry Albert Phillips, and called "The Plot of the Short Story." It may be ordered through the publishers, Stanhope-Dodge, of Larchmont, New York.

Many amateur MSS. read as if they were invented for some strange effect and could not really happen in every day life. Strangely enough, this may come from the very fact that the episode chosen did actually occur, but the writer had not sufficient experience in the use of material to make it appear life-like.

The most difficult of arts is to go direct to the heart of life so that the reader is made to experience the emotion of the writer through the fictional character.

It is a great thing to be young and to want very much to write. For Art is old, and like most beautiful old beings is very kind. Follow her faithfully and she will lead you, through difficulties, perhaps, into the land of far prospects and great rewards.

Katherine Hale.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

The Peacemaking Perambulator

By
THEODOCIA
PEARCE

Illustrated by Mary Essex.

A Humorous Sketch in which all ends happily for Rosie, Little Billy, Teacher and Principal Blain



"I don't give a hang if you want blue paper all over the house—inside and out."

ROSIE MARTELLO, of the third row, fourth seat, spread out the starched skirt of her pink frock impressively, and awaited her turn in the spelling lesson.

Rosie was very confident and self-assured.

And why shouldn't she be, since she had more reasons than one?

Rosie was "smart," and she knew it. Her dad at home had told her so again and again. And once she had heard Miss Pass saying it to another teacher as she passed them in the hall, so there in itself was ample proof.

Besides, the Martellos had risen!

Years before, hadn't her grandsire earned but a few honest pennies trundling an all-glorious hand-organ about the streets of a distant city? And wasn't that same organ the family pride, although it eked out its last days in the dark and the silence of the back shed? But now—what a change! Wasn't her dad the owner of the very finest fruit store in the district, where even the well-dressed ladies from the Avenue came to buy! Rosie not only had new dresses, and a new home, but a new baby as well. He was six weeks old and "Billy."

Lastly, but not least, Rosie was in love with the teacher, and she was learning that "to love is to serve." She served her copy-book, her 'rithmetic and her speller with a diligence that would have astounded any who knew not Rosie's heart.

Moreover, she was to be twelve in a month, and she had been promised a wrist watch of real goldness. Already she felt its weight above her hand, as with the air of the reassured she pushed back the hair at her shoulder.

"Rosie, your turn now."

Miss Pass's voice came clear and confident.

Rosie sprang nimbly to her feet.

She smiled at Miss Pass. Miss Pass smiled back at her.

"Now, Rosie," she said, "spell 'perambulator.'"

"P-e-r—" Rosie began heroically, and then stopped abruptly, her tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth. She could go no further, simply because of the limitations of her knowledge.

"Spell 'perambulator.'"

But Rosie stood dumb and rigid in her desk.

Miss Pass and the class waited.

"What is a perambulator?" the teacher suddenly questioned, desirous of helping her "smart" pupil along the way.

"I dunno," the little girl admitted regretfully.

"Come, come now, Rosie," and Miss Pass's voice grew stern, "certainly you know what a perambulator is. Why, you have one at home."

She had heard of the six weeks-old wonder.

Rosie's mind made a flying mental inspection of their house from cellar to garret.

"Does everyone have them?" she asked bravely.

The class tittered.

Miss Pass shook her head negatively.

"Not everyone, Rosie, but you have."

"Well," Rosie blurted out, driven to desperation, "I guess it's the new kind of peanut stand we've got."

Instantly the class was in an uproar. Rosie could have flung defiance and scorn at those elder boys and girls for their cruel laughter, but looking to Teacher for sympathy, she saw her laughing, too.

Rosie's warm little heart froze within her. She sat down stolidly, but in spite of her resolves, the tears came. She wept bitterly. Even after the tumult had subsided and the lesson resumed, she sniffed on. Recess came at length. To Rosie it was a godsend. She filed out with the rest, her head hung down. Never again did she intend to look Miss Pass squarely in the face. Of that she was quite sure, although further future action was an uncertainty.

She sought a spot alone in the yard and brooded.

The laughter and the glad cries of the others at tag came to her. How she longed to join them and forget! But alas, was it not a duty for her to remember! Presently she heard them talking—speaking her name. The uproar of merriment that followed told her of what they spoke.

She couldn't see any joke. Ah, that was just the trouble of it—she could see no joke! What had it been, anyway? Rosie's lips twitched in spite of herself. Forgetful for the time of Teacher's heartless laughter, she raced across the yard, into the school and upstairs to the classroom. Out in the hall before the door she precipitated headlong into the person of Principal Blain. One swift glance at his face assured her of his anger. Waiting for no reprimand whatever, she ran into the classroom, banging the door behind her.

Teacher was crying, head down upon the desk.

Rosie tiptoed close to her and laid a hand upon the bowed head.

"Please—please quit it."

Instantly Miss Pass sat up, and with the aid of a much bedraggled handkerchief make a brave attempt to resume her professional serenity.

Rosie stepped back a space, awed by the unexpectedness of the moment.

"What did you want?" Teacher presently managed to ask.

Rosie looked meditatively at the toe of her shiny black slipper.

"I wanted to know about that p-e-r word—please."

Teacher reached across the space and drew Rosie close to her. Inwardly Rosie thrilled. She had quite forgotten now her idol's laughter.

"Why, it's the very nicest kind of a baby carriage," she explained.

The little girl was mute.

"Don't you understand, Rosie?"

"Yep—I do," she admitted. "And so them kids," with a gesture of disgust towards the rows of empty seats, "them kids thought I'd wheel our Billy out in the peanut stand."

She laughed harshly.

Suddenly the gong resounded through the hall.

"We'll fix it up splendidly," Miss Pass assured her, as she crossed to the door, whilst Rosie made a scurry to her place.

Presently "them kids" filed in, unconscious of the stern scrutiny of one—Rosie Martello. Lessons were resumed. Apparently the storm had abated altogether. But within Rosie was a vortex of perplexities.

What had made Teacher cry?

Instinctively she sought an answer in Principal Blain. Often she knew he visited the rooms at recess, and quite often it was theirs, for Rosie "stayed in" sometimes. She took the matter quite to heart. It would be settled—she would see to that. Slyly she tore a sheet from her scribbler and laboriously wrote:

"Dear Miss Pass,—

"Are you going to lose your job?

"Yours truly,

"Rosie Martello."

This she skillfully shifted to Teacher's desk, simultaneously with a trip to the waste basket.

Teacher read it hastily, then catching Rosie's awaiting glance, she shook her head slowly. Rosie did not this time see Teacher smile. If Teacher wasn't going to leave them—well, she was happy. And if Principal Blain caused any more tears—here thoughts became chaotic.

That evening at home Rosie was permitted to rock the six-weeks-old bundle of redness.

She was in her element, when suddenly the incident of the afternoon smote full upon her consciousness, and yes—her happiness.

She eyed "Billy" pitifully.

"I guess we'll fix them kids sure," she whispered. "If you got-a this country name, you kin have-a this country baby carriage."

But Dad Martello was opposed to the new proposition. He couldn't understand such a little baby really needing anything.

Rosie brooded for two successive nights beneath her blankets. Then came Friday. After class she lingered, feigning to tidy her desk. But Miss Pass was wiser than the spoken word credited. She came down the aisle and stood beside her little pupil.

"What is it now, Rosie?" she questioned.

Rosie stood up purposefully.

"Do them p-e-r baby carriages cost much?"

Miss Pass was surprised.

"Why, Rosie, that isn't bothering you *yet?*"

The little girl's eyes welled with tears. Miss Pass quite forgot the teacher duty and became sincerely the friend.

Then did Rosie wax eloquent, showing in her speech great partiality for "Billy" and small consideration for Dad Martello's opposition.

"He isn't goin' to be laughed at, if I know it," she ended proudly. Rosie was sternly antagonistic.

Later, she "walked home" with Teacher, a privilege not to be treated lightly. Rosie hoped they might pass some of the older girls. But she hoped in vain. Her defiance was a proposition latently solved as they walked.

Before Teacher's house they paused.

"You will believe something nice will happen for Billy, won't you?" Miss Pass pleaded. "You know, we always get what we want if we want it badly

(*Continued on page 52.*)

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

The Second and Concluding Installment of the Fairy Story

A ROSE ENCHANTED

By VIRNA SHEARD.

Illustrated by Norman Price.

UP and over the garden of the fairy king flew the six grey elves bearing between them the golden earth-filled pot from which grew the wonderful rose-bush.

On and on they flew making signs now and then to each other, and gazing intently down on the country with their great goggle eyes in search of the land-marks that were to guide them.

It was a long journey, but their grey wings did not easily tire, and they were always faithful to the orders of their mistress. Now, though, they were troubled and very sad, for each one of them had adored the little princess even with all her wilful ways and selfishness, and they deeply regretted the magic that had in the twinkling of an eye turned her into a flower.

Dumbly they communicated this to each other and their eyes filled with tears when they rested for a moment on the exquisite red rose.

It did not seem to them the punishment fitted the fault for which it was given. If the Princess Jewelette had desired the string of moonstones, they thought she should have them. It was for *her* to choose and *others* to give up,—to their way of thinking.

Beautiful as the Lady Mayblossom was, she was not to be compared to the fairy king's little daughter. She had seemed made of snow and peach-bloom—and her hair was like copper spun fine as cob-web. Always when the elves looked at the princess, this red-gold hair had dazzled them, and they —so devoid of color—so like the grey fog, and the grey clouds, and the grey river mist, that they could easily be lost in any one of them, worshipped her, as long ago mortals worshipped the sun.

Therefore, they flew onward with something almost like anger in their hearts. But they were good elves and struggled to overcome this feeling, knowing how just their ancient mistress had always been. For long years she had given herself to deeds that brought only blessings to mortals and fairies, and indeed, to little grey elves as well.

Onward they flew until the sun rolled down behind the hills and into the sea.

Then the river that divided the fairy country from that of mortals came in sight, gleaming across the twilight land like a silver embroidery.

As the moon rose they flew over the river, and now in the country of mortals the King's Palace and wide court garden appeared. The garden was walled by cemented stones of red and green and violet grey, and at intervals stone dragons with faces set and fierce kept perpetual watch and ward upon it. In the moonlight these looked like living things, and the elves shuddered as they flew, for never before had they been beyond the river boundary.

They flew with fast beating hearts to the great gates of the wall. Here the dragons set in the side pillars, were more fearsome than any of the others, for their eyes were lit with red lights and their wings seemed lifted for flight.

The grey elves looked about in dumb terror; but the orders of their mistress were imperative, and the golden pot with the rose-bush must be set within the garden.

With a last wild effort of strength and courage they darted over the wall, found the path and gently lowered their burden beside it.

The light of the full moon touched the half-brown rose to almost unearthly beauty, and the golden pot shone against the grass as though the sun had left a spot of brightness there. The grey elves turned their big troubled eyes around the unfamiliar garden and then back to the rose-bush that seemed to them dreadfully lonely in this unknown land.

Yet they could not discover that it looked strange or out of place. No—it was just an ordinary rose-bush bearing a red blossom of unusual beauty as far as anyone could see. Still their hearts misgave them, and they would gladly have carried the golden pot back the way they came.

But they were loyal to their old beloved mistress, and knew they must leave the little lovely rose-princess to her fate. So one by one they climbed up the rose branches, for the grey elves are small and light in weight as moonmeams, though they are strong to lift and carry. One by one they reached up and touched the rose with their tiny pointed hands, gazing at it with dumb longing. They leaned their faces downward, then shook their heads to one another. "No!" "No!" There was no perfume. By signs they spoke to the rose and bade her hold the magic essence fast; *never* to let it escape at dawn or dark, or in the light of the sun or moon, for that meant *death*.

Passionately they warned her of this impending tragedy, this desperate peril! They tried also to comfort her by saying in pantomine that some day her godmother might send them to bear her home again and lift the enchantment that bound her. They strove to remind her of the wishing-ring her father, the King, had chosen; for though the wish had no power in the land of mortals unless used there, yet he might find his way over the boundary river.

But alas, this thought gave them little hope, for although the fairies were permitted to enter many countries, to this one, only the elves, so far, had found the road.

The mortal king's garden was sweet and still and scented by innumerable night-flowering trees. Here and there a bird made restless by the vivid moonlight, sang a few sleepy notes. A fountain played ceaselessly, and the sound of the falling water was like a lullaby.

The little elves would gladly have curled down under the rose leaves and gone to sleep, but the night was slipping away, they had performed their mission, and must return with word of its accomplishment.

.. th many sighs they lifted their grey gauzy wings and flew away toward the fairy country; so the rose-bush was left without friends in the wonderful garden.

The wind before dawn blew over its green leaves and the red flower swayed back and forth. At earliest light a humming-bird darted around and around it as though seeking for some sweetness, and finding none.

Then came the head gardener and looked the plant over, apparently puzzled. He examined it with minute care through his big horn-rimmed spectacles and shook his frosted head, for he was a very old gardener.

"Where be thee come from?" he questioned, for he always talked to his flowers. "Where be thee come from, thou pretty thing? Art some gift-plant a lady ha' sent His Majesty? Ay! Ay! that be likely." Then he laughed softly. "Pretty thing!—pretty thing!—" he repeated, "there be no lady half as lovely as thee—else had my royal master wed long ago. None so lovely as thee I warrant, nor half so sweet." Bending down he almost touched the rose with his old wrinkled face "or half so sweet," he said again, dreamily, then lifted his head and looked puzzled. "Why," nodding, "why, bless me, pretty one! Thou 'ast no scent! No scent at all—an' I be keen to catch the scent o' roses! What now — what now? Hath a moth rubbed thee, or one o' those long-beaked hummers?" He rubbed his white head and ruminated, then went along with his basket of tools.

"'Tis none o' my affairs," he soliloquized. "I'll let it be, gold pot an' all. But a rose wi'out scent, she be not a rose, say I. She be not a rose. I would na ha' such in my rose-garden. I must let be—let be, though. But give me a rose wid scent, say I, even if it be a common hedge-rose, or a cinnamon bud, small as a button—Ay; I'd sooner ha' a road-side briar sweet-scented, than yonder beauty. A rose without sweetness—she be like a woman wi'out love in her heart. Ay! Ay!"

Muttering to himself he went his way among the flower-beds.

Sunlight flooded the garden at high noon and it was a place filled with life and music. Butterflies hovered over the rose-bush—then left it. The bees hesitated on their flight near it, then passed by. A white moth touched it fleetingly; and none of these returned.

Only the sunlight seemed to abide with it—the sunlight common to all.

(*Continued on following page.*)



She looked up into his face and smiled happily.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

A ROSE ENCHANTED

(Continued from preceding page.)

By and by a group of courtiers strolling gaily past noticed the rose-plant in the golden pot, for no flowers had hitherto grown near the bridle path.

"Heigh-ho!" sang out one young cavalier. "By St. Elizabeth—the lady of roses—in truth here is the pick of them all! His Majesty must be growing extravagant when he has his bushes potted in gold! Methinks I will clip the blossom—I know one could wear it most charmingly in her hair. A red rose 'gainst such raven hair, as I know of—well, 'tis beyond words to paint the picture!"

He touched the stem of the rose, and was about to break it, when one of the little court ladies stayed his arm.

"Nay! Do not pluck it, my lord!" she exclaimed warningly. "I have a presentiment that the King would not have it touched! See! It is a most rare blossom, and after all, it belongs to His Majesty."

The cavalier laughed. "Here's a to-do!" he said. "What is one rose more or less, sweetheart! Here to-day—gone to-morrow! 'Gather ye roses while ye may,' some poet hath said. The leaves of this one will be scattered on the bridle path e'er two moonlit nights go by."

"Not so!" she answered. "It is but half-blown. 'Twill live a week." Then she leaned down to it. "Why pri'thee," she cried, "it hath no perfume! Now, my lord," laughingly, "you will be content to leave it. There are a thousand scented blossoms growing in the rose-garden free for your taking."

He frowned and tweaked his small mustache. "I desire what I desire," he said. "If I desire a scentless rose, 'tis my own affair. This is the one I would have, and I shall proceed to pluck it."

The little maid-of-honor spread out her brocade skirts and stood before the rose-bush.

"Thou shalt not! Thou shalt not!" she cried defiantly. "'Tis the King's rose and very specially set in this golden pot!"

"With all deference to you, dear lady," he returned, bowing low, "I most certainly shall—golden pot or no!"

So saying, he swung her lightly to one side and caught the rose stem to break it; but one of the thorns went deeply into his thumb, and he shook his hand free angrily.

The little maid laughed, with much delight, and stepping again between him and the golden pot, danced lightly before it.

"Little torment!" he muttered. "The mischief is in you, and a devil in the rose-bush! I have pierced my thumb to the very quick, and will not be able to touch my guitar this whole evening! I gainsay the dastardly thorn hath run through a nerve, for it throbs to the elbow!"

At this the maid-of-honor went into a perfect gale of merriment. "Alack! Alack!" she cried. "Call the court-surgeon! My Lord Harry hath stabbed himself with a rose-prickle!" So making merry at his expense, she caught her flowered gown over her arm and ran after the others, leaving the young cavalier to follow sullenly after.

When the sound of their voices had died away, the rose-bush was alone again.

Was it always to be so? she thought. Would everything pass by and leave her? She longed even for the summer breeze to keep her company, to stir her crimson leaves, and sway the green bush of which she seemed to be a living part. For, most strange of all, the Princess Jewelette, though changed to a rose, in some magic way was still the little princess, and by a mystic power could see and hear and feel and think, even as she had at her father's court. But she could express nothing; no power was given to let any know of the enchantment that had befallen her.

Again and again in spirit she lived over the fatal hour in the garden, and traced each action that led up to the moment her godmother had so deliberately wrought her doom. Most horrible indeed it seemed to her, and fear and loneliness took up their abode in her heart.

Beautiful she knew she was as a rose; but to be only a rose, a thing plucked for anyone's pleasure perchance, or torn by the wind and beaten by the rain, as must surely follow should she outlast the summer! She shuddered as she pictured her fate.

Then slowly the balm of memory came to her. Her godmother had promised that while the magic perfume was held in her golden heart she would not die. Some small comfort crept through her. Little by little the trembling that shook her red leaves ceased.

But to what end should she live? she questioned. Everyone and everything passed by. One rose in a great garden! Who would care if it lived or died? And a rose without perfume was a disappointment. None would desire it except for a whim, as the young cavalier had. The bees and butterflies and humming birds would all leave it untouched.

No man or maid would give it a second thought once they had discovered it was scentless. The old gardener had been right. It was better to be a common hedge-rose that smelled sweet, or a highway briar that perfumed the air for tired travellers.

True, there was the perfume locked under her curled leaves—but that she must hold fast. Death followed if she set it free. Her godmother had said so. The grey elves knew and they had warned her. She must hold the perfume very fast. If none plucked her from the stem, and the wind and rain did not loosen her crimson leaves—perhaps—perhaps, she thought, the king, her father, would come with his wondrous wishing-ring that could turn her back into her own beautiful self! With the desperation of despair she clung to this thought. Then came another. She remembered that none of her people had ever, ever found their way across the boundary river to this country. To other countries they had often gone—but they had been warned not to cross the river to this one.

Black grief filled her heart. There was no way out of it all, she thought—no way, no way. Memories of her wilfulness, her unutterable selfishness, her constant haughtiness, haunted her as out of a mist of pain. This was indeed punishment for all her selfish deeds, but a punishment greater, it seemed, than she could bear.

At last one thought only dominated her, and it was that she must hide and cling to the magic perfume or she would die. For if she lived on, help might come. Her father would not forget, and the grey elves would entreat her fairy godmother to break the spell of enchantment.

Mortals she did not fear so greatly, for the rose branches were beset with sharpest thorns, but the high wind and the pitiless rain and the hot sun of noonday—these filled her with dread unspeakable.

The noon passed, and the flowers in the garden grew drowsy in the quivering heat.

No one came by—for there were many other roadways and gates, and none would take the bridle path when the sun was high.

After the merry court at her father's palace, this was desolation to the little rose princess. A very passion of homesickness swept over her. She longed for anyone she knew—even the dumb grey elves—when faintly, and afar off, she heard the sound of horses' hoofs upon the beaten path. A faint interest stirred her, for the hours had been so long and monotonous.

Soon a man dressed in black came in sight, riding a great black horse, and beside him rode a woman with snow-white hair, but none could tell her age, for her eyes were so merry and young.

Behind these riders came two little grooms, who looked bored and preoccupied with their own affairs. They rode grey ponies, and were dressed in gay-colored cordovan leather jerkin and leggings laced with silver cord and thick-set with loose-sewn silver buttons, that jingled like little bells.

The rose wondered who the man upon the great black horse could be. He filled her with awe, he was so grave and dark and strong. Mortals were new to her, and this one was not at all like the merry ladies and gentlemen who had passed in the morning. They were not so different, except in size, from the folk of her own father's court. But no two could be more different than the cavalier who pricked his thumb and this man upon the black horse. The grooms were simply grooms such as might be anywhere—she thought—but the woman with her white hair and sparkling eyes was different again from any she had seen.

She wondered about her also, and listened intently to the sound of their pleasant voices as they drew slowly near. When a word drifted to her she understood it, as she had the words of the gardener and the little court-maid and the cavalier.

Of this she was very thankful, and she hoped they would not pass without seeing her. She longed to have them stop, if only for a moment, for the garden was so wide and lonesome.

She had forgotten she was a rose, until the riders were close beside her, and she heard the woman's voice speaking eagerly. "Look, my son!" she exclaimed. "How lovely a thing! Saw you ever such a perfect rose? Yet what extravagance to set a carven gold-pot beside the bridle path! It is quite lost," she laughed, "but in truth the rose is worth it—it is a very marvel! I must dismount and breathe its fragrance!"

"Nay, my mother," the man answered, "it shall be brought to you."

He beckoned to a groom. "The Queen desires yonder rose," he said; "pluck it carefully, and strip it of thorns."

The groom bowed, and turned to obey, but the Queen-Mother checked him. "No! No!" she commanded. "With all the thanks in the world, my son—I will not have it plucked. But I would see it closer. Bring hither the golden pot."

The New Serial

Who Goes There

begins next month in the Christmas Number. This is one of Robert W. Chambers' newest and best stories, never before published serially in any magazine.

Don't miss the opening Chapters

The groom sprang to obey, and brought the rosebush to the Queen's side. She bent down from her horse, lifting the blossom to her face. Presently she looked up with a little smile and shook her head.

"It is without perfume," she said, "quite without. How disappointing in so wondrous a rose!" Then to the groom—"Take the plant away."

The dark man smiled also. "You are mistaken perhaps, mother mine; the rose is only half-blown, you see—" She shook her head again.

"'Tis but a small matter, your Majesty, but I am right. It has no vestige of sweetness."

"Bring me the plant," the King said to the groom.

The golden pot was lifted again, and the King drew the rose towards him. "In truth you are right," he assented. "It has no sweetness, but instead is beset with most villainous thorns! A rose without perfume is like a woman without a soul, methinks. Yet withal, this is a rare and lovely thing. Wilt change thy mind and have it?"

"No, dear heart," she refused. "I would rather have a bramble that was sweet. Perchance I am fondest of pansies, after all. They look up at me, and remind me of children. Here in this great garden, where are no faces so innocent."

The King frowned. "We need no children in the palace garden, my mother," he returned. "The times are full of peril on land and sea. My nights and days are overfilled with anxieties for the State—and thee. We need no children."

The Queen-Mother sighed, then turned the subject lightly.

"Well, pri'thee, 'tis a rare flower, and a costly pot. Who could have brought it hither so far from the rose-garden?"

"Perchance I have a friend I know not of," the King answered absently. "Of givers of gifts there is no end." So speaking, they passed through the gates, and the rose was again left alone.

"The King!" she thought. "So that was the mortal King—of a land of mortals! Of a certainty he was good to look upon—though one would not think to find a king so grave and troubled."

The Queen-Mother had more of youth in her eyes and smile, than he.

Was that the way, she wondered, of kings in this new land? No one in the fairy country showed such weariness. What could these perilous times be—what the heavy cares of State? A feeling of pity stirred within her golden heart as she thought.

That a king should look so sorrowful, she sighed. What then was the use of being ruler over a country of mortals? Strange that his eyes were so grave in his young face—strange the note of bitterness in his voice. Why should there be no need of children in the garden? What could befall them but joy? It was all a puzzle to the rose princess, and it took her thoughts away from her own doleful fate.

All through the late afternoon and on through the tinted twilight—on into the moonlit night, she wondered and wondered about the young king, and sighed and pitied him. She forgot even to be lonely, though the birds and butterflies were asleep, and only the flitter-mice, the lantern-eyed owls and other fly-by-nights were abroad. Indeed, as dawn drew near, she had forgotten to grieve over her own sorrows, and only thought of his.

His words haunted her. "A rose without perfume," he had said, "is like a woman without a soul." Such words should have angered her—perhaps—but they did not, for she was not a rose without perfume.

Remembering this, she folded the leaves still closer about her heart. Death—death—would follow should the sweetness escape. Then, should the King ride by to-morrow, he would see only a withered flower upon the stalk, or a scatter of red leaves on the bridle path. There might be a scent of attar-of-rose on the air—nothing else. She shuddered and shuddered, then, as the night had been long, grew drowsy and slept as flowers sleep.

A week went by, a week of sultry heat, then one morning the old gardener came.

"Thou art a long-lived rose, my pretty," he said, pausing. "A long-lived rose. But the wind will blow up, and the rains will come. Roses be like joy, my pretty. They last not long."

So he tottered away. More and more lonely grew the little rose-princess. Over and over she counted the sum of her selfish deeds in fairy-land, and regretted them. For she had come now to know both sorrow and regret. Through all these intolerable hours she watched for the young king and thought of his grave face. But he did not pass, and the memory grew to be like a dream.

On the eighth morning, though, he came, one of the gay grooms riding behind. The rose heard the jingling of the silver buttons before they came in sight.

His Majesty was in black, as before, and rode slowly on his great black horse, for the day was warm. They had almost passed the rose-bush when the King spoke.

"How many days have gone since we took the bridle path with the Queen?" he asked.

"Eight days, your Majesty," replied the small groom.

"Eight days! And the rose on yonder bush still blooms!" the King exclaimed. "Sure 'tis not the same blossom, Nicholas?"

"The very same, your Majesty," he answered. "I noticed there was no other bud on all the plant but this alone on the topmost branch."

"Strange!" said the young King. "Eight days.

(Continued on page 47.)

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

The Passing of The Old Maid

By JEAN GRAHAM.

The Exit of a Type No Longer Aidful



MANY times during the last ten years have we heard and read the wail over the disappearance of the old-fashioned grandmother—the dear old soul, who sat in the chimney corner and was beloved by a host of grandchildren. Her hair was always silvery, her hands were always toil-worn and she had an inveterate fondness for a large apron. That dear old grandmother is vanishing so swiftly that it is hard to obtain a farewell glimpse of her form. The grandmother of to-day seems to defer the silvery locks—and when they do arrive, dresses them in the most becoming fashion she can find in the coiffure pages of the magazines devoted to women's interests. Her toil-worn hands are properly treated with cold cream and other aids to loveliness, until they are quite presentable, and she wears an apron, only when such a protective array is absolutely necessary. She can talk politics and dehydration, and it is more than likely that she knows about the most famous stars that are twinkling in the movie firmament. She may not always be on hand to tie up cut fingers and spread vaseline on a burned wrist; but she is, perhaps, more of a chum than the grandmother of the chimney corner.

We notice the disappearance of another figure, familiar to our childhood days. Where, oh where is the maiden aunt? In fact, we might go further and ask: "Where is the Old Maid, herself?" Yes, the unmarried woman of thirty, forty, or fifty years of age and "upwards" is to be found in every community—but she is not the Old Maid of yesterday. The Old Maid of conventional pattern is following the dear old grandmother into obscurity—and may she have a safe journey to the Land of Used-To-Be!

There was a certain age at which the unmarried woman was supposed to drop all the airs and graces of youth and suddenly to assume a garb and manner suggestive of retirement from the matrimonial competition. A few years ago, I remember hearing a severe and stately dame from Boston lamenting the frivolity of the modern spinster. "It seems so unbecoming for unmarried women of mature age to be called 'girls' and to wear such youthful hats. Why, I remember that, when I was over twenty-five years of age, I was expected to wear a bonnet. Really, I do not understand the modern maiden lady." The Bostonian of the old school is probably busy with war work to-day, and may be reconciled by this time to the extremely active and effective bachelor maid, who has taken the place of the demure spinster who considered a bonnet the proper headwear for all the unmarried sisterhood "above twenty-five."

The very expression, "Old Maid," was dreaded by many a young person—and, no doubt, a host of early and unconsidered marriages took place because the aforesaid young person was in haste to be fore-armed against such a title. It was a case of better to have been married, at all costs, than to have been left, "a faded rose on the ancestral tree." In fact, the unhappily-married woman who mourned the alcoholic excesses of her erring husband would speak in pitying accents of her unwed sister.

Not Without a Romantic Story.

Even the Old Maid, however, had her romantic aspects. There was the one, for instance, who had suffered from that mysterious experience known as a "disappointment." In Mapletown, to be sure, there was Maria Johnston, whose blighted romance was retold to every newcomer. Her lover was a perfidious young man, a handsome creature with dark eyes, who suddenly left town about two weeks before the wedding was to have taken place and married "some girl in the States," before the year was out. It was horrid of the youth—I always wondered why these villains were dark-eyed—and, of course, Mapletown, was sure that he would come to no good end. In the meantime, Maria had "pined," until she looked like an anaemic lemon—an aspect that was heightened by the wearing of sad-colored and unbecoming garments. Maria, after the passing of a decade or so, seemed to take a pensive pride in her bereft condition, and would sigh over wedding presents and shake her head at the sight of a trousseau, as if all these were a vain show and man was a poor creature, after all, in whom it was unwise to trust. What had originally been a mortification had become, with the passing of years, somewhat of a distinction, melancholy, but not wholly undignified.

There was Melissa Gage, an entirely tragic young person, whose lover had likewise proved a defaulter in the court of Cupid. After becoming engaged to the gentle Melissa and giving her a pearl-and-turquoise ring with their initials intertwined, the gentleman became enamored of the charms of a widow from Montreal, who was visiting in Mapletown. Wherefore, they departed unobtrusively one stormy afternoon and were married in haste, while Melissa actually "went into a decline" and died, gracefully and decisively, ere she had reached her thirtieth birthday. Melissa was regarded as rather weakly and tamely sentimental, but "very much of a lady" in her gentle despair over the lover who had proved so much of an illusion.

These spinsters with a "blight" in their young lives were rather the exception, and the Old Maid was usually an exceedingly practical person, with an inordinate horror of dust or disorder and a rather contemptuous regard of man as a being who would make muddy tracks on the kitchen floor and disarrange the parlor ornaments. Sometimes she developed into the Old Maid Militant, who invariably spoke of man as an inferior creature. There was Miss Caroline Briggs, for instance, who was honestly distrustful of every man, except her father, who had been the leading doctor in Mapletown for many years and who had bequeathed his sturdy virtues of independence and integrity to his only child. Miss Caroline, curiously enough, in view of her scorn of masculine pretensions, was decidedly mannish in her style of dress. She had the courage to appear in tweed suit and a stiff collar, when the rest of the feminine world went in fluffy muslins. Even at a garden party, Miss Caroline wore nothing more frivolous than a dull black silk with the plainest of cuffs and collar.

Old Maids and New.

There used to be a general tendency to regard the Old Maid as a person over-concerned about trifles. Most of the Old Maids of Mapletown, however, were given to good works and many activities, with little to repine at or regret. They took life philosophically, and usually found a "cause" in which to interest themselves. Has anyone ever realized what a boon the W.C.T.U. and the missionary societies were, to the woman who had a small round of duties and little opportunity for hearing of the outside world? Women's clubs and associations have often been abused—chiefly by those who are doing very little for the good cheer of the community. How seldom we have stopped to consider the blessed break in the monotony of lonely lives which came with the formation of a missionary society or a reading circle—while a travel club meant an approach to dissipation.

The true Old Maid, who moved up (or down) to the traditions of her estate, was absorbed in the most minute affairs of the household, to the exclusion of larger issues. Cooper described her well, more than a hundred years ago:

"For threescore years this life Cleora led,
At morn she rose—at night she went to bed."

It was no wonder that the young girls who regarded Cleora's existence were alarmed at the prospect of single blessedness and were ambitious to lead the more varied life of matronhood.

In England, the lot of the old Maid has been sadly limited for several centuries, because there was so strong a prejudice against a woman having a "career" of any kind. In reading English novels, one is sometimes amazed at the brazen resourcefulness of the match-making mamma. When we consider the deadly monotony and the littleness of life led by the Old Maid of the British Isles, we see that the mother's manoeuvres, though sometimes desperate, were inspired by genuine maternal regard for what she considered her daughter's highest interests. The Old Maid of the land seemed to spend her time in embroidering altar cloths or in visiting the poor. I believe that many poverty-stricken citizens must have hated her heartily, but she seldom wearied in well-doing. I remember rebelling against the "Girl's Own Paper" heroines, long ago, because they always carried soup and jelly to the poor, and they had a way of admiring the curate which sometimes led to a marriage of the most prominent helper to the dejected clergyman and a season of depression for "the others."

Thanks to Canada's newness and the demand for work from everyone, there have been no such desperate match-makers in the land as these anxious matrons of England, nor have we seen such utter devotion to the trivialities of life on the part of our spinsters. It is true that we sometimes speak of this village or that as "A Canadian Cranford," but it takes time—a great deal of time—to make a Cranford. There certainly has seldom been found in this country an approach to the gentleness and the timidity of Miss Matty. The Canadian type more closely resembles that of New England, which is typified in the story of the elderly maiden who had corrected a young man who addressed her as "Mrs. Jackson":

"Miss, sir—Miss, from choice."

There is a certain independence about the Old Maid of the New World (which sounds like an Irish phrase), such as society has not seen before.

The Gossipy Old Maid.

To the Old Maid was attributed much of the idle gossip of the small community. Here, again, the unkindly words could be accounted for by idleness, rather than by sheer malice. The mischief which Satan finds for idle hands to do is nothing in comparison with the evil which he accomplishes by using idle tongues. You see, it is a necessity for most of us to do quite a bit of talking. A married woman can discourse by the hour of the virtues of her husband and the amazing ability of each of her children. But the Old Maid was simply obliged to have recourse to the neighbors for the personal element of her conversation. Consequently, there were always several Old Maids in the community who were regarded with either fear or hope, according to whether the caller was anxious to say nothing which could be "misrepresented," or was desirous of hearing something not exactly creditable of how Mrs. B———'s husband made his money or Mrs. C———'s husband lost his position.

There was a certain inquisitiveness about the genuine Old Maid's nature, which was highly amusing when it was not irritating. There was Miss Charlotte King, who had a positive genius for discovering details of family history or matters of household economy. She would have made an excellent income in the modern world as a private detective, while, as a journalist, she would have had a "scoop" every day. She called constantly at the dressmaker's in order to find out just what parties were about to be given and what journeys to be undertaken; she made every business call on butcher, baker or grocer an occasion for finding out what her neighbors were buying, and why. All this curiosity was without envy or malice—it was merely a case of wasted energy. In these days, Miss Charlotte would have been invaluable in the country's service and would have proved a veritable artist in espionage. No pro-German could have escaped her eye, no Teutonic propaganda could have deceived her ear.

There was the Old Maid who rejoiced in church work and who joined every association connected with religious activity, until she became a positive nuisance to the minister. There was Miss Harriet Baird, for instance, who was nicknamed the "assistant pastor" of Knox Church, and who was ready to advise pastor and elders concerning every change in service or officers. She was organist in the Sunday School, a prominent official in the Missionary Society, a member of the choir and an organizer in every movement which aimed at the betterment of Mapletown. Finally she awoke to the fact that the place was without a Humane Society—and she turned all her energies to protecting cats and dogs and writing to the papers about drivers who beat their horses. The small boys of Mapletown—always the sworn foes of the genuine Old Maid—used to tell her horrible tales of cruelty and let Miss Harriet's righteous wrath reach its height before revealing that "there was no such cat"—and, anyway, they couldn't remember the names of the boys who had stoned it. Mapletown heaved a sigh of relief when Miss Harriet's activities were ended by a fatal attack of typhoid fever, and on her tombstone is the inscription: "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."

The Departure of the Old Maid.

The expression, "Old Maid," has come to be recognized as belonging to a type rather than to an individual. It implies a Martha-ish tendency to be careful over many things, and to sacrifice the spirit to the letter. In fact, the expression, "a perfect old maid," frequently finds itself attached to a man who insists on fussing.

(*Continued on page* 53.)

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

A Wonder Child and Clever Mother

By THOMAS BENGOUGH,
Secretary, Toronto Vocational Committee.

How Winifred Stoner with her Marvelous Memory, Physical Perfection and Musical and Linguistic Ability was Trained---Interview with her Clever Mother---Hints on "Natural Education" for Other Mothers

It was my unique pleasure on a recent Saturday afternoon to shake hands with and talk to a child-wonder, and to interview "the most wonderful woman of the age," according to the opinion of Mr. S. S. McClure, the New York publisher, who says that Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner will "revolutionize education throughout the world." Such a testimony is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that Mr. McClure was the man who introduced the Montessori system into America. By the way, Mr. McClure had been to Rome to see Doctoressa Montessori only a few weeks before I called upon that lady, and he anticipated my own desire, and secured the copyright on the now-famous Montessori method of teaching. But that's another story, as Kipling would say.



Winifred Stoner, the child wonder.

I might here add that the ideals of Miss Montessori and Mrs. Stoner differ entirely on one point, which Mrs. Stoner thinks is fundamental in child-training; that is, the Italian lady bases her system on facts, and taboos fairy stories, while Mrs. Stoner sets so much store by the fairies that the password leading into her methods is: "I believe in fairies." If you don't believe in fairies, you can't accomplish the wonderful results Mrs. Stoner has achieved, and which I am about to relate. It was amusing to me, a mere man, who was not brought up in the fairy cult, to see Mrs. Stoner give Mrs. Groves the grip, signal and recognition of Fairyland; and when Mrs. Groves recited some of her fairy verses, Mrs. Stoner arched still more emphatically her wonderfully artistic eyebrows and exclaimed, "Why, you are one of us! We should have met long ago!" Mrs. Stoner was delighted when Mrs. Groves consented to preside at her lecture that evening.

Then my turn came for a chat with the mother, and an introduction to the girl.

The Child-Wonder, Winifred Stoner, Junior.

You think of a small, thin, delicate girl, with pale face, soulful eyes, peering through short-sight glasses, and a far-away look—ethereal, psychic, sickly because of over-study. Guess again! Nothing of the kind; quite the contrary. This 15-year-old young athlete weighs over 140, and is quite as keen on physical games and sports as on study. She rows, skates, fences, swims, rides horseback, and can hold her own in feats of strength with the average boy a year or two older than herself. One of the illustrations in a booklet issued by her publishers shows her in a glove-boxing contest with the male champion of the Southern States, and exhibits her remarkable physique. My medical friend who saw this picture was astonished to note that Winifred has the classic Greek development of body—the neck, upper arm and calves being precisely equal in girth. This strikingly illustrates the fact that Natural Education improves the body no less than the mind. Many scientists and educators declare Winifred to be the most wonderfully developed girl in America. Note her remarkable attainments, and the periods at which they were made:

At 6 weeks she could sit alone.

At 6 months could talk and knew colors.

At 8 months could walk unassisted.

At 1 year used polysyllables in conversation.

At 16 months could read.

At 3 years learned musical notes and played simple airs on the piano.

At 4 years learned Latin declensions and conjugations as singing exercises; received diploma for speaking, reading and writing Esperanto; wrote on the typewriter.

At 5 years wrote stories for newspapers, spoke 8 languages, translated Mother Goose into Esperanto rhyme.

At 7 years learned the outlines of Greek, Roman and Scandinavian mythology.

At 9 years passed entrance examinations of one of the largest Western Universities.

At 12 years was ready for graduation work in any university in the United States; she plays the violin and piano well; sketches from life; is an expert chess-player; and in addition to the sporting "stunts" I have mentioned, she can also help mother with any household task—and loves to do so.

Of course, a girl with such a combination of attractions — physical, mental, linguistic —has hosts of admirers among the youth of the opposite sex; she had had seven such who called during the afternoon on which I met her; but she can hold her own with any of them, and before her mother's audience in the evening was perfectly self-possessed, as well as very entertaining. She recited "Mother Goose" and other selections in Esperanto. She is perfectly normal, natural,



Mrs. Stoner, whose experiment in educating her daughter is told in this article.

(Continued on following page.)

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.



The Why of the Lather

IT is the Ivory lather that makes Ivory Soap so satisfactory for bath and toilet. It is thick, copious, lively; this is because it is one tiny bubble after another instead of a thin, slimy soap solution.

It does not irritate the skin; this is because Ivory Soap contains no free alkali to smart and burn.

It rinses easily; this is because Ivory Soap contains no unsaponified oil to make it stick to the skin.

It cleanses thoroughly; this is because Ivory Soap is so pure.

You owe it to yourself to see how Ivory Soap lathers, how Ivory lather feels and how Ivory lather acts.

IVORY SOAP



IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada



She's gone!



If war work has summoned daughter from the home, or the maid to the munition factory, there are busier times than ever ahead—for women who stay at home. You need all the time-saving helps you can get hold of. See how Gold Dust helps out day by day:

Monday

Besides being laundry day, means 'picking up' and freshening the house after Sunday. Gold Dust takes care of the 'wiping up' of kitchen and bathroom, removes finger prints from woodwork and windows because it quickly and gently dissolves all oil and grease. A tablespoonful to half a pail of water.

Tuesday

After the ironing is out of the way there is time for such little odd jobs as cleaning cut glass and bric-a-brac, mirrors, windows, glass globes, lamp shades. They all sparkle like diamonds after an easy application of Gold Dust and hot water.

Wednesday

After baking there must always be a general clean-up of utensils. Gold Dust dissolves the grease quicker than soap—important to remember after shortening has been used. No soapy taste left behind.

Thursday

—is Gold Dust day for bathrooms. Gold Dust smoothly—without scratching, gently dissolves all oil and grease and quickly removes dark circles and stained rims from bath-tubs and bowls. Remember, too, to flush out the pipes with hot water in which you have dissolved a tablespoonful of Gold Dust.

Friday On sweeping day a cloth dipped in Gold Dust water freshens and purifies door sills and window sills, dark nooks and crannies, and corners of rooms and other places hard to reach where 'oily dust' sticks. A tablespoonful of Gold Dust to half a pail of hot water performs sanitary wonders, for dirt simply can't stick after Gold Dust gets rid of every particle of oil or grease.

Saturday

means extra cooking for over Sunday and the final clean-up of kitchen and kitchen utensils as well. Gold Dust freshens the ice box to receive Sunday's supplies with no danger of soap left behind. A tablespoonful to a dishpan or half a pail of water accomplishes a wonderful amount of sweet cleansing.



GOLD DUST

The Busy Cleaner

MADE IN CANADA

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED, MONTREAL



Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work.



Meet me at the TULLER for value, service, home comforts

New Hotel Tuller

Detroit, Mich.

Center of business on Grand Circus Park
Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Ave.

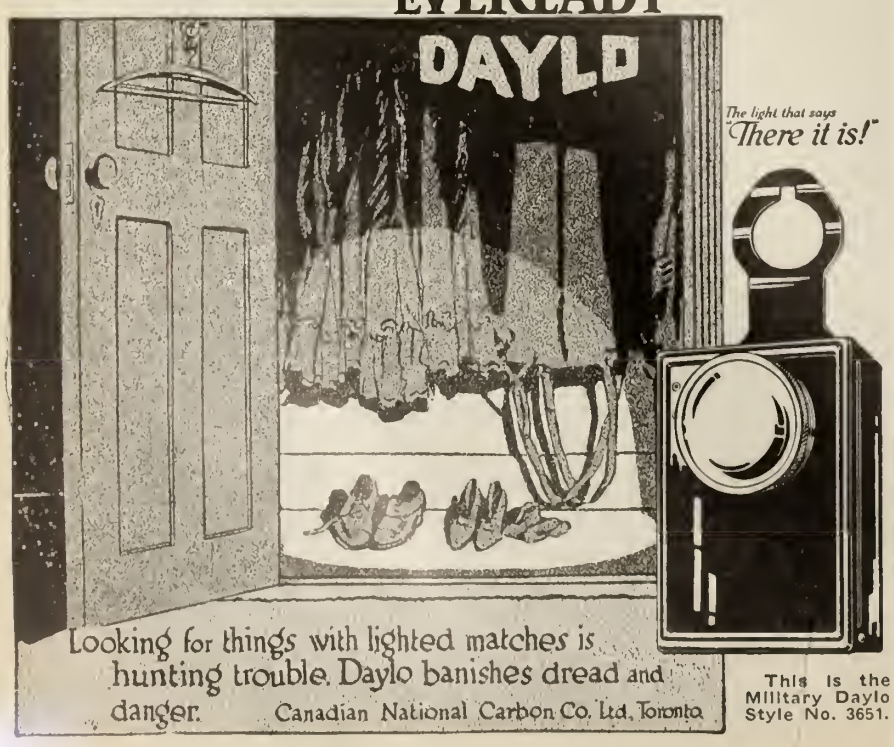
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

200 Rooms, Private Bath, $1.50 Single, $3.00 Up Double
200 Rooms, Private Bath, $2.00 Single, $3.00 Up Double
100 Rooms, Private Bath, $2.50 Single, $4.00 Up Double
100 Rooms, Private Bath, $3.50-$5.00 Single, $4.50 Up Double.

Total 600 Outside Rooms. All Absolutely Quiet.

Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms. New Unique Cafe and Cabaret Excellente.

EVEREADY DAYLO



The light that says "There it is!"

Looking for things with lighted matches is hunting trouble. Daylo banishes dread and danger.

Canadian National Carbon Co. Ltd. Toronto

This is the Military Daylo Style No. 3651.

A Wonder Child and Clever Mother

(Continued from preceding page.)

without egotism or self-consciousness, happy and joyous; in short, an ideal girl.

How the Girl Was Trained by Mother.

Winifred's mother is still a young woman; one of those bright, enthusiastic women whom it is a delight to meet. Every fibre in her being tingles with enthusiastic life; her cheeks glow with unusual color, which heightens the impression of her exquisite complexion—she was born in Kent, England; her eyes flash with magnetic intelligence. Her smile is catching; she believes smiling is a joyous duty. These natural qualities, which she has improved by practice, make her teaching, her conversation, her public addresses most attractive and compelling. Not many children have such mothers as this remarkable girl happily possesses. Mrs. Stoner has written nine books, has taught Esperanto at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg; has been making educational experiments for years, and had been teaching the blind in Montreal just before coming to Toronto on her way home to Pittsburg, where her husband, Dr. H. James B. Stoner, is connected with the United States Marine Hospital.

I told Mrs. Stoner that I wanted an outline of her system of training, so that the mothers and teachers who read my articles in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL could profit by her experiments. I asked her, firstly, why she called her system "Natural Education," when it seemed to produce such unnatural—at least unusual—results.

"It is called Natural Education," she replied, "because it means education from the first breath to the last; education that is practical and useful, that makes a child feel 'at home' in his or her environment; it is 'playing with a purpose.' All is expression, not repression; joyous service, happiness, harmonious development of body, mind and soul."

Philosophy and Method of Natural Education.

"But what is the secret of its success?" I queried.

"The ten commandments of Natural Education indicate its philosophy. Here they are." And she handed me a card saying:—

Thou shalt not whip.
Thou shalt not scold.
Thou shalt not say "Don't."
Thou shalt not say "Must."
Thou shalt not say "I can't."
Thou shalt not frighten thy child.
Thou shalt not tease.
Thou shalt not kill self-respect.
Thou shalt not refuse to answer questions.
Thou shalt not banish fairies from the home.

"On these principles little Winifred was trained, and the result of the methods is most gratifying. In the School of Natural Education, New York, of which I am director, 500 children have been trained by this method, and have been pronounced by psychologists to be exceptional. Recently this school was visited by expert psychologists from Yale and Harvard Universities, and the tots from age two to eight were put through a severe list of 180 questions covering geography, history, etc., and came off with flying colors."

"But what is the method?" I pursued.

"We boil down the essence of knowledge into jingles, and the children delight to learn and repeat them. Our school children, not yet eight years old, know the essential points of the history of Canada better than your ordinary Canadian school children of twelve and over, because we don't try to teach the great mass of details, and the points we want to impress are put in pleasant and easily digested form—a jingle. You remember how you learned the months of the year by jingling—

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.

Well, we just keep on jingling other facts into the children's minds. Better still, they learn these jingles while they are doing something that is useful and healthful. Instead of going through calisthenic motions with the old-time 1, 2, 3; 1, 2, 3, we set the motions to a tune, hitch up a jingle, and brighten up the whole exercise, making it a delightful game instead of monotonous drudgery. We have a Trip to the North Pole that brings in all the facts about that country, the climate, the people and their habits, etc.; and this Trip is one of the most vigorous and delightful physical exercises you could imagine. When I join in this game I kick as high as my head. We encourage enthusiasm, naturalness, freedom, and the children take the greatest delight in such a Trip. Winifred has compiled a book called 'Facts in Jingles,' which contains the rhymes my little girl, when only twelve, wrote to help her fix in mind important facts, dates, etc., in history, science, etc. The little tots in our school learn Latin roots in jingles; they have one rhyme beginning, "Leo, the lion, most savage of beasts," and going on with the root-name of other animals."

Mrs. Stoner showed me the only textbook on Geography she uses; it comprises about twenty small sheets of typewritten jingles. Yet the little children answered all the questions of the learned professors, for they have the facts, names, dates, etc., at their tongues' end in jingle language.

Mother Cat's Tail Gave Teaching Tips.

Mrs. Stoner studied pedagogy with old Mother Cat. She observed that Mother Cat does not turn her children over to aunts, grandmothers or hirelings, but teaches them herself, and plays with them for a purpose. Tail-catching is the first game; it trains muscles that later will catch mice and rats, and make the kittens self-reliant. When they play they play vitally—and then lie down and rest. There is no pretence. Old Mother Cat is closely (though all unconsciously) observing these five objective points of natural education:—

(1) OBSERVATION—they watch mother do it.
(2) ACTIVE INTEREST—they are intensely eager to do it.
(3) CONCENTRATION—for the time being they know nothing but tail-catching.
(4) IMITATION—they do the way mother does.
(5) EXPLORATION — they investigate and invent new ways of tail-catching.

This wise human mother applied these principles of natural education to her child, with the remarkable results noted.

"But what can the ordinary mother do?" I asked Mrs. Stoner.

"Every mother of average intelligence can make her child far more efficient—and herself, too. Play and love are the secrets of the remarkable results I have achieved with Winifred. All mothers who love their children can train them, and should do the training for the first few years, and thus relieve the overcrowded public schools. A child, if it is to be above the average, must have individual training. Nature intended every mother to be a kindergartner. This better training does not require any more time than the average mother spends with her child, but let her spend it intelligently and happily, playing to a purpose; make every task a game; this takes the drudgery out of life, and makes 40-year-old mothers look like 20. Do everything possible to make the child interested in things worth while. Stimulate the child's curiosity, and then satisfy it. Always answer that everlasting 'Why'?"

What a Baby Can Learn.

"How soon would you recommend the mother to begin this training?"

"Begin natural education the day of a child's birth—and before. As soon as the mother knows that the fairies are to bring her a baby, every breath she draws should be one of love. It is the mother's privilege to give her child a heritage of courage, strength, health, good cheer and love. She should prepare for this by eating pure food, drinking no stimulants, breathing and exercising much in the open air, and—most important of all—by thinking beautiful thoughts and doing kind deeds. She should make her surroundings as beautiful as possible, for we grow beautiful by looking at beautiful things with seeing eyes. I believe in the old philosopher who said, 'If you have but two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a rose.'"

"And having made such a good beginning, how shall the mother proceed?"

"When baby is but a few days old, let mother begin with a purpose by training the senses—eye and ear—first. Those first weeks and months must not be lost, and the child should be treated as a human being from the start. A child is not hurt, but is all the better, for having body, mind and soul all trained

(Continued on page 37.)

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.



To make your skin fine in texture
- lovely even when seen closely

MANY a face that is attractive at a glance, loses all its charm when seen closely.

For your face to be truly lovely, even when seen closely, the texture of your skin must be fine and smooth, the pores should be *hardly visible.*

Take your mirror in hand, now, and examine your skin closely by the strong light. Notice the pores on the cheek, on the chin, on the wings of the nose. Compare them with the pores on the inner surface of your arm.

The skin of your face is more exposed to wind and dust and cold than any other part of the body. Its delicate pores contract and expand under the influence of cold and heat. Irritating dust is carried into them. They clog up and become enlarged. If you neglect your skin, it becomes in time quite coarse. The pores lose their power to contract again.

This is why it is so important, in order to keep your skin fine in texture, to use the proper method of cleansing and stimulating it with a soap prepared especially to meet its needs.

This famous treatment has helped others: Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a *piece of ice.* Always dry carefully.

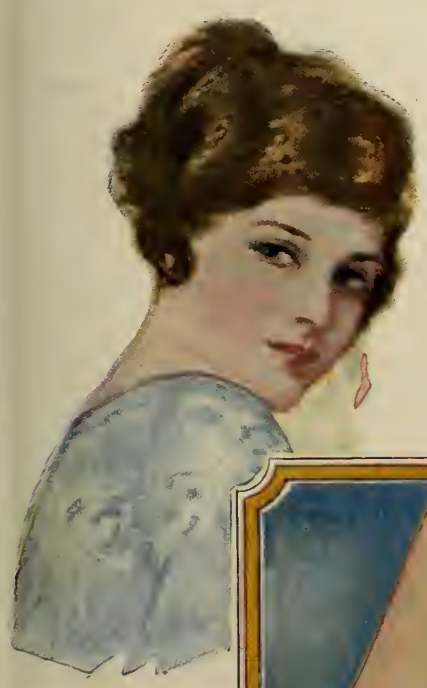
Use this treatment persistently

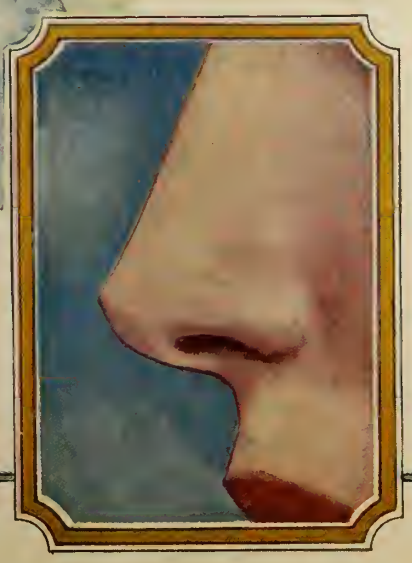
This treatment, if used persistently, will strengthen the small muscular fibres and gradually rebuild a smooth-textured skin. Within a week or ten days you will notice an improvement, but, remember that you cannot correct in a day what years of neglect have caused. Only the *steady* use of Woodbury's will give you that greater smoothness and finer texture you *can* have.

For a month or six weeks of this treatment and for general cleansing use for that time, you will find that the 25c cake of Woodbury's is ample. Get a cake, and begin tonight the proper treatment for your skin. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

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If you are troubled with blackheads, try the treatment given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. It tells you the cause of blackheads and how to get rid of them





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Conspicuous nose pores sometimes spoil an otherwise flawless complexion. A special treatment for reducing conspicuous nose pores is among the famous treatments given in the booklet you get with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Send for sample cake with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited 5211 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.**

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Pond's Cold Cream has exactly the consistency demanded by masseurs







One application of Pond's Vanishing Cream makes your skin noticeably lovely

Every day your complexion pays toll to dust and wind

BUT WITH THESE TWO CREAMS YOU CAN KEEP IT RADIANTLY LOVELY

Begin early in the season to apply Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you put on your veil and you will find your complexion keeps its pliancy, its brilliancy throughout the most trying weather

THE rough, cold winds chap and roughen the skin; dry heated air draws and parches it. The constant strain under which we live—the ceaseless activity of crowded days, the constant effort, the lack of rest—all these things take daily toll of the complexion.

You *can* protect your complexion from the wear and tear of winter—can prevent that tired, drawn look from appearing in your face, by giving your skin the care it needs.

Every normal skin needs two entirely different creams

It constantly needs a greaseless cream to refresh, soften and keep it elastic, and at night it needs an oil cream for cleansing and massage.

Try these two creams on your own skin and see how different they are.

When you dress, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your face and neck before powdering. See how gladly the pores absorb it—your complexion becomes soft, healthfully rosy and refreshed. The cream completely disappears, leaving the skin soft, smooth and free from any "shiny" look.





(Photo by Lumière Studio)

Norma Talmadge, who needs no introduction to theatre-goers, says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream leaves my skin refreshed and clear"





(Photo by Campbell Studio)

Mabel Taliaferro, famous since her wonderful "Polly of the Circus," says: "I never knew a cream could make my skin look so well"

This fragrant, dewy cream contains a skin-softening ingredient of great value – that one that skin specialists recognize as most efficient in keeping the skin supple, for giving it the transparent freshness everyone admires.

Apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream when you motor or travel. Rub it in lightly. This will protect the sensitive pores from grit and grime, will keep your skin free from that parched feeling that generally follows exposure to dust and dirt.

For cleansing and massage you need an oil cream

Pond's Cold Cream is an *oil* cream.

Much of the value of a cleansing and massage cream depends on its consistency. Unless it is easy to work into the pores, it does not thoroughly benefit the skin. The moment you use Pond's Cold Cream, you will exclaim at its delightful softness and smoothness.

Do not expect one cream to accomplish the gratifying results you can attain by the use of these two *entirely different* creams. Neither cream will cause the growth of hair—both are obtainable at drug and department stores. Get a tube or jar of each today and try them. See how their use will improve your skin.

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The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

By BETTY O'HARA.

Story of the Department of Occupational Therapy for the Education of the Soldiers

"IT'S just perfectly great," and four happy faces appeared at the door of the Occupational Therapy work room of the Mining Building of the University of Toronto. "You know," one of them continued, "we were only supposed to teach those soldiers for an hour, and would you believe it, two hours slipped away before we felt as if we had got fairly started. I don't know what they will say about it, but the work was so interesting, and the soldiers so eager to learn, and they actually wanted to finish those baskets this very day. Somehow or other, the time just seemed to fly, and we couldn't keep track of it. And as to watches, we forgot we possessed such a thing," and they continued to murmur in undertones to an appreciative audience which hovered near for the next ten minutes, girls who were anxious to know what it would be like to work in a real military hospital.

These girls belonged to the class of Occupational Therapy which the Government is now establishing in the Canadian military hospitals. It is the method they are using to help the men win back some of the lost ambition and enthusiasm which months of dull, monotonous hospital life, the suffering and consequent disabilities, have brought about.

Not that the soldiers are taught this work as a future means of livelihood; far from it. The work is a pastime which strengthens weak muscles and helps nervous and shell-shocked men back to health and strength. "You see," one of the instructors of this work said to me, "the massage sisters, the V.A.D.'s and the nursing sisters all help to cure suffering and pain, but the girls of the Occupational Therapy try to make the men forget all that just for a little while." He is a returned man himself, and he knows.

The room in which the girls do most of their work is a very interesting place. Baskets of all shapes and sizes in their various stages of development stood on the tables. Trays, yes, hosts of them, made of wicker with dainty cretonne, stood around in inviting array, all ready for the dainty sugars and creams, and should we dare to hint such a thing in war time, "afternoon tea." Handsome book-racks and other examples of woodcarving and leather work reposed with dignified aloofness in a corner all their own, while a green parrot and a bright little bluebird, carved and painted as garden-markers, were on guard just beside the door.

It seems queer, when we think of it, that these heroes of many battles should be taught this work or take any interest in it. But they really enjoy it, and I have often seen them work at some of these pastimes in their own account. I was rather surprised the other day, in one of the bed patients' wards, to see one of the men busily engaged in embroidery work. "How did you come to start that work?" I asked him, my curiosity getting the better of me. "You see, the time here goes so slowly, and my leg pains rather badly sometimes, so I thought this would give me something else to think about," and he looked up with a smile. "I am copying from that," and he directed my gaze to a little Union Jack which decorated the top of another patient's bed, and I must say the stitches were so even that many girls could not have made such a success of it. "Sister, will you buy me four skeins of Teazle wool; I want to make a scarf," and a good-natured Irish face smiled up into mine. When that scarf was finished, the girl to whom it was given must have been proud of it. So you see, the men are sometimes interested enough in that sort of work to try a hand at it themselves.



Uniform worn by girls studying Occupational Therapy.

The studies the Government is providing for students of this course are not so numerous, but the girl who would make a success of this work must not stop studying when the course is finished. The other day I actually saw one of the men making a ukulele under the direction of one of the aides, and it looked as useful as it was ornamental, too. The study on which stress is laid is all kinds of leather work, book-binding, basketry and bead work. The bed-side loom is very popular among the bed patients, although basket-weaving is a close second.

Besides this practical work, the girls are given one lecture a day on hospital problems, and they are also qualified to teach stenciling, metal and wood work, blocking, lettering and designing.

The girls are given six weeks' training in the work. They are then sent to the hospitals, and do half-time practical work and half-time teaching. This is continued until they are considered capable to carry-on by themselves, when they are sent to the hospital in which they will be stationed permanently. The course is about six months in all.

This work differs from all the other work done by girls in the military hospitals, on account of being under the control of the Invalid Soldiers' Commission, and not the Army Medical Corps, as is the other work. The uniform now being worn is illustrated in the cut, the working-dress having a long veil like that of the nursing sisters, and the great-coat for winter wear is an attractive dark green with leather buttons, and made along military lines to some extent. The girls, as in the other courses, are obliged to sign up for a year after the completion of their training, and for girls who do not care for work in a medical line, but would like to enter a military hospital, it gives the desired opportunity.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I would like very much to take a course in Functional Re-Education, but I cannot afford to pay my board while taking the training. Does the Government give any subsistence?

A. B., Winnipeg.

While taking your training at Hart House in Functional Training you are given a subsistence allowance which is quite ample and enough to supply all your wants while in training, although after you have finished your course you are not given as much. Ten dollars a month is given, and a very small amount a day for subsistence. You could not depend on it to completely cover your board bill, as it is not sufficient.

We would like to do some war work. What would you suggest for a Sunday School class? Blenheim, Ont.

How would you like to adopt a couple of Belgian children? If your class could make a small amount of money, I do not think you could put it to better use. Three dollars and seventy cents per month keeps one child. Not much, is it, when you come to think of it? This is looked after by the Belgian Relief Committee. I am sure your class would be industrious enough to make a few clothes for the children, too, as the winter will bring untold suffering to the little Belgians. If you decide to proceed with this, I will give you the names of a couple of children.

Could you please tell me how long the V.A.D.'s are obliged to sign up?

J. C. L., Vancouver.

V.A.D.'s in Canada must sign up for six months after their probation, which is one month.

We would like to have the names of some Canadian soldiers who are prisoners in Germany, so we can send them parcels and write letters to them. Would you please forward the same?

ELVA and EVA.

I am sorry that it is impossible to forward you the names of prisoners in Germany, as this is all taken out of the hands of the public, and is looked after by the society for that purpose. The only way you can send parcels to Germany now is to send the money to the Prisoners of War Fund, 1416 Cockspur St., London, S.W., Eng., and they buy whatever the prisoners need and send it direct.

We live in a very small town, and there is no particular war work accomplished. There are so many troop trains going through here, and generally stopping at our junction, that it impresses me that there must be work that we could accomplish even in our small town. Could you suggest anything?

D. R.

Why do you not inaugurate a canteen service for the soldiers who are going through? A club of girls could do some valuable work in that line by

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An Afternoon on The Aventine

By E. A. TAYLOR.

A Little Trip to Italy and a Glimpse at Her Customs and History

"Come and have breakfast with us to-morrow," the Contessa wrote. "I want you to meet my aunt from the North—Signora Reni. She belongs to our Italy's heroic age, and often met your Margaret Fuller, our Marchesa Ossoli."

Now, Margaret Fuller, the brilliant New England writer, does not in any sense belong to me or my country, which is Canada, but Contessa del Noti has the education of a better-class Italian girl of a generation back, when they seemed to have learned to be most economical housekeepers, also to have the most charming manners of any women in the world, and a few accomplishments, like music and dancing—and very little else. I fancy my particular friends, the three contessinas, Celia, Stefana and Lella, are being taught many things their mother never was, but I hope, with all their book-knowledge, they will learn as much as she knows of things not in books.

Noon is the Italian hour for breaking one's fast—the Contessa's time was one—and as I walked across the old city to the Aventine Hill, where my hostess lived, I passed many dark-eyed, strong-limbed laborers, sitting in the streets eating their lunch, as we would call it, though it was their first meal that day; they had done hard work since early morn on nothing but a drink of water. Richer men had gone to their offices after a thimbleful of coffee, while the children started for school on a cup of milk Exceedingly temperate and economical, Italy has two meals a day—breakfast any time between ten and one, and dinner somewhere near sunset. And judging by the vigor and grace in the figures of men, women and children I passed simple living does not seem to harm them. Then the food of my laborer friends is only a huge slice of cold, well-boiled polenta (a flour food, of the macaroni class), with a hunk of hard bread and a big onion to give relish to the whole. For supper they will probably have a very toothsome vegetable soup, which, as it takes three hours to cook properly, will not probably ever be used in countries that appear to prefer to spend time in indigestion after eating, rather than in careful preparing of simple foods before. Meat is only eaten by the poorer people here on special occasions.

Then I reached the Aventine, where the air was perfumed by the orange trees in the beautiful gardens of Santa Sabina and the Priorato. I stopped for a minute by the splashing fountains among the blossoming roses, to look across the Tiber and a part of old Rome, for the Aventine is one of the famous seven hills on which the great city, which "ruled over the kings of the earth," was built. I have often thought there were three Romes—first, the ancient city of history, about which a thousand books have been written, and whose ruins draw a steady stream of visitors to the Eternal City. Second, there is Rome of the mighty Church, which held the wild Europe of the Dark Ages a little in the fear of God; hers is the glory of great churches and galleries of art, and to her also come an army of visitors, pilgrims to the shrines of their religion or art. The third Rome is very detached from the other two, and is of little interest to visitors, being an ordinary modern city, the capital of a very modern country—united Italy. And it was in this last Rome that I was to spend my afternoon on the Aventine.

Back of the gardens, on a narrow street without sidewalks, is the Palazzo Noti, one of those enormous square stone buildings that make up so much of Rome. It is three hundred years old, and its lower windows are all barred with iron. I pushed open the great

(*Continued on page* 23.)

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.



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Those women who enjoy making beautiful things for self or friends (Christmas is very near) will find in our catalogue hints that will help.

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Music and the Home Beautiful

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

The Development of the Phonograph from its First Crude Form to its Present Magnificent Design

THERE is one development of the modern recording and reproducing instruments, that, while it has no direct connection with music as an art, has much to do with music in the home. Illustrations, which accompany this article, show the extent to which they have become a factor in the movement which is widely described as "The Home Beautiful."

The effort to make domestic surroundings more attractive in an aesthetic sense, is almost as modern as the reproducing instrument itself. True, there have always been wealthy men who took a deep delight in constructing palatial homes for themselves, and filling them with rare and beautiful objects. But the great mass of the public,—the people of moderate means,—paid little attention to the matter of making their homes aesthetically attractive or tasteful. At certain periods the homes of average people and even of poor people, have been rich in bits of furniture and other objects, that were really graceful and precious; and which command very high prices to-day. But the people who originally made them and acquired them were quite unconscious of their artistic importance. We may be sure that the Pilgrim Fathers and the early settlers of Canada had no real apprehension of the charm and grace of the grandfather's clocks, and spinning wheels and settles, which command so high a price to-day. Otherwise they would, no doubt, have thought them sinful. The early missionaries of California who designed the Mission furniture which so appeals to modern taste by virtue of its simplicity of line had little thought of artistic effect. They, like the early settlers in other parts of this continent, aimed at utility and achieved art.

They achieved art for the reason that the good workman is usually an unconscious artist; and in the times when all household furnishings and objects of use were made by hand, a surprising aggregate of beautiful articles was accumulated in the homes of the people; which connoisseurs seek out and pay high prices for, to-day.

With the age of machinery, this production of charming things born of the instinct and enthusiasm of the hard-worker ceased almost entirely. That is why Ruskin, and other writers of the nineteenth century, railed in and out of season at machinery. Machinery turned out by the hundred sections of chairs and tables in the time that it took the old hand-workers to make one. No attention was paid to questions of simplicity and beauty. The effort was to make a cheap article as quickly as possible and fill a popular demand. There was no general resentment at this change and people filled their homes with ugly things, just as readily and just as unconsciously as their fathers and mothers had gathered things that we now regard as precious.

Then came creeping in the aesthetic movement, the desire for the home beautiful, which finds its expression in countless domestic interiors to-day, and has for its organs many publications on both sides of the Atlantic. With it came the surprisingly simple discovery that it is just as easy to make a graceful and artistic thing by machinery as to make an ugly one. Incidentally the discovery of the preciousness of hardwood; its possibilities in the creation of rich surfaces attractive to the eye, was only made by the public at large, when hardwood itself, began to be expensive.

Nowadays the young couple setting up a home, the matron who is re-furnishing the living room, the wealthy man who is building himself a house, deliberately think of aesthetic considerations; and are willing to get along with fewer articles, in order that those which they do possess themselves of, may satisfy the eye by their simplicity and grace. This modern movement, coming but little before the allied movement for music in the home, has had a direct bearing on the manufacture of musical instruments.



The phonograph of other days, ugly and clumsy.

This is true not merely of the reproducing machines, but of all classes of musical instruments. All manufacture, even that of hardwood, has been affected by the aesthetic impulse. There are, of course, certain musical instruments which cannot be made artistic objects. It would be impossible, for instance, to make a cornet of appealing appearance; while on the other hand the lines of a violin have always possessed a certain ineradicable grace. The old-fashioned grand piano of the days of our youth was not an attractive object to the eye; and now the chief value of such of them as survive, lies in the hardwood they contain, which may be sawn up for other uses. It was a cumbrous object which occupied an inordinate amount of space in the average room. An improvement came with the upright piano, with its simple lines and adaptability to spacious effect. It was capable of becoming the vehicle of decorative effect and incorporated into keeping with a general scheme of furnishing in a certain wood; so that the tones of the piano-case did not clash with those of the table, the chairs, and the writing desk. If you glance over the catalogue of the average piano manufacturer to-day you will note how careful he is to offer a variety of lines which may come within the decorative scheme that the man who is furnishing a new house or even a single apartment, may have in mind.



A modern phonograph of English Gothic design.



An oak hand-carved instrument, copied after a famous English piece.

So also with the reproducing instruments. In their beginnings they were frankly ugly; but people were so delighted with and interested in the new invention that they did not mind. Glance for a moment at the picture showing an early model of a talking or singing machine. Certainly it would not be chosen for its decorative possibilities. Plainly, with the increasing favor of such machines in the eyes of the public, there grew up a demand for a model that would look well in a room, or that at any rate would not be an eyesore or interfere with the general charm of a well considered interior effect. The manufacturers were quick to see their opportunity; and soon the early models were succeeded by neat and graceful affairs in mahogany, walnut and "mission" woods, in which the reproducing machine was housed and drawers and cupboards for records for needles, appliances and records were included.

There is no doubt that this effort to make the reproducing instrument a thing pleasing to the eye, has been fruitful of good results for music itself. It has induced many a woman to admit such machines to her drawing room who would not have tolerated them had they been permitted to retain exclusively their original form and aspect.

There is almost no limit to what can be done in the matter of developing the reproducing instruments in a decorative sense. The mechanism itself is comparatively small and compact, but in the housing of it the freest play may be given to imaginative decoration and handicraft; and the choicest materials utilized. The skilled wood-carver has a vehicle which gives him a very full opportunity to exercise his art; while there is a great range in what can be done in the use of inlaid woods and various materials to produce a decorative effect. The wealthy man who wishes it, may have a case specially constructed to match the particular period in which his music room or his drawing room is designed.

Certain of the manufacturers, seized of these possibilities, have gone to remarkable lengths in this direction. Two pieces illustrated herewith are a demonstration of this fact. In one we see a cabinet in the English Gothic style, actually copied from an old piece of furniture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, hand-carved in oak and "antiqued." That is to say, the wood has been high lighted to reproduce the marks of time; a trick which is frequently used in fabrication of alleged old furniture; but which in the case of an obviously modern affair like a phonograph cabinet is perfectly legitimate. The other, which is narrower in width, and to the taste of the writer even more attractive, is also in the English Gothic style, copied from a famous museum piece, hand-carved in oak, and treated in the same fashion. Though these English Gothic pieces have been chosen for illustration, because of their essentially picturesque qualities, there is no school of cabinet making, carving and decoration that cannot be imitated with equal facility.

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Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

An Afternoon on the Aventine

(*Continued from page* 21.)

doors and walked through a gloomy tunnel to a centre court, with the usual Roman fountain and shrubs. Then I opened a door into a great marble hall, desolate and dusty-looking, with a grand white staircase leading up, past two floors of huge marble rooms, sixteen feet high, and too large ever to look furnished. These were all rented to wealthy foreigners, but between mortgages and the heavy taxes that press on all Italy, they brought no revenue to the owners, who lived on part of the third floor. Here the marble gave place to tiled floors, and several cheerful Italian families had their homes. There was the noise of children home from school, and the smell of cooking food. And, turning an angle in the passage, I came on a lively scrimmage. A small, fat girl with a very flushed face was throwing a variety of articles at a boy, who dodged round and round her, chanting in the maddening style common to the small boys of all nations: "Lella's as ugly as sin, and she has a temper. Oh, my! So she shall have a German sposo (betrothed). Yes, she shall, a German sposo."

Two other small girls joined in the clamor—I was not sure on which side—and an older boy looked on, laughing at them all. Then a side door opened, and two women looked out, both in underskirts and dressing jackets—the Contessa del Noti and her cook, Giacinta. Giacinta is the only servant of the Notis; she is a stout, good-looking girl, who never wastes a crumb, and who would walk a mile any day to get the scrap of meat for dinner at one cent less, for, while economy may be a virtue in some countries, in Italy it is a passion. Giacinta is also a very good cook, but her wages are just nineteen dollars a year, and she often talks of "the America," where servants such as she get a year's wages every month. Yet I hope she won't emigrate, Here, she knows the Count's salary at the Post Office, where he works, and she takes the keenest interest in the pinching and scraping to add another franc to the little hoard for the three girls' dots. And the Contessa is so perfect a lady in every sense that, though she confides so much to her cook, yet the girl never presumes on it. To keep Giacinta as perfect a servant as she is here, she would need as perfect a mistress.

"Ercole," began the Contessa, in placid reproof of her youngest son, then seeing me, she came forward, not in the least embarrassed at being found by a visitor in undress, helping her cook. Then I was escorted to the salon, a big, bare room, with red tiled floor, and furnished with an old mahogany table, a stiff row of chairs to match; also there is a piano and a few pictures. There was no fireplace, the kitchen being the only room capable of being warmed, and there, except when there is company, the family eat, with the cook.

Giacinta pointed to a picture of a girl with very smooth black hair, and a face that was pleasant and strong rather than beautiful, who sat by a great harp, her fingers caressing its strings. "The Signora Reni, when she was a Signorina," said she, "and when she used to play the harp at concerts."

In the hall the children's voices rose shrill. I heard "sposo" often, and was not surprised, for in a perfectly matter of fact way Italian girls are brought up to get married, and their brothers must act as their chaperons. Indeed, Italy's comparatively high morality is largely due to a young girl's shame meaning that a reflection is cast on her brother, if she has one. Even among the poorest classes, many of the factory girls are met as they leave work by some fierce-eyed young man, who looks daggers at anyone he suspects of lacking in respect for "sorellina mia" (my sister), and as the unwritten law of the land would allow him to use literal daggers, if he thought there was need, to avenge an insult or wrong, it follows that young men are usually circumspect in their behavior. Also, if they have sisters themselves, accompanying them takes up much of their spare time.

So the Contessa's boys teased their sisters as to their future "sposos," but I did not understand the frequent and very uncomplimentary references to Germans. In this year—1912—Italy is firmly allied with her old enemy, Austria, and Germany. The alliance is a very good one for Italy from a political and business standpoint, yet the children at play heap contempt on their great ally, and as Giacinta sets the table she laughs and says: "Eh, Signor, but it was one of our own writers who said, 'The German need never paint a picture of the devil; to see his image, he has only to look into a mirror.'"

Children and servant girls do not represent the *thought* of a nation, but they may its *feelings*. And I wonder, should ever a great crisis come, if Italy would be swayed by her intelligence or her feelings.

Yet I wondered what Germany had done to be so despised, till a few contemptuous words from Giacinta threw some light on the subject—Italy, where the poorest classes guard the honor of their daughters jealously, is allied with the two European nations who are the most careless of their maidenkind. England may believe in and trust a beautiful, ideal German, but on the Continent they know better. I hear little Lella Noti shout in her baby treble, "I won't. I tell you I won't. I'll have a Turk sposo, or a Jew, as soon as a German."

Breakfast was ready—coffee, rolls, the tiniest pat of butter, a big dish of sorrel salad, and another with the three smallest cutlets that ever were. But meat is dear. I know the scraggy beef Giacinta has bought for dinner was a franc (twenty cents) a pound. It will be eaten to-night with pickled peppercorns and vegetables by the family, but the Contessa invites company to breakfast rather than the later meal, because she can set her table with so much less then. There is no land more heavily burdened with taxation than Italy, and certainly none where the people bear their burdens so lightly. Italy is a Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch in her brave enjoyment of poverty. "The taxes on land are often over sixty per cent. now," I remarked. "No wonder so many of your people were against this war in Tripoli, which is just over—war must raise taxes everywhere."

"I pray that we may never be at war again," cried the Contessa earnestly, for we are all at the table, the Contessa in a perfectly-fitting, plain dress, the color of mignonette blossom, and her aunt, a very stately old lady, in mauve and black lace. Signora Reni's hair is white, but I can still see a likeness to the girl with the harp who played to the men who made united Italy, and worshipped Garibaldi.

"Eh, it is hard to live in a land that must build battleships and keep up an army out of proportion to its means," said Signora Reni. "And it is much harder when war demands more from you of money and men. Yet the hardest of all is a peace like I have lived in—under Austria."

Dark memories made the fine old face look bleak for a moment, and I asked: "Was that in '48, Signora?"

"No, Signor, '48 was the year of our glory, when we felt the flame of which the 'Marseillaise' speaks, and not all the dark, terrible years that came after could quench it in our hearts. We were of Venice, but my father came with Tito, my brother, and I to Rome. The Pope ruled there then, and it was far better under him than to stay and see our land eaten up by those Tedeschi (Germans)."

"Surely, Signora, it was the Austrians that held North Italy, and 'pro-

(*Continued on page* 37.)



Music -- Nature's Great Tonic

WHEN evening comes and finds you weary, with jumpy nerves and the whole world out of tune, put on your slippers, pull up your favorite "comfy" chair in front of your own cosy fire, load the good old jimmy pipe and then turn on your Pathephone.

Away flies the haunting care, gone are the morbid fancies, soothed are the ragged nerves and in their place are comfort and sweet contentment.

In these Mighty Times an extra drain is placed on our endurance. We owe it to Ourselves, to our Country and to our Boys at the Front to **keep smiling,** MUSIC will help take the sting out of our worries and anxieties. An hour of music each day and we tackle our problems with new vigor and freshened outlook.

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Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

Ambassador Gerard Says:



"The German Armies were held only a few days, yet the delay of those few days changed the fortunes of the whole world."

The Belgian soldiers who held on those few days, died fighting. Their children are dying of slow starvation. It would be well to digest these two statements.

If we grasp what this situation means, we can SAVE Belgium—not by the sword, but by paying our debt in part.

A contribution of a few dollars, administered by the Canadian Bureau in Brussels, will restore health and strength to a little Belgian, now in the grip of pitiless starvation. Oh, it is hard to write calmly and sanely about a horror that is positively ghastly.

Growing children struggling along on a bowl of soup and two pieces of bread a day, furnished by United States loans to the Belgian Government. . . . . Poor little mites, what hope is there in such a ration of building flesh and bone? No wonder Consumption and Rickets stalk through the stricken land.



Through the Belgian Relief Fund, YOU can help to alleviate this horror for at least one little sufferer. You need not forego your three good meals a day to do it. Send in your contribution. Mark it "For the Belgian Children." And whatever you give, give quickly!

Make Cheques payable and send Contributions to

Belgian Relief Fund

(Registered under the War Charities Act)

to your Local Committee, or to

ONTARIO BRANCH BELGIAN RELIEF FUND,
95 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

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Belgian Children Suffer Privation

Terrible Conditions Confront the Children of Belgium

Suffering is the lot of the children of Belgium. Pale, emaciated, racked with pain and weak from hunger, mere ghosts of the children of pre-war days roam about the streets of the occupied towns, pleading pitifully for bread. In dark, cold cellars little tots seek shelter from the inclement weather and often death kindly intervenes to relieve the famished little ones lying curled up in these miserable shelters, and the one who died for want of food provides a repast—for the rats!

There are no words to paint the horrors impending over the heads of more than a million Belgian children. Like hunted things they avoid the light of publicity, so grievous is their anguish; and what they have suffered history never will tell. It may be well the story should be forgotten, for Christianity must feel the reproach of such things being possible in the twentieth century.

In Belgium the gift of life has come to be regarded only as a legacy of pain. Yet the children of Belgium cling to life with a passionate love, for they have heard their parents say all will be well and there will be sufficient food when the invader is driven from the country. But until that day all is pain, and the menace of starvation and disease is omnipresent.

"We have too much to let us die and too little to live on."

This excerpt from the letter of an unfortunate Belgian victim of German domination, epitomizes the food situation in his unhappy country. The general ration (a bowl of soup and two slices of bread a day), which is just too much to let the adult population of the country die, is insufficient to maintain life in the children. Their growing bodies require a more substantial fare. The soup and bread does not furnish them with the alimental stimulus necessary to them; it provides them with no reserve of physical strength to be called into service when disease lays its hand upon them. Therefore, many thousands of them have already succumbed to tuberculosis, rickets and other ills and many, many thousands more look Death in the face. If they cannot be properly provided for they must die. The Belgian Relief Fund is endeavoring to save them all. It has saved vast numbers to date, and the only limitation ever recognized in carrying on this magnificent work has been the limitation enforced by insufficient funds. It is for these children, these hollow-cheeked, shrivelled and prematurely old sufferers, that the Fund is to-day sounding a clarion note to the general public of Canada, pleading, on behalf of the little ones, for the gift of life, for money wherewith to carry-on in the fight against starvation and disease.

A lady who is connected with one of the departments for relieving the distress of the children says that one day she was on the outskirts of a small town when she heard yells and howls from a distance. Hastening to the scene of the disturbance she saw a horde of half naked children scrambling among themselves for deteriorated food that had been flung into the road as unfit for human consumption. Attracted, doubtless, by the noise, a number of half-starved curs had also come upon the scene and were busy getting their share of the "delicacies." Regardless of bites, the children, ravenous with hunger, were mixed up in a tumbling, fighting heap on top and under each other and the dogs. Horrified at the spectacle, she yet did her best to frighten the dogs, succeeding only after many efforts. They circled round her and the children long after the "feast" had been disposed of.

In many districts of occupied Belgium fifty per cent. of the children are consumptive. The ravages of the disease are extending daily, and the entire generation is threatened with extinction. To save the little ones is a task that grows in difficulty as the numbers of patients swell. Hundreds of sanitaria have been established in Belgium and in Holland, where these youthful sufferers are cared for, and restored to health, but so rapid are the strides now being made by the disease, so physically weak are the children through want of proper nourishment, that the organizations which are combating the dreaded white plague are barely able to hold their own. New institutions for the care of the children must be opened; more wholesome food must be secured. The institutions and organizations devoted to this work are to-day seriously handicapped by lack of resources. They look to the Belgian Relief Fund to provide further support, and it is to be able to provide that so vital support that the Belgian Relief Fund has launched a new appeal to the people of the Dominion.

"Impose no restrictions upon us and we shall save every child life in Belgium; but, restricted as we are, much good must be left undone. In other words, many children who might be saved must die of disease or of starvation." This declaration was made by an official of the Belgian Relief Fund in reviewing the work done in the invaded country. It is true the workers are subject to restrictions. Those restrictions are not imposed by the Germans. The Germans can only place difficulties in their way, and these difficulties are always overcome. The restrictions are imposed, unwittingly, by the people of the allied countries. If the citizens and subjects of those nations allied with Belgium in the fight for world liberty were to give to the Belgian Relief Fund what financial support it requires to carry on its work to the fullest possible extent, such restrictions would be removed. It is only lack of necessary funds that prevents the Belgian Relief Fund's caring for every one of the twelve hundred thousand destitute children of Belgium. It is only because the Fund has not sufficient means that some children must die of starvation and some must be yielded up to the diseases which stalk through the land in the wake of privation.

Sons and daughters of the men who held Germany long enough to change the whole course of history are in need of those essentials of life which we from our abundance and despite all the demands made upon our resources can and must give. The race which unflinchingly bared its breast to the dagger of Germany, when that nation first ran amuck, must not be permitted to perish from the earth. That is the fundamental war aim of embattled Democracy. We who remain away from the front can assist in the achievement of this purpose by subscribing to the fund which is being used to take Belgian children from their war torn land into Holland for a brief respite and so prepare them for the honored place that will be theirs in the new scheme of things.

Every cent given to the Fund is a step towards the conservation of some little child's life. Ten dollars will support life in a child for a month. The Belgian Relief Fund is appealing to the people of Canada on behalf of the starving, sickly children of unhappy Belgium. Contributions should be sent to the local committee of the Belgian Relief Fund, or to the Central Committee at 59 St. Peter street, Montreal, Que.

UNDESIRABLE LITERATURE.

A glance over the magazines displayed on the average news-stand makes it clear that a censor should be given power to restrict the flood of fifth-rate publications pouring in from the States during the last few years. Magazines that appeal to the worst elements in the community and specialize in stories of the Tenderloin district in New York are given prominent display. Much of this literature is of the most filthy and disgusting character and has not a redeeming feature. It is surprising that the religious organizations have not taken steps towards securing Government action to exclude the offending publications, which cannot help but have a harmful effect wherever they have circulation—especially on young people. —*Owen Sound Sun.*

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

A Story of the Early Life of the Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Forces, and Sketch of the Place Where the People Say:

Know Art. Currie—Well, Rather!

By ARTHUR C. CARTY.

WHEN Mr. C. Columbus, a Genoese land speculator, embarked, under the terms of a recent partnership with Isabella Castile, upon a big real estate deal, the folks at home in Genoa still combed wool, and exchanged small talk in which Chris. was not the principal subject of discussion.

Now I am told—and the information seems reliable—that in Genoa young Chris. occupied a position of obscurity in civic life comparable only to the sepulchral fate that, in a national sense, usually befalls the vice-president of the United States. Insofar as the young Mr. Columbus was concerned, the town crier, in the flat verbiage of his official communique, probably told the townspeople that "there is nothing new to report."

So when Christopher pulled up stakes and left to take a job at Lisbon such of the townsfolk as had gained his casual acquaintance nodded pleasantly their farewells and went back to rave against the high cost of living and comb wool.

Then one day came the news, that young Columbus, who used to live in Genoa, had taken out three old tubs and brought back a continent. In one stroke he had landed townsites and close-in subdivisions without number; he had earned eight-column scare-heads, only the days of "Wuxtrees" had not yet come; and as a by-product of his enterprise, he had turned a deal that would put his impecunious and royal partner on her feet financially.

Lisbon was tickled. Genoa, in her elation, forgot the wool-combing and the high cost of living; built bonfires; passed congratulatory resolutions, and boldly, though albeit with some uneasiness, to the world declared: "He's ours. We saw him first."

"What has that to do with this story?" you may enquire.

Frankly, it has nothing. That is simply a cubistic sort of introduction, and cubist work, whether executed on a typewriter or from the point of a crayon, never seems to mean anything.

This story, after all, concerns the writer's quest, about the familiar haunts of his boyhood associations, for close-up views of Major-General Sir Arthur W. Currie, commander-in-chief of the Canadians on the West Front.

Napperton, so "Who's Who" relates, was the place of his birth, but "Who's Who" editors have only recently had thrust upon their attention the General's presence in the world. Perhaps they have not heard of what is going on, but slips of that sort are not uncommon in times of peace, much less of war. Strathroy, Ontario, has proclaimed to such of the world as lies round about that that is the place from whence the General sprung.

Seeking with reasonable diligence, one who is familiar with the old North Riding of Middlesex County may find Napperton; but anyone possessed of a railway time-card, or a sense of direction, may strike westerly from London and, with moderate assurance, expect to find Strathroy at the end of a twenty-mile journey.

And so, for reasons of convenience, if for no other, Strathroy will doubtless



Major-General Sir Arthur W. Currie.

be awarded the honors of strongest claim on Currie of the Canadians.

Some day, perchance, the little town will spread beyond its present rather narrow confines, and adding linear greatness to its quaint main street, reach out along the old Fourth Line of Adelaide to absorb the Currie homestead.

Just two miles of a westward growth will turn the trick, for there, in the pretty, wholesome countryside, lies the place of his birth, a many-gabled house, on the farm on which not only was the General born, but his yeoman father also. There, too, his grandfather pioneered a long way toward a century ago, for the property came into the Currie name by direct purchase from the Crown. No other white folks ever owned or lived upon the place.

December 5 of this year marks the forty-third anniversary of an event of the utmost importance to Canada nationally, but of immeasurable consequence to the house of Currie—a general was born. Naturally, to the folks at home he was manifestly wonderful, but no particular stars loomed in the firmament to advise the wise men of the village to the east, Strathroy, that a history-maker had arrived with a commander's baton in his grasp.

Neighbors dropped in to pay their casual respects to the happy parents, and to little Arthur William. But time wore on, and it appears quite probable that "little Artie" became just an incident in a community, which was indubitably more concerned with the pros and cons of National Policy and the accession to power of Sir John A. Macdonald.

The general's boyhood days were spent upon the farm, which from the pioneering times of his grandsire had developed as one of the finest in Middlesex County. His father died when he was still a boy, but there his mother still resides. With her are two daughters and a son, John, Reeve of the township.

"When will the war be over?" or "When will the boys be home?" are the questions uppermost in the mind of the general's mother, while, disinclined to court reflected glory, his sisters are wont to tell the interviewer simply that "We are only pleased that he has been of service to his country."

Across the shaded highway, on a little rise of ground, still stands the country schoolhouse, S. S. No. 5 of Adelaide Township, where under the tutelage of John Reinhardt, native of Germany, the general first attacked his studies. The little mistress of the present class finds happy auguries in such surroundings, for may not the lightning of command and intellect strike twice, and in years to come thrust fame anew upon the whole constituency? At any rate fortune will not again find that community a-napping.

When the day came for the coming general's graduation from the rural class-room he transferred his studies to the Collegiate Institute of Strathroy, and eventually, having determined to devote his life to the teaching profession, he trained at Strathroy Model School.



The old schoolhouse of S.S. No. 5, Adelaide Township, opposite the Currie homestead, which the commander-in-chief of the Canadian forces attended when a boy.

Thus has been established Strathdoy's claims to the production of Currie. Until perhaps his eighteenth year he was regularly about the town; and then, like many another, he weighed anchor and set out upon his career. Striking West he made a commencement in 1893 as a school teacher at Sydney, B. C., a little town on Vancouver Island. Followed his engagement on the staff of the Boys' Central School, in Victoria, B. C., and at length his abandonment of pedagogy for the real estate business, in which, under the firm name of Currie and Power, of Victoria, he was engaged when the war broke out.

The blood of two generations of soldiers flowed in his veins, merging with the Celtic spirit of a father from Dublin, Ireland, and a mother from old Sligo, in the Province of Connaught Ireland. He had spent fourteen years with the 5th Regiment Canadian Garrison Artillery, and his keen interest in, and patronage of the British Columbia Rifle Association, brought about his

(Continued on page 44.)



The birthplace of Major-General Sir Arthur W. Currie, west of Strathroy, on the old Fourth Line of Adelaide.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.



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and she knew

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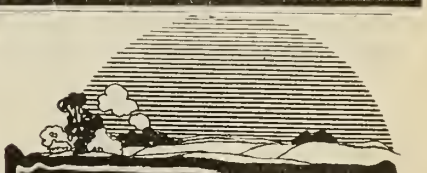


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Phyllis the Dairymaid is in Demand

Creameries, Cheese Factories and Dairy Farms are Eager for Her Services—Courses at Agricultural Colleges Soon Start—Recruits Wanted Immediately

By ISHBEL M. ROSS,
Information Division, Canada Food Board.

DAIRYMAIDS wanted!

Dozens of them, scores of them; hundreds of them. But dairymaids, like school teachers or conductorettes, need to be trained, and the first step in raising an army of this kind is to enroll recruits at the agricultural colleges where the maximum of scientific training is acquired in the minimum of time.

Last spring girls were called to the farms. They went in numbers far exceeding other years. They broke down the barrier of prejudice that had been raised against them. They learned to do by doing. Their strength increased as they worked.

They were to be found on the mixed farms and the fruit farms all over the country. But they were few and far between on the dairy farms, because they lacked the necessary training for this kind of work. It is safe to say that a very large percentage of the farmers who wanted to employ girls this year were chiefly concerned about their ability to milk cows, and many a girl lost the chance of a good position because she did not have the necessary training along this line.

There are easier things in the world than milking. Anyone who has tried it out will tell you this. Indeed, Miss Winnifred Harvey and Miss Hazel Martin, of the Ontario Government Employment Bureau, both of whom are responsible for placing girls on farms throughout the province, are quite willing to admit, from first-hand knowledge, personally acquired on Ontario farms this year, that it is a little hard at first. However, as one's wrists grow stronger, it becomes a correspondingly easy task to fill the pails with the primary necessity of life.

Dairying has many phases, and today women can turn to any or all of them, feeling perfectly assured that in so doing, they are rendering patriotic service of a high type and are pursuing a profession that is healthful, remunerative and interesting, and one that will assuredly expand after the war.

Export Possibilities.

To appreciate the truth of this one has only to glance over the facts and figures relative to the European dairy situation. The chances we have on this continent to step into the breach and "make good" are immediately apparent.

As everyone knows, Denmark led the rest of the world in dairy exports until the war broke out. Through the medium of co-operative creameries her butter output was astounding. The volume of butter which in normal times reaches the channels of international trade, amounts to 728,000,000 pounds. Great Britain used to take three-fifths of the world's surplus of butter. In 1912, out of 728,000,000 pounds moving in international commerce, the United Kingdom took 435 000,000 pounds. She got her dairy produce from many sources—from far Siberia in which Canada now has a close personal interest; from Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Bulgaria and Switzerland.

But the herds of Europe are sadly depleted and it takes time to undo the havoc that has been wrought by the necessary killing-off of stock. No wonder there is a shortage of butter on the other side of the Atlantic! No wonder the ration in Britain is only five ounces a week, margarine included.

As a result of the war Britain is short 209,148,784 pounds of butter. Last year Canada exported 6,993,100 pounds to the Old Country. She is sending over increasing quantities now, however, and between May and September 21st of this year, the Dairy Produce Commission bought in Canada $912,794 worth of butter, $28,243,152 worth of cheese and $2,778,663 worth of condensed milk. The number of milch cows in this country is steadily increasing, too. To-day there are approximately 3,500,000 as compared with 2,673,286 in 1914.

All these figures lead to the one conclusion—that Canada has boundless dairy export possibilities; that she can step in where other countries have fallen out; that she can double and treble and quadruple her dairy exports and still supply her domestic market if her sons and daughters throw themselves heart and soul into the game. And it is just here that the appeal reaches women in particular.

Colleges to Train.

There are agricultural colleges all over the country where dairying courses are part of the regular curriculum, including the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph; Kingston Dairy School; St. Hyacinthe College, Que.; Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que.; Truro College of Agriculture, N.S.; Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg; School of Agriculture, Ste. Anne-de-la-Pocatiere, Que., and the Agricultural Institute of Oka, La Trappe, Oka, Que.

The courses are neither lengthy nor expensive. They embrace milking, butter-making, cheese-making, cow-testing, etc. The latter is an untried line for women as yet, but an authority on dairying states that there is absolutely no reason why it should not be taken up by them. It simply means travelling around from farm to farm getting reports for the Canadian Holstein Association. Cream testing is another interesting phase of dairying and one that is eminently suited to women. In the Old Country there are travelling demonstrators, women highly trained along this line, who travel from town to town and from village to village, showing housekeepers how to make butter and cheese and how to use left-over or souring milk in the preparation of soft cheeses.

Creamery and Cheese Factory.

There is an increasing demand for women in creameries and cheese factories. They are employed extensively for printing, wrapping and doing up the butter. Among those who have never seen the inside of a cheese factory there is an impression that the work is altogether too heavy for women. This is not the case. Miss Harvey, who has had a chance to try it out for herself declares that women can do it all although the tipping of the cans is rather heavy and, where men are employed, it is better to let them do this.

To be in charge of a cheese factory should be rather a coveted post for women, and by next year it is hoped that a good many will have availed themselves of the opportunity to train for this post. Only two or three people are usually employed in a cheese factory and the Chief Dairy Inspector for Eastern Ontario, who declares that his best cheese-makers have been women, feels strongly that the standard of cheese-making would be improved if there were one woman at least in every factory where there are two assistants. A month's training would be sufficient to fit a girl for this kind of work, and wages vary from $35 a month and board.

(*Continued on page* 42.)

Save Coal! Save Money! Save Health!

By PROFESSOR ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON
of Yale University.

Less Coal, More Cash.
Less Coal, Fewer Colds.
Less Fuel, Fewer Deaths.
Burn Less, Bury Less.

Save coal and you will save money. It is easy to see how this will happen in these days of high prices. Save coal and you will save liberty. It is also easy to see how our fight for liberty will be helped if the coal bins of our factories, railways, and steamships are kept full. Save coal and you will save health. Can this be true? Will not our saving coal be at the expense of health?

On the contrary, the shortage of coal will actually improve our health. With better health we shall have fewer doctor's bills. That will not only mean the saving of money for ourselves, but we leave the doctors more free for war service. It will have still another great advantage. It will give the whole country greater strength to put into the work of winning the war.

Do you doubt this? Then consider these three facts:

1. An average temperature of 64 degrees is the best for the human race.

2. Moist air is more healthful than dry, provided it is not too warm. Such air feels warmer than dry air at the same temperature, and retains its heat longer.

3. Variations of temperature are much more healthful than a uniform temperature. As a means of preserving health, few things are better than a frequent fall of temperature followed by a more gradual rise.

More Health at Lower Temperature.

In winter, when we control the temperature within our houses, we ought to be able to live under ideal conditions. We certainly do no such thing.

In order that people may enjoy ideal conditions of bodily health and of mental activity, they ought during the winter to sleep with open windows and in a temperature ranging from about freezing up to 40 degrees or 50 degrees. If rooms are used only for sleeping, there is no necessity of warming them above 50 degrees at any time of day. Of course people must be well covered at night. They should use warming pans or foot-stoves rather than suffer from the cold. Nevertheless it is decidedly good for people to dress and undress in a temperature of 40 to 50 degrees, provided they do so actively and quickly enough so that they do not become chilled.

Keep Rooms at 64 Degrees.

The next requisite for health, so far as temperature is concerned, is that the rooms where people live and work should average about 63 or 64 degrees. During the part of the year when such temperatures prevail out of doors, we get up in the morning and eat breakfast with a temperature of about 60 degrees. By noon the temperature rises to about 70 degrees. Toward sunset it is, perhaps, 64 degrees, and by bedtime it is down to 60 degrees. All day we are perfectly comfortable. We do not feel the need of a fire either in the morning or the evening. We feel as if we could accomplish almost anything. Watch the thermometer during some of the most delightful Indian summer days, and see how comfortable you feel when the thermometer is about 60 degrees at breakfast time and 70 degrees at noon.

Should Be Plenty of Moisture.

This means that the extremely dry air of our winter houses not only makes people feel cold, but dries up the mucous membrane so that colds and all sorts of diseases become rife. Evidently the remedy, for this state of affairs is to keep the air in our homes relatively cool and give it plenty of moisture. Thus we save coal, save money, improve health, and make ourselves feel comfortable.

Four Good Rules.

From all these facts it appears that four things are needed in our houses this winter—four things which will save coal and improve our health and efficiency:

(1) The first is cooler sleeping rooms, which ought not to be heated by day unless people are going to sit in them. Such rooms will act not only as a mental stimulus, but will help to give the variability, which is so valuable as a means of preserving health.

(2) The rooms in which we sit, eat, work, and play ought not to average above 64 degrees. This, like the cooler sleeping rooms, will considerably diminish the demand for coal, and will at the same time improve our health. As a matter of fact, if the coal situation should demand it, there is no reason why the temperature should not average as low as 60 degrees. Indeed, 56 degrees would actually do less harm than 72 degrees, which is a common temperature in many houses at present. Of course people would have to dress warmly. If they faithfully carry out the other recommendations of this article, however, they may expect better health and as great comfort at 56 degrees as at 72.

(3) In order that we may be comfortable in temperatures of 56 to 64 degrees, the air in our houses must be much moister than is now commonly the case. This does not mean that it should be so damp that moisture accumulates on the walls. It does mean, however, that in almost all houses the amount of evaporation from pans in the furnace, on radiators, and in registers ought to be from three to five or even ten times as great as now. If rooms contain fairly moist air at 70 degrees they are likely to feel too warm and to be enervating. Moreover, when the rooms cool down at night, moisture may be deposited on the cool walls. On the other hand with a temperature of only 60 to 64 degrees, it is possible to have the air sufficiently moist to make it feel warm and comfortable, while the danger of getting the walls damp at night is much diminished. In this connection it must be remembered that moist air retains its heat much longer than dry air. Hence the amount of coal needed to keep such air sufficiently warm is less than when the air is dry.

(4) If the temperature is allowed to be variable, it does not need to average so high as when it is kept uniform. Under such conditions people's health improves and their capacity for resistance greatly increases. Thus people who have been in the habit of wanting the thermometer at 70 degrees at breakfast time, find themselves comfortable if the temperature is only 60 degrees. Later the thermometer rises to perhaps 66 degrees and they feel too warm. Then, when the furnace cools off a little they do not mind if it goes back to 62 degrees. Thus during the day the thermometer may swing back and forth a number of times. This is beneficial to health, and also enables a house to be heated with less consumption of coal.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

Fish Recipes By Famous Chefs

Prepared By the New England Fish Exchange

BAKED FINNAN HADDIE, CLUB STYLE,
BY CHARLES FERRETTI.

Boil the finnan haddie about six or eight minutes, and then cut up in small pieces. Place in a baking-dish and cover with rarebit sauce. Shake a few crumbs of cheese over it, and place in oven until brown.

BAKED OYSTERS A L'ANCIENNE.
BY CHARLES FERRETTI.

Open some fresh oysters and leave in the deep shell. Put a small piece of butter on each oyster, and then a slice of bacon about one inch square on the top of each one. Shake a few cracker crumbs over them and place in hot oven for about five or six minutes. Serve very hot.

FINNAN HADDIE,
BY THOMAS McKENNA.

Finnan haddie cut in dice form. Boil ten minutes with chopped green peppers. Add boiled potatoes cut in dice form. Mix all with cream. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve in hot, deep dish or chafing dish.

CHICKEN HALIBUT AU GRATIN,
BY THOMAS McKENNA.

Chicken halibut cut in dice. Saute in cream. Bake in dish, bordered with mashed potatoes.

BLUEFISH, CREOLE,
BY THOMAS McKENNA.

Remove bones from a fresh bluefish. Place in a lightly buttered pan. Season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle breadcrumbs over the fish and place in oven for thirty-five minutes. Remove from oven. Cut a sound lemon in halves, finely slice and arrange around dish. Pour Creole sauce over it, and serve.

BOILED CODFISH,
BY R. J. CROASDELL.

Cover a three-pound fresh codfish with well-salted fish stock and let cook thirty minutes, without boiling; then take fish out and drain well. Lay it on a dish and garnish with a few sprigs of parsley. Serve with a cream parsley sauce separately.

How to Make Fish Stock.—Four quarts. Fill a saucepan with three quarts of water, one handful of salt, half a glass of vinegar, one carrot, one onion (both sliced), half a handful of whole peppers, one bunch of parsley, three sprigs of thyme, three bay leaves. Cook on a moderate fire for fifteen minutes. Cool and use when needed for various methods of cooking fish.

SALMON, OYSTER SAUCE,
BY R. J. CROASDELL.

Place two pounds of very fresh salmon in a fish kettle. Cover with cold water, season with a handful of salt, add one sliced onion, half a wineglass of white vinegar, eight whole peppers, two cloves, two parsley roots. Range the kettle on a good fire. Five minutes after coming to a boil, the salmon will be sufficiently cooked. Remove from the kettle, drain it well. Dress on a hot dish nicely garnished with parsley all around the salmon, and serve with sauce, recipe for which is below.

Oyster Sauce.—Put eighteen oysters in a saucepan with one ounce of butter. Cook for four minutes, remove half of liquid from pan, then add a pint of Allemande sauce. Mix together, without allowing to boil, and serve.

Allemande Sauce.—Put two ounces of butter in saucepan on a slow fire. Add three tablespoons of flour to thicken. Stir well, not letting it brown; then moisten with one pint of white broth, beating constantly. Cook for ten minutes. Dilute three egg yolks in a bowl; pour the sauce over the eggs; strain through a strainer; add half ounce of butter, juice of half a lemon, taking care it does not boil a second time.

FINNAN HADDIE (A LA WILLIAM SMITH),
BY VINCENT GIUGIA.

Steam the finnan haddie with Spanish onion sliced very fine. Have it covered with a light cream. Sprinkle with a little salt and paprika before serving.

SCROD A LA VICTOR,
BY VINCENT GIUGIA.

Take a nice piece of scrod (small cod or haddock), dust with bread flour, salt and pepper; dip in beaten egg. Fry in good butter until golden color. Have rich tomato sauce with double cream. Pour sauce over fish, sprinkle with Worcestershire sauce, and it is then ready to serve.

SMELTS SAUTE A LA MUNIERE.
BY VINCENT GIUGIA.

Roll your smelts in bread flour until good and dry. Fry a light brown in butter in frying-pan which is very hot. When ready, put a piece of butter in frying-pan and have it a nice brown. Add lemon juice. Then pour over the smelts with some fresh chopped parsley.

COLD SALMON, RAVIVANT SAUCE,
BY VINCENT GIUGIA.

Boil salmon in one-third vinegar and water, to which is added sliced carrots, lemon and onions, salt and two or three cloves.

Sauce.—Mix together Chili sauce, mayonnaise dressing and taragon leaves chopped very fine. Add juice of lemon and a little paprika. Serve over the salmon with hearts of lettuce.

RAY OR SKATE (AU BEURRE NOIRE),
BY VINCENT GIUGIA.

I choose the Skatefish first as one of the most delicious for lunch. Not very much in use in America, but, appreciated at the dining tables in Europe.

Boil the skate in salted water, have a couple of slices of lemon, a few parsley roots. When cooked through, drain off the water by laying on the top of a napkin. Have a good piece of table butter melted in a pan until nice and brown. Put in a half glass of vinegar, and while very hot, pour the whole thing over fish. Have your platter very hot, and garnish with chopped parsley. It is then ready for the table.

FRIED FILLET OF HALIBUT, TARTARE SAUCE,
BY CHARLES B. OEHLERT.

Cut the halibut in thin slices; remove skin and bones; season with salt and pepper. Dip in flour, then in batter (consisting of egg, salt, pepper and cold milk, beaten up), then in bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat, lard or olive oil. Remove when nicely browned.

Tartare sauce consists of mayonnaise with chopped capers, pickled gherkins, parsley, eschallot and tarragon in it.

SALMON SALAD RAVIGOTE,
BY CHARLES B. OEHLERT.

Boil two pounds fresh salmon in salt, water and lemon juice for twenty-five minutes. When cooked, set aside to cool. Slice six cooked cold potatoes into bowl with chopped green and red peppers, onions and parsley. Remove bones and skin from salmon and mix all together. Season with salt, pepper, paprika, olive oil and tarragon vinegar. Place on lettuce leaves, cover with mayonnaise sauce, and garnish with sliced tomatoes, cucumbers, pickled gherkins, beets and hard boiled egg.

FINNAN HADDIE,
BY CARLO CALDERONE,

Take one finnan haddie, trim and cut in quarters, boil in half water and half milk for fifteen minutes, then arrange the fish in a deep dish, take two small cups of thin cream and one tablespoon of sweet butter. Boil and pour over the fish. Serve hot.

BAKED BLUEFISH, HOME STYLE,
BY CARLO CALDERONE,

Take one medium bluefish, split and remove bones, then cut in six parts. Take a baking pan, put in some butter and one chopped onion with a little celery, arrange fish on the chopped onion in pan, pour over some melted butter, salt and pepper, and cook in oven about ten minutes. Remove and add juice of one lemon and one large cup of tomatoes. Put back in the oven for ten minutes more and serve hot.

SMELTS SAUTE.
BY CARLO CALDERONE,

Take one pound of smelts, cleaned and washed, then roll in flour. Take sauce pan, put in about a quarter of a pound of butter, and when the butter is warm, put in the smelts and a little sage, salt and pepper. Brown nicely on both sides, and when done arrange fish in platter with some chopped parsley and juice of one lemon. Pour over all the hot butter the fish was cooked in.

GRILLED HALIBUT, NEW STYLE,
BY CARLO CALDERONE,

Take one slice of halibut (about one pound), pour over a little oil, salt and pepper, put on the broiler and cook about seven or eight minutes on each side. When nice and brown, arrange on a warm platter.

Sauce.—Take about two tablespoons of melted butter, some chopped parsley, salt and pepper, and a quarter teaspoon of dry mustard. Mix together and pour over the warm fish.

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Wibby's Mended Stockings

Black-haired, rosy-cheeked little Wibby was always getting into mischief, tearing her dresses, cutting her hands or bruising her head, and all because she could never be still a moment. All day she ran and jumped about like a little cricket.

Often her mother would scold her and tell her she must stop running and walk like a little lady, but Wibby could not and would not walk if there was any chance for a good run. Once or twice she fell and cut her head badly on a stone in a road, but as soon as the wounds were healed she was as lively as ever. One fine afternoon her mother dressed her in a bright new dress, with stockings and shoes to match, and a sweet little hat.

"There," she said, as she put the last twist into the little girl's hair, "now I hope you will keep yourself nice and clean and not tear your dress or stockings; because a lot of ladies are coming to visit me, and I want you to look your very best."

Wibby loved to look nice, and promised to be good, but she heard Shep, the dog, barking over the hill, so off she ran, helter-skelter, to see what the matter was. Before she got to the top of the hill she stumbled against a stone and fell heavily on her knee.

When she stood up, luckily her dress had not been torn or spotted, but in her pink stockings was a big, ugly hole. All that afternoon she walked about, afraid to let her mother see what she had done. So ashamed was she that she stayed out in the barn with the little rabbits and did not go near the house until late in the evening.

She was afraid to go into the parlor, where all her mother's friends sat talking and laughing, lest they might all scold her for her carelessness. She went to the back door and sat down on the veranda. It was so quiet there that in a little while Wibby began to think of her bad ways and the hole in her new pink stocking.

How she wished she had taken her mother's advice, but now it was too late. Just then a big darning needle flew by, and Wibby called out to him:

"Oh, dear darning needle, please darn my stocking, and I'll never, never be bad again!"

The darning needle flew to and fro to look at the big hole. "Torn! Torn! Torn!" he said, and disappeared.

He has gone to get pink thread, thought Wibby, and waiting, fell asleep. Grandma had been sitting at an open window near by, and heard what her little granddaughter had said. So finding her asleep, hurried to her mystic workbox and soon had the stocking so nicely darned that the tear could hardly be noticed.

"Wibby! Wibby!" called her mother shortly afterwards, "come into the house and let us see how nice you look."

Wibby awoke with a start. First she looked at her stocking, and, to her great joy, found the hole was gone. Shamefaced, she went into the parlor, and everyone was pleased to see such a nicely dressed, clean little girl.

But Wibby felt ashamed all the time, and when she could get away, she slipped out into the kitchen and in whispers told Grandma how she had fallen and torn her stocking and that she asked the darning needle to fix it, and that it flew off and got pink thread and darned it up so nicely that no one saw it.

Grandma never said a word about what she had done.

THE SURPRISE PAGE FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS

Read all about the New Journal Juniors' Club on this page



The Travels of a Drop of Water

In a lake, high upon a mountain, a little drop of water became restless and curious to see the world. There it saw only the trees around, the silent lake and the sky;

It had begged of the bright sun to be taken away so long, that at last he sent one of his warm rays down to the lake to carry it upward. Oh, how high it travelled, far, far over the heads of the trees on the highest point of the mountains, higher and still higher, until it could see for miles and miles about.

Below, it could see the farms like a great checkerboard; the rivers looked like threads of silver, the houses and barns like colored spots. The people, moving to and fro, seemed as small as ants. Oh, how cold it soon got! In a twinkling it had to pull on a heavy coat, and if one could have seen it from the earth below it would have looked white.

As daylight faded its coat looked as if it were on fire, but, of course, it was only tinted with the glow of sunset. When the moon came out it joined a great many other drops, and they travelled on and on. Now the cloud passed in front of the moon, now by a star and now through inky blackness. At last day came again and it and all its companions grew cheerful, for none liked the night.

But suddenly a puff of wind separated the drops until there were only a few left together. Harder and harder it blew; the sky became black and an awful rumbling sound came from the clouds above.

A flame suddenly shot out from the dark sky and frightened the little cloud, only to be followed by a still greater noise and more wind. Now the cloud was driven at a fierce rate until each friendly drop had to leave the others. All the while it grew colder and soon the little drop, frozen as hard as a stone, fell faster and faster until it struck the window of a house at which a little boy and girl were sitting.

"What a pleasure it is to get back to the earth," thought the drop. It fairly jumped for joy as it bounced down near a little flower that cried:

"Oh, how thirsty I am!"

The little drop looked at the beautiful blue blossom and the dusty leaves and in a twinkling jumped upon one of the leaves and said gleefully:

"Drink me, little flower!"

In a moment its icy coat fell off and it melted and lay like a big diamond on the leaf.

"Ah, how kind of you, dear friend," exclaimed the flower as it drank of the drop of clear water.

"I love you so much," said the drop, "that I will stay with you for a long time."

So it remained with the flower for many days; then the sun took it back to the sky and let it drop into a river, which took it to the great ocean where it stayed for many, many years, well satisfied with its travels and the good that it had done.

Seven Prizes for Our Journal Juniors

Here are the Rules

Yes, boys and girls—in the offices of the Canadian Home Journal there are seven prizes, each a crisp, new Two Dollar Bill, waiting for you to win—to use just in whatever manner you wish—to be your very own.

Now, this is the way you can capture one of these prizes, or perhaps two if your work proves to be the very best sent in.

Letter Contest.

FIRST—There will be a prize of Two Dollars to the girl or boy of 14 years or under, who sends in the best letter on "What I am doing to help win the war." All work must be original. Of course all the Journal Juniors are helping to win the war, but sometimes the grown-ups seem to overlook this fact, and we want to tell them right in the columns of Canadian Home Journal how much our girls and boys are accomplishing. We know you are just "bubbling over" with interest, and it will be the easiest thing in the world to write down on paper just what you have done and are going to do to help win the war. Canadian boys and girls, as well as the British, French, and American children, are little workers—and think how happy it will make these other children to read about what you are doing in Canada—for Canadian Home Journal goes to these countries, you know, and the children there will read about what you have done when it is published. Perhaps they will read your name and address—if you win a prize they certainly will. Wouldn't that be splendid?

Camera Contest.

SECOND—One of those crackling Two Dollar Bills will be sent to the boy or girl under fourteen years who sends in the best photograph which he or she has taken. Any subject may be chosen, and any size.

Story Contest.

THIRD—This is something every girl and boy loves—to write a story of not more than three hundred words about something you have seen with your own eyes in Nature's kingdom. All stories must be original, from children of twelve years of age and under. The best will receive the prize of Two Dollars.

FOURTH—For girls and boys from twelve to sixteen there will be another prize of Two Dollars for the best story of not more than Five Hundred words, about something they have seen with their own eyes in Nature's kingdom. All stories to be original.

Note.—Write on one side of the paper only.

Housewives for Soldiers.

FIFTH—Journal Juniors have always loved to make things with their hands, but never before have prizes been offered for the work. A prize of Two Dollars will be given to the girl under fourteen who sends in the nicest housewife which she has made herself. All the housewives will be photographed and the picture shown in Canadian Home Journal, and then they will be sent to the Red Cross. Red Cross directions for making housewives are as follows:

Material: 18 inches of cretonne, linen etc., 5½ inches wide, with 1¼ yard tape or braid for binding, or simply hem all edges.

Size: Cut off about 3 inches to make second pocket, then turn up one end to form first pocket, about 3 inches deep. Size should then be 12 inches by 5½ inches.

Take strip of flannel 5½ inches by 3 inches and tack it at each end to strip of denim ½ inch above pocket. Then place strip of material ½ inch from flannel opposite pocket, stitch down side nearest flannel to make a second pocket, bind or hem around edges of two pockets and edge of housewife, finish with a dome fastener at opposite end to first pocket, pointing this end.

In first pocket place yarn and thread for darning, pair of boot laces, lead pencil, and blunt-pointed scissors. On flannel place large darning needles, thread with grey or khaki yarn, and large sewing needles threaded with grey or khaki thread. On the second pocket pin safety pins, large and medium, and also buttons. In the second pocket put court plaster. When folded, the housewife should measure out 3½ x 5½ inches.

N.B.—When fastening buttons to housewife, please use a separate thread for each, so that when one is removed the others will not become loose.

Knitting Needle Protectors.

SIXTH—For Boys, fourteen years and younger, there is a prize of Two Dollars awaiting the one who sends in the best knitting needle protector. Any material may be used, and the protector may be made in any manner, but it must be formed in such a way that it will slip over the ends of knitting needles and keep them from making holes in the knitting bag when not in use. You may carve the ends of wood, and fasten elastic between, or use any kind of metal, discarded thimbles, ends of shells, etc. The most original and best made protector will win the prize. All will be photographed and shown in Canadian Home Journal, then they will be sold, the money going to the Red Cross.

Soldiers' Scrap Books.

SEVENTH—This prize goes to either girl or boy who sends the neatest and most attractive Scrap Book for a soldier. These will also all be photographed and the picture shown in Canadian Home Journal, then the Scrap Books will be given to the Red Cross for the soldiers.

Be careful to have full name and address written plainly on all stories, letters and photographs, and enclosed on a slip accompanying each handmade article.

The contest closes on November 27th. Address all correspondence to

THE JOURNAL JUNIORS CLUB
Canadian Home Journal.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

Shadows of The Night-Bats

By ETHEL BAIN

Those Strange Looking Creatures Popularly Known as Birds, But Belonging in Reality to the Animal World, Perform for Us a Useful Service, Working as They Do While We Sleep.

Swiftly through the violet shadows of the deepening twilight came a transparent, winged, noiseless shape that flitted through the branches of the trees, barely seen in the darkest places, but sharply outlined against the fading gold and purple clouds of the sunset land. This way and that it came out and into the open glade, lightly caressing the leaves as it passed. All the little wild folk that were only abroad in daylight were fast asleep now and the night birds were sending their weird calls through the coming darkness.

A big owl swept silently overhead and the dark shape flitted into the shadows again, for it had no wish to become a meal for any night hunter. The owl's gold colored eyes searched the dark depths beneath him as he hovered over the hiding place, but even his piercing eyes could not see the strange half mouse, half bird, animal that clung to a branch, waiting for its enemy to go away.

At last the owl flew off, knowing that he must seek his supper elsewhere, so after waiting a few minutes the quaint animal that is known as a bat sallied forth under cover of Night's protecting cloak. Always on the alert, his glittering, bead-like black eyes scanned the sky as he flew on his way. The little mouse-like head with its big flat ears listened with their keen power to hear the slightest sound, whilst his little pug nose sniffed the air. He always found his nose very useful for his sense of smell was so sharp that time after time it warned him of the night prowlers, especially the rats and weasels, which were his greatest enemies. He trusted to his eyes to see the owls who tried to pounce on him unawares, but Mr. Bat was ever ready and depended on his lightning like swiftness of wing to save him every time and more often than not he disappointed his pursuers. If out in the open, he would fly at top speed in a straight line, then suddenly drop like a stone or shoot upwards, right before his enemy's beak, and before the astonished hunter could realize what had happened, the bat had disappeared, zigzagging into the darkness.

Now Mr. Bat had learned to dodge and disappoint his enemies simply because the dancing gnats, mosquitoes and other flies that he fed on, dodged him by darting here and there in the most tantalizing manner, so he had to do the same and then he found it easy to catch a good supper, for the insects did not know what to make of this strange hunter that, unlike the birds, could hunt them in their own way.

The moon now rose in the cloudless, clear sky, whilst here and there the stars began to twinkle in and out. The brown bat, his appetite satisfied for the present, wended his way over the tree tops. Such a quaint little animal he was, and not at all blind, as most people believed him to be. True, he did not like bright daylight, but then neither did the owls or the whip-poor-will. Like all night birds, he dozed and slept all day long until dusk, when he awoke and unfolded his large, curious wings, and slipping from off the beam of wood, where he had hung by his long nails, like a shadow he fluttered out into the twilight, there seeing everything as clearly as by day, for, like all night-hunters, the pupils of his eyes expanded so as to take in every ray of light. Presently he met other bats, and one he stopped to chatter with.

"How are the babies?" he asked in his tiny, harsh voice, which is more like the noise made by a cheap watch when it is being wound up than anything else you can think of.

"I have them with me," she squeaked. "See," she went on, flying close up to him, and sure enough, there were her two little baby bats, for all the world like nothing else but two crumpled brown leaves, clinging to her neck.

"No one can say that you do not care for your children," said Mr. Bat. "If only people knew what a devoted mother you were, I'm sure they would get to like and know us better than they do. It's so silly to be scared of a bat, anyway," he laughed, and darted off to catch a high flying moth that he had spied in the bright moonlight.

"There, little mother," he cried on his return. "You shall have this dainty bit, whilst you rest," and so saying he directed her to the top of a tree and soon found a forked branch where the babies could lie and cling to the bark, whilst the mother enjoyed the titbit.

When she had finished the juicy morsel, she gathered up each of her babies in turn and busied herself licking the fine silky fur and cleaning the membrane of their tiny wings by passing it carefully between her lips. At last they were tidied up to her heart's content so she prepared for flight again, and as she rose upwards in the moonlight they could be seen clinging to her neck in that mysterious fashion which is only known to herself and her sister bats, and not her swiftest flights or breathless downward swirlings could dislodge the babies from their hold. They were far too young to be left in the old barn where she made her home, for a prowling rat might find them, so the brave little creature whose body was only four to five inches long, whose heart was just as full of mother love as any human mother's could be, carried her wee children with her, for like everybody else, she must have food or die.

Again she joined her companion and they darted hither and thither in search of gnats and flies. So strange they looked with their curious wings that were so large as to dwarf their brown furry bodies. Composed of a dark membrane or elastic skin and very sensitive, the wings stretch over the elongated fingers and extend between the hind limbs and tail as far as the knees. The short thumb has no part in the formation of the wing, but is tipped with a hooked nail with which the bat can scratch an enemy if need be, and the enemy won't like that scratch, for the wings are strong and the nails sharp and Mr. Bat is very, very quick, so the enemy gets his scratch almost before he has seen the shadowy creature.

Such is that quaint animal—the bat, more like a goblin out of a fairy book than anything else, only to be seen flying when day has gone and night covers the earth. Still he and his family are useful for they destroy thousands of insects. Little night workers are they, taking up the labor of the birds that work only in the sunny hours of the day. Barely seen and rarely heard, they work steadily on, helping to keep down the numberless insects until as the first streak of dawn creeps across the sky, Mr. Bat wends his way homeward to the old barn or ruined building where he has his home in a dark corner, high up in the roof where the rats cannot follow him. Right into the very peak of the roof he flies, then after he has carefully cleaned himself of every speck of dust, for Mr. Bat is just as particular and dainty about his toilet as your pet pussy cat, and only when he is satisfied that his dusky wings are thoroughly clean and his silky fur all smooth, will he fold himself up in his wings, and taking a good hold of the edge of the wooden beam, turn himself over and hanging head downwards will go to sleep. There he stays until the next evening, once in a while waking up to protest as his neighbor pushes and elbows him to make more room.

Do you know Mr. Bat? Were you frightened when in the gathering twilight he darted over your head, as you wandered through the garden or the meadow? He was more scared of you than you were of him. Won't you get to know him better? Won't you invite him to live in the old barn or coach house? He will repay your kindness by destroying thousands and thousands of insects. One evening, several summers ago, when staying at Roche's Point, we went down to the barn which belonged to the house we had rented, and on opening the door were surprised at the number of bats that flew about. The old barn seemed to be full of them. We had always liked the droll creatures, so did not drive them away. The barn was their home, and they repaid us, for we were not annoyed by mosquitoes all the time we lived in the house close by.

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Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups boiling water
¼ cup lukewarm water
½ cup sugar
1 cake yeast
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour). 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

2/3 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

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EE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE EE



THE DOCTOR: "Ah! yes, restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right"

EE STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS Contain no Poison EE

AROUND THE HEARTH

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"And so you saw them—when? and where?
The old man—is he hearty yet?
And mother—does she fade at all?
Or does she seem to pine and fret
For me? And Sis, has she grown tall?
And did you see her friend, you know
That Annie Moss—How that pipe chokes!
Where did you see her—tell me, Hal,
A lot of news about our folks?"

OUR FOLKS.

There is a depth of meaning in those two words—our folks! They belong to us—peculiarly our own—and it is a universal possession, not confined to any class or degree in society. We can all say "Our Folks" with a proud sense of ownership, for they are united by ties of consanguinity and affection. The natural condition of things as they should exist means that our folks are very near and dear to us, and are bound together by strong devotion and loyalty.

Our folks are those we have known from the earliest period of our recollection—the mother who first clasped us to her breast, the father who fondly held us in his strong arms, the sisters and brothers with whom we lived and played, and perhaps the dear old grandparents who lived in the home. All who were associated with us in the home of our childhood and youth come under the head of "Our Folks," and wherever we roam our hearts keep turning to the spot where dwelt those we loved first, and whose images are engraven in our memory.

Many years after a woman had left home, a friend of her mother's called upon her in a distant city. She asked, "Do you know what your family were noted for in your old town as you grew up together?" She answered that she was not aware of any especial attribute that particularized her family.

"Your independence and your loyalty to each other," was the reply.

What a beautiful compliment—that of loyalty to each other! What was one's pleasure was the delight of all; what was one's pain brought sorrow to the others.

Between members of a family there should be no room for jealousy, no disputing over unequal favors, just a great-hearted one-ness in all that pertained to the family as a whole, rejoicing together, or bearing one common grief.

* * * * *

We never realize all that "our folks" mean to us until we find ourselves separated from them and in a distant country. The person who comes to us with news of them is an angel of light. How we devour every item of information concerning the people nearest our hearts! Every sentence is a cooling draught to a thirsty soul.

We hear of an old acquaintance being in our town, and immediately our hands ache to bid him welcome. We may not have been very intimate, but we are not fully aware of how, and where, we stand to other people. A little personal illustration will make this plain.

My husband and I were visiting some Pacific Coast cities, and had sent word to a friend of our proximity, and our intention to visit her. As we loitered in one city beyond the prescribed time, it did not occur to us with what anxious delight our friend was awaiting our coming.

As we approached her house, she ran down the steps, and out to the gate to meet us, exclaiming—"I don't know what would have happened had you stayed there another day. I simply could not wait to see you."

Later that evening she said—"Do you know that you people are nearer to me than anyone else on earth? There is no person living that I would rather see."

This woman was an orphan, and her brothers were much older, and lived far away, absorbed with their own families and their business matters, and had grown away from her. She had been a pupil of mine in public school, and had known my husband as a big brother in her childhood home. She had lived in the same town as a young woman, and visited us in our home after her marriage, and so in her estimation we filled the place in her heart of "Our Folks."

Her remarks showed me that I had been remiss in my duty. I thought of the occasional letter I had been sending—probably at Christmas time—and my conscience smote me. When she added—"You and your husband have been father, mother, sister, brother and friend to me, all in one," I knew that I had sadly neglected a lonely heart in a strange land. I resolved that in future I would be more worthy of such regard in the eyes of one whom I had partially dropped in the rush of strenuous living.

It is well for us to appreciate our relationship to those who have known us intimately if we wish to bring happiness into their lives. So often we are interested in many things, and neglect the little courtesies of life. Especially when far removed we forget to write, and suddenly some day it comes to us with a shock that our friend has passed beyond our power to bestow the favor that might have cheered or blessed.

* * * * *

Sometimes we hear persons denounced because of odd little ways they have of doing things, or expressing themselves. We exclaim positively, "I don't like him," or "She is so eccentric I cannot care for her."

Then some one says, "Oh, but when you know them you never notice those little oddities."

Now, that is how we regard the peculiarities of our friends. George Klingle says:—

"They are such dear familiar feet that go along the path with ours—feet fast or slow, but trying to keep pace. If they make mistakes we must be mute, not turning to impute grave faults, for they and we have such a little way to go, can be together such a little while upon the way, we must be patient while we may."

That is all so beautiful and so true; if only we could always remember to be silent rather than fault-finding; to be patient instead of irritable, when those we are familiar with, and trying to keep step with, fail to meet our expectations. What remorse we would be saved had we but learned the truth of these beautiful lines by Jean Blewett:

"One lesson let us bear in mind,
Be very gentle with our own;
Be to their faults a little blind,
Nor grieve them by a look or tone.

"Put self behind—turn tender eyes,
Keep back the words that hurt and sting;
We know when sorrow makes us wise,
Forbearance is the greatest thing."

This, of course, does not imply that our own folks should become our worst enemies by overlooking faults that need correction, and unduly shielding us from the hurts of life that would strengthen our characters. They can do us irreparable injury by carrying our burdens, and preventing us from growing accustomed to shouldering them ourselves.

What greater mistake with people of wealth than to bring up a family in idleness, and with no training that will fit them to help themselves should it be required that they earn their own living!

The cases are legion where girls especially are left dependent because money has been suddenly lost in speculation and unlucky enterprise. Had they been educated thoroughly along some line, specialized in some one branch that could be turned to account, they would be equipped to enter the world of labor.

Thousands of women during these last four years—women who have never known work, but brought up in luxury—have been obliged to muster their resources of knowledge, and face a fight with poverty.

* * * * *

"Our Folks" are not always congenial beings. We can choose our friends, but we are helpless where our relations are concerned. An angry little girl said to a small acquaintance of mine: "I don't like you! I don't want you for a cousin."

"Neither do I want you," was the quick retort, "but I can't help it. You *are* my cousin, and I've got to have you."

George Eliot says: "Family likeness has often a deep sadness in it. Nature, that great, tragic dramatist, knits us together by bone and muscle, and divides us by the subtler web of our brains; blends yearning with repulsion, and ties us by our heart-strings to the beings that jar us at every movement."

Truer word was never written. The diversity of disposition in one family is something we all have discovered. The resemblance of feature is striking, but the mental qualities are very dissimilar. Children of the same parents and yet so unlike in character have puzzled us. Yet they are bound together by heart-strings so strong that the ugly and repulsive is lost in the tide of affectionate family interest.

But the "jar" leaves its effect. That is where the sadness comes in. An otherwise peaceful home is converted into confusion by one inharmonious nature whose movements disturb and interfere. It may be a domineering father, a nagging mother, a bullying brother, or selfish sister. There must always be excuse or apology for the one who is a misfit in the home life of a family.

And we love them, not always because they are worthy of our love, but because we believe these words—"If you loved only what were worth your love, love were pure gain, and wholly good for you. Make the low nature better by your throes; give earth yourself; go up for gain above."

In dealing with "Our Folks," we allow ourselves a latitude that is not extended to the folks beyond. We forget and forgive readily—love fulfills the law. This same love helps us to tolerate those who belong but are not a credit to the family tree—it enables us to sympathize with the weak—to sustain hope for those who have gone down—and to "give earth" that all who have a claim as "Our Folks" may enjoy worthy relationship.

And so we offer a toast to all—from the oldest grandparent to the tiniest infant—from the mature and wise to the little children—do our hearts reach out. Our Folks! here's to you!

* * * * *

For those in the war-stricken countries who have been left alone, and can no longer say "Our Folks," we drink to you in tears. May the great heart of a sympathetic and purified old world close around you in kindly compassion! May the allegiance that has its inception in the family life, that reaches out and beyond the limits of home, and extends to the nation and empire, include all men as brothers!

As Canadians to-day we speak of "Our Boys" at the front. Their successes are our joy, their casualties are our sorrow. Our boys have not disappointed us. They have distinguished themselves, and have won the admiration of the world.

"Our boys over there!" Here's to you! We would you could know how we yearn for you as we read the list of the fallen—how we look closely into the faces of those who have been killed in action—how our sympathies are stirred for the family who will have the vacant chair—how we want to claim you *all* as Our Folks!

We would you could know how we miss you in your accustomed places—how fully we realize all you have abandoned of the ambitions of a career—and how proud we are of your achievements, which Canadian history need never blush to relate.

"They are gone, one and all, at Duty's call,
To the camp, to the trench, to the sea.
They have left their homes, they have left their all,
And now in ways heroical—
They are making history.

"From bank and shop, from bench and mill,
From the schools, from the tail of the plow,
They hurried away at the call of the fray;
They could not linger a day, and now—
They are making history.

"And we miss them sorely, as we look
At the seats where they used to be,
And try to picture them as they are—
Then hastily drop the veil, for, you see—
They are making history."
—JOHN OXENHAM.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

The Many Uses of The Lemon

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Economical Cookery."

"Fruits may come and fruits may go, but the lemon goes on forever. We may do without peaches and subsist without strawberries, but lemons are indispensable to our health and happiness and the glory of our cuisines. Long live the lemon."

Not even the indispensable potato or apple has so many domestic uses as the lemon. Without it the cook is reduced to vinegar or citric acid for her sauces and salads, poor substitutes, both.

Nothing takes the place of the lemon as the basis of a refreshing drink in cases of fever. Not long ago a prominent physician announced the discovery that lemon juice is a specific in typhoid. Other doctors have pronounced the remedy impractical, but no doubt time will vindicate the pioneer and put this specific in practical form.

For feverishness and unnatural thirst soften a lemon by rolling it on some hard surface, cut off the top, add sugar, working it down into the lemon with a silver fork, then slowly suck the lemon.

Lemon slices in tea not only provide a delightful flavor, but add a tonic property to the beverage. The juice of a fresh lemon added to a pan of water will freshen wilted vegetables. Lemon juice sprinkled over sliced peaches or apples will prevent them from turning dark, and is also a good addition to stewed fruit.

Copper may be cleaned by rubbing with a lemon skin and salt. It should be wiped at once with a cloth or chamois. Lacking lemon juice, the housewife must resort to more or less harmful mineral acids to remove stains from her linen or to cleanse various delicate articles. Iron rust and ink stains may be removed from linen by rubbing with lemon juice and salt and then exposing the spots to the sun.

Without the juice of the lemon My Lady Beautiful is at a loss for various simple lotions and jellies, harmless and invaluable for whitening and softening her skin.

Clear, strained lemon juice rubbed on the face will lighten freckles. It must not be used, however, just before going out in the sunshine, for the skin will freckle worse than ever. For most complexion uses the clear juice will be found too harsh. It should be combined with alcohol or glycerin. Add to the juice of one lemon one ounce of glycerin and two ounces of water or violet extract or rose water. Shake thoroughly to mix the ingredients and keep in a closely corked bottle. Rub over the hands while still wet after washing. Dab them lightly with a towel instead of wiping them.

Here is a recipe for a simple shampoo made of lemon: Pour the strained juice of three lemons over two ounces of salts of tartar, add two quarts of warm water and use as an ordinary shampoo. This will make the hair soft and fluffy, and is an excellent cleanser. It is a good idea to boil the juice, cooking the skins with it. This makes a stronger solution of the lemon. A few drops of perfume added will leave a faint scent upon the hair. The mixture of salts of tartar should never be allowed to stand. It should be mixed fresh for every shampoo.

There is no excuse for rough or stained hands nowadays, no matter how much time is spent in the kitchen. A slice of lemon, or a skin from which the juice has been squeezed, rubbed on the hands will remove stains of all kinds.

Even the sick room pays tribute to acid ellipse, and much of comfort and healing depends upon its cheapness. Lemon juice purifies the blood, tones the system and cools the whole body, preventing a host of ailments that have their origin in the liver.

Malaria succumbs before the plentiful use of the lemon, and as an ante-breakfast tonic lemon juice blended with hot water is said to be an almost certain cure for obesity.

The juice of a lemon in a cup of strong black coffee without sugar will often cure a sick headache, and hot lemonade with flaxseed taken after a chill or a wetting will often prevent a serious illness.

Lemon juice and sugar mixed very thick makes a common remedy for coughs. A better way is to put a large lemon in the oven and allow it to remain until thoroughly baked, when it will be soft all the way through. Add enough honey to the pulp to make a thick syrup. Sugar will answer the purpose, but honey is more medicinal. Keep the syrup warm and take a teaspoonful every fifteen minutes. This is warranted to relieve hoarseness and colds in short order. Chronic bronchitis may also be relieved by the use of lemon juice, honey and hot water. Diarrhoea is said to be cured very quickly by the use of lemon juice and pure honey—the strained juice of two lemons to two teaspoonfuls of honey. For heartburn, take the juice of a lemon and one-half teaspoonful of baking soda in one-half glass of cold water. Drink while it is effervescing. Lemons in almost any form are good for people with rheumatic tendencies.

A poultice made of bread crumbs soaked in lemon juice will cure the most obstinate corn. Bind a fresh poultice on the corn each night, removing it in the morning and substituting a thin slice of lemon during the day.

Chilblains, if the skin is not broken, should be rubbed with a slice of lemon sprinkled with salt. For tired and swollen feet rub with lemon juice and alcohol mixed in equal quantities, after a hot bath.

Old-fashioned housewives had many recipes for utilizing the lemon. They made their own lemon syrups and flavoring extracts, lemon rind sweetmeats, lemon preserves and marmalades which they guarded carefully for those special occasions when only the best they could offer was good enough. Lemon honey and pickled lemons were old time goodies; lemon custards and jellies are quite as popular to-day as they were many years ago.

LEMON WATER ICE.—Pour one cupful of hot water over three-fourths cupful of honey, add the grated rinds and strained juice of four lemons and two cupfuls of cold water. Strain and freeze.

LEMON MARMALADE. — Wash three pounds of lemons, then pare them and cut the peel into very slender chips. Put the chips into a small saucepan, add two cupfuls of water, and boil for thirty minutes. Now take all the white part from the lemons and cut up the pulp roughly, put it into a preserving pan, add five cupfuls of water, and boil for one and one-half hours. This is counted after it begins to boil. Stir it frequently; then strain through a hot jelly bag without pressure, add the skins and the liquid with them. Now measure the liquid, and for each cupful allow two cupfuls of sugar. Return to the pan and boil for thirty minutes, pour into jars, cover and label for use.

LEMON SYRUP.—Peel the rind from one large lemon very thinly, taking care not to remove any of the white pith; put this rind into a saucepan, add four cupfuls of water, place on the fire, and simmer for fifteen minutes; then add the strained juice of the lemon, and simmer for another fifteen minutes. Strain through cheesecloth, return to the pan, add two pounds of lump sugar and one-half ounce of citric acid, and simmer until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. When cold, bottle for use.

LEMON POSSET.—Two eggs, four cupfuls of water, two cupfuls of fruit juice, the rind and strained juice of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of soft bread crumbs, sugar and powdered nutmeg to taste.

Put the bread crumbs into a saucepan with the lemon rind and the water and boil until the water is reduced to about one-third. Take out the lemon rind and add the strained juice and the fruit juice. Beat up the eggs thoroughly and stir them into the crumbs, etc.; reheat the mixture but do not allow it to boil. Add a dust of nutmeg and sugar to taste, and serve as hot as possible.

LEMON MILK SHERBET.—Mix the strained juice of three lemons with one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and add gradually four cupfuls of milk, stirring constantly to prevent the mixture curdling. Freeze and serve in glasses. Should the milk seem to curdle slightly as it is poured over the lemon juice, do not discard it, as it will not harm the sherbet.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

Alma College is Not a School "Mill"

Have you ever thought how near some of our educational institutions approach a grist mill? In goes the raw material, and out comes the finished product, always the same even drab monotony. Any originality that may at first have existed is forever ground out. The system is always the same —on, on, on grind the wheels.

This unifying process is what the teachers of Alma College are guarding against. They aim to train and develop and educate the pupils as individuals, not a class. The school provides wide choice in the matter of studies, and in each department each student is trained individually and her particular possibilities considered. Isn't this the school in which you would like your daughter educated?

There is a quiet, refining influence within the College. The everyday association with the teachers leaves its indelible stamp upon the lives of the students and Alma days are a period of true character formation.

For further information, write to

REV. R. I. WARNER, D.D.,

Alma College
St. Thomas, Ontario



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There are several Waltham models that are particularly su table for gift purposes, where the desire is to make a really memorable presentation. The Ladies' Convertable Bracelet watch illustrated above is one. This dainty little watch has the "disappearing eye," an exclusive Waltham feature, enabling the watch to be worn on chain, brooch or wrist, in any way that fashion may dictate.

Ask your jeweler to show you also the Waltham "Colonial A" a beautiful thin model watch for gentlemen.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED
MONTREAL.

My Best Idea

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS.

In this Department we will publish the best original items of general interest to housekeepers which are sent in by our readers. For each of the accepted items we shall pay the one sending it fifty cents.

If the description is not clear, we would suggest that the contributor send a rough sketch, making the idea plain, which can be used as a guide to the artist who will illustrate this page.

The Canadian Home Journal *cannot return the items submitted, therefore it is advisable to keep copies of matter sent for consideration.*

Address "My Best Idea," care of Canadian Home Journal. *Give your name and address.*

To Remove Stains from Windows.

To clean paint or putty from windows use 3 parts of caustic potash, 1 part slacked lime water to make a thick paste, rub over the windows to clean them.

Mrs. E. G.,
Wynyard, Sask.

Laundering Lace Door-Panels.

When you wash your door-panels, of lace or net applique to fit door-glass, wash, starch, stretch, and tack on door while wet.

A Fuel Saver.

A covering of wood over the hot-water tank, with sawdust packed tight in the intervening space, is a fuel saver. Make a small fire in the morning and the tank will keep hot all day.

To Increase the Number of Jelly Glasses.

When one has not enough jelly glasses when making jelly, this plan will help out. If you have any long-necked bottles, tie a woollen string around the bottle an inch or two below the neck. Dip this string in coal-oil, then set fire to it with a match. The neck will crack about a quarter of an inch above the string and may be removed. Fill with jelly. Cover the jelly with paraffin wax and tie paper over the top. These jars hold nearly a quart of jelly.

X. Y. Z.

Snugly Snapped In.

It is impossible to ride in any comfort if one is chilly, and it is sometimes difficult, and always tiresome, to hold robes in position, especially if, as often happens in driving facing a wind, one desires to bring the robe up rather high to protect the shoulders.

For this purpose we have devised the following scheme of our own:

We purchase what are known to the hardware and harness dealers as small "snaps" and "dees," the former about an inch and a half long. These are fastened one to each end of a narrow strap of leather by means of rivets. The strap is then fastened, near the centre of its length, to a corner of the robe, and the robe may be held in any position desired by simply hooking this strap about one of the ribs supporting the top of the automobile, or to the folding brace.

We had these straps sewed to our blanket robes at a harness shop with a small length of leather strap on the opposite side of the robe to sew through to prevent tearing of the robe in case of a strain on it.

On the fur robes rivets were used, instead of the sewing.

A short length of strap with a "dee" attached could be fastened to the back of the seat, in any position desired, into which to catch the snap attached to the robe.

It takes only two or three seconds to unsnap or snap the robe into position, and one hand will do the work.

If You Are Buying Woollen Goods

And want to make sure you are not getting a mixture of wool and cotton, burn a sample. If the material contains any cotton the flame will run along the line where the cotton is.

Removing Stains from Linen.

Coffee and fruit stains may often be removed entirely from an otherwise clean table-cloth by pouring boiling water through the stain, but many scalded fingers have resulted from the process. Almost always, too, the wet spot spreads in the linen, making a good deal of ironing necessary before the cloth is fit for the table again. Keep a pair of wooden embroidery hoops in the china-closet and when a spot is to be scalded out of the table-cloth, fit the hoops over and under the cloth around the spot as for embroidering. Then hold the hoop at one edge and pour the hot water through. Only the section of linen enclosed by the hoops will become wet and this may be pressed out in a jiffy.

Mrs. T. H. Willis,
Bathurst, N.B.

A Feminine Suggestion for Driving Screws.

Men-folk tell us that we cannot drive a nail, but here is a suggestion for setting a screw in some out of the way place or starting a nut on a bolt which is beyond the reach of wrench or fingers. Stick a piece of gum on the end of the driver, and then set the screw in position on the driver. You can then move the driver about and the screw will not fall off. And you can start it in the most out-of-the-way place imaginable. To start a nut on a bolt use the same idea, stick the gum on the end of a screw-driver, bolt, or piece of wood, press the nut down into the gum and start the nut wherever you please.

To Make Lamp Chimneys Stay On.

Cut into four pieces, each an inch long, some small rubber tubing (the kind that milliners use to cover the stems of artificial flowers will answer the purpose admirably) and fit a piece on each of the four spring posts of the burner. When fixed in this way, a lamp may even be turned upside down without the chimney's falling out, and the tubing will last for months, as the heat from the lamp does not reach the lower part of the chimney to affect the rubber in any way.

Mrs. Brown,
Hamilton, Ont.

Home-Made Plate-Warmer.

A wire letter-basket firmly wired to the top of a steam or hot-water radiator in the kitchen makes a most serviceable plate-warmer. The plates may be put in the basket after breakfast, covered, and left till noon. This is a much safer way to heat fine china than in the oven, where an excessive amount of heat will break them.

To Clean Marble.

Wet marble to be cleaned with cold water, then wash with a solution of one-half cupful of oxalic acid to one quart of cold water. Let this solution remain on the marble for three or four minutes, then wash well with clean water. If the marble is not perfectly clean, wet with water and apply the oxalic acid solution again. Be sure and have the marble wet before applying the acid, and wash thoroughly with clean water after the solution has remained on for three or four minutes, as the oxalic acid will eat into the marble. The marble should be cleaned in the sun, if possible.

"Anne."

Glass for Cooking Utensils.

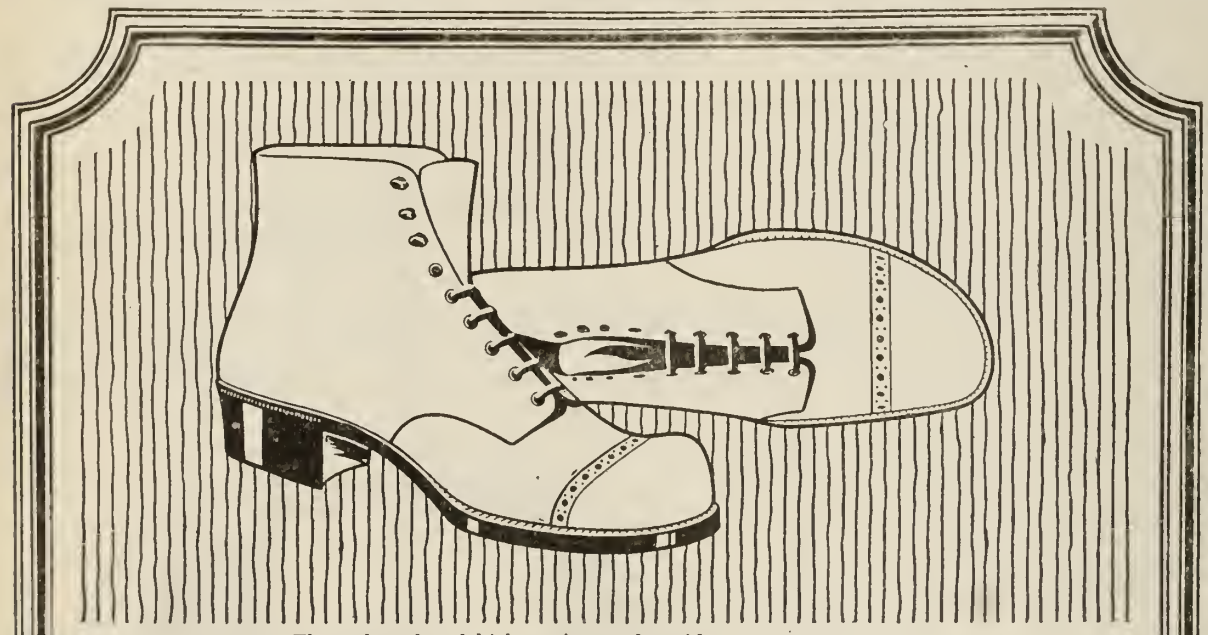
Although glass cooking-dishes have been on the market a comparatively short time, hundreds of homes have installed them. They are not only splendid for casserole cooking, puddings, pies, and so on, but are attractive to look at, besides saving time in serving and minimizing the number of dishes to be washed.

"Housekeeper."

Washing Laces.

Mix the dry particles of starch with enough cold water to make a smooth paste and add cold water until it looks like milk and water, boil in a glazed earthen vessel until transparent. While the starch is cooling squeeze the laces through soap suds and rinse in clear water. If you desire them to be clear white add a little bluing; if ivory white, omit the bluing; if yellow-tinged, add a few teaspoonfuls of clear coffee to the starch. Run through the starch, squeeze, roll up in towels, and clap each piece separately until dry. Pull gently into shape from time to time and pin upon the ironing board. When dry, press between tissue paper with a hot iron, punch the openings and pick each loop on the edge with a large pin until it looks like new; doing your laces in this way you save rough usage and labor.

Mrs. D. S. Lindsay.
Jarvis, Ont.



The medium broad high toe is popular with many men who want a roomy wide-fitting shoe. Blucher: black or brown leathers, $6 to $10

The High Cost of Whims

THE United States Government has found it necessary to issue strict orders regulating the styles of shoes. Why? Because the high cost of fads imposes a burden all along the line—upon manufacturer, dealer and consumer, and upon the Government itself.

Such action may be avoided in Canada, if you—the consumer—will co-operate with the manufacturer in reducing the demand for extravagant styles—if you will buy prudently, for service rather than for effect.

To do this will be a direct benefit to you. You will get better and longer service, more comfort, and your shoes will be quite as neat and attractive. You will need fewer pairs of shoes in the course of a year.

More than that: you will help to cut down needless extravagance, to reduce superfluous stocks on the dealers' shelves, to keep prices down, and to release essential supplies of leather for our forces overseas.

A.H.M. War-Time Selections offer Special Service Value for Men, Women and Children. Ask your dealer for them.

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"Shoemakers to the Nation"

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When you buy Shoes look for— AHM RELIABILITY *—this Trade-mark on every sole*

17

Try Steaming Your Food

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Economical Cookery."

Explaining The New Process of Food Preparation



Beef Loaf with Steamed Vegetables.





Steam Pressure Cooker.



Meat Roly Poly.



Steamed Fish.

STEAMING is cooking in moist heat or heated vapor, *i.e.*, cooking over or surrounded by boiling water. Although in some respects the results of steaming are the same as in boiling, the steaming process is more gradual than boiling, and is for many reasons to be recommended. Steaming is regarded as one of the most satisfactory and convenient processes of cooking many articles of food, and is especially recommended in invalid cookery, and for institutions where cookery on a large scale has to be performed daily. Besides being economical, it is also a simple process, whereby the best flavor and nutritive juices of whatever is being cooked are well developed without loss of substance. The actual loss in weight of meat cooked by steam is slightly less than by boiling. Meat, potatoes, fish, soups and green vegetables, etc., are often cooked by steam. In all cases the water, or other liquid, such as stock, liquor, etc., is to be brought to the boil, and after a period of from fifteen to thirty minutes the steam should be somewhat reduced, so as to allow the contents of the steamer to cook more or less slowly until the articles, solid or liquid, to be steamed are quite done and fit for serving. Exception to this rule is made in case of vegetables—potatoes and greens—when full steam is required during the whole process of cooking.

An everyday kitchen steamer, fixed to the top of a large saucepan, with a close fitting lid, is generally all that is required for steaming food.

There is probably not a utensil in the kitchen more important for gradual—namely, slow—cooking than a modern steamer.

Apart from the old-fashioned potato steamers, there are several improved designs which are so arranged that several articles, indeed three or four courses. can be cooked in one steamer; the utensil is constructed so that each article of food is in its own compartment, so that while the steaming process goes on, the flavor of the other articles does not affect the contents of the compartment above or below.

A good steam cooker is a positive blessing to every home, as it is so useful and economical. It saves food. as nothing is lost by evaporation; there is nothing burned; it is a saver of fuel, which is also important. and it is easy to manage and keep clean.

A great variety of food can be cooked at the same time with very little attention.

Steaming. though a slower method than boiling, renders food lighter, and therefore more digestible. If a steamer is used, all that is needed is to fill the lower division with water, place a perforated upper vessel over this, and, when the water beneath boils, put the food in the upper part, fixing on the lid tightly. If there is no steamer, use an ordinary saucepan large enough to hold a mold or whatever is being steamed. The water must boil steadily all the time or the cooking will be checked.,

Care is needed to see that the water does not boil away as only a small amount is used. If the water is getting low, boil a little more in a kettle and pour that into the saucepan.

A steam pressure cooker for the home is a comparatively new utensil. It is one of the modern inventions that will soon save enough to pay for itself. The saving of fuel is very considerable, for, with many foods, only a few minutes instead of from one-half to one hour are required. Other foods need only thirty minutes or more, instead of hours.

When one realizes that even a tough chicken can be rendered tender in thirty-five to forty-five minutes, cabbage in ten minutes; a six to eight pound ham cooked in fifty minutes, dried beans in thirty minutes, it is easy to understand why and how the pressure cooker saves time.

Much can be done by the housewife during the time saved, either in the way of other work or entertainment. During the time the food is cooking, it is not necessary to watch it all the time to avoid burning, boiling over, getting dry, or to stir it to prevent it from sticking. The odors are retained in the cooker, and all the valuable elements of the food are conserved, instead of much being wasted during the process of cooking. With this method of cooking, cheaper foods, such as the cheaper cuts of meats, may be utilized with very satisfactory results. The flavor of the less expensive meats when cooked under pressure, is equal, if not superior to that of the higher priced meats when cooked by the ordinary methods. The cooker is made of heavy cast aluminum with a tight fitting lid of the same material. The steam gauge is of standard make, calibrated to thirty pounds steam pressure on a dial sufficiently large to be read across the room.

Steam pressure canning outfits are very valuable aids for canning. Fruits and vegetables may be canned in glass at very little cost of fuel. The articles are placed in the cans and cooked from six to eight minutes for fruits; fifteen to forty minutes for vegetables. At the end of that time they are thoroughly cooked and perfectly sterilized.

People living at high altitudes especially appreciate the cooker, since in such places so much more time is required to cook any kind of food in open vessels. It is almost out of the question to cook dried beans satisfactorily at an altitude of ten thousand. Boiling meat is another all-day undertaking, but with the pressure cooker, altitude makes no difference.

POT-ROAST IN PRESSURE COOKER.—Four or six pounds of shoulder of beef or other cut. Heat the cooker and brown the meat on all sides; add one teaspoonful of salt. one bay leaf, and a small sliced onion. Remove from the fire for a minute or two, and add one-half cupful of boiling water. Cover and fasten all the bolts so that no steam will escape, shut the pet-cock, and with a quick, firm fire run the pressure up to twenty pounds. Keep the pressure up to this point for fifty minutes, then shut the fire off. Let the steam off if desired, but if there is plenty of time the pressure may be allowed to run down, in which case on a reasonably tender cut of meat it is not necessary to hold the fire quite so long.

If vegetables are to be added, cook the meat ten minutes less and add vegetables, then run the pressure back to twenty pounds and hold ten minutes, unless the vegetables are large, then hold for fifteen minutes, and let off steam.

MEAT ROLY POLY.—Three pounds of round of beef, two sheep's kidneys, 1 teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of corn flour, one-half cupful of stock or water, one tablespoonful of tomato catsup and suet pastry.

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth and trim away all skin and any superfluous fat. Cut it into narrow strips suitable for rolling up. Split the kidneys, remove the skin and the inside fat, and cut them into small pieces. Mix corn flour and seasonings on a plate and dip the pieces of meat and kidneys into this mixture, coating them on all sides. Roll up the strips of steak with some of the kidney and a small piece of fat inside each. Grease a pudding mold or bowl. Take some suet crust and roll it out to one-fourth inch in thickness and line the mold or bowl with this, pressing it well in so as to take the form. Be careful, also to get it smooth and of an equal thickness all over. Trim off round the edges and roll these scraps into a round to form a cover. Fill in with the prepared meat, and pour in the catsup and stock or water. Double down the edge of the pastry which lines the mold over the meat, and wet it with cold water. Place the round piece on the top and press the edges well together. Put the lid on the mold or cover a bowl with a greased paper and steam steadily for five hours. Serve in the dish it was cooked in. A small pitcher of boiling gravy should always be sent to table with the roly poly, as it will require filling up when the crust is cut. A few parboiled and sliced potatoes are sometimes mixed with the meat. Chopped onions may also be used for flavoring. Almost any kind of meat may be used for filling, or a mixture of meats. Small meat puddings may be turned out of their molds or bowls and have a little hot gravy poured round them.

STEAMED FISH.—Fish cooked by steam retains its flavor better than by boiling, especially in smaller pieces of fish. The fish is placed in a steamer which fits on to a saucepan and success depends upon keeping plenty of water boiling under it. Slices of fish, small skinned fish, or fillets of fish can be cooked to perfection both as to flavor and substance by steaming. If it is only a small quantity of fish which requires cooking it may be steamed on a plate. Grease the plate and lay the fish neatly on it. Season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika and squeeze a little lemon juice over the top. Put a piece of greased paper on the top and cover with a second plate, or the saucepan lid. Place this on a saucepan of boiling water and allow it to remain for thirty minutes, or until the fish is sufficiently cooked. The liquid on the plate should be served with the fish or made into a sauce with a little flour and butter substitute, and then poured over the fish.

This is an excellent way of serving fish for an invalid.

BEEF LOAF WITH STEAMED VEGETABLES.—Steaming is one of the most satisfactory ways of cooking vegetables, and this method should be adopted instead of boiling whenever possible. The old-fashioned method of boiling them in a quantity of water and then throwing away the water has much to condemn it, as so many of the valuable properties are lost in the water. When vegetables are steamed they should be served with a good sauce or with a little melted butter.

For steaming potatoes, first wash and brush the potatoes well in cold water, then pare or scrape and cut them to an equal size. Put them into a steamer and sprinkle with salt and steam from fifteen to twenty minutes, the time will depend on the size and kind of potato. When they can be pierced easily with a skewer they are ready, remove from the steamer and stand in a warm place until the potatoes are dry. Turnips, onions, etc., are steamed in the same way. Serve the vegetables round the beef loaf.

To make the beef loaf:—Mix one pound of chopped meat, with one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one-half cupful of bread crumbs and one-half cupful of cold water and place in a greased pan. Cover with a greased paper and steam for one hour. Turn out and serve with the vegetables.

STEAMED RAISIN PUDDING.—Cream four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute with one-fourth cupful of honey or syrup, add two well-beaten eggs, one-half cupful of barley flour, one-half teaspoonful of powdered ginger, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cupful of corn flour, one cupful of cleaned raisins and the strained juice of half a lemon. Mix well and pour into a greased mold, cover with a greased paper and steam steadily for two hours. When ready turn out and serve with whipped evaporated milk or whipped cream, or any preferred sweet sauce.

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Also high-grade hose and half hose

61

The November Puzzle

By TOM WOOD

Each of the following squares contains a well known "Proverb." Can you tell what they are?



Two prizes will be given; first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete in this contest.

Answers must be received on or before November 30th to be included.

Correct Solution of the September Puzzle:

No. 1—Okanagan.
No. 2—Annapolis.
No. 3—Mississippi.
No. 4—Gatineau

No. 5	No. 6
B A T S	V I N E
A C R E	I R I S
T R E E	N I N A
S E E R	E S A U

First prize is won by Miss I. K. Standeaven, Box 32, St. Marys, Ont., and the second by Harry G. Sweet, Walkerville, Ont.

Address all answers to the Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Remember Our Boys At The Front

To them the cigarette is the panacea for all ills. I have seen men die with a cigarette between their lips, the last favor they had requested on earth. If the soldier is in pain, he smokes for comfort, if he is restless he smokes for solace; when he receives good news he smokes for joy; if the news is bad, he smokes for consolation; if he is well he smokes, when he is ill, he smokes. But good news or bad, sick or well, he always smokes.

"The First Canadians in France"
by F. McKelvey Bell.

Canadian Magazine, February issue 1917.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

Music During The Great War

By H. G. STANTON

In Collaboration with Hector Charlesworth

PART II

(Continued from the October Issue.)

It is necessarily with the more intimate side of music, as it affects the home, that the music trades are concerned. The importance of music in inspiring military endeavor is admitted. No one will gainsay its importance also as a factor in making life more attractive and endurable for inmates of hospitals, and for the shut-ins of every description, not only in time of war, but of peace also. If music is deemed an essential or at least a highly beneficial thing for the wounded soldier, is it not equally so for the one who is sick at heart, through bereavement or anxiety? It is hardly necessary to point out that in this war the burden and suffering are not entirely borne by the soldier in the training camp, or in the battle line, or in the hospital. The homes of Canada are to-day filled with thousands of bereaved or lonely mothers and fathers, sisters and sweethearts, to whom music is perhaps the greatest of all solaces. The morale of these anxious and sorrowing ones must be considered by Canadians, just as it is considered in France, and even in Germany. It is to their consolation that the music trades, and especially the branch of them which deals in musical records, minister. It is one of the commonplaces of life to the salesmen in our music stores to have a woman in mourning come in to obtain records, and say that since she lost her son or her brother or husband, her phonograph has become such a comfort and a necessity to her.

There is probably nobody in any walk of life who could not cite such cases within his own observations. To tell such sufferers that music is non-essential and wasteful, would be to produce a sad but emphatic dissent.

Leaving aside the value of music to the non-combatant sufferer, let us consider another phase of it, where the argument would be as potent if there had never been a war.

We hear much of what the automobile and the telephone have done to mitigate the hardships of rural communities, but does anyone stop to think of what the modern reproducing instruments have done in this same field, to enrich life and make the young folk more contented?

Fifteen years ago, the advent of a new great artist, like Heifetz or Elman would have been a matter in which only certain coteries in the large cities would have been interested. To-day, it assumes importance in the smallest and dullest communities of Canada, as the perusal of the advertising columns of rural newspapers will reveal. In this connection, it must be borne in mind that any measure directed toward placing the music trades in the non essential category would hit the rural community first.

It must be plain from the above, that the consensus of opinion among all who have given serious thought to the matter, is strongly on the side of the utility of music, even in this country, where the art obtains no official recognition.

What can the non-essentialists say when they see our young men whistling, when they see our soldiers marching and whistling or singing frolicking airs that show healthy bodies, strong minds and heartiness of soul—needed, may I not say, more than anything else at the present time? Would those who do not realize what music means in fostering this spirit, stop this whistling or stop this singing? Defeated armies don't sing—the thief and the scoundrel don't whistle. Discouraged men do not win success—discouraged people do not win wars—music dispels discouragement.

This is a very simple illustration, but is it not a fact, and does the point not mean much?

Before the war, the effect of music and the results of music were realized by very few. Very little thought had been given by many to the subject, and especially to its actual position in our everyday affairs, but I am satisfied the war, and the efforts of many to put music in the non-essential class, are going to do more for music and fix its need more firmly in the minds of the people, than anything else could probably have done.

Information from the active war zone shows very clearly, there is hardly a Y.M.C.A. camp, a rest camp, a hospital or convalescent home that has not a phonograph or piano or both, and in many cases a number of them, and that they have proven so great a blessing as to be practically indispensable, as those in charge of such institutions have written many, many times: "You have no idea what joy and pleasure the phonograph gives the men."

Every man (excepting he "with soul so dead") has been comforted or inspired with some form of music, even under normal conditions. We can hardly appreciate the wonder of its effect, when a national air is played by soldiers whose souls are full of the spirit of war and a stage setting, so real that it throbs and breathes and rattles with clouds and shooting flame and clamor and terror. Then, "O Canada," "Rule Britannia," "Star Spangled Banner," "La Marseillaise," have a meaning, of such grandeur and such thrill, that if, for only this, our nation would be well repaid for all we have ever spent on music.

What a permanent and wonderful effect all of this will prove after the war!

In drawing to a close, it may be pointed out that some years ago, Prof. Robertson, the well known economist of Ottawa, was sent to Europe by the Government to report on educational reforms. Before his departure, he was approached on the subject of music, and requested to investigate that phase of European education. He scoffed at the thought, and dismissed music as, to his way of thinking, useless and expensive noise. When he returned to Canada a few months later, however, he frankly admitted that he had been converted, and that he had never before realized what an important part it played in the development of the young, until he visited the great institutions of Europe, where it is scientifically used as an essential part of the educational system.

This is the common experience of every man who is at pains to look into the matter, and to estimate how important and beneficent a part music does play in the life of civilized communities.

It is admittedly one of the greatest of all contributories to the congenial life, on which the happiness and prosperity of Canada must be rooted. As has been tersely said: "Music in the family circle builds up the intimate family relations between parents and children, between brothers and sisters, that are the basis of the finest feelings in life." I might quote C. N. Bovee on this subject: "Music is the fourth greatest requirement of the human soul. First, food; second, shelter; third, raiment; fourth, music."

With music in the family, the musical trades are most intimately bound up, because of the partially mechanical nature of all musical production. On ethical and sociological grounds, they have a claim for consideration, greater than anything that could be measured in purely commercial terms. The music trades ask no favors that would interfere with the full employment of man-power for the purposes of war; they ask no favors as an essential industry, so far as the distribution of materials is concerned; they are already heavy contributors to the public revenue without protest; but they do regard the musical art to which they minister, as a necessity of civilization in times of peace, and as an essential factor in the maintenance of public morale in time of war.

With these reasons in mind, I sincerely believe in the great need for more music at this time, that every avenue for its place in the home be made as convenient as possible to the public, and that we are more than justified in the slogan recently adopted:

"SEE IT THROUGH."
MONEY, FOOD, SOLDIERS' NEEDS,
AND IN THE HOME—MUSIC.

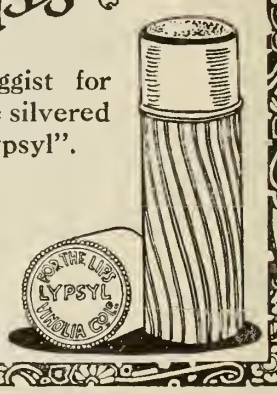
Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.



From her shapely toes to her finger tips
I love them all; but—Ah—her lips!
Whence have they gained that rosy glow
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Lypsyl for Tender Lips

When you ask your Druggist for Lypsyl see that the cap of the silvered tube is stamped "Vinolia Lypsyl".



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Hand It Out To Them as They Pass——

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The Original Front-Lacing Corset

and compare its superior comfort and smooth, graceful lines with any other corset you have ever known.

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Look at the straight front with its delicate accent at the waist. In this new Gossard front, even in a sitting or bending position, all appearance of fat or thickness is eliminated.

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Ideal proportions can be attained in a Gossard by every type of figure. In these original front-lacing corsets every woman may know a priceless all-day comfort. She is assured a hygienic support that safe-guards her health, and an inimitable style and improved figure that will permit a real clothes economy by enhancing the beauty of the most inexpensive frock or suit.

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Be sure you buy a genuine Gossard. Look for the name *Gossard* on the inside of the corset—it is your guarantee of the original front-lacing corset.

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Ideal Figure Tall Slender | *Ideal Figure Short Slender* | *Ideal Figure Tall Heavy* | *Ideal Figure Short Heavy* | *Ideal Average Figure* | *Ideal Figure Large Below Waist* | *Ideal Figure Large Above Waist* | *Ideal Figure Short Waisted* | *Ideal Figure Curved Back*

A Wonder Child and Clever Mother

(*Continued from page* 18.)

at once. When awake, baby must have something to do; must be intelligently amused; must have something interesting to observe, and not have to look at a blank wall. The Indian mother hangs her papoose on a tree, gives him outlook, and lets him be put to sleep by nature's lullabyes; we give ours a look into a fluffy carriage-top."

Teaching the Child Colors, Sounds and Motions.

"Instead of giving baby a 'pacifier,' hang different-toned bells at the foot of his crib. Attach to each a different-colored ribbon. Say the word 'bell' each time you ring one; then name the color of the ribbon. Both eye and ear are thus being trained, and baby entertained at the same time. When he is six months old he will pull a ribbon of any color asked for.

"When four or five weeks old, baby should be taugnt definite ideas of form and motion. Get several colored balloons, and tie a different one each day to his wrist. As he floats it contentedly he learns to move it in different directions—up and down and around. This starts co-ordination of mind and muscle. He is getting ideas of smoothness, lightness, color, and is also developing the strength of his baby arms. Then take two chairs; tie a string across their backs and drop a big red ball down to baby, who is on the floor beneath on a stack of pillows. Teach him to kick at the ball, and later, when he can sit up, to roll it to you. A ball is the child's natural heritage; begin to play with it in the cradle.

"The mother should plan to play every day with her child for some definite purpose, just as much as she plans to provide food and clothes. This would take no more time, and much less energy, than mothers now spend in quieting and scolding a worrying child, or later in counteracting his destructive tendencies. A child develops so much nervous energy that if it is not used in some helpful way it will be turned to destructive ends."

"Can you do anything to train a child musically?"

"Decidedly," replied Mrs. Stoner. "Little babies love rhythm. The mother should sing sweet lullabyes, if she can, if she cannot, she should repeat rhythmic verse. As I am not a singer, I put Winifred to sleep by scanning Virgil's Latin poems, with the result that when she was one year old she could scan the first ten lines. Much that was difficult to learn in school-book form was made easy to Winifred in simple jingles, in which children delight; they are fascinated by simple rhymes. Many beautiful songs and poems can be quickly and thoroughly learned in this way.

"Make the child familiar with the things about him in the world by starting in the home. Carry him about the room, point out and name the various objects, tell him simple stories about them; show him the pictures on the wall and tell him their stories. When he ceases to be interested in things, never force them on him; let him rest.

"Above all, tell your readers who are mothers not to let their children just drift along, picking up what crumbs and scraps they may happen upon accidentally. Let the mother have a definite purpose to train her child—to make it bright, sensitive to harmony of sound and color, active, eager to learn, musical, constructive—in short, to develop all its powers for good, so that there will be less difficulty in overcoming its evil tendencies. The mother was intended by the Creator to be the child's first teacher, and all mothers should assume this responsibility for the first few years entirely, and after that should have constant companionship with their children, and guide and help them in their school studies.

"Mothers do not play enough with their children; they do not take as much interest as they should in the child's talk and work and play and studies; are not 'chummy' enough with their children; they do not smile enough; and they are not as anxious as they should he to develop their own intellectual and spiritual powers so that they can teach and lead their children, making them clever, happy, useful boys and girls, men and women.

"I am delighted to hear of what the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is doing to help the mothers of Canada. Give them all my love, and tell them that I hope the story of Winifred, and the methods by which I trained her, will help other mothers to bring up children that will give them as much joy as Winifred gives me."

An Afternoon on the Aventine

(*Continued from page* 23.)

tected' the little States, with the exception of very independent Sardinia, as far as the Papal States, with the wretched, misruled kingdom of Naples in the south."

"Yes, Signor, but Austria is of many races; some of these fought hard against German supremacy, but for a long while Austria has thought as Germany said, and her management has been in the hands of that race who despise women's virtue, and who, if it seems 'necessary' to do wrong, are always ready 'to throw one's soul over one's shoulder,' as our peasants say. Our Italy had been a divided land since the end of old Rome, and no one thought that a united Italy was possible or to be wished for. We did not chafe so madly under the Austrian until the Tedeschi spirit began its systematic pressure to crush out all distinctly Italian feeling, putting soldiers in all our cities, with—we thought then—orders to insult and misuse our women, if we showed any nationalism."

The Signora's dark eyes flashed like stilettos, and I reflected that, however low a man's nature might be, commonsense should lead him to practice his brutalities in a land other than Italy. But just then Giacinta brought in our last course, a flat basket daintily trimmed with fig leaves, and filled with ripe, fresh-picked black figs. The Signora took some on her plate and laughed. "An old woman shouldn't talk of the days when she was young and very foolish," she said merrily. "Now we are allied with Austria and Germany, for we are a free and united country, and can afford to let the dead past bury its dead. Why, Signor, I was only thirteen, and Tito eleven, when we called ourselves patriots, and talked—ah, how we did talk!—of what we thought of Austria, and what we meant to do to her when we grew up.

"Our father heard us sometimes. He was a very good and wise man, and he would smile and say: 'You are very young, children, so you think everything is black or white—every Austrian is black as Hell, and every patriot white as God's light. Now I, who am old, see much gray in both sides.' 'But you know that the only white is with us!' we both shouted at him, and he answered, 'Am I not an Italian, foolish little ones? Are we not going to move to Rome because Pio Nono, the new Pope, is giving all the freedom of a constitutional government to his tiny State?'

"It was good to be young and in Rome those days, when everyone saw visions of making the whole world perfect and free, starting, of course, with Italy. And then the Pope—did you know they took me to see him in those wonderful Vatican gardens, where he walked each day? They put my harp among the fragrant lemon trees, but when I saw the old man in his white cassock, his little white cap and white cape, with the long white sash having the golden keys embroidered on its ends, sitting there on the terrace, with his cup-bearer and a Noble Guard on either side of him, and two prelates standing behind, I trembled so that my fingers were stiff. Then a fire took hold of me, and I played Italy and all that she dreamed of being. They made me play again, and then a servant brought my father more gold than I had ever been given at one time before. But I was a bold, mad girl. I knelt right down in the open and cried: 'Give your gold to the poor, Holy Father, but give me something you have touched yourself—you who are saving Italy.' The next minute I was so afraid and ashamed to think of what I had done, but the good Pope only smiled. 'Do not scold the child,' he said to my father, and he gave me this tiny gold cross. I wear it still, yet there was a time, not long after I was given it, that I threw it aside, for Rome was muttering that the Pope was coward or traitor, or both. But my father said, 'Rome is crowded with all sorts of patriots from everywhere. Austria is threatening the Pope (as a temporal prince) because his liberalism is stirring up her Italian subjects. I think he has done wisely to appoint Rossi as his minister, for he is a clever and moderate man.' And then Rossi was assassinated; I believe it was done by an agent of Austria's, hut looking back, I do not now blame Pio Nono for blaming us. He fled to Naples, and left Rome to look after himself.

"All North Italy was now in revolt, helping the invading Sardinians, they having declared war on Austria. We in Rome declared ourselves a republic, having for President our Mazzini—Mazzini, our poet and prophet, who raised Italian nationalism so high that even in our darkest hour we were ashamed to sink into anarchists. But he was not a good business man, that is, he could not do good work in arranging for food and munitions of war for our soldiers.

"For we had an army, and its general was Garibaldi. I saw him enter Rome in April, 1849—a red-haired, bearded

(*Continued on following page.*)

The Trust of Carmen Shelley

(*Continued from page* 8.)

greater inspiration—service to the helpless crippled children. Sonny's little, misshapen foot stabbed my heart and roused the fighting instinct of my manhood. I could not endure the sight of your little lad *crippled*, Carmen." His voice lingered with a peculiar tenderness over her name.

"Nothing in all my life has been so sweet as my friendship with you and Sonny," he resumed, "but—but now it must end. Sonny does not need the surgeon, and we must no longer chum together—"

"Why must we not chum together?" questioned Carmen Shelley, her cheeks suddenly whitened, her breath laboriously short.

"I can no longer chum with you and Sonny and yet have you remain loyal to Hugh Shelley," he broke out passionately, his eyes, dark with pain, searching her colorless face.

The woman, with a little, smothered cry, stumbled forward and bent over the sleeping boy, her fingers stroking the little black head. Then swiftly she turned toward the man, her eyes luminous and misty, a soft crimson glow flooding her cheeks.

"Hugh Shelley could say naught against our friendship," she announced softly. "Sonny's father laid down his life for his country *eighteen months ago*."

Haddon Spurr started forward, a cry of incredulity on his lips. Then, glimpsing the burning light in the eyes of the woman, he reached out hungrily toward her. Stooping, he gathered her in his arms and kissed thrice over the laughing lips.

"Carmen, sweetheart of all the world, I shall never fail your trust."

"We knew that long, long ago, dearest," laughed the woman in response. "Sonny and I trusted you most of all men."

THE END.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.



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Send **10c** for the trial size. Purifies, beautifies and preserves your skin and complexion.

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Who Goes There?

Illustrated by

Dan Sayre Groesbeck

A story which will hold your interest to the last word.

An Afternoon on the Aventine

(Continued from preceding page.)

man, who rode as if his horse was a part of him. He wore a red shirt and a broad-brimmed hat with a long black feather. Such was our first sight of the man who more than anyone else was to make our Italy, but then we only knew him as a patriot who had spent years of exile in South America and come back to help us, with his beautiful Brazilian wife, Anita.

"We—and Europe—learned to know him those three months that he defended Rome, proving himself to be a military genius, as well as the truest and gentlest of men. But everywhere the patriots had lost. Sardinia only barely saved herself, and France sent an army against Rome to restore the Pope. I heard the cannon and musketry and the bursting bombs as I played in the Vatican gardens again. This time men with slings and crutches and bandages were all round me, for part of the great buildings had been taken by the Roman Commission for a hospital. They had appointed Margaret Fuller, the American author, who married our Marchese Ossoli, as regolatrice, and she kept me to help cheer her patients, for my father and even Tito were with her husband, fighting under Garibaldi.

"Then it all ended; all our golden dreams became dust. Garibaldi escaped from Rome, with most of his men, before the city surrendered to France, and the Pope came back, but this time he did not trust his people. Anita Garibaldi went with her husband, but in the hardships of that retreat across Italy she died, while he got away to America. We, my father and I, returned to Venice, where we lived almost in hiding for those six dark years. Tito, the Austrians took as he followed Garibaldi in his retreat, and though he was not thirteen, they shot him. But there, I shall tell you no more of our black years under the yoke, only this, no war is so horrible as to be ruled by men whose study is to degrade and humiliate you daily, in order that your spirit and the spirit of your children may be thoroughly broken. We could and did pray then, 'If this is peace, God, give us war,' and so at last the 'good war' came.

"You know how Sardinia waited for her chance, then, allied with France, made war on Austria, until half Italy was free. Then Garibaldi roused the South, and in one wonderful campaign conquered the old kingdom of Naples. so in 1860 Italy was free and united, except Rome, which our ally, France, demanded should be left for the Pope. When she was crushed by Germany in 1870, however, the Italians quietly occupied the city."

As the Signora finished, we sat silent a few minutes, I looking through the big, uncurtained window opposite me, at the red roofs of Rome spreading out in the valleys between the hills, where glorious domed and towered churches rose among thick green trees. I was wondering if it was those drear years under the heel of an iron-souled conqueror that makes Italy so gladsome to-day, in her freedom, though the taxes she thinks necessary to keep her prepared for war pinch the homes of her people in food and warmth. The Signora must have been thinking the same, for she said, with her pleasant laugh: "Is it not good that being sinned against hurts a land so little—it is only the sinner who is wounded to the heart by his deed. Just as out of dead things Nature makes the dear, beautiful flowers grow, so out of our dead wrongs has come, I think, a great content of spirit and gladness of heart."

. . . . . .

1915—the crisis has come, and Italy has listened to the voices of her little children, of her working men and women, rather than to statesmen trained in diplomacy. Against what on the surface seem her political interests, she has refused even to remain neutral in this war against the ravishers of Belgium. To-night she is our ally, and I have here a letter from the Contessa.

"You will sorrow with me," she writes, "at the death of my aunt, but you will be glad that she lived long enough to hear what she was praying for—our declaration of war. Like other idealists, she had suffered much in spirit at the crime in Belgium, for she had been so sure that the world had grown too good for the things that were once done to us to be done again—and done in multiplicate. But she held to her brave faith that the lands which suffered most and gave most now would reap the greatest gladness of spirit and health of soul in the ages after we have crushed forever the Tedeschi spirit."

Amen! And you, brave women—brave women of your land, who send your men to battle, then work and contrive with double energy, and without a word of complaint to anyone—with all my soul I salute you.

Wire Contrivances That Help The Housewife

By ALICE GRANT.

Fashioned into a score of useful articles, heavy wire is an invaluable kitchen asset. One of my favorite forms is that of a lamp-chimney cleaner which consists of four heavy wires with a twisted handle ringed at the end. At the opposite end, the wires are bent at right angles to form a clasp for a rag to be inserted; a ring about the wires tightens the hold. If you have no lamps to be cleaned, this little article still has its uses. In my kitchen we insert a wet rag and wash off the stove top without menace to our hands, while, with a clean, wet cloth, we pry into the depths of bottles and jars, and by prodding and pressing get them thoroughly clean. Another helper that saves many a scorched finger is a griddle and cake-pan greaser which holds among bent wires a wad of greased paper or cloth. A spring holds or releases the cloth as desired. There is no danger of burning and the griddle is evenly greased.

A single piece of heavy wire ingeniously twisted, makes an efficient pot-lid holder. A twist at the top forms a ring which will slide over a nail or hook and two sharp bends below make a substantial support for the lids.

Long forks of wire, heavily tinned and with sharp prongs, are efficient kitchen helpers. Technically these are known as "flesh-forks" and are intended for raw meats, hence the sharp prongs. But although they are good meat-forks, I value mine most for toasting, for as toast-makers I have found them to excel any fork designed for that purpose. Flesh-forks come in varying sizes and with either wire or wooden handles. The long wire handle is looped, and rarely gets too hot.

A vegetable-lifter, which also has a varied field of usefulness, consists of a semicircular scoop of wires with a long, looped handle. It is intended for insertion into hot water to remove small pieces of vegetables and to drain them while so doing.

More complicated wire aids include an egg-basket which comes in different sizes for holding varying numbers of eggs, and which has a handle bent at the top into a loop. In this loop is placed a tiny three-minute glass. The eggs are put into the boiling water, the glass, which is reversible, is turned so that the part holding the sand is on top and, when the top section has emptied, the eggs are soft-boiled. A fish-basket is in quite a different and still more complicated form. This is in two parts, both made of close-running parallel wires held in a framework and the two parts so made as to fit closely together at the bottom. When they are together the basket is just the right size and shape for boiling a fish. The fish, basket and all, is immersed in boiling water, only the basket handle being permitted to remain uncovered. When the fish is done, the basket is lifted, the platter placed underneath it, and the two parts pulled gently apart. The fish drops to the platter whole and in good shape for serving.

A wire potato-masher with a wooden handle is simply a coil of heavy tinned wire in the shape of a funnel. It mashes and flakes potatoes rapidly, and at the same time, can also be used to beat eggs and to crush fruit. It is an excellent egg-beater, quick and thorough. Its makers also announce that it will act as a lemon-squeezer.

Two novelties in wire strainers are worth mention. One is to be used in the kitchen and is an ordinary strainer with a peculiar handle of twisted wire which makes it possible to fasten it to the rim of a pan and to have both hands free for pouring or stirring. This little convenience comes in many sizes and is a most valuable help. There is no danger of the strainer slipping into the pan or of dumping its contents into the strained mixture. If you have to leave in the middle of the operation it is all ready when you wish to begin again, and this without the soiling of an extra dish. The second strainer is fast achieving well-deserved popularity. Everyone who sees mine wants one, and I myself am just purchasing an additional one for special use. It is intended for table use primarily, but may be used in the kitchen as well. It is a tiny silver-plated, good-looking strainer for tea or coffee, with a wire handle which fits into the tea or coffee-pot. This is attached to the strainer proper. At the same point there is attached a tiny pan or basin which swings out under the strainer when it is used and catches the drip.

At the sink, a wire soap-dish which fastens on the faucets and hangs there ready for use keeps the soap within reach and turns the soap-drip to the useful purpose of keeping the sink clean. The soap dishes come in many styles and can be obtained in shapes suitable for hanging on a single faucet or between the two. They are held in place by a wire loop which fits over the body of the faucet and can easily be removed when cleaning makes it necessary. A wire sink-brush should also find many friends; it has bristles of wire which can be scalded clean without injury.

Two of my outside wire-helpers consist of a special carpet-beater and a trash-burner. Yes, I still beat rugs occasionally and other things as well, even in this day of vacuum cleaners, and I suppose that many of us find this still essential, for the hand vacuum will not beat skirts nor small rugs, and electricity does not come to us all. The best thing about my carpet-beater is that it has a handle which is guarded by a twist in the wire so that, beat hard as I may, my knuckles never come into contact with the article beaten, and consequently there is no danger of their being skinned. My trash-burner is a wire basket with a lid which holds paper scraps and permits them to be burned without blowing about and making a litter or menacing anyone's safety.

Incidentally, I hope you are not frying bacon in these days of modern inventions. A little wire broiler is specially made for broiling bacon and it is much more savory when cooked in this way. It is built very much like the ordinary broiler and fits inside of the over oven, under the gas flame.

All of us who keep house know the nuisance it is to clean lettuce properly, and some one has invented for this purpose a round wire basket, that opens and closes with a firm catch. You open the basket, put in the loose leaves, and "souse" it up and down in clear cold water, until every leaf is thoroughly cleansed. It takes half the time generally consumed in washing each and every individual leaf.

Those of you who have many flowers in the house will be glad to hear about the wire flower-holders that will fit inside vases of various sizes. Some of them are round and have a very wide mesh in which to insert the flowers; these are particularly good for short-stemmed flowers, which will not stand up in a bowl without this wire device. Others are made to hold roses and long-stemmed flowers, and with the aid of this wire holder a much more artistic effect is obtained. They cost from twenty-five to fifty cents each.

Perhaps one of the most important wire novelties that have been manufactured is the wire sagless bed-spring. No longer do you roll toward the middle, if you buy the proper kind of a wire spring. It is so built that it will not tear the bedclothes and because of some special construction it can not possibly sag, and is perfectly sanitary and germ-proof. When buying new bed-springs, be sure you get the kind that is guaranteed not to sag.

All of these wire novelties are comparatively inexpensive and within the reach of the modest purse. They save many steps and a great deal of worry for the busy housewife, for it is the little things that count in the sum total of the day's irritations.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(Continued from page 21.)

serving hot chocolate and sandwiches while the train is waiting. This plan has been carried out in some of the towns in the States with tremendous success.

I am thinking of visiting one of our Canadian military hospitals about once a week, just to cheer the soldiers up once in a while. What could I take to them that would be acceptable?

L. W., London

Cigarettes and candy are always acceptable, and above all, if you can possibly take a cake or pie of home-made cooking, you have certainly gone a long way in the cheering up process. You might offer to lend some of the men books which you think they might like; it is often impossible to keep the bed patients supplied with books.

Merry Christmas

And maybe some of "OUR BOYS" will be celebrating by going "Over the Top." We can't help with the fight so we are just going to see that there is not a single lonesome soldier in the whole front line trenches on Christmas Day, aren't we, girls?

So let's do without our Christmas Cake and Plum Pudding and send it to some homesick soldier boy who has no friends. You will be surprised how happy you can be on Christmas Day without it. Just put in a bright, cheery little note with your name and address on it to wish the boy in Flanders all kinds of good luck. The war may be over next year and we may never have the chance again.

For those who wish to send their parcels to the trenches address them

For a Canadian Soldier
in care of the
Canadian War Contingent Association,
123 Victoria Street,
London, Eng.

Those who wish to send their parcels to Canadian soldiers in the hospitals in England

Address—
For a Canadian Soldier,
In care of the Canadian Red Cross,
43 Tooley Street,
London, Eng.

Post Office rates to England—
Twelve cents a lb. Parcel must not be over eleven lbs.

To France—
Thirty-two cents for a seven lb. box.

Buy Victory Bonds

ANOTHER OFFENSIVE IS SUCCESSFULLY TERMINATED.

An army of workmen have been engaged for many months on the construction of Mount Royal Tunnel at Montreal, but the offensive has terminated. The Tunnel, 3.35 miles in length has been completed and was opened on October 21st, on which date the Canadian Northern Railway established through train service between Toronto Union Station, Ottawa Central Station and Montreal Tunnel Terminal, 416 Lagauchetiere street west, two blocks from the Windsor Hotel, Windsor and Bonaventure Stations.

Rail, sleeping and parlor car tickets are obtainable at all Canadian Northern Railway ticket offices.

Every woman who buys Bonds, stands behind a soldier.

Canada's War Effort

Up to the middle of 1918, $501,704,000 had been spent by Canada for pay and allowances, including subsistence, billeting, rations and assigned pay. The maintenance of the troops in France had taken another $114,366,000. Separation allowance has amounted to $71,436,000, and clothing $35,449,000; while the bill for boots and repairs totals $10,600,000. For ocean transport the expenditure to the middle of this year had been $16,000,000; for land transport $17,500,000. Stores, which includes furniture, bedding and utensils, is another big item—$14,000,000; while motor truck, ambulances and other vehicles, have cost $9,600,000; for remounts, etc., the bill has been $8,591,000. Over $4,700,000 has been paid for machine guns and $5.500,000 for kit bags and necessaries of kit. These items alone aggregate $800,000,000.

Turning to the monthly expenditure during 1918 it is found that pay and allowances average $14,000,000; maintenance of troops in France $8,000,000; separation allowance $2,500,000; clothing $325,000; boots and repairs thereto $190,000; accoutrements $110,000; outfit allowances $200,000; motor trucks, ambulances, etc., $270,000; land and ocean transport $260,000

Production of Munitions.

That Canada has done wonderful work in producing war munitions is well known, but only by getting some idea of the magnitude of the operations conducted by the Imperial Munitions Board can one appreciate adequately what has been done in this line of effort. The Board, which had its origin in the Shell Commission, organized principally to supply shrapnel shell to the British Government, has gradually extended its operations until now it acts as the medium through which orders for war materials and supplies from all the Allied countries are placed in this country. It even goes further than that; in reality it has mobilized the manufacturing industries of the Dominion for war work. It awards contracts for shells, steel and wooden ships, buys and manufactures timber, buys also metals and minerals of all kinds that enter into the manufacture of munitions. Outside of the Dominion Government, it is Canada's greatest business concern. To date it has placed over $1,200,000,000 of war orders in Canada, on which well on to 300,000 persons are engaged.

A few details will show what Canada is doing as a maker of munitions. To date over 60,000,000 shells have been produced. There have also been produced 60,000,000 copper bands, over 45,000,000 cartridge cases, 30,000,000 fuses, over 65,000,000 lbs. of powder and about 65,000,000 lbs. of high explosives. Of the 1,800,000 tons of steel used in the production of munitions, fully 1,450,000 tons have been produced in Canada. The Board has built, equipped and operates seven large national plants at a cost of $15,000,000. In these are produced all kinds of war materials, including shells, powder, gun cotton, Trinitro-Toluol, forgings, etc., while one plant produces airplanes, of which over 3,000 have already been turned out.

Munitions.

The Imperial Munitions Board has done wonderful work for the Canadian ship-building industry. Indeed, its orders have revived the almost lost art of building wooden ships in this country, an industry that forty years ago flourished, especially in the Maritime Provinces. Through an advance of $10,000,000 by the Dominion Government, made possible very largely through the last Victory Loan, the Board was enabled to award contracts for the building of $25,000,000 worth of wooden ships. This programme was, in time, extended until now orders have been given for the building of 90 ships, of which 46 are wooden and 44 steel, at a cost of $66,000,000. These ships are being built in British Columbia, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. In addition, the French Government has through the Board, placed orders for 50 wooden ships to be built in Canada to cost $21,000,000.

WOMEN OF CANADA

A CALL TO SERVICE

You serious-minded women.

You women who lead in your communities, whose advice is sought in the councils of women, who think for yourselves and your neighbors.

On you, to-day, falls a great responsibility. On you depends to a great extent, the support your community will bring to Canada in her prodigious war effort.

For you by your example and by earnest, friendly counsel, can guide hundreds into the habits of thrift, self-denial and patriotic sacrifice now so vital to our success in prosecuting the war.

★ ★ ★

Canada's part in the war can be maintained only by the help of all her citizens.

We produce food and munitions.

We maintain a big army in France.

It is only our surplus that can be used for war purposes—the part over and above what the civilian population consumes at home. The less each Canadian consumes, the less food, the less clothing, the less anything that is the product of labor and material, the more is available for fighting purposes.

Waste, then, at this moment, is unpatriotic, for it directly retards our war effort.

But that is not all. Canada urgently needs the money that is spent on unnecessary things.

Canada has no longer any foreign source of loans. She can borrow only from her people.

The vast shipments of farm produce and munitions, the huge operations of our steel industries, shipbuilding, lumbering, cannot be financed, unless Canadians themselves advance the money to the nation.

Victory Bonds are Canada's pledge to repay those advances. The Victory Loan is the great fund that maintains all of Canada's military, industrial and agricultural operations. It is, in short, the working capital of the nation.

The women of Canada can do much to insure the success of the Victory Loan 1918.

They can help by restricting their purchases for home needs. They can contribute directly by buying Victory Bonds. They can use their influence with their neighbors, and through clubs and other organizations encourage the buying of Victory Bonds.

By placing Canada's needs first, by realizing to the full the importance to Canada of the Victory Loan 1918, they can contribute mightily to its success.

★ ★ ★

You serious-minded women of Canada, your duty lies clear before you; let the full force of your energy, your influence and your devotion to our cause be exerted now to

Insure the Overwhelming Success of the VICTORY LOAN 1918

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Ask Us Any Question

State the questions clearly which you wish answered, and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address the letters to the heads of the Departments named. These questions are answered absolutely free of charge to our subscribers.



Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton.

About Health and Children.

Your problems of the feeding, clothing, weaning and general care of the baby will be carefully answered by Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton.

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Of course you are interested in your child's education, but you may have to ask about school matters. Write to Thomas Bengough.

About Cooking.

Cooking in War-time has become a science indeed. If you want any help or advice, write Marion Harris Neil.

About War Work.

All who wish information regarding the various ways women can help win the War, may write Betty O'Hara.



Marion Harris Neil.



Katherine Hale.

About Canadian Literature and Journalism.

Do you think you can write? If so, and if you would like some questions answered, write to Katherine Hale.

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"The Journal Shopper" will do your shopping for you free of charge in Toronto. Write her full particulars.

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If you want to unburden your heart and tell somebody about your troubles, Jennie Allen Moore will gladly listen and give some helpful advice.

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What to read, reading courses, home study, all questions of this nature, will be answered by Peter O'Donovan.



Jennie Allen Moore.



Frank Yeigh.

About History and Travel.

No one is better qualified to give advice on either of these subjects than Frank Yeigh. He will answer all questions asked him by our readers.

About Music.

Questions relating to music will be answered by Hector Charlesworth.



Hector Charlesworth.

"Home, Sweet Home"

The Song Familiar to Every Heart Written by a Wanderer From Home

"Home, Sweet Home." Everybody knows the song, and much has been written about it, but few people really know anything about its history, says Theodor A. Hoeck, in the *Delineator*.

"Home, Sweet Home," as one writer puts it, "is essentially English in sentiment and feeling, but curiously enough was written by an American, John Howard Payne."

John Howard Payne was born June 9, 1791, in New York City. When he was a little fellow his father moved to East Hampton, at that time the most easterly town on Long Island.

It is a romantic little town, settled by fine New England families, who lived in amicable relations with the red men who lingered about this ancient home of the Montauk tribe. The young Paynes roamed among pleasures if not among palaces in this town, and the home, which is still kept intact by its present owner, although appearing "homely" to modern eyes, must have been quite fine in its day. Undoubtedly the remembrance of it inspired Payne to write the familiar and famous poem.

His Early Life.

Payne's father was a school-teacher in East Hampton, and a fine elocutionist, so in "speaking," which formed a prominent part in the school programme, the son soon excelled. When thirteen years old, Payne became a clerk in a mercantile house in New York. His ability to write asserted itself even at this time, for he secretly edited a paper called the *Thespian Mirror*. Dr. Francis, in his book, "Old New York," says of him at this period: "A more engaging youth could not be imagined; he won all hearts by the beauty of his person, his captivating address, the premature richness of his mind and his chaste and flowing utterance." A gentleman who met him and saw indications of great promise, sent young Payne to Union College at his own expense. His studies, however, were stopped by the death of his mother and pecuniary losses of his father.

Young Payne had to do something to help support the family, and it does not seem strange, when one considers his personal appearance and early training, that he decided to become an actor in order to do this. It is a remarkable fact that when only seventeen years old he achieved a wonderful success as "Young Norval" at the Park Theatre, New York. After this he played in several of the large cities, and was acting in Boston when his father died. Soon after his father's death he sailed for England and appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, London, when only twenty years of age, again with great success. He continued acting for about five years, when he turned his attention to writing plays. For about twenty years he enjoyed a good deal of success mingled with a greater proportion of bad fortune. He was much praised, but his life, nevertheless, was sorrowful and hard.

When Payne penned the lines of "Home, Sweet Home" he was alone, in a foreign country, stranded in Paris, away from everything he held dear. The sweet sadness that pervades this simple poem is exquisitely expressive of the melancholy he felt at the time. It is said to have been written one dreary January day in 1823.

The song was first sung by Maria Tree elder sister of Mrs. Charles Kean, at Covent Garden Theatre, in an English opera or operatic melodrama, entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan," the words being written by John Howard Payne, and the music composed and arranged by Sir Henry Bishop. The song was, one might say, an instantaneous success, and during the first year about three hundred thousand copies of it are said to have been sold.

Naturally, the success of the song made several people wealthy; but unfortunately poor Payne was not among this number as he had sold his rights. Over Bishop's music there is much difference of opinion. Many writers say the melody is not original and that Bishop had used it before.

Others say it is a Sicilian air, but no Sicilian air has ever been traced that is anything like it, so it is safe to say that Bishop's own story of it is true:

Bishop had been engaged in his early manhood by the once eminent firm of Goulding, D'Almaine & Co., music publishers of Soho Square, to edit a collection of national melodies of all countries. In the course of his labors he discovered that he had no Sicilian air, and as a Sicilian melody had been announced, Sir Henry thought he would invent one. The result was the now well-known air of "Home, Sweet Home," which he afterward arranged to the verses of John Howard Payne.

Each Needs the Other.

It has often been said that Bishop's melody, not Payne's words, has given "Home, Sweet Home" its vogue, but when we get at the facts, it is easy to see that this is not so, for the melody failed when set to other words. In the case of "Home, Sweet Home" each needs the other, and together they make the most simple, direct appeal to "one of the most universal sentiments in the human breast."

The song is, therefore, Anglo-American, and, as Dr. Charles Mackay asserts, "has done more than statesmanship or legislation to keep alive in the hearts of the people the virtues that flourish at the fireside, and to recall to its hallowed circle the many wanderers who stray from it."

Payne left England and returned to the United States in 1832. Ten years later, and again in 1851, he was appointed consul at Tunis, where he died April 9, 1852.

In His Old Age.

Speaking of his hard life, Payne said: "How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing, or hand-organs playing 'Home, Sweet Home' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head! The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread."

He has been criticised for saying this, because he left his country of his own free will; but criticism is very useless in this case, as it raises the question: Would the poem ever have been written had Payne not left his own country?

In 1883 W. W. Corcoran, who when a boy had seen Payne act, had the poet's remains transferred from Tunis to Washington, and reinterred in Oak Hill Cemetery, with suitable obsequies.

Incidents Connected with the Song.

The Philadelphia *Record* gives one: No common poet ever received a more enviable compliment than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind, on his last visit to his native land. It was in the great National Hall of the City of Washington where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the Capital of the Republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies, but the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The singer suddenly turned her face to the part of the auditorium where Payne was sitting, and sang "Home, Sweet Home" with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself almost lost his self-control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric.

When the late Colonel Mapleson, a noted impresario, asked Adelina Patti to sing for him so that he might judge the quality of her voice, she responded by singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Madame Albani, who has probably sung "Home, Sweet Home" more times in more corners of the globe, than any other singer, relates how she met the late Lord Kitchener at Government House, Calcutta. After dinner he asked her to sing.

"What would you like me to sing?"

Lord Kitchener considered a moment. "'Home, Sweet Home,' please." At the end of the song he said, "Thank you," in his quiet way and relapsed into thoughtful silence.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

New Ideas for a Cold Weather Hike

Get Ready Boys, and Plan an Outing and Council-Fire for the Next Week-End

The old-fashioned idea that outings should be confined to hot summer days is fast fading and becoming an item in the down and out idea records. The real reason we hike more in summer is because we have more time but in the winter there are always free Saturdays. And if there is snow on the ground so much the better, for we can haul duffel on our bob-sleds and whenever we come to the top of a hill we can pile aboard and coast down.

The following instructions are given by Dan Beard in *Pictorial Review:*

First. Lay your plans for a hike, fixing the date and the place as well as the exact route over which you are to travel. Next, get the list of boys, Scouts, or Pioneers, who will agree to go. Third, find out who will furnish the bacon, who will furnish the chocolate or cocoa, the sandwiches or bread and butter, and all the other things necessary for the comfort of the midday rest and meal in the open. Fourth, have your dinner committeeman made responsible for the production of all the food; that is, he must see that the ones who agree to furnish certain articles, do not neglect or sidestep their part of the work. Fifth, see that the camp director is responsible for the production of the sleds, robes, blankets or shelter tents, which may be necessary.

Select a captain, whose duty it is to take command of the hikers, and to see that the other officers neglect nothing in their plans. The Captain is also guide, Pioneer and Scout for the expedition, so he should be one who knows the country, the roads and by-paths, as well as how to throw the diamond hitch, mend a broken sled and in fact, to "be prepared" for any emergencies that may arise.

In order to decide upon the amount of food required it is, of course, necessary to know exactly how many boys expect to be present. A teaspoonful of cocoa makes a teacupful, so if you allow two teaspoonfuls for each boy, that should be plenty. My secretary tells me that she can eat five sandwiches at a meal—if that is true, and I do not doubt it, then allow five for each boy.

What we need in the open, especially in winter, is good, hearty food such as pork and beans, beefsteak, and flapjacks, also something hot to drink, like a cup of steaming cocoa or chocolate. If you have eggs and milk, and both of these can be easily carried on a one-day hike, you may have flapjacks that will warm the cockles of your heart. Some people claim that a tablespoonful of snow is equal to half an egg, if used with corn-meal; so mix your batter stiff and just before you empty it into the frying-pan, add enough dry snow to thin the batter when the snow melts.

But, Pshaw! boys, why should I load you up with cooking directions when you have a mother or aunt or big sister who has cook-books filled with them, and can give you more recipes than you could ever carry out even though you were to graduate as a professional chef?

Of course this is to be a bob-sled hike, and I take it for granted that the reader has a bob-sled of his own, or can borrow one. So, also, it is taken as a matter of course, that he knows that if he happen to be living south of the snow belt, he may use a coasting wagon in place of a sled.

The bob-sleds are to be used for two purposes, or I might say three; as pack animals, as benches, and as tables. To use them as pack animals, the duffel is lashed on their backs. Take care to fasten it well.

While the cook or cooks are preparing the feast, the other boys may busy themselves by propping one of the bobs up on heaps of snow until it is high enough for a table, and then arranging the other bobs on each side of the table for benches.

In arranging the table bob, remember that the runners are made to slip over the snow easily, and consequently you must see that they are blocked by heaps of snow in front of them, or by pieces of wood under the bows to prevent them from slipping from their perch on the snowballs, and spilling the hot cocoa in your lap and scattering your beans and bacon over the snow.

A bob-sled council-fire will be a novelty, and may be arranged. All troops of Boy Scouts or stockades of Boy Pioneers attending the council-fire should be equipped with lanterns and bells strung on their belts or on their bob-sleds. This will make a novel and picturesque torchlight parade going and coming. The sleds will serve as seats around the council-fire, and also for sport on the way to and from the meeting.

The first troop to try this will be the Pioneers in winter council-fire work, and like all pioneers, they will have the satisfaction of starting a new thing knowing that thousands of others will gladly take up the trail after pioneers have shown the way.

The usual order of procedure for a midday camp where we have time for ceremonies, is about as follows: 1—Collect fire wood. 2—Light fires. 3—Totem Bearers line up five paces in front of the chief's seat and stand at attention. 4—All Scouts come to attention and give salute. 5—Totem Bearers return to their places and each Patrol or Stockade gives its own yell in turn. 6—All give the Camp-Fire yell. 7—All Scouts come to a salute and repeat in unison the Scout law. 8—All remove their hats and repeat the Pioneer or Scout oath. 9—"Squat!" At this order all the stockades or patrols sit down on their own bob-sleds. 10—The chief listens to suggestions or complaints. 11—The chief assigns the men to their different duties. 12—The cowboy call is given of Roll Out—Grub! Grub! 13—Pack up. 14—Hit the trail for home. This order is merely a suggestion, which may be modified and changed to suit the occasion. It is not even necessary that the boys on the hike should belong to the Scout Organization, or even to the Boy Pioneers, but we do expect them to be what we know all our readers are, real husky, clean-minded, clean-talking, fun-loving boys. Boys who have plenty of sand in their make-up, and courage to do whatever they know to be right, at all times. Boys who know how to fight, to fight for things really worth while; for the preservation of the forest and animal life, for right living, for better citizenship, for better schools, for more parks, and playgrounds, for a high standard of personal honor and loftier ambitions in life.

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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY



THE FINAL TEST

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE EDISON RECORDING LABORATORIES

BEAUTIFUL Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang the "Mad Scene" from Lucia for the December list of Edison Re-Creations.

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The **NEW EDISON**
"The Phonograph with a Soul"

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

Some Literary Traditions of Toronto

(*Continued from page* 12.)

circumstances and the greatest woman poet that Canada has so far produced—Isabella Valency Crawford.

"I had to tell her," says Mrs. Harrison, still regretful after all the years, "that we didn't pay for poetry."

Miss Crawford needed to be paid. She and her mother, the last save one brother, of a brilliant ill-fated Irish family, had come up from Peterborough to live in Toronto, and Valency, then in the late twenties, was trying to earn some money by the sale of those poems—glowing, splendid flame-like things—that everyone is proud to proclaim as great work to-day. But there was no sale. She would take them to the "Telegram" and the "Mail," and there they appeared for a brief day, and she made a little money out of serial stories—in no way up to her poems—and so she and her mother eked out a living in a room over Stuart's grocery shop on the corner of King and John streets. But the struggle was too hard, and she died at the early age of thirty-seven. Her poetry was collected and published by Mrs. John W. Garvin some years after her death, and during her life time it must have been a great satisfaction to her that she had the sympathy and support of Mrs. Harrison, who called attention to her one little paper-covered volume of verses, "Old Spookes Pass," both in "The Week," and with the powers-that-be in Ottawa. But to the people at large Miss Crawford was not even a name.

When you pass that dismal corner of King and John streets will you not sometimes say an "Ave" for the soul of that young genius who lived and died in such cruel poverty in Toronto? Here is her tribute to the city that ignored her:

She hears the marching centuries which Time
Leads up the dark peaks of Eternity:
The pulses of past warriors bound in her;
The pulses of dead sages beat in her;
The pulses of dead merchants stir in her.
Half queen, half child she bounds
To meet the coming Time, and climbs the steps
Of the tall throne he builds upon her strand.

At the time of the existence of "The Week" arose the herald of the "Canada First" slogan—a journal by name "The Nation," which also bore a distinctly literary tone. And these publications died away and there were none to take their places. The "Canadian Magazine," then coming into existence, could hardly have possessed very discriminating readers, for such young writers as Arthur MacFarlane, Harvey O'Higgins and Arthur Stringer believed the Toronto field so barren that they joyously escaped to New York, there to win a substantial recognition, as Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts had done before them.

In journalism, at this transition period, among the women writers we find one bright particular star who arose suddenly out of the west and became the best-loved newspaper writer, man or woman, that Canada has ever known—I mean, of course, "Kit" of the "Mail," that Irishwoman whose magnetism and warm human sympathy, as well as a vivid and sure journalistic touch, won her a new place and proved (first, I think, among the writers of her day), that a woman's page may be something more than a collection of cooking recipes and beauty hints, and uplift, and industrious clippings. Kit's "Kingdom" was absolutely her own. Into it wandered, weekly, thousands of men and women who were lured again and again by a charm that was at times almost uncanny. There was a mystery about "Kit" that held her readers by a spell. She was adored and imitated by every youthful feminine newspaper writer of twenty years ago, and when she died, while yet a comparatively young woman, in 1915, a great multitude of Canadians felt that they had lost a dear friend.

To be personal for a moment, I must say that the old red brick building at the corner of King and Bay streets where, as a young writer, I began to edit a department alongside of Kit's "Kingdom" is to me in every sense a literary shrine because of one ardent personality who felt and shared more of the mystery of life than any newspaper writer I have ever known.

The aspect of a city, its outer form or body, always acts and re-acts upon its artists. Toronto is not a picturesque city, but its streets and houses have meant something to a writer calling herself "Susanne Marny," whose "Tales of Old Toronto," published some ten years ago, are quite full of romance and color, while Mrs. Forsyth Grant's reminiscences, which appeared in the "Canadian Magazine" during 1914, are so delightful that they should be preserved in book form. The author is the daughter of Sir John Beverley Robinson, at one time Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

Poets who have done much of their work, nearly all in fact in Toronto, are Virna Sheard and Helena Coleman, both Canadians, while Marjory Pickthall, English by birth and distinctly un-Canadian in feeling, wrote nearly all of her very exquisite poems here.

One cannot speak of literary Toronto without a reference to Dr. George Parkin, for so long the principal of Upper Canada and later the superintendent of the Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford University, and to Dr. Archibald MacMurchy, for many years Rector of the Grammar School which was finally submerged into the newer title of High School or Collegiate Institute of Jarvis street. Dr. MacMurchy's volume "Canadian Literature," with its brief autobiographical notes on Canadian writers, was the first of its kind, and is still an invaluable addition to the library.

All these personalities tinge one's thoughts of a town and in themselves help to make its literary tradition. A strange jumble of "traditions," you will say! A college, a second-story back room over a grocery shop, a colonial mansion, a newspaper office! Yes, but the abode makes little difference as long as it has been inhabited by a living spirit, the power of whose flame is sufficiently bright to endure the test of time. In the end these lines must prove the test:

Whoever makes a thing more bright
He is an angel of all light.



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Phyllis the Dairymaid is in Demand

(*Continued from page* 26.)

to $60 a month and board. It is estimated that at least fifty girls could be placed in cheese factories in Eastern Ontario next summer.

Girls on the Dairy Farm.

Some weeks ago the writer came upon three dairymaids on a big farm near Niagara Falls. They were busily at work, and there was much more of the 1918 war worker about them than of Phyllis, the Dairymaid, of pastoral fame.

"Like your work?"

"Well, rather. We're just as keen about it as we can be," vouchsafed a rosy-cheeked girl.

"Are you an old hand at the game?"

"Why, no, we just learned this summer. We want to stay on through the winter, but our manager doesn't need so much help now."

And later their employer, speaking enthusiastically of the work that his trio of dairymaids had done, declared that he would employ forty girls to milk his cows next year, provided he could get them.

There will certainly be no dearth of openings for the girl who takes up this work. There is immediate need for just such help. At the same time it is more than mere emergency work. It is a profession that stands waiting to be adopted by the best type of girl the country can produce—a profession that will be worth while for her, and one that will bring prosperity to the Dominion in years to come.

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What London Thought of its Baseball Game

"As strenuous as a pillow-fight in a boys' dormitory," is the characterization which the London *Times* gives the baseball game played between the United States Army and Navy teams on July 4. It was an awakener for the English, a revelation of America at play; and the afternoon, "crammed full of extraordinary moments," passed "in such a pandemonium as was perhaps never heard before on an English playing-field." The United States seemed to be shouting in chorus, and Great Britain joined in, "a little breathless, but determined to make a good show of lung power." The writer says that the afternoon took them completely away to those distant times when they could rejoice under a blue sky without looking for Zeppelins and Gothas. The game was played on the Chelsea Football Grounds, and, says the writer:

"Never, moreover, was a football ground so arrayed. The rather dingy surroundings were shut out by a square mile or two of flags, 'Old Glory' and the Union Jack predominating, but the rest of the Allies not being forgotten. The grand stand was gorgeously draped, and the King and Queen went to their seats by a flowery way.

"Both for distinction and for enthusiasm the gathering was without precedent in baseball, or rather, 'the ball game,' as the more knowing among the spectators were careful to call it. Everybody appeared to realize that this was the kind of match that makes history. It was symptomatic and symbolic; for two peoples who have learned to play together are not far from complete understanding."

The King started off the festivities. The Army players dressed in green with blue caps, and the Navy, in blue trimmed with red, assembled before the Royal box, and the King descended among them, shook hands with the captains, and produced a ball on which he had written his name. The game started with this ball, but another was soon substituted, as it was the intention of the Anglo-American Baseball League, which had arranged the match, to save the autographed ball as a memento for President Wilson. The account continues:

The onlookers, who were estimated to number forty or fifty thousand in all, were gently persuaded to encroach no further on the field of play; and the game began. Now, baseball tempts every man to exaggeration. As all London ought to know by this time, it is one of the fastest and most exciting methods of getting breathless ever invented. It calls for great skill, and its rewards are salaries beyond the dreams of avarice. The dignity of cricket it disowns; the tremendous tumult of football is as the recreation of well-mannered mice by comparison to it. The players live on springs, possessing the activity of a high-grade machine. They think by lightning, and field, catch, and throw with the certainty of a stop-watch. As if the chaff of the spectators were not sufficient for them, they chevy one another. The pitcher can grin diabolically, if he be a good pitcher; and his comrades are thereby reassured and the striker daunted. The catcher is padded like an armchair, and must be able to take punishment with the calm of a prize-fighter.

All these qualities were superbly displayed in this match. We should not care to say which was the better side, because, frankly, we do not know. But the Navy won by two to one, and appeared to deserve its victory. Some of the catches in the long field, or whatever the baseball "fan" calls it, were enough to rouse a Gunn or a Bonner, those past heroes of the pavilion-rails, to emulate. The throwing was as near perfection as the human arm can make it. Those who saw baseball for the first time must have agreed that a first-rate player is worthy of his hire.

Many present yesterday made no secret of their ignorance. It may be that the prize for hard work, had one been offered to the whole assembly, would properly have gone to the American officers who strove hard and continuously to explain fine points to their English companions, fair and otherwise. These people, though often corrected, persisted in describing the pitcher as the "bowler," the catcher as the "wicket-keeper," and the striker as the "batsman." But American chivalry was very patient. It smiled through every mistake, and never once vaunted the ball game at the expense of cricket. For the credit of England it should be added that the superiority of cricket, when believed in as an article of faith, was most courteously suppressed.

At the end came a moment which, of all the wonderful moments that had characterized it, was the most wonderful. The game had been won for the Navy. The Navy in its own corner of the field had previously packed serried ranks of sailors to shout and demonstrate as soon as the last stroke was made. The crowd surged on to the field. Among them, in single file, their hands on one another's shoulders, like one huge snake, the sailors twined their hilarious path. The uproar was tremendous. Englishmen cheered, Americans yelled, tin instruments of various kinds brayed a raucous din. The King and the Royal party stood looking on. Suddenly, as by magic (whose magic it was did not appear, but it worked), the tumult dropped into silence. Across that silence drifted the soft, almost pathetic, first chords of "The Star-Spangled Banner," played by the band of the Welsh Guards. Hats came off. Sailors and soldiers stood to attention, saluting. After all that noise the quietude, accented by the poignant music, came near being painful. The meaning of this most significant of all ball games was carried along the air. There was more cheering afterwards, but cheering of a radically different kind. The crowd awoke to consciousness that the afternoon had passed into the history of two great nations.

A Chelsea veteran in his scarlet coat was in the crowd. Somebody wondered "what he thought of it all." Somebody else said musingly: "I wonder what the Kaiser would think of it all if he could be here." It can not be denied that, superficially, the two great nations were just making an afternoon of it.

With painstaking care *The Times* explains to its readers just what a "rooter" is and to what rites he is addicted:

The "rooters" for three parts of the time were lords of the situation. "Rooters" are the zealots who assemble in companies to howl their respective sides to victory. There were boards at the entrance to the grounds directing Army "rooters" to go one way, Navy "rooters" another, and telling them the number of shillings they must pay for their places. It struck one as a small sum before the game began; but when the game had ended those shillings appeared an unjustifiable and impudent tax on the hard work of honest men.

The "rooter" toils with his mouth, to which sometimes he attaches a megaphone. Judging from yesterday, the Army "rooter" is a tame and inarticulate creature compared with him of the

(*Continued on following page.*)

Music and the Home Beautiful

(*Continued from page 22.*)

Let it be clearly understood, however, that these are the luxuries of the wealthy. Their musical importance lies in the fact that they enable the reproducing instrument to be introduced into the most meticulously designed interiors, without detracting from the general effect. But it must not be imagined that the music they will give forth will be any better in quality or more appealing than that produced by less expensively enveloped machines. I would not advise anyone to forego the pleasure that the possession of such a machine and a fine set of records can give until he can afford to purchase one of these beautiful modern art models. As a matter of fact, manufacturers have for some years been making very sightly cabinets at prices within the range of the average man's purse. Even in the cheapest machines of the standard order, the records that may be used are precisely the same as in the case of the costly creations in English Gothic and hand-carved oak. After all the main value of the reproducing instruments lies in the pleasure they give and the facilities they provide for hearing the best music interpreted by the finest artists, in the environment of home. The new development is, nevertheless, interesting as a demonstration that one of the most marvellous of inventions may be made a delight to the eye, as well as to the ear.



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For The Spare Ten Minutes

STRANGE USE FOR A PALACE.

The Picture Gallery, St. James's Palace, never held just such a gathering as met one afternoon lately, to make a formal presentation to Queen Mary of the innumerable gifts in honor of the Royal Silver Wedding. The 125 branches of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild were represented, as well as others who had contributed to the shower. Replying to a formal speech of presentation by Princess Beatrice, the Queen expressed both surprise and pleasure at the wonderful contribution for troops both in and out of hospital. Gifts valued at £30,625 7s. 6d. were exhibited in Queen Anne's drawing room, and £9,268 7s. 1d. was contributed in money. In addition, 66 cases are on their way from overseas, and the beautiful pieces of silver donated for sale have not been valued.

Magnificent stacks of blankets pleased the Queen particularly. There were 30,000 pairs of socks, and these reached almost to the ceiling in one corner of the room. There was an equally immense supply of soap, which war had made valuable enough to be given place of honor in a King's palace. Love for the Empire, for the Queen and for the soldiers would necessarily arouse great enthusiasm in the assembling of these gifts. Children and tiny tots claimed the privilege of sending something for the shower, and countless old ladies sent their tokens of love. Among these was an old christening spoon from the one to whom it was given eighty-five years ago. Another dear old lady of eighty-eight sent a beautifully knitted set of "washers." These gifts will be duplicated many times, it is safe to say, in the 66 cases that are still to be unpacked. China, Hawaii, California, Falkland Ids., Rio de Janeiro and Tasmania represented, literally, the four corners of the earth, anxious to do honor to the Queen and the cause dearest to her heart.

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP.

There is in France a young English V.A.D. who serves King and country and the whole world by trimming between two hundred and three hundred lamps every day. If anyone has ever attempted to keep one lamp in order, that person will not envy the V.A.D. Neither will the fine grade of patriotism underlying the lamp trimming be overlooked. The work is performed in a cold, dark cellar, and the worker is alone much of the time; but the thing that keeps her steadily and cheerfully at work is the fact that every lamp will be needed at night in the hospital to which the cellar belongs. It happens that this particular hospital is one established in an old French chateau, picturesque and full of charm, historically, but entailing a vast amount of extremely hard work because chateau and monasteries were not constructed, centuries ago, with an eye to perfect sanitary arrangements. Highly cultured Englishmen, over draft age or physically unfit, count this difficult work no hardship. They have become expert stretcher-bearers, have driven ambulances under fire, and do countless things that are much more difficult than similar work in English hospitals in France.

DOGS' WOOL.

The spinning of dogs' wool has proved a success, and several offices have been opened in London to receive and prepare the combings. The Ladies' Kennel Association, Belfast Chambers, Beak street, Regent street W., receive the wool, sterilize it and clean it, after which it is sent to the central work rooms for spinning. The wool from Pekinese and collies is especially beautiful; the old grey sheep dog is also responsible for delightful knitted jackets that stand no end of wear, and launder beautifully. All soft-haired dogs yield lovely wool, and the hair from wire-haired dogs is used to stuff pillows for the wounded. The Countess of Gosford, Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W., has charge of this industry.

DOING IT RIGHT.

There is danger of missing much of the zest of the brilliant achievements that characterize this war through not understanding the marvellous skill upon which the success of those undertakings depends. In the Zeebrugge glory, for instance, most people think only of the valor needed by those who manned the ships—a valor requiring them to face a vigorous and fairly disastrous bombardment. The sailors, according to the usual idea of the victory, did the same thing which our soldiers do every time they go "over the top" and clean out dug-outs.

The fault is not to be laid at the door of the public, however, for they would cheer all the more lustily if they knew more of the cost of the victories in the way of preparation, the skilful laying of plans beforehand, and, above everything else, the years of technical training which were necessary before Zeebrugge or the bottling up of the Koningsberg or any other great victory was possible.

The "placing of the ship the way he wished it to lie" was considered epitaph enough by his commander when speaking of the gallant captain of the Vindictive. It was indeed the placing of the ship that was the real achievement. Landsmen have no way of knowing that unless a ship sinks on an even keel one end will be carried down stream and the other will stick up in the air. The ship will finally settle in the line of the channel—and will not obstruct navigation. German submarines and other vessels would still be going in and out of Zeebrugge had the captain of the Vindictive not known how to do this masterly thing of sinking his ship to lie across the channel instead of lying parallel. Two other captains knew the same thing, and there the three vessels lie to-day with mathematical precision, as is now known from a photograph taken by a German officer in a low-flying aeroplane. How the photograph came into British hands is another story.

This is not the first time that German vessels have been bottled up during this war by British ships that blocked the harbor completely because their captains knew how to sink a ship the way it should lie. An old collier, the Newbridge, was given that honorable work to do when the German cruiser Koningsberg was penned up in 1914 in the Rufigi river. The Newbridge had to be anchored head and stern, and there was a heavy fire from the shore. The rest of the story reads like the account of a crew's picnic ashore. After she was anchored into position the crew pulled the inlet valve, and while the ship was settling, the crew stepped into the boat that was waiting, fired the fuse that would blow out some of the bottom plates, and then left her to do what she was meant to do.

It gives one a pleased feeling to know that in this war both the Germans and the Turks have attempted to block the harbor in which British ships were lying, and that both have failed completely and clumsily.

Know Art. Currie---Well, Rather!

(*Continued from page* 25.)

election to its presidency, an office he has held since 1907.

General Sir Sam Hughes in that notable burst of energy on the outbreak of war, had one thought uppermost in his mind—he wanted Currie. A telegram was dispatched proffering the command of a battalion of infantry, and with as great celerity the compliment was acknowledged and the burden of the responsible post accepted. The then Col. Currie arrived at Valcartier Camp as officer commanding the 50th Victoria Scottish, but before the first great armada set out for Britain's shores Currie had started sky-rocketing.

Promotion to command the Second Infantry Brigade was his first advancement. What he has since done at the front is an old and thrilling story. Recognition by General Alderson, decoration with the Distinguished Service Order, appointment as commander of the Second Canadian Division, Knighthood from the King, and at length selection by British General Headquarters as Commander-in-Chief of the Canadians were the steps in the ladder by which he has attained a pinnacle of fame.

Again and again the shock troops of the allied armies through an unbroken succession of major victories Currie, with his indomitable forces has won fame, honor and respect for Canada among the nations of the world, and in his home land, he and they have made transcontinentally immortal the name of the lad who first saw light of day on the old Fourth Line of Adelaide.

Perchance still with the instincts of a hustling real estate man, he has again and again retrieved for France her battered townsites, and for Albert, King of the Belgians, his cherished "close-in subdivisions," but through it all, on the testimony of those who have known him best Over There he remains to-day a splendid "blending of ability, humility and simplicity."

No wonder Strathroy gasped!

Since the time of Columbus did any boy ever spring such a surprise on the folks 'round home? Now, like the enthused populace of Genoa, you will find them any day, swelled with elation and recounting a set of standard tales of the life of the commander in his days of schooling, twenty-five years or more ago; stories of his prowess on the field of sport; of his accepted leadership among the little group of scholars in the old country school house; of his aggressive shaping, even in his youth, of a dominant and commanding personality. To young and old the honorable prefix of his knightly title, or the appellation "General Currie" are too distant for usage among old friends, and close ones.

And so should you happen some of these days to drop in at Strathroy on a pilgrimage to the Currie homestead, you will content yourself with the rendition of somewhat stereotyped, though pretty reminiscences of the great.

If you seek for his intimates of those good old boyhood days stop any man along the street, and then in answer to your questioning, watch the prideful bosom swell:

"Know Art. Currie? Well, rather!"

A Lesson in Pure English

Writing in *Harper's Magazine*, William Dean Howells, with characteristic urbanity, calls the rising generation to account for its cruel abuse of the King's English in the ensuing imaginary conversation between an elderly gentleman—the essayist—and a sprightly young lady who breezes in upon him with the words, "Well I hope she gets it":

At this the essayist put his hands to his ears and lamented, "Oh, my dear child, my poor girl!"

"Well, what is it now, Uncle?" she tenderly entreated him, for she knew that she often afflicted him by her very common parlance, and was always sorry for it. "Have I gotten something wrong?"

"Wrong! Don't you know that you mustn't, that you really *can't* say, 'I hope she gets it'?"

"What is the reason? What would you say yourself?"

"What, but what all who speak English must say: 'I hope she may get it,' or, 'I hope she will get it.'"

"Oh! Then saying 'I hope she gets it' isn't English?"

"No, never."

"And what is it, then?"

"It is Yiddish."

"Oh, everybody says it!"

"Do they? So much the worse for them and so much the better for nobody who doesn't."

"Yes, but what's the use of worrying about these sort of things?"

"This sort of things!" he hissed.

"I mean *this* sort. I suppose I shall try to speak English, as you call it, but as soon as I get away I am afraid I shall speak Yiddish again. There is an awful fascination in it, and after you have gotten over the first strangeness you don't notice it. But couldn't you write out a little paragraph, or something, and put in all the things I

(*Continued on page* 55.)

What London Thought of its Baseball Game

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

Navy, whose voice is that of ocean storms.

The Navy sang like this:

Give 'em the ax, the ax, the axo.
Give 'em the ax, the ax, the axo.
Where? where? where?
Right in the neck, the neck, the necko.
Right in the neck, the neck, the necko.
There! there! there!

Who gets the ax?
Army! (*Very loud*).
Who says so?
Navy! (*Much louder*).

Then it sang like this:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.
All the Navy goes to heaven.
When we get there we will yell,
"Army, Army, go to ——" (groan).

The strain changed, with the words:

Strawberry shortcake, huckleberry pie,
V-1-C-T-O-R-Y!
Are we in it? Well, I guess!
Navy, Navy! Yes, yes, yes!

In honor of the King and Queen arose the chorus:

'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
King George, Queen Mary,
Great Britain.

No printed page, however, can deal adequately with the merits of the "rooter." He needs music to get justice; something more, or something less, than music.

To faithful American fans, there will be a decided element of humor in the terminology of the English writer when he attempts a technical description of the game:

The Navy battled first, but it was not until the fourth innings that a run was scored. Then Ensign Fuller crossed the home plate through a fine two-base hit by McNally. This success was greeted uproariously by the Navy's "rooters," and when Fuller scored a second run in the sixth innings—making it two-love in their favor—the greetings were redoubled. The pitching and fielding were brilliant, and just when it looked as if the Army would be beaten pointless, Tober made a fine two-base hit in the ninth innings, and as Lafitte followed him with a "two-baser," it took Tober home, and thus the Army registered their single run in their last knock.

The pitching of Pennock, for the Navy, and Lafitte, for the Army, was the feature of the game, and these two players, who are famous in the United States, worthily upheld their reputations. Pennock "struck out" 14 batsmen, and Lafitte allowed only five scattered hits. The scores were:

NAVY—0, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0—2.
ARMY—0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 1—1.

The line-up was as follows:

UNITED STATES NAVY.—Lee, right field; Vannatter, third base; Hayes, second base; McNally, first base; Egan, left field; Fierros, short stop; Maney, centre field; Fuller, catcher, and Pennock, pitcher.

UNITED STATES ARMY.—Maender, left field; Dorn, second base; Blackmoore, short stop; Tober, first base; Lafitte, pitcher; Batholemy, catcher; Rawlings, right field; Dublynn, third base, and Mims, centre field.

Official Umpire.—Arlie Latham, formerly of the New York Giants.

Summing the whole situation up, *The Times* is complacent:

Nothing really dimmed the brilliance of yesterday afternoon. Of good play there was plenty, and it was admired by Americans and Englishmen alike. As a spectacle the game and the audience might strive for pre-eminence. Naval officers rubbed shoulders with Army officers, the uniforms of the United States of America with those of the United Kingdom. Admirals enjoyed themselves with the light-heartedness of A.B.'s, and private soldiers could hardly laugh more delightedly than did generals. The Stars and Stripes was worn or waved by every man, woman, and child; and there could be no doubt whatever that its adoption meant a whole-hearted acceptance of America as a comrade in play and a near relation in the great work that lies before the two big English-speaking families.—*Literary Digest.*

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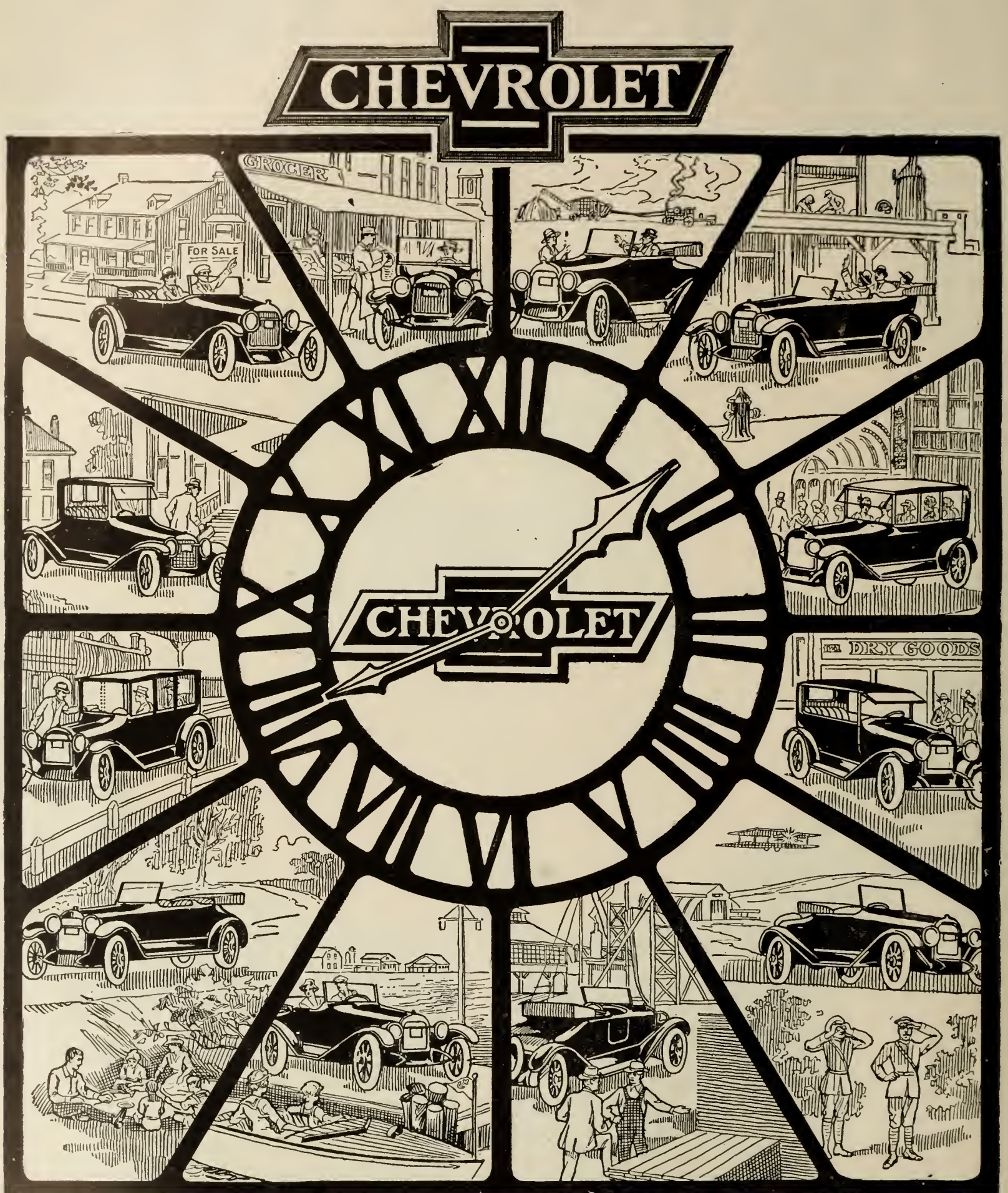


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A ROSE ENCHANTED

(*Continued from page* 15.)

Nicholas, is long life for a rose. But there was something about the blossom, we remarked? Yes, yes, I remember. It was scentless, and my mother would have none of it. Women are like that, and I myself care not for such roses in my garden." So saying, he rode away, the jingling groom following.

A great desolation swept over the little princess-rose as they went.

He cared not for such in his garden! Oh, if he only knew! she thought. If he only knew! If she could but find a way to tell him! But there was no such way. Everything passed because she had no sweetness. Almost she wished she were a cinnamon rose, or a briar. Perchance, then, the King would have broken her from the stem and fastened her on his doublet and worn her away. Quickly she scorned herself for the thought. She, a princess—truly a princess, though enchanted! For a little only. Pride and anger filled her heart. Then she was left again to loneliness, and these things passed away.

Day after day passed, and now she had come to watch the bridle path hour by hour for the dark figure on the great black horse. Hour by hour she listened for the jingling buttons of the little groom.

And again one morning of sunshine they came.

This time the king drew his horse up suddenly beside the rose bush.

"Now, by Flora, the goddess of all flowers!" he exclaimed, "but this is past belief! The scentless rose still blooms, Nicholas! How many days since we took this path before?"

"Eight days, Your Majesty," returned the little groom.

"Sixteen in all since my mother rode here with me then," said the king "and still but half-blown. Dismount and bring hither the golden pot, Nicholas."

The princess-rose trembled with excitement. "What next?" she thought, "what next?"

The king leaned down and touched the flower. "Unscented still," he said, "but of a rare beauty. I will have this golden pot and plant taken to the room-of-books in the palace—Nicholas. Call the gardener."

The old man came, pulling his forelock of white hair.

"A strange rose, this, Bellman," said the king, "and one that knows not the time to die. Have it taken to the palace."

"Ay! Your Majesty," the old man answered. "It be a rare queer rose—as you say. I see all things in thy garden, but never have I seen bird or bee or moth or butterfly stop near her. It seems a friendless thing, to these old eyes, and belikes is lonely."

"Lonely!" echoed the king, "then I should indeed have it taken to my palace. Loneliness reigns there, Bellman,—in spite of all the court."

"Is not thy mother with thee—my Master?" questioned the gardener.

"She is there, Bellman, but is ill since yester eve. My brothers are at enmity with us, as you who have known us always, have heard. The friend I love best has been lately killed in battle—and peace has not yet come. Much I envy you your days of peace here in the garden. But we must ride on—so good-morrow to you, old friend."

The rose listened until the last sound died away.

Then came an under-gardener and carried the golden pot and rose-bush to the palace. Afterwards an unbending footman placed them by a window in the room-of-books. It was a quiet room and filled with a golden gloom. Books lined the walls from floor to ceiling. There was no other flower in all the place and the red rose shone like a flame in the room.

A gladness flooded her, and though the place was more quiet than the garden, and there was no one in it, she was no longer lonely. For this was the king's palace, and sooner or later he would return to it. She listened for his step and watched for him.

By and by he came, and seeing the flower, went over to it, and lifted the half-blown bud.

"Most lovely thing," he said. "Whence have you this power to live? Dost not know you have out-stayed your time? Art perchance a rose of Heaven—blown by unkind fate on earth, and therefore fadeless? No. Not so. The roses of Heaven would be sweet of perfume."

Night came, but the rose was not afraid, for she thought of the king's words and waited for him to return.

Time went on, and always when His Majesty came into the room-of-books he stopped by the rose and marvelled at it.

"So lovely still!" he said one morning. "Not one petal dropped! Give me your secret, little rose, that I may keep eternal youth. And yet—no! I have no youth to keep, though my years are not many. Wars and the rumors of wars age me. Strife in the court, the jealousy of my brothers, the illness of my beloved mother, all these take the joy out of life. If I knew love—such love as one dreams of—But no, again. There is no beauty in all my court I could so love. They are like you—little rose. Every one like you. They lack sweetness—soul. The nameless something—without which they are worthless.

"If you had been sweet, little rose, you would have been plucked long ere this. Ay—plucked and carried to the queen, for by my faith, never was there so bewitching a flower!"

Again he went away—and through all the hours that followed the rose-princess listened only for his step.

But there came a day of mourning to the palace, when it was hushed, and no slightest sound of mirth by hall or stair drifted into the room-of-books. No one of all the courtiers came and wondered at her lasting bloom. For often now they came and wondered at her—old scientists and philosophers: wise men of diverse cults, alchemists, and theorists, as well as the young and frivolous courtiers. The rose had become the fashion of the hour as a topic and diversion, and all knew of her beauty. But by the king's order no lightest touch was to be laid upon the plant in the golden pot.

To-day, though, no one entered the room-of-books except a little page to fetch a breviary, and he was garbed most dolefully in black from head to toe.

Having got the book, curiosity took him over to the flower.

"Queer little thing!" he said as though half-afraid: "All the court is guessing about thee! I myself think thou art enchanted, and if I could steal one crimson leaf and wear it upon my heart I never would grow old either. But that would not suit me to remain as I am. I would be a man. 'Tis hateful to be young and sent hither and thither at the whim of a maid-of-honor, and then, peradventure ha' one's ears boxed at any mischance. Truly I desire to be a man speedily! But hark you, sweet one. I want not to grow ancient! Nay verily! Nor to die! I like not the aspect of death. I like it not at all. Heed you, little rose. The Queen-Mother is dead, and to be entombed to-morrow. And she was not so ancient—and was of a merry heart withal. Yet she is dead," he shivered a little. "In the chapel she lies in state. To lie in state is a sorry business, lovely rose. Sooner would I be a page and alive!"

So he left the room, peering fearfully around, for the place was full of shadows.

The little rose was alone again, but she had now no thoughts for herself—nor any self-pity. All her thoughts were with the young king. It was the weight of his loneliness that hurt her—and she only felt his sorrow.

At noon the next day a bell began tolling. One by one the solemn, heavy sounds fell, setting the air a-quiver. The rose shuddered as she heard them.

"She is dead!" the bell said. "She is dead!—is dead! She is dead!" over and over and over again.

To be dead, thought the little rose. Why was it to be so feared? Did they not say in her own country that no fairy died but only changed? Yet, what was this change? Who could tell? Her godmother had warned her to hold fast the magic perfume, or she would die.

Fear possessed her. Mad fear! She remembered the face of the little page when he had told of the Queen's lying-in-state.

And as she thought, the door of the room-of-books opened, and the king entered. There was no change at all in his garments, for he ever wore black, but his young face was like carven ivory.

He walked up and down the long room—up and down. Presently he stopped beside the rose-bush, and stood looking at the crimson flower.

"Wonderful!" he said at last. "Most wonderful of all things I have seen! A deathless rose in this world of death. Yet who would wish to live long, O wonder flower?" He shook his head and smiled a little. "I can think of but one thing that would detain me, willingly. I would know love before I pass on —" Then he shrugged his shoulders as at a fancy. "To be a king—and yet have bestowed upon one the gift of true love also. 'Tis too much to ask of Fate."

Again he paced the floor and again paused by the flower. This time he touched it lightly.

"O beautiful—most beautiful!" he repeated. "If you were only sweet! Then I would to-day carry you to my mother as my last gift. She lies in such lonely grandeur, little rose. Methinks you might even yet bring her some comfort. The great wreaths and arches of white flowers — the mourning tokens — seem not to belong to her at all."

The rose looked into the sorrowful face above her and trembled. Suddenly she understood that the hour had come when there was but one thing left for her to do. She must set the magic perfume free to sweeten the air, since the king wished it.

Then she would be carried to the

(*Continued on page* 54.)



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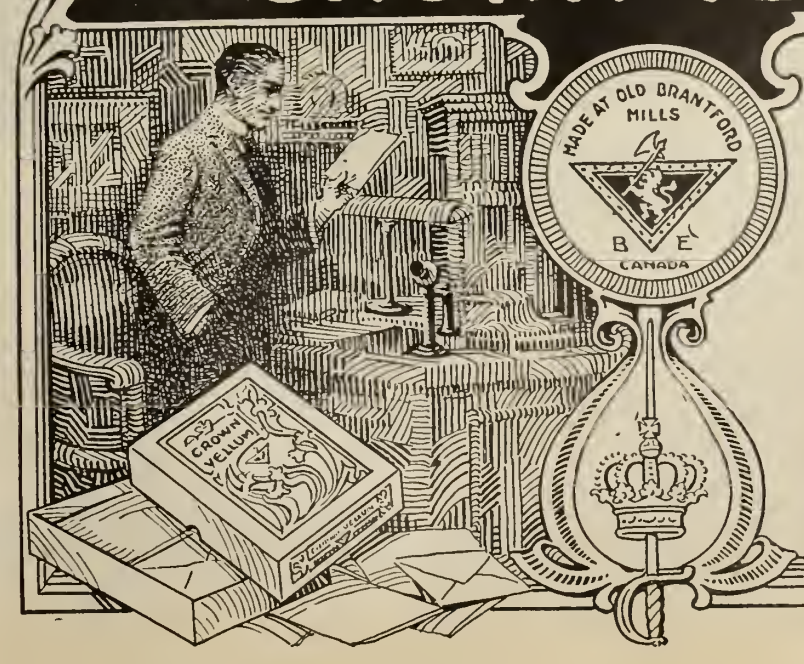
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A Splendid Programme Promised For The Ontario Institutes Convention Held In Toronto

At the Provincial Convention to be held in Toronto, on November 19, 20 and 21, 1918, provision will be made for the discussion of Institute work in general by the delegates. Patriotic work will, of course, be given most prominence how to finance for patriotic effort organizing workers and encouraging them. Girls' work in the Institute will again receive attention. The department appreciates the splendid opportunity, when the war is won, of extending this work, and methods to be followed will be fully discussed. Plans for making district annual meetings of greater value and the responsibility of the district officers in general will be considered.

The evening meeting of the 19th will be of a devotional character, and a well known clergyman who has spent some time on the field of battle will be the speaker. A number of returned soldiers will lead in the singing.

On the morning of the second day, Demonstration Lecture Courses in Domestic Science, Sewing, and Home Nursing will be fully reported upon and their importance emphasized. It is expected that during the coming winter there will be considerable increase in this feature of Institute endeavor.

Food conservation, with emphasis on community effort, war-time cookery, etc., will have a place on the programme, and the part of women in farm work will be reported upon and plans for 1919 outlined.

The work of the Provincial Housing Commission will be brought before the convention and its application to rural conditions outlined.

The afternoon and evening of the second day will be devoted to health and educational matters. Medical inspection of schools will be fully considered, organizing for the work, the part that Institutes may take in organizing and carrying on the work, as well as "follow up work" by nurses and clinics. It is expected that a leading educationist will give an address. Child Welfare work as encouraged by the Provincial Board of Health will be fully explained. The possibilities for rural schools will be considered and encouraged.

On the morning of Thursday reports from the Eastern and Western Ontario conventions will be given and the Nationalization of Institutes will be dealt with, followed by general discussion and resolutions.

In the afternoon, Thursday, the delegates will be taken to the Davisville Hospital for Returned Soldiers, where one of the leaders in the re-education of soldiers will give an address and the delegates will be given an opportunity to visit the hospital, as well as the work rooms and class rooms. This should prove a very interesting and profitable occasion.

Greetings From An Ontario Institute Lecturer, Now Organizing in Northern England.

London, England,
Sept. 7th, 1918.

To the Superintendent of Ontario Women's Institutes:

Dear Sir,—Thanks so much for the literature and sample books you sent.

Ontario Women's Institutes have given birth to a great idea which bids fair to influence even wider fields than the British Empire. It has swept like a prairie fire over these islands, only instead of blackness and desolation in its wake spring up the green growth of a larger life outlook and grand rural progress.

Last October, when the Board took them over from the Agricultural Organization Society, there were 140 Institutes. To-day there are nearly 700. The first Institute was started by our Mrs. Watt, of British Columbia, in September, 1915, at a little place with a big name—Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch, Wales. Now, please remember when you are telling of this to Ontario Institutes to pronounce *every* letter in it, for in Welsh there are no silent letters.

The Institutes proved one of our best mediums for fighting the submarine. We concentrated in our programme this year on food production, food economy, and food conservation, and the organized rural home-makers formed one of the very best allies of the Government, against our enemy. Now, they are looking looked to as one of the chief factors in the forward looking national reconstruction schemes.

We are surprisingly democratic. Our president and secretaries range from a Marchioness to a tailor's wife, a countess to a cobbler's wife. The unit in common is the British home. It is a beautiful and inspiring thing to see. Better homes for everyone is the slogan. The Board of Education here is also actively co-operating and freely and generously placing their lecturers and demonstrators at the disposal of the Institutes.

So great, indeed, is the general appreciation of the organization that our Mrs. Watt, who organized the first branches, has been given a decoration and made a "Member of the British Empire." Her son has received a decoration for distinguished conduct in France, and when he gets leave, mother and son will go before the King, together, to be decorated, but the mother's will take precedence of her son's.

We had a delightful and successful

(*Continued on following page.*)

GALT WOMEN'S INSTITUTE HOLDS ITS FIRST COMMUNITY FAIR

One of the most unique as well as successful affairs ever undertaken by the Galt Branch was the Community Fair recently planned, organized and carried out by this enthusiastic body of workers. The community idea was introduced by Mrs. E. J. Baird, of Galt, who, when visiting in New York, saw it worked out so successfully in that city that she decided it could well be adopted in a suitable manner by the women of the Galt Institute.



Mrs. E. Barlow, President of the Galt Women's Institute.

Accordingly it was undertaken, the co-operation of the "town fathers," being secured a town block in the residential district was closed to traffic for the evening decided upon—August 27th. Flags, bunting, lanterns streamers flowers and gay booths were everywhere, and the trees lining the street gave the whole scene a beauty which could not have been obtained indoors. It was indeed a community fair — everyone came, and everyone found something planned for his enjoyment.

At the entrance to the avenue where the affair took place hung a remarkably fine old "Royal Standard," which formerly had flown from the mast-head of the King's yacht, the "Osborne," and was loaned by a returned sailor. The homes on both sides of the street were prettily decorated and lighted, and on one verandah a continuous programme was given. A Highland piper added to the enjoyment of many a canny Scot—for Galt would not be true to its traditions without at least a touch of the "land of the heather."

Community singing was a new feature in Galt, but all joined heartily in the patriotic choruses, and several solos were sung by the ladies.

The money-makers consisted of a "bat the Kaiser," indoor quoits, raffles on a doll, banner and crocheted yoke. Booths for ice cream, lemonade, home baking, fancy work, flowers and a fish pond all added to the revenue, but probably the booth which was most popular was that in which hot boiled cobs of corn were sold. In the tea room, after the tea was enjoyed, a very excellent fortune-teller revealed the secrets of the past and the mysteries of the future to the eager listeners.



Mrs. E. J. Baird, who introduced the Community idea in the Galt Institute.

Four hundred and forty-four dollars was the amount made by the members of the Institute through their Community Fair, the Red Cross eventually receiving the money.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

Women's Institute summer school for two weeks at Bangor University, Wales, in July. Mrs. Lloyd George gave us a nice address on the closing day. I had the pleasure and honor of representing England (and, of course, Canada) at the first convention of the Scottish Women's Institutes in June. They are closely following Ontario's constitution, as they consider it still the best of any. We are expecting ideas and originality from the Scottish Institutes. There seems to be just one danger threatening our English movement—that of too complicated machinery for successful administration. However, I think the strength of directness and simplicity will be apparent later.

The work has been strenuous, but a great joy, and we take immense satisfaction in having, with the noble help of Canada and the U.S.A., conquered the submarine danger. I have thought of you and my dear Ontario fellow-workers so often this year with a certain happy feeling that we were co-operating closely still, though on a wider scale than ever before, for "Home and Country." I hope you will give my greetings to the Ontario Women's Institute members and tell them every little branch that is doing good work is an inspiration, and has helped not only to save but to upbuild the Empire, as well as its own community.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) EMILY J. GUEST,
Organizer of Women's Institutes
for the North of England.

A Women's Institute Exhibit and a Red Cross Market Day.

The Women's Institute of Thunder Bay had an exhibit at the West Algoma Agricultural Fair, held at Fort William, September 15th, 16th and 17th. It consisted of canned fruits and vegetables. Vegetables grown from seed obtained from the Department, some war-time cookery, for which recipes were given, some camples of canned fruits with corn syrup were also shown. Institute Banners were used for decorating; also small sheaves of grain tied with blue and gold. It seemed to attract a good deal of attention, and will no doubt interest a great many in the work.

Three of our Institutes, viz., Slate River, South Neebing and Fort William, held their annual Red Cross market day in Fort William, September 5th, and brought in vegetables, farm produce, butter and eggs, and sold them on the market, making $135.00 for the Red Cross work. This is becoming quite an annual event, and the people look forward to this day each year.

The Institutes of our district are each canvassing their respective townships for the Sailors' Fund Campaign, which is being held this coming week. The work is entirely in the hands of the Women's Institutes in the different townships.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE AND RED CROSS CANNING CENTRES.

The establishment of community canning centres, chiefly for the purpose of putting up supplies of fruit, vegetables and chicken, in various forms, for use in the Canadian military hospitals overseas, and, to a limited extent, in Canada, was well begun at Parkhill a year ago. This year the Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture has succeeded in establishing centres at seven points—Parkhill in Middlesex County, Barrie in Simcoe County, Niagara-on-the-Lake in Lincoln County, Mapleton in Elgin, Guelph in Wellington, Stratford in Perth, and Grimsby East in Lincoln.

An opportunity is afforded in these centres for the women of the community to bring their own produce, containers and supplies and put them up for private use. Advantage has been taken of this in only a few of the centres, for the women are more anxious that the soldiers should be well provided for rather than that they put the stores in their own cellars. The Institute officers have been most loyal in appealing for supplies to be sent to these centres, and not only the members of the Institute, but many others have contributed most liberally.

The Parkhill and Barrie centres have as their objective ten thousand chickens each.

The Department of Agriculture has provided up-to-date equipment, consisting, among other things, of a boiler for steam supply, large galvanized steam kettles, vats, pulping machines, closing machines and apparatus for sealing tin cans, and, in the majority of cases, a motor for power supply. Local Red Cross Societies and other women's organizations, such as the I.O.D.E., have most heartily co-operated in supplying free labor, and the Department furnishes a qualified demonstrator to direct the work.

The Canadian Red Cross Society has undertaken to furnish sugar, containers, vinegar and spices. Most valuable assistance has been rendered by the Red Cross canning kitchen at Hamilton and the Provincial Experimental Fruit Station at Vineland in organizing the work, installing the equipment and directing operations.

It would appear that these centres will furnish goods to the value of at least $100,000 for shipment overseas this year. When it is remembered that much of the fruit and vegetables utilized at these centres would otherwise be wasted, the value of the effort is very apparent. There is no doubt but that the establishment of centres will be considerably extended another year, and when the time comes that supplies are not required in large quantities for our military hospitals, the value of community effort will have been so fully demonstrated that canning centres will be a permanent feature.

The Men Going to Siberia Need Comforts.

To be "sent to Siberia" sounds like a sentence of penal servitude, and when we heard that some of our Canadian troops were to serve on the Eastern front, we thought it meant exile to a land of drear desolation. It is a relief to hear that the climate resembles very closely that of our own North-West, and that the Government is equipping our men with generous completeness for winter conditions.

Yet, when all is said and done, the Siberian Expedition is going to have peculiar hardships and difficulties of its own. It will have much of the boredom and probably little of the excitement of battle, and it is well known that the monotony of war tests the spirit and morale of the troops more than actual fighting.

There will be great scope, therefore, for us who stay at home to provide some of the extras and comforts which carry even to the best-equipped soldier a message of good cheer. Transportation, both by sea and land, between Canada and Siberia is strictly limited; we must send what is wanted, and only what is wanted.

The Militia Department has accepted the services both of the Red Cross and of the Canadian War Contingent Association, and will give transportation to the comforts they provide. These will be under the charge of a special Commissioner, who will issue the goods to the hospital units or to the battalions, as the case may be, so all supplies will be looked after carefully.

We are asked not to load up the stores until the advance party has reached Siberia and can survey the situation, but both medical and combatant officers agree that the best service we can perform is to minister to the comfort and entertainment of the men by sending such things as gramophones, modern and suitable monthly magazines (with advertisements cut out and the stories stitched together), stationery, indelible pencils, hard candies, properly packed in tins; tobacco in all forms, and chewing gum; all kinds of relishes to vary monotonous food. Then socks, of course, and probably other warm garments in limited quantities, such as Balaclava caps and scarves.

Christmas will afford a great opportunity for service. The C.W.C.A. wants to give the Canadians a taste of Christmas. Transportation is too limited to

(Continued on following page.)

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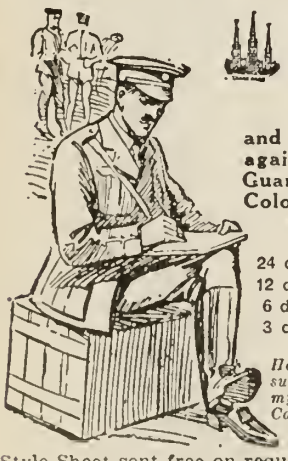
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Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

admit of an appeal for individual Christmas stockings or parcels, but we can and will (funds permitting), provide plum pudding, smokes, candles, etc. for the Christmas dinner. Contributions of cash for this purpose are needed immediately, as Christmas cheer must be ready in Canada early in November if it is to be in Siberia by Yuletide.

Possibly the demand may be largely increased if we are asked to furnish comforts for some of the Imperial troops now serving there. But money is going to be the chief need for Siberia. Contributions will be gladly received by the treasurer of the C.W.C.A., 56 Church street, Toronto, or at local receiving centres of the Association.

ADELAIDE M. PLUMPTRE.

THE DEMONSTRATION LECTURE COURSES APPRECIATED.

The following extract from the secretary of an Institute which has just completed a sewing course, speaks for itself.

"The class was composed of three or four matrons, five girls of about eighteen and about five girls of fourteen or thereabouts.

"Nearly every pupil made herself a cotton housedress, some made a separate skirt besides and nearly every one made herself in the last five lessons a 'best' dress of poplin, charmeuse or messaline. There was not a mistake made in any of the completed work.

"The education of some of the young married women of the class has been sadly neglected in this branch of sewing, and they were sure to be burdensome to their young farmer husbands sooner or later if it had not been for this opportunity granted to our Institute by your department.

"Our own daughter, now eighteen, never before very fond of sewing, has resolved, since taking the class, to make all her own clothes hereafter.

"A little daughter of thirteen, Ursula, for several years a prize winner in sewing at Rural School Fairs, was one of the hardest workers in the class. Her two dresses, one of percale and one of serge, are very pretty and well made.

"But I must not fail to mention two remarkable members of the class. They are sisters, and for the past four years motherless. They are now seventeen and fifteen respectively, but were almost ignorant of even mending. To them especially and to their father will this be a pleasure and a means of economizing."

In reporting a Home Nursing and First Aid Course taken by Institute members at Wiarton, the secretary writes:

"A woman who had taken Home Nursing Course succeeded in resuscitating a drowning boy."

NOTES FROM GREY COUNTY WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

The following extracts have been taken from addresses delivered at the 12th Annual Convention of the Grey County Women's Institute, held at Hanover, September 18th, 1918.

First. The address of welcome given by Miss S. L. Jamieson, Hanover.

We cannot but feel that service is the basis and real foundation of the Women's Institute—service which is promoted and inspired by our love for humanity and our wish to help each other, and the great interest we take in home and country.

Service, real service, means sacrifice, and that is the keynote of the Women's Institutes, and if we as Women's Institute workers strike this note in unison it will vibrate throughout eternity and only God himself can weigh the influence.

We have many opportunities to develop mentally along different lines, and these opportunities have been given us mainly through the Women's Institute organization. But, we must remember that because we have increased opportunities we have also increased responsibilities and when each individual realizes and feels—I think feels is the word—these responsibilities and only when we thoroughly understand the meaning of our beautiful motto: "For Home and Country," can the Women's Institute achieve the very highest possible influence. As members of this organization let us do our utmost, and this organization will be a credit to our Dominion, this Dominion of ours which from coast to coast pulsates with a new life, with a greatness yet unborn. We cannot but feel that Canada has a great future before her, and let us as Institute workers, do all we can along all those lines of work which fall upon us.

Extract from reply to address of welcome, given by Mrs. R. Brandon, Owen Sound:

"We are all glad to be here for the purpose of exchanging thoughts and ideas which may incline to the betterment of our home and country. It was in the interest of 'Home and Country' that Women's Institutes were first organized, and with that motto ever before the members they have continued and worked out its demands. Why did our motto have the two words instead of the one word 'Home'? Listen! The one is the development of the other. There would be no country worth while, were there no home, but there are homes, and homes of like standard—the self-centred home and the unselfish home. In the self-centred home may be found comfort, refinement, yes, and hospitality, but lack of responsibility for those who are not within its gates—while in the unselfish home we find those same attainments, comfort, refinement, and hospitality with a feeling of responsibility for the neighborly claims of those without, and thus will several such homes develop a community, which must spontaneously broaden into a country, finally expanding into a nation. Ah! that word Nation which is so very dear to each one of us to-day. That Nation for which we on the altars of sacrifice are offering not only our first born, but in many cases our every son and many of our daughters, too. Home and country to-day have reached the zenith of their importance, and as such must be safeguarded, and by us—the women. We who cannot follow our brave boys, aye, and girls, too, overseas, can show our loyalty in conforming to what is required of us. Save, serve and carry on and as someone has said, 'Go on.' Literally speaking there is more to do than 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' We must stretch our hands across the seas and give to the saviours of our Nation the necessaries of life, and this is only possible by strict conservation at home.

"I have not the time to go into detail, nor is it necessary, for we women of Canada are all impelled by the spirit of loyalty to do whatever our hand findeth to do with our might, consequently, we are surely united in our efforts to hold up the hands of those who are at our Nation's helm.

"In conclusion let me apostrophize our beloved Empire:

"Great Britain! At the mention of thy name,
All lustred with thy glory, might and fame,
We raise our heads in pride,
And ponder thus—were we not Britons free,
If every drop of blood were not of thee,
What matters all beside?"

"England! We speak thy name with steadfast mind,
Does danger threaten thee?
In joy we find and prove our loyalty.
Thou seat of Kings, thou guardian of the deep,
Must be safeguarded, tho' a Nation weep,
We offer all for thee.

"O Canada! We breathe thy name in prayer,
May we find strength to ever do our share,
Our love for thee to prove.
O Canada! For thee we live or die,
Let this then be our triune battle cry
Pride, Loyalty and Love."

Splendid, practical addresses were also given by Mrs. James Airth, Chatsworth; Mrs. Rogers, of South Grey, and Mrs. H. Downs, Maxwell. Space in this issue will not permit extracts from these reports.

Miss D. M. Sutherland, of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, also addressed the Convention.

Competition in Canning by Girls.

The following note from Miss McIntosh, Assistant to the District Representative in Peel County, tells of an interesting competition organized by the Women's Institute and the District Representative:

A few notes re our work with the canning teams. A team of four girls was chosen from each junior Women's Institute and the Girls' Club of Brampton. A canning demonstration was given at which peas, beans, tomatoes and one fruit were canned, the girls taking notes. The rules of the competition were given and arrangements were made for one demonstration class with each team once a week, until the finals. Eight classes were held with Ebenezer and Streetsville, and seven with Brampton, Alton, and Caledon. At the classes, the girls did the actual work, canning peas, beans, carrots, beets, corn, tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, peaches, pears, apples and plums. The making of jams, pickles, jellies and canning of meats was taken up.

Different plans for the team work were made out and tried, and a final one decided on. At the last four classes the canning of corn, tomatoes and peaches was practised, as these were the products we had planned to be used in the competition. The girls brought their home canning to the final meeting and we chose from among them fifteen jars for exhibit.

Three-burner oilstoves and the large utensils were supplied locally, while the smaller equipment was brought from home.

The teams were all dressed in white uniforms—the Victory Dress with Cap made by the girls. Each team had its own color, the color being evident in the initial on the cap and in small ties.

The competition demonstration was held in the Department of Agriculture tent on the fair grounds, Brampton. It commenced with testing the jars. The corn was husked, cooked, packed, placed in hot water bath. Tomatoes were blanched, cold dipped, packed, placed in bath; peaches blanched, cold dipped, etc., syrup made and added, processed.

The products were all placed on the table within the hour and a half after starting.

Miss Roddick, MacDonald Institute, and Miss Ethel Chapman, of Toronto, were judges.

The Activities of the Institute at Athens in Brockville County.

In writing of the work of this Branch, the secretary states:—

"In regard to our method of raising money for patriotic purposes, I may say we find our present method most satisfactory. A committee canvassed our town and asked for monthly cash donations to continue during the war, or as long as they feel able to pay the amount subscribed.

"At our regular monthly meetings we appoint collectors, two for each quarter of the town, who collect the promised amount the Thursday before our meeting, when a report of the month's work is given.

"We have organized bands of workers in the surrounding country. These we supply with work. In our village we meet every Wednesday to cut out garments which are given to four distributors, one in each quarter of the town. The finished garments are sent to one centre, where they are packed. The yarn is in the hands of one of the members who gives it out, takes in the socks and ships them.

"When we wish to raise money for regular Institute work, outside of Red Cross and patriotic work, we have a concert, usually a play put on by local talent. This part of the work is in the hands of a dramatic club composed of Institute members.

"Our girls nearly always assist in the programmes—not only in the musical part, but also give some fine papers. They also assist in collecting the monthly donations.

"We usually keep something going in our Institute besides the patriotic work. We have a splendid library in our town. The librarian, who is an Institute member, is paid by the Institute. Five out of nine of the Library Board are Institute members.

"This year we purchased ten window boxes, filled with plants, for our town hall, and we paid a man to care for them.

"Not being able to have our village school entered with the rural schools for their fairs, we held one last year and one this year. The Institute furnished the seeds, and purchased the prizes. The prize list included vegetables, flowers, poultry, sewing, cooking, handicraft, essays, writing. The fairs which were a success were under the man-

(Continued on following page).

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

agement of the Institute. We arranged a concert at night.

"At our last meeting our large Institute room was packed. We had grandmothers' day. Every grandmother and elderly p rson was invited. Those who could not walk were brought in cars. Our programme consisted of vocal and instrumental music—old time music—and a paper was given on 'Ancient History of Athens.' The old people were asked to relate incidents of their childhood here. Refreshments were served, after which each grandmother was presented with a bouquet. I may add that we had not served refreshments for months."

The programme for the year includes the following subjects:—"Canning and Preserving," "Garden Pests, and How to Destroy Them," "How to Keep Well," "Labor Saving Devices," "Corn and its Products," "Life of Some Noted Women," "Why I Make My Own Clothes, and How," "Developing the Individuality of the Child," "Canadian Railways," "History of the Red Cross," "Folk Lore," "The Education that Led to Germany's Attitude," "Important Events of 1918," "Some Canadian V.C.'s and How They Were Won," "Petroleum and its Products," "Evolution of Woman as a Citizen," "Women's Institute and the School," "Influence of Environment." Musical numbers are given at each meeting.

The Bonnechere Institute and the School.

For the past two years this Institute has given prizes for the best collection of vegetables at the Rural School Fair, and, in addition, has given prizes for singing and public speaking.

Each month two members of the Institute visit the school, who have a message for the pupils. This is appreciated by both teacher and pupils. This committee also inspects the sanitary condition of the school.

A drinking fountain has been installed and individual cups are used.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND REI ORT.

All Institutes have done a large amount of patriotic and Red Cross work, sending comforts and boxes to the boys at the front, and assistance to the Halifax sufferers.

The Marshfield Institute is supporting a prisoner of war, and giving considerable time to school and community improvement. They sent boxes to all local boys overseas.

Cornwall-York Institute visited the school occasionally during the year.

The Meadowbank Institute purchased an organ for the school, the funds being raised by a children's concert. Christmas boxes were sent to the boys and a prisoner of war was supported.

New seats for the school room were provided, 74 pairs of socks were knit and a prisoner of war was supported, by the Fairview Institute.

North River Institute raised $276.09 during the year, $74 of which was sent to the Halifax relief, and one prisoner of war was supported. A committee from the Institute visited the school and through their interest a new blackboard was purchased.

In addition to a large amount of patriotic Red Cross work Montague Institute kept the schools cleaned, and Lakeview provided a new hard wood floor in its school. Ray of Hope installed a water tank in the school.

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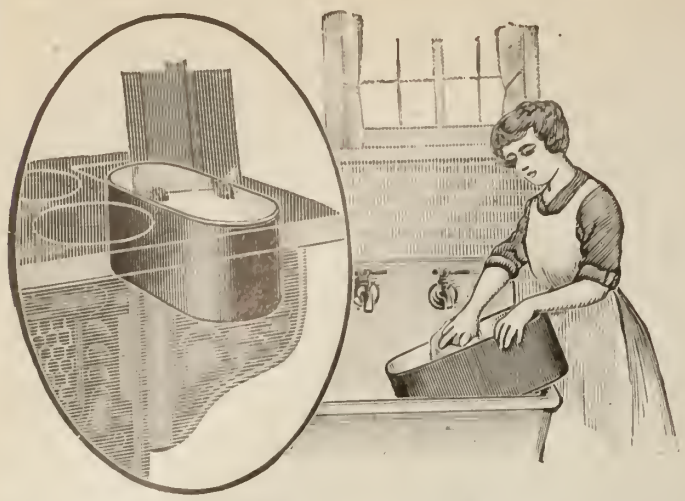
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The Peacemaking Perambulator

(*Continued from page* 13.)

enough." Teacher's eyes at once became pensive.

"Did you get what you wanted the other day when you cried for it?" Rosie asked blandly.

"Not yet, Rosie—perhaps some day," Teacher replied, stooping to kiss the eager, uplifted face.

Saturday Rosie "helped" in the store and the house, unmindful of the world about. Her thoughts wandered to regions remote.

"*She* said we could if we wanted to bad enough," Rosie told herself as she tended shop whilst Dad Martello enjoyed his midday meal in the kitchen. "And I want to so bad I'm all bad in me."

Suddenly from those regions remote came the glimmer of an idea.

Rosie gasped before the magnitude of it. Her breath came hard and fast; her eyes sparkled. Presently she laughed softly.

"Why, sure," she said aloud. "Why, sure thing!"

Later in the afternoon, when the rush was on, Rosie slipped out to the dark and silence of the back shed. In the far corner she saw the imposing top of the once glorious hand-organ. Then followed such a moving and shuffling of boxes and crates and barrels as ever a twelve-year-old tried to move in a decade.

It was almost dark when she returned to the house. Luckily, no one had noted her absence, for as a rule Rosie came and went as she pleased, save when the dark had fallen. Dad Martello had set the hour, and Rosie had been taught obedience.

The mysterious, wonderful Dream Man of the World could have told that Rosie slept little that Saturday night, though it was a secret between them.

It was grey dawn in Rosie's little room when she slipped out of bed and pattered, in her bare little feet and pink nightie, across the floor to the window. Away beyond the roofs and the roofs, and beside the uplifted spires, the day glowed a rosy welcome in the heavens. Below, the street was silent and dark, lined in shadows. Rosie leaned far out.

"Oh, I do love the sleepy things the best," she whispered. "When it's all quiet like God."

She watched entranced, for the freshness of the day and Rosie's wee heart were as one.

Then, when the sun had found a stopping place even in the corners of the street below, she turned back to her room.

"I guess it's time now," she shivered. "I guess I'll have to hustle."

And hustle she did—that is, as best she could, for the pink Sunday bow upon her hair wouldn't tie with Rosie's help alone. It needed Mother Martello, as did the buttons on her best Sunday frock with the lace-pleated skirt. But Rosie, nevertheless, was very proud of the little girl who looked back at her from the mirror.

Rosie, slippers in hand, noiselessly opened the door, tiptoed through the hall and down the stairs to the stillness of the kitchen. Here she paused to put on the slippers, then cautiously opened the back door and let herself out into the yard. Rosie had never been abroad quite so early before. The beauty and freshness of the new-born day filled her with an ecstasy.

Out in the shed all was in readiness, save for a few desultory manœuvres that necessitated the bob-bob of a pink ribbon bow, and the flop-flopping of pleated skirts of lace.

Then out into the light of day did Rosie Martello wheel the family pride—the hand-organ of her grandsire.

Out into the light of day—through the yard—bump down the curb to the roadway. Rosie paused to regain her breath and fan her flushed face with two reddened hands.

"Gee!" she ejaculated.

Something that sounded very much like Dad Martello's voice caused her to start vehemently; there was no time to lose. She took the affair in hand and trundled the old organ down the street as fast as her strength would permit.

Around the corner she halted.

"Now I'm goin'—I don't know where to go. Teacher said—"

Thereupon she gripped the handles and rattled on her way.

Small wonder it was on this sunny Sabbath morn that Miss Pass was awakened by the weird strains of some unwonted music. She listened dreamily.

"And there La Traviata sighs
Another sadder song;
And there Il Trovatore cries
A tale of deeper wrong;
And bolder knights to battle go,
With sword and shield and lance,
Than ever here on earth below
Have whirled into—a dance."

So thought Miss Pass, as, impelled by the witchery of the sunlight across her bed, and witching notes of somewhat wheezy melody, she jumped out of bed, slipped into her kimono and hastened to the window.

"Why, Rosie Martello!" she gasped.

The music ceased peremptorily.

Rosie looked up to the window, waving her hand long and gleefully.

"Whatever are you doing?"

"Well, I ain't doin' nothin' yet, but I'm trying to. Money is awful slow coming in," she announced.

"Don't go yet," Teacher called, then miraculously disappeared.

"Perhaps she's gone for some money." Rosie assented slowly, with a shake of her head, turning manfully to that extraordinary organ-handle that would "get stuck" in spite of her most pushing efforts. Her little arms ached.

Presently Teacher appeared—not at the window, as Rosie expected, with probably a handful of pennies, but in person—right in the roadway beside Rosie herself.

The surprise affected the music. For the second time it stopped abruptly.

"Now, tell me about it," Teacher demanded.

Rosie wondered if she were angry; her voice sounded so, but her face did not look it.

"Why," Rosie began, "you said we could get what we wanted if we wanted it *bad*. I do want that p-e-r baby carriage awful, so I am just out earning it."

Then the unexpected came. Rosie was hugged until her best white dress was in danger of ruin. Soon Teacher was turning the refractory handle, while Rosie stood close by in silent admiration.

"Just you go to that house and that house and that house," Teacher commanded, with little gestures towards the respective abodes, "and tell them what you want."

Rosie was off.

She was the first to sense the coming disaster. Coming down the front steps of "a very kind house"—she saw *it*.

Principal Blain!

She did not deem it queer that he should be there; it was enough for her that he was.

Rosie didn't know that it wasn't quite the ordinary thing for any young man—particularly a school principal—to pass, early on a Sunday morning, the home of his lady love. Rosie didn't know, either, that he was a man first and a principal after—and that, being a man his feet wandered where his heart led.

Rosie's heart beat fast.

The mean old thing! Suppose he tried to stop her teacher now—to make her cry again, perhaps.

Down the steps, across the lawn and up the street she raced.

"Say! say!" she panted, halting beside the imposing personage of Principal Blain.

But the man did not heed her. He saw rather a vision—a girl down the street—a girl in a pink morning dress, with the sunlight full upon her tousled, fair hair—a girl turning the handle of a wheezy organ.

"Say! say!" Rosie cried again, tugging at his sleeve. "If you make her cry again, I'll—*I'll hate you.*"

Principal Blain instantly became attentive.

"Made *her* cry—why, you are mistaken."

"Oh, yes, you did," Rosie chided. "Last Tuesday—because I *saw* her."

"You did, eh? Where?"

And Rosie told him. He listened, with pursed lips and squinted eyes.

"Well, by gad!" he interrupted, presently. "Say, little girl—what's your name? I'm going to marry her *anyway*. Let's tell her now."

But Rosie told it first.

"Oh, Teacher! Teacher!" she called,

(*Continued on page* 54.)

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

The Passing of the Old Maid

(*Continued from page* 16.)

One day this autumn, the ability of a certain Miss Capable was being discussed, when a newcomer asked guilelessly: "Isn't she an old maid?" There was a sudden silence, and then one of the discussed lady's admirers exclaimed: "Why, certainly not. She's just Miss Capable. Of course one never thinks of her age, at all."

"But does she try to keep young?" insisted the newcomer, who was so accustomed to thinking of age as a barrier or a label that she could not rid herself of the idea that Miss Capable should be thinking of retirement or disability, if she had passed the fortieth milestone.

"No, she doesn't try anything," said the admiring one. "She is too busy to consider anything but what she is doing or what she is going to do next."

The contact with world issues which the war has brought has hastened the exit of the conventional, nervous and fussy Old Maid. With such a shock as the world has not known before, women have been brought face to face with ghastly scenes and have proved equal to war's sternest demands. In truth, as soon as various avenues of work opened to women, as soon as the gates of opportunity swung inwards, the Old Maid began to depart from the scene and to leave a keener-eyed, warmer-hearted sister, to take her place and make a pathway for herself.

The abject, meek Old Maid, who was a dependent in the house of a relative or an "in-law," sees now that there is work for each and every one of us, and that independence is a state to be desired. The curious thing about modern conditions is, that the more helpful we are, the more independent we become. It is as if Kipling's prayer were answered:

"Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need."

The Old Maid of the past often found that her services were constantly in demand in various households, with no remuneration therefor, and with scant gratitude displayed. It was considered the duty of the unmarried sister to be at the beck and call of the married members of the household, to nurse her sister, Mrs. Jones, through nervous prostration, to hasten to the bedside of her nephew, Jimmie Smith, when measles had laid that active young person low, to give her life in any emergency in the household of Cousin Susie, whose lot it had been to marry a shiftless husband. There was not a cent forthcoming for these many and varied services, there were faded and cast-off garments bestowed upon the unfortunate spinster and she usually ended her days eating the bitter bread of dependence. Such may not always have been the lot of the woman who was unmarried, but too often she ended her years in humiliation.

Now, the woman who sets out to earn a living finds that she may be a doctor, a nurse, a lawyer, a dietitian, the head of a hospital, a journalist, an insurance agent, the manager of a sales department—oh, all manner of important and delightful things, if she will only use her talents to the very utmost of their multiplication. No one thinks of calling the busy and efficient woman of to-day, unmarried though she be, by the outworn title of Old Maid. It belongs to the days when woman apologized for earning her daily bread (with an occasional cake), when she was proud of not knowing how to endorse a cheque or make out a receipt. The most embittering occupation in the world is thinking about one's own little self—and the modern woman of ambition and achievement has no time for any such contemplation. If she has her own little romance, which did not end in marriage, it does not seem to interfere with her living happily ever after. As an aunt, she is an exceedingly up-to-date chum, even knowing things about the baseball score and the movie stars. She is a thoroughly good sort, not given to criticizing the young person and quite equal in smartness of dress to her own aspiring nieces. She finds the world a kindly place, this modern bachelor maid, and would not think of sobbing in the twilight over a shabby rose or a faded forget-me-not. Wherefore, we shall not weep over the exit of the Old Maid, who has really outlived her usefulness.

The Younger Brother

(*Continued from page* 10.)

objects—bark of tree—quill of beast—sweet hay—she, who was the embodiment of things primitive and unspoiled!

"But—" he said, wonderingly, "when did you find time to do it? You must work for your mother all morning you say!"

"I tell my mother I have a sore foot, an' I make my little sister do my work. I tell her I kill her if she don't." She smiled sweetly.

"Oh," said Mac, "how did you get them to let you out snowshoeing on that sore foot?"

"I jus' say my foot all right now, an' walk out."

"Madeline, you're a little humbug," he laughed, "but I love you for it!"

She became serious. "You lof me?"

"Of course."

"We git married, mebbe?"

"Haven't got any dough."

"We build a little shack in the woods, an' catch rabbits, an' in summer we fish an' pick blueberries. That's easy. Say, will we?" She pulled at his sleeve pleadingly.

"I'll race you," cried Mac, "to our tree!"

Breathless, they reached the fallen pine, and once more he lifted her to a seat among its fragrant branches.

The collie sat down before them, brushing his tail over the snow, and making noises in his throat.

"One would think he was really saying something," said Mac.

"My father have a dog once that talk," replied Madeline, "a little black dog, an' one day when my father is goin' shootin', that little dog follow him down the road, an' my father take him back an' throw him in the house, an' then he shut the door tight, an' peek in the winder, an' listen, an' he see the little dog sittin' on the middle of the floor alone, an' say to itself out loud—*'I wish I had went!'*—jus' like that, an' my father put his gun in the winder an' shoot him dead, 'cause he don' want a little dog talkin' to hisself like that. Jus' shoot him dead!" Her eyes were solemn, but a furtive smile curved the corner of her mouth, making a little dimple there, that was a nest for kisses, Mac thought.

But he did not kiss her. Some protective instinct towards her kept him from that—just yet. She was so ridiculously ignorant, such an easy prey, and yet—her very ignorance and wildness, made her somehow remote.

He was filled with sensations whose savour was new to him; his worries of the past three days seemed like a dream. For the first time in his life he was interested in himself and in the effect of another personality on his own.

That night when he went to bed he put the little box under his pillow, unseen by Ernie. When they were covered up, Ernie muttered, "This bed smells like a load of hay to-night—what's got into it?" Mac made no reply, but he felt for the sweet hay box.

Later, Ernie made an announcement that came like a thunderbolt to Mac. "Don't bother putting on those moccasins, Mac," he said curtly, after dinner, "I'm going out myself this time."

"That's right," encouraged Uncle Tom, "and be sure to go up the lane to the woods; that's the best walk, eh, Mac?"

Mac grunted sullenly.

"Well, do you think you've got a mortgage on the snowshoes?" demanded his brother, staring at him.

"I ain't saying anything," growled Mac. "Go on."

He saw Ernie depart, wishing that he would fall and break a limb, but he knew very well that he would not. Ernie did everything well. He sat gloomily by the stove thinking of Madeline waiting in the lane. He even thought of the little black dog that

(*Continued on following page.*)

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.



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Easy to use—and gives a brilliant polish that lasts.



Apply with a cloth to either warm or cold stove. Black Knight will not burn. It is dustless.



THE F.F.DALLEY CORPORATIONS LTD. HAMILTON, CANADA

A Rose Enchanted

(*Continued from page 47.*)

dead queen and laid in her hand—and afterwards there would be no more—no more of all that she had known.

Yet strangely—now she felt no fear. A warm wind blew in through the window. The rose bent before it and the red leaves uncurled. The wind blew again, and the rose unlocked the leaves about her heart. In a moment a heavenly sweetness floated through the room-of-books.

With a cry of astonishment the young king looked about. "'Tis passing strange!" he said. "The air is turning golden, and sparkles as with broken stars! Now 'tis filled with incense! The perfume of Araby—or the wind from over a thousand gardens!"

Then he remembered the plant in the golden pot.

"The rose! the rose!" he exclaimed. "It is the deathless flower of all the world that hath unsealed its balm! O lovely one, I will carry you to the queen and you will give her joy even yet."

He lifted the rose to his lips and kissed its petals, but even as he touched them, they curled at the edges and their color faded. One loosened and fell to the floor, then another.

The king gazed in sorrowful amazement at the change. Then as still another leaf fluttered to his feet a soft darkness crept over the room-of-books. Deeper and denser it grew until it was like the Egyptian dark of old. A peal of thunder followed, that shook the very palace.

Afterwards light and silence came back, little by little, until sunshine flooded the place.

The king stood as before, his hand about the rose. He had not broken it from the stem, yet the leaves were still withering fast. But more strange than even this--beside the king stood one as kingly as himself—only he was fairy small! His robes glittered with gold and silver embroidery and many colored gems, and upon his head was a crown.

"O Mortal King!" he said, bowing deeply. "I come from a land you know not beyond the last river. Far have I searched for the flower you hold—that I might bear it home. Only now, within this last moment have I found my way hither, and no methinks I have come too late. It is not a rose you hold, O Mortal King, but a princess of fairyland who is enchanted. The ancient and wise one who so enchanted her has departed to another life—and alas! the charm has worked out to this dire conclusion.

"In the heart of the rose was hidden a magic perfume. While the leaves held it fast, she lived, but if she gave the perfume to the air—death was her portion."

The young king looked steadily upon the withering flower from which the leaves still fell.

"Alas!" he said. "I am unacquainted with the ways of fairyland. The ways of my own troubled country are often beyond my power of understanding,—yet it seems this little rose—and none other was e'er so lovely—gave her sweetness to me, and brought death to herself thereby. Would, O Fairy King, that I had power to return life to one so dear."

The Fairy King lifted his hand on which was a dull gold ring.

"O Mortal Majesty!" he replied. "The fairy who placed this enchantment of the rose upon the little princess, gave also to me this wishing-ring. It is yet potent to grant one wish of the three it once could give. Only harm has come of it before. Now we will see what remains. Hold fast thy withering flower and I will wish upon the fairy's ring!"

Slowly the golden light faded again from the room—and deep darkness fell. Then the voice of the Fairy King sounded in the stillness.

"O ancient ring!" he said. "Grant me the one last wish in thy keeping! I wish that the rose-princess be restored to life!"

Once more came the rolling thunder, and the soft return of the sunlight.

The dazzling fairy king had vanished as he came, but in the room-of-books stood the young king as before. His hand touched no fading rose on the top branch of the green bush in the golden pot,—for there was no blossom of any kind there; only beside him was surely the loveliest princess in all the whole world! A Mortal Princess!

Her eyes were dark as purple pansies and her face colored like the apple blooms of May. She wore a gown silvery as cobwebs on the grass at dawn, but not a jewel decked her beauty anywhere. The red-gold of her hair floated about her and dazzled the young king's eyes—as in the other days the eyes of the little grey elves used to be dazzled by it.

She looked up into his face and smiled happily.

"O lovely princess!" he cried. "From what far country have you come? I pray you tell me! I pray you tell me!"

"Nay—I know not," she answered as one bewildered. "But what matter? I seem to have come over a long road—and all the way I have been watching for you—yes—all the way!"

"And I too," he said, taking her hand, "have come over a long road, and have been looking for you, my princess."

"Come!" she said. "There is a scent of roses on the air. Let us go out into the garden!"

"Verily—yes, sweetheart," he answered. "We will go into the garden. But first, first—" and a mist dimmed his eyes, "I must take you to one who sleeps. Her dreams will be sweeter afterwards."

So hand-in-hand they went out of the room-of-books, taking all for granted as well as each other,—and asking no unanswerable questions of life, for this is the old fond way of all true lovers.

THE END.

The Peacemaking Perambulator

(*Continued from page 52.*)

when they were within hearing distance. "He's going to marry you—he said so."

For the third time that morning the music suddenly ceased.

Miss Pass came around to the curb, and gasped.

"Did *you* say *that?*" she asked.

Principal Blain nodded.

"I sure did."

"Well—what about Tuesday?"

"Oh, drat Tuesday!" he exclaimed, "I don't give a hang if you want blue paper all over the house—inside and out."

Rosie was plainly shocked.

Teacher laughed softly.

"And now I don't give a hang, either, whether it's blue or not."

"Then I'll marry you in June."

"Or be sorry if you don't," Teacher teased.

Rosie opened her eyes and her mouth in wonder.

There was an awkward silence.

"Rosie," Teacher finally commanded, "go to that house over there and tell them what you want."

Rosie went reluctantly.

She didn't know that Principal Blain kissed her teacher behind the shadow of her grandsire's hand-organ.

And needless it is to add—after it was all over—*Billy Got His Perambulator.*

THE END.

The Younger Brother

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

talked, and when Uncle Thomas asked him what he thought about so deeply, he replied—"I wish I had went"—and then got very red and laughed.

At four o'clock the housekeeper came in, much elated, carrying a long parcel. It contained the new snowshoes and moccasins, which her husband had just fetched from the station, and could not Mr. Mac put them on at once and give his brother a surprise?

Mr. Mac, it appeared, would like nothing better. He lost not a second in changing to the moccasins, and grimly making secure the thongs of the snowshoes. He wished that they were seven league boots that he might in one stride reach the woods, where Ernie—let Ernie have a care! let him have a care!

In the lane the track of Ernie's snowshoes was joined by another, one that had kept the width of the lane between them, and seemed to go falteringly, as though there had been backward looks for him. His whole heart strained toward her—that sweet brown thing whom he had not yet kissed. He began to run.

When he entered the woods, the tree trunks were already bronze before the sun; the crisp brown leaves on the beech trees rustled mysteriously. A rabbit skipped across his path. What was it that meant? Bad luck? Death? He ran on.

He had no need to search deeper into the woods. There they were—sitting on his own fallen tree, their backs to him,

(*Continued on following page.*)

The Gillette Razor Still $5



How many of the every-day needs can you buy now as cheaply as before the war? Clothing has gone up; food has gone up; coal is almost a luxury; and war taxes have nearly doubled the price of tobacco and matches.

But the Gillette Safety Razor still costs the pre-war price—five dollars.

There has been no advance, though wages, materials, and the hundred and one items entering into the making of a Gillette Razor have soared.

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Here is the interesting thing. War, which increased the cost of labour and materials, also provided the increased ***demand.***

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Many people with friends at the front buy Gillette Blades in carton lots and slip a packet into letters going overseas—some are bound to escape the submarines and other perils of war.

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Gillette Razors and Blades may be purchased from Jewelers, Druggists, and Hardware Stores throughout Canada.

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Mac, the Younger Brother

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

her snowshoes dangling, a faint mist of smoke over Ernie's head.

He crept towards them, straining his ears to catch what Ernie was saying. Ernie was speaking in a very low tone—he always did—but suddenly he stopped speaking, dropped the cigarette from his fingers, and caught the girl in his arms. He began to kiss her so fiercely that her head-cloth fell back, uncovering her sleek dark head, and she clung to his coat for support.

Then, in a stride, Mac towered over them.

"You cur—" he said, between his teeth.

Ernie turned on him sharply. "What the devil do you mean?" he snarled, like a dog with a bone.

"If you're not afraid," said Mac, "take those snowshoes off, and I'll show you."

Ernie slipped to his feet and bent over and unfastened his snowshoes with a little laugh. "Oh, you want it, do you? You'll get it all right, my son—you interfering puppy—I'll teach you!"

The girl stood silently, alertly, watching them, as a doe might watch two bucks fighting in the forest.

A moment, and they had slipped off their coats and stood facing each other, their faces burning like pale lamps in the dusk.

Mac landed the first blow. It was on Ernie's cheek, and made what seemed, in the stillness of the wood, a loud thud. They were at it then, sharply, blow upon blow, savage and glad of the fight. Once their knuckles came together with a jar, and while Mac held off for a second with a numbed hand, Ernie's left caught him on the lips, and he felt the blood trickling down his chin.

The girl gave a sharp cry, and Mac, turning his eyes to see whether he could read love in her face, was undone.

Ernie struck him twice, on the forehead and throat. He went down, striking his head sharply on a jagged stump, and lying motionless when Ernie bent over him.

"Had enough?" gasped Ernie, grinning. There was no reply; the knock against the stump had been harder than any he had given.

Ernie meditated, sucking his knuckles. Then he propped his brother in a sitting posture against the stump, saw his eyelids flicker, tied on his own snowshoes, snatched up his coat, and ran after the girl, who, with her green head-cloth streaming behind her, was hurrying down the lane.

They were both out of sight when Mac opened his eyes. He opened them dreamily, as though in no hurry to regain his consciousness. He stared in lazy speculation at the many blue footprints in the snow about him. The trees seemed to have crowded closer, like inquisitive wild things. Bit by bit, he remembered the walk up the lane, the discovery of Ernie's treachery, the sound of blows, and that look in Madeline's face, that had lost him the fight. He could not rightly remember what he had seen in that look—two frightened fawn's eyes, hands clasped to her breast, that was all.

He was whipped—he knew that—he knew, too, in spite of the accident of the look, that Ernie was the better man—he had felt that all along—a bad way to feel in a fight. Ernie was a devil of a fellow! Sure to get the best of him.

He was wonderfully calm, floating in the brilliant deep air of the evening, somewhere near the tops of those grim old pines. He had no desire to come down just yet. He preferred to float and hover in that upper space, looking down, seeing all the little things of earth so clearly.

For one thing, he felt sure that he was now a man. Madeline, with her little white teeth, had bitten through the shell of life, and given him to eat of the bitter sweet fruit. He knew, for the first time, beauty—his soul was bathed in it. Life opened up before him, portentous, exhilarating, serene. He might have been cast out of Heaven, yet he would tread the earth singing. For all that he lay there deserted, like a beaten dog, he was the victor, because he had come out of these experiences a man, while Ernie was still a sulky boy.

He took a handful of snow and held it to his lips. It came away red. Well, it was the red badge of courage—he would face with fortitude the disgrace their father had brought to them. He would no longer be treated as a child.

He got up and put on his snowshoes. It was nearly dark. A streak of ashes of roses burned beyond the tree trunks. Mac's figure detached itself from the other shadows of the place, and struck swiftly down the lane. A few stars were already out. As he passed the shack he paused. The blind was drawn. It was enshrouded in silence—perhaps Madeline wept inside! Tears smarted in his own eyes, but he trudged on resolutely towards his uncle's house.

Ernie's snowshoes stood on the verandah. He took off his own and placed them alongside.

The room seemed very hot and bright when he entered. Jock came and licked his hand. Mac could not quite make out what was going on. He saw Ernie sitting by the table, his face buried in his arms, and their uncle standing over him, gazing blankly at a telegram he held in his hand. He turned a drawn face to Mac.

"Uncle—" stammered the boy.

"Mac—this is terrible news for you. Your poor father—the word came just a few minutes ago—he's dead."

"Dead!" repeated Mac, losing all his color. "What's that, Uncle Tom? I don't understand. How—how did he—

Ernie raised his head. "Oh, Mac," he said brokenly, "father's killed himself—he was found—with a revolver—in a hotel in Chicago—a beastly *cheap* hotel—good God! What shall we do?"

There was silence. The voice of the Scotchwoman came from the kitchen, singing, as she made the evening meal:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast."

Mac took a step forward.

"Uncle Tom," he said, "will you lend us money enough to get back—home?"

"My dear boy—of course."

"Could we catch a train to-night?"

"There's one at seven, but you cannot take that—you wouldn't have time to snatch a bite."

"We'll go on that," said Mac steadily. "We've got to get there as soon as possible—to mother—and to look after—things."

Uncle Tom considered. "Mrs. McDonald could put you up a bit of lunch, and I'll tell McDonald to harness the colt—"

"Please do," said Mac, and the uncle disappeared into the kitchen.

For the second time that day, the two brothers faced an emotion that mastered them.

Ernie got to his feet and came close to Mac. The dog pressed in between them.

"I—I—" said Ernie. He could get no further, but their hands gripped.

Tucked inside the bearskin robes of the cutter, with the colt scattering fragments of snow over them, as his long legs stretched over the miles, Mac rode into the darkness of the future.

Strangely enough, something Madeline had said on that first meeting came to him now—

"I was thinking—" she had said, with that delicious twilight in her eyes—"I was thinking that I lof this day."

A Lesson in Pure English

(*Continued from page* 44.)

oughtn't to say so that I could memorize them and not say them?"

The essayist smiled. "I had thought of something of the kind. Suppose we try a little fable?"

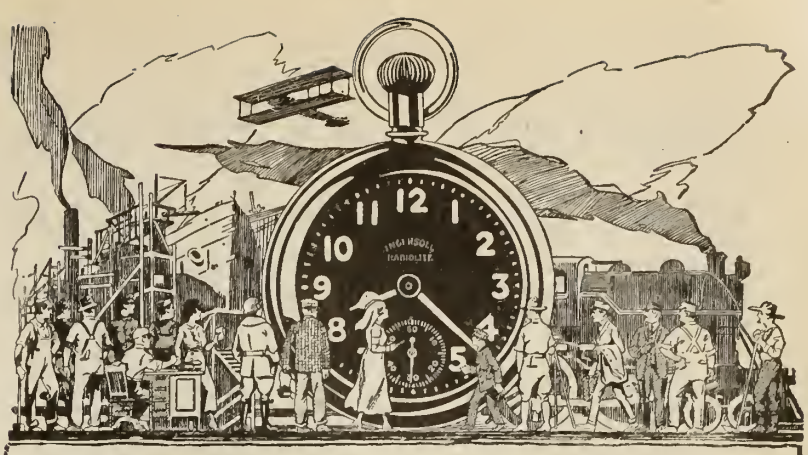
"Oh, splendid!" and she clapped her hands rapturously together while he swiftly wrote:

AN EXEMPLARY PARABLE.

"There was once a beautiful young girl who had been 'picked' by all her acquaintances for her many brilliant and amiable qualities and for her devotion to her uncle. She knew how much he suffered 'over' neologisms, especially ugly ones, and she was always trying to shun them in her talk with him. By a prodigious effort she had, as she believed, 'gotten' past some of the worst, but she thought she 'would

(*Continued on page* 61.)

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How could the armies of factory hands be ready for the "start work" whistle?

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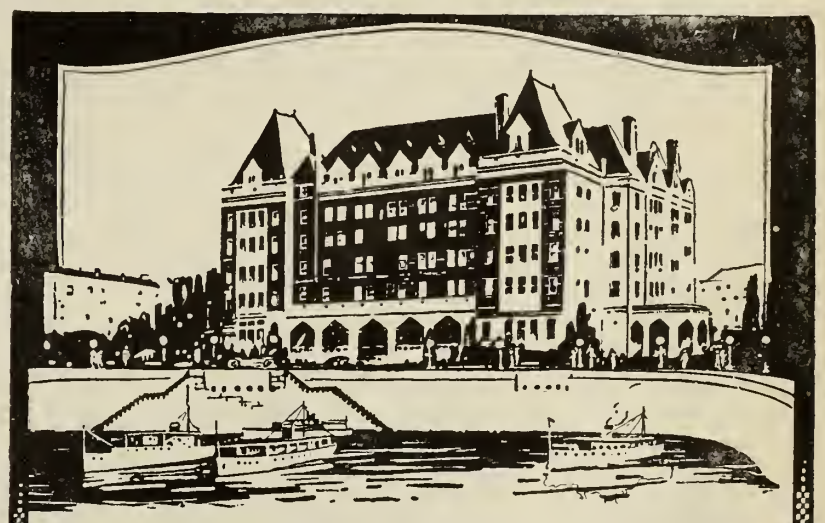
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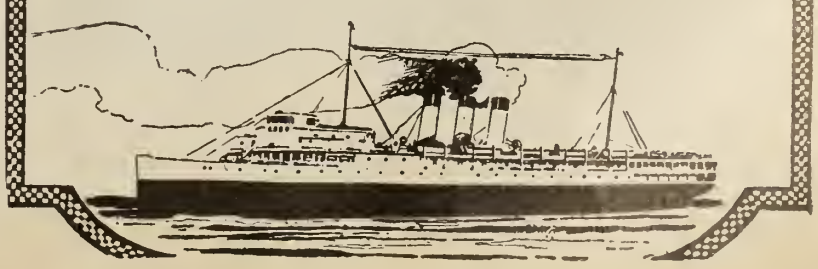
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Some Years Ago a Man with Ideals Decided to Publish a Good Magazine in Canada—

AT that time there were plenty of good magazines to be bought on Canadian newstands. But they were all American magazines, reflecting the views and exalting the greatness of the United States.

Magazines exert a tremendous influence on the welfare and progress of a nation. They mould public opinion. And this man with ideals regretted to see Canadians dependent on the United States for their magazine reading. He felt that Canada had the natural resources itself to become a great nation. So he decided that, cost what it might, Canada would be the possessor of a great magazine which would be ALL-CANADIAN.

That Canadian with ideals was Colonel John Bayne Maclean. The outcome of his determination is

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It publishes the best stories that are written—those distinctively Canadian stories the country has come to know as MACLEAN'S stories, because they deal with the life, work and affairs of the Canadian people in original, vigorous and vital ways.

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Interesting Facts About Influenza

Influenza, which is now sweeping over Canada from one end to the other, is a very old disease. It was known in ancient times, and as early as 1510 it over-ran the whole civilized world. For centuries it has periodically swept over various parts of the world. The last great world epidemic was in 1889-1890, when it was generally known by the French name of la grippe. The disease has always travelled from east to west.

Symptoms.

The symptoms are similar to those of a heavy cold; more or less severe headache, cold in the head and throat, fits of sneezing, flushed face, chills, aches and pains in the back and limbs, pains in the eye-balls and behind the eyes, general physical depression, and temperature rising to between 101 and 104 degrees.

How to Prevent It.

As it is such an old disease, doctors have naturally learned a great deal about its prevention and treatment. The first principle of prevention is to keep away from those infected, and the second, to build up the germ-resisting parts of the body by nourishing foods, dressing comfortably, getting lots of sleep, and by living in the open air and in bright, well-ventilated rooms as much as possible. The mouth, throat and nose should be systematically and frequently disinfected by antiseptic inhalations, sprays and washes. Such preparations as chloretone and listerine are well adapted for this purpose.

In fighting previous epidemics, doctors found quinine a useful preventive. One grain of sulphate of quinine mixed with (but not dissolved in) a wineglassful of cold water makes an excellent antiseptic gargle. The antimicrobic properties of quinine are well known, and its use as described above at once relieves the symptoms of sore throat, which result from the strain of the fight between the white blood corpuscles and the invading germs in the tonsils—the body's first line of defence. Quinine is also given internally with success as a preventive. Inhalations of oil of eucalyptus, thymol, oil of mountain pine and the like, are also valuable as preventives.

How to Treat It.

When a person is struck by influenza, only one course lies open. That is to take to bed with the least possible delay, and call a doctor. Rest, warmth and quiet are three sovereign remedies of the primary disease, and the best preventive of its more deadly complications, of which pneumonia is the most frequent. While there is no specific for influenza, yet there are many drugs which play a useful part in relieving it, such as quinine, aspirin and various tonics, anti-neuralgic, antiseptic and heart medicines, to be prescribed by the physician in charge.

What to Eat.

The dietetic rules which apply to any fever apply equally to influenza. Liquid foods at first, solids a little later on in a gradually ascending scale from lightly boiled fresh eggs to chicken, roast joints, etc. Water, cold or hot, may be sipped or "egg water" may be given. This excellent dish is prepared by blending with a pint of cold water, the whipped whites of from two to four eggs flavored with salt of cinnamon. Then the animal broths may be given. There are many cases in which even the lightest foods are spurned with loathing and common sense must be used in adapting diet to the particular case in hand.

Precautions Against Influenza.

1. The sick should be separated from the healthy. This is especially important in the case of first attacks in the household.

2. Discharges from the nose and mouth should not be allowed to get dry on a pocket handkerchief or inside the house, office or factory. They should at once be collected in paper or clean rags and burned. If this cannot be done, they should be dropped into a vessel containing water.

3. Infected articles and rooms should be cleansed and disinfected. Use disinfectants everywhere. Wash the hands frequently.



Use Klim at Every Meal

There is no need for the children to go without all the pasteurized separated milk they can drink. Buy Klim in the 10 pound tin from your Grocer. Then you will have enough to make 40 quarts, as you need it. Klim is 100% nutrition in dry powder form. It is pure. Nothing except the water and butter fat is removed from the original milk. It is the water in the milk that makes it spoil. The children get plenty of the necessary fat in butter, bacon, eggs, meats, etc. No chemicals or sugar is added—Klim has the natural milk flavor—taste and prove it.

Klim costs less than bottled milk. You can afford to give the children more and to use larger quantities in cooking. It keeps perfectly in the tin until all used. The tins have handy covers. No holes to punch or jagged edges to scratch the fingers.

Order Klim to-day from your Grocer

Canada Food Board License No. 14-242.

15 cents **VOLPEEK**

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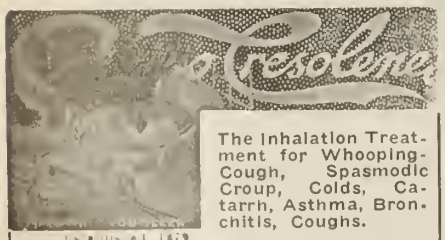


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Mrs Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers.

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It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

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Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

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Tried and Tested Recipes

By MARION HARRIS NEIL.

STEAMED VANILLA SOUFFLE.—Prepare the tin by first greasing it and then cut a double band of paper wide enough to stand and to reach down to the middle of it, four inches above the top of the tin, and long enough to fold around it and overlap a little way. Grease this band, and tie it around the outside of the tin. This forms a protection to prevent the mixture falling over the sides of the tin when it rises. Also, grease a round of paper to cover the top. Blend two tablespoonfuls of butter with four tablespoonfuls of flour in a saucepan over the fire, then add one-half cupful of milk, stir until it boils and becomes thick, remove from the fire to cool, then add four tablespoonfuls of honey or syrup, yolks of three eggs, one by one, stirring each thoroughly, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour the mixture into the prepared tin, cover with the greased paper, and steam slowly and steadily until firm to the touch. If cooked too quickly the souffle will rise rapidly without becoming firm, and will then sink in the middle when it is turned out. Serve hot with sauce poured round or served separately.

Cherry souffle is made by adding one-half cupful of cut preserved cherries to above mixture.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—Mix one cupful of corn meal with one cupful of rye meal, one cupful of Graham flour, one-fourth cupful of brown sugar, three-fourths teaspoonful of baking soda and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, then add three-fourths cupful of molasses and one and one-fourth cupfuls of cold water, and stir all together until thoroughly mixed. Pour into a greased mold, cover with lid, and steam steadily for eight hours. This mixture may be steamed in two baking powder cans.

STEAMED FRUIT ROLLS.—Make a dough of one cupful of flour, one cupful of corn flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of melted butter substitute, and milk or water enough to make a soft dough. Roll thin, spread with jam or thick jelly, preserved cherries, chopped apples, or stewed fruit; fold and cut to fit baking powder cans one-half full, cover tightly with lids, and steam until rolls are done. Have the cans well greased, also lids. Serve hot with hot milk or any preferred sweet sauce.

LEMON SQUASH.—One-half fill a tumbler with cracked ice. Add to it the strained juice of one lemon and two teaspoonfuls of sugar or honey. Fill up the glass with soda water, mix all together and serve at once.

To make lemonade:—Wipe four lemons, cut off the rinds in very thin flakes, place these in a pitcher and add one dozen lumps of sugar. Remove all the pith from the lemons, and slice them into the pitcher, taking care to remove all the pips. Pour on four cupfuls of boiling water, cover the pitcher, and leave until the lemonade is cold. Then strain it off, and sweeten to taste. Add a few small pieces of ice and serve with wafers.

PANCAKES WITHOUT EGGS.—Sift two tablespoons flour and a pinch of salt into a bowl, and mix slowly into a batter with one-half cup milk, add one tablespoon brown sugar and a little powdered nutmeg. This batter must be beaten fifteen minutes, and each pancake will take about ten minutes to cook. If you have a large frying pan, two or three cakes can be cooked at the same time. These are delicious if eaten with brown sugar and butter.

NUT AND RAISIN BROWN BREAD.—One teaspoon soda, one-half cup (seven ounces) molasses, two cups (one pint) sweet or sour milk, one-half cup (three ounces) brown sugar, one teaspoon salt, one cup (four ounces) chopped English walnut meats, one cup (four ounces) flour or barley flour, two cups (ten ounces) Graham flour, one cup (one-half pound) seeded raisins.

Stir soda into molasses, add milk, sugar, salt, nuts, flours and raisins. Mix and turn into greased and floured narrow pan, and bake one hour in moderate oven.

GRAHAM BISCUITS.—Two cups (ten ounces) Graham flour, three teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt, two tablespoons (one ounce) butter substitute, one cup (one-half pint) milk or water.

Put Graham flour into a bowl, add baking powder and salt. Cut and rub butter substitute into flour. Mix milk or water into flour with a knife, adding milk gradually. Turn out on to floured board and roll until one-half inch thick. Cut in small rounds and bake in hot oven ten minutes.

CEREAL WITH DATES.—One cup (one-half pound) fine cereal, four cups (one quart) boiling water, one teaspoon salt, one-half cup (two ounces) stoned dates.

Stir cereal into boiling water, add salt, and cook in double boiler one hour, add dates and cook ten minutes longer. Serve hot with milk. This will mold well.

Figs, raisins or stoned prunes may be used instead of dates.

FARMER'S CAKE.—Soak over night two cupfuls of dried apples and one pound of prunes. Drain and remove stones from prunes. Cook apples, prunes, two cupfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of powdered mace, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered cloves and nutmeg for one hour. Remove from the fire, add two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of barley flour, one cupful of corn flour sifted with one-half teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking soda, then add two cupfuls of seeded raisins, one cupful of honey, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of water and one cupful of creamed butter substitute. Mix and pour into a greased cake pan, cover with a greased paper and steam for three hours, then remove paper and bake in moderate oven for one and one-half hours.

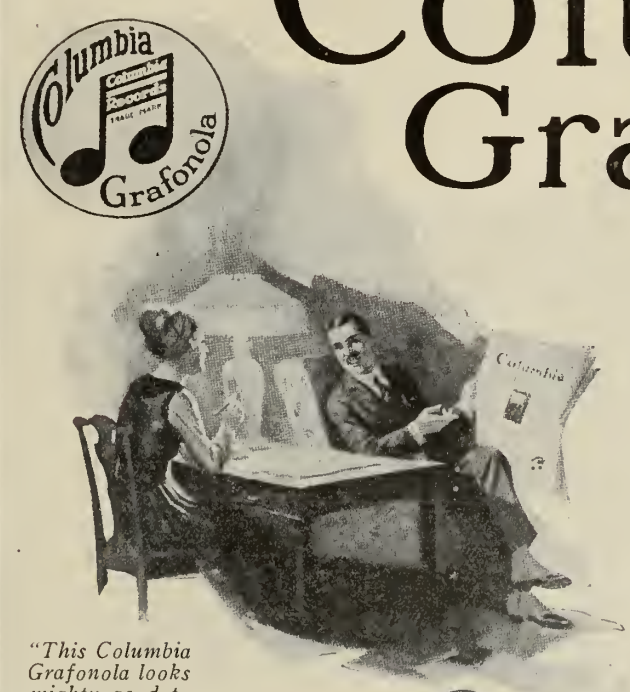


TUNNEL TERMINAL—MONTREAL.

The new Terminal Station of the Canadian Northern Railway in the heart of the city, 415 Lagauchetiere street west, two blocks from Windsor Hotel and Station and Bonaventure Station.

Mount Royal Tunnel opens for through passenger traffic between Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto and all points west on October 20th.

Columbia Grafonola



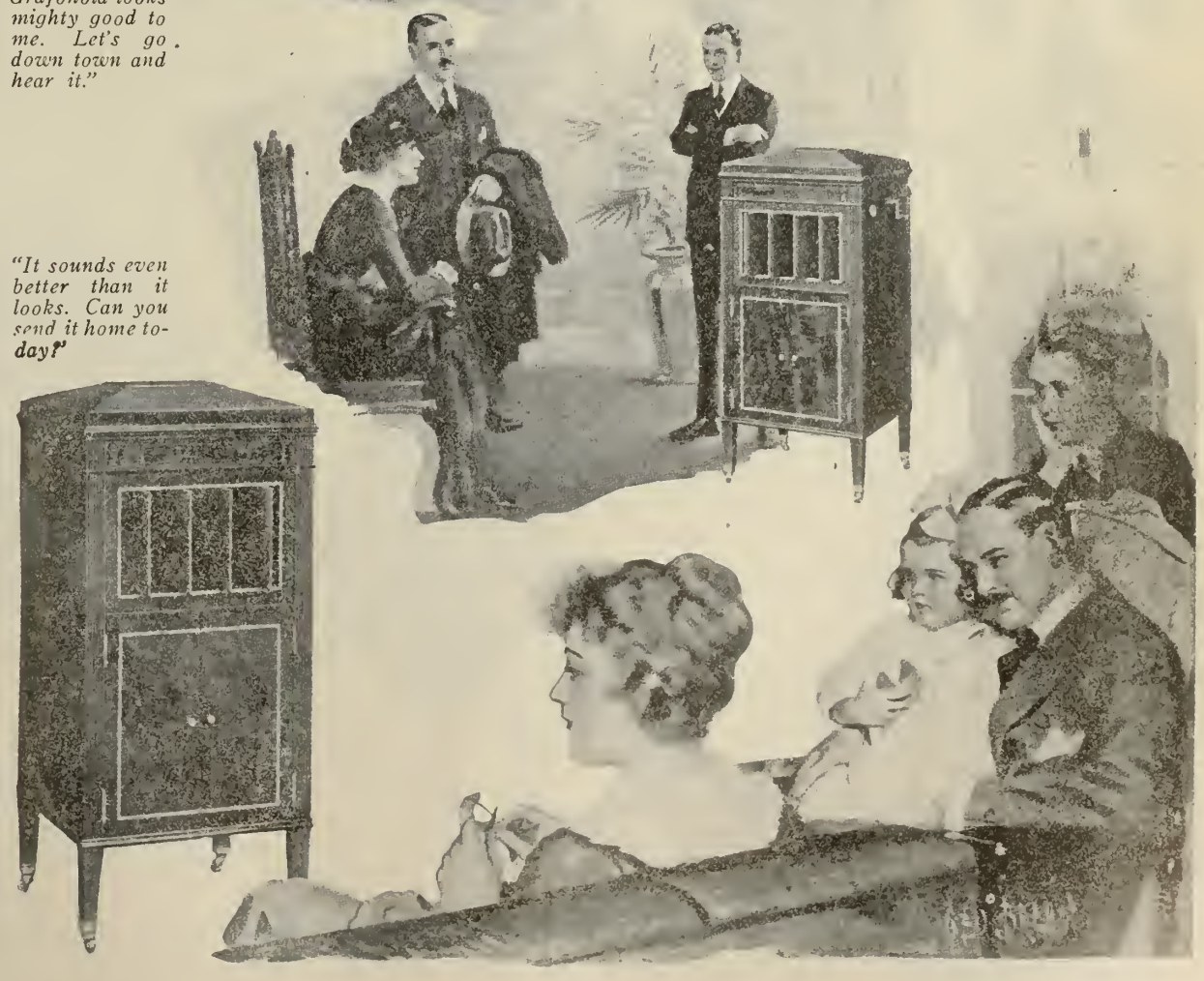
FORTUNATE are the homes the Columbia Grafonola enters. For its gift of beautiful music brings a new and different pleasure to every member of the household. As a family entertainer, this big, handsome Grafonola is the favorite of all home folks, big and little. In your home, too, its cheery, melodious voice is surely needed—with its promise of many happy musical years to come.

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The new Empire effect in underwear is charming.



A useful bag commodious enough to hold a sock and yarn.



Easily sent by mail or tucked in Christmas stockings the articles illustrated on this page make ideal gifts.



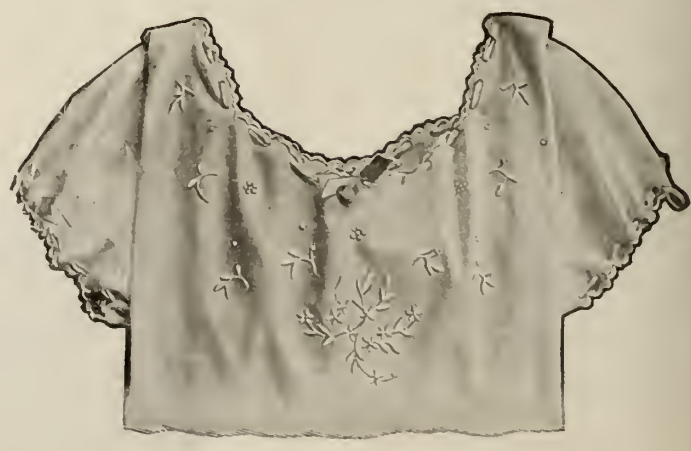
A pretty apron always delights a housekeeper.



The useful envelope combination has found a permanent place in the wardrobe.



Hand bags crocheted in the new shades and matching certain costumes make novel gifts.



The simplest design in embroidery is often the most attractive when finished.



A few yards of embroidery of this design is most useful to the recipient.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

Double Portion of New Fashions Next Month

On account of the present tremendous congestion on all transportation lines, and unforeseen difficulties resulting from the influenza epidemic, "Canadian Home Journal" has been forced to hold the November Fashion pages over for the December issue. There are, therefore, no Fashions in this issue, but the next number will contain a double instalment of the newest and smartest early Winter styles.

Make Housekeeping a Profession

By KATHLEEN DESMOND.

Looking at the "Help Problem" From a New Angle

A short time ago there was a discussion dealing with the "Servant problem." Very timely are the ideas, as never could there be a greater need for trained and efficient "help" in homes than there has been in the stricken districts where the mothers and children have been down with the "flu," left totally without help of any kind; doctors staggering to keep up with the demand; nurses torn between the incessant and urgent calls from one home to another.

A suggestion has been made that an entirely different class of people should be organized to work in homes. The "domestic servant," "wages," "maid-of-all-work"—and "mistresses" must go. The revolt from both mistress and maid has come to stay—the whole system has gone to the scrap heap with a hearty fling.

Now what is to be done to replace all this with something worth while and on entirely different lines?

Some really capable and sensible women could get together and discuss starting a hostel, in a suitable situation—one for the present—later in various districts, as a centre for our "house orderlies," as we would name them. The school board to be immediately approached for accommodation—with a kitchen and accessories for instruction in household order and efficiency. There is such an equipment in the Central Technical School on Borden street, Toronto, with the most capable teacher possible, and, no doubt, others could be so equipped. This is the vital starting point. Next, to find the right kind of pupils, as those who, as a general rule, offer themselves as "domestics," have proved to be a failure—"which nobody can deny." Then we want an entirely different class to apply.

"You will never get them," is the encouraging remark made to all of these suggestions, but, with the general of old—and the present day also—we reply: "There are no Alps."

The Canadian girls are intelligent and resourceful, and many of them are endowed with plain common—or uncommon—sense. They have proved their worth in this voluntary aid, given here and there in the city, doing every kind of job that turned up to be done during the epidemic. It has been at times a little difficult to get the call for "help in the house" answered—but on the whole they have done nobly.

Now this shows the good material that is there. Can we use that material to make up into another success? How many women and girls "found themselves" during these strenuous days? Many a one, perhaps, realized that they were round women in square holes, in offices and stores—that their tastes lie among the niceties and variety of homes; that sweeping and dusting is anything but monotonous, and that turning out a well-cooked dinner is more satisfactory than dozens of well-typed sheets of foolscap, laid on a desk.

But what prospect have they of taking a satisfactory place along this line of business? They do not want to become "merely a domestic," which, by the way, properly carried out, is the cleverest line of business any woman can take up.

Can we make people remove their mind's eye from that "servant" viewpoint, and behold an opening for a new profession—with a dignity and standing before unthought of?

A house orderly is a person who is trained—has her diploma—wears her uniform—displays her badges, with added bar for added efficiency. Her place in the community is assured—and it entirely depends upon her own manner, deportment and adaptability, whether she holds her place with honor.

We remember the outcry when women of title, and of the aristocracy in the Old Country took up nursing, wore a uniform, and undertook all the duties involved, proving that the education and advantages they had always enjoyed fitted them the better for these tasks, which, taken as a whole, were often much more unpleasant than ordinary housework—even if in someone else's house.

The scrubbing of a hospital ward could not be less tiring or "degrading" than scrubbing Mrs. Brown's kitchen. The more culture and refinement the house orderly is blessed with, the better the kitchen would be scrubbed.

We get down to the bottom of things, on the kitchen floor. But supposing there is someone else to do that—there is all the wonderfully interesting work in a house, that calls for efficiency.

With a cook, who has added the bar of a "dietitian" to her badge, the mother of the family feels comfortable.

The artistic woman knows that her art treasures will be carefully dusted and replaced by the orderlies who have qualified along these lines. The thousand and one varieties of efficient work needed to be done, to take honest care of household goods and chattels, to feed growing children, tired mothers, and weary office men, and make the environment of a house into the restfulness and charm of a home—is this a profession unworthy of the attention of the girls of to-day?

How it can be organized is already thought out.

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

Westclox

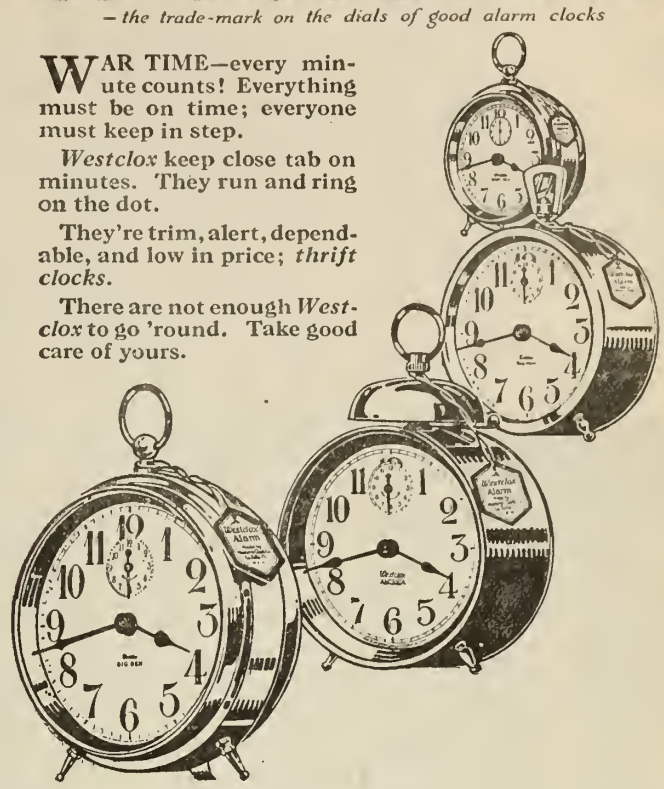
—the trade-mark on the dials of good alarm clocks

WAR TIME—every minute counts! Everything must be on time; everyone must keep in step.

Westclox keep close tab on minutes. They run and ring on the dot.

They're trim, alert, dependable, and low in price; *thrift clocks.*

There are not enough *Westclox* to go 'round. Take good care of yours.



Western Clock Co. - *makers of Westclox*

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Factories at Peru, Ill



What Everywoman Knows

Every year, dress fabrics are becoming sheerer and sheerer—the colors more dainty. The ordeal of trusting the delicate garments to "soap and water", however, is done away with by the use of Lux.

You may feel quite free to buy the daintiest blouse or underwear your purse can afford—without a bit of worry about the washing of them. You keep them fresh and new the Lux way—simply dipping them up and down in the creamy, copious Lux suds with never a bit of rubbing to injure them.

Lux won't hurt anything that pure water itself may touch.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO. 50

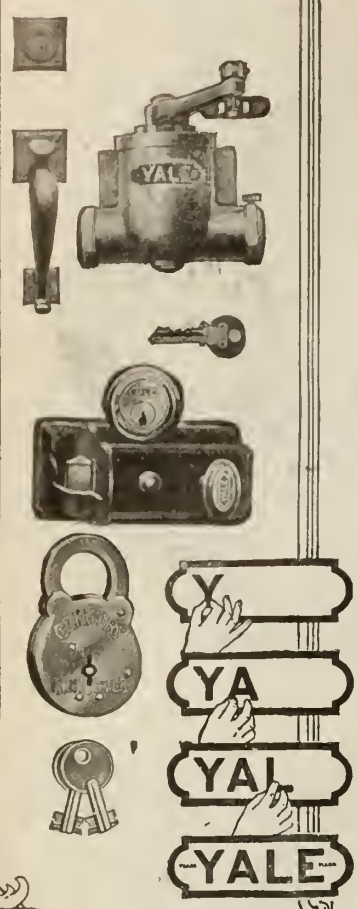
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A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.
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TRADE YALE MARK



For Safety's Sake--- get "Yale" to-day

PLACING dependence upon locks that are insecure is not only inviting trouble, but it is unnecessary.

The burglar or vagrant cannot steal or harm as long as he is on the outside of your house. Keep him there with locks that will not only defy his efforts to break in, but will forestall even his trying.

He knows it is no use trying to pick or force a Yale Cylinder Night Latch—for safety's sake put them on doors that are now unsecurely locked.

He only needs to see the "Yale" trade-mark on a Padlock to realize that he is face to face with a sturdy watchman that cannot be passed.

And if he sees "Yale" on the builders' hardware that protects and decorates your house he knows it is "bad business" to even attempt to get by.

You can get the certainty of protection with "Yale"—and the time to get it for safety's sake is to-day—at your hardware dealer's.

Yale products made in Canada.

Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd.
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Time and Money

We want and we will liberally pay one energetic lady in each community to represent the "Canadian Home Journal."

We already have scores of local representatives in our big Home Journal Club, and some are making as high as $100.00 per month.

There are still many towns and villages in Canada in which we have not a representative and if you have any spare time that you desire to turn into money, write us to-day.

The remuneration of a "Canadian Home Journal" representative is according to the time and activity devoted to the work.

If you have plenty of time and energy there is practically no limit to your income or territory, for we make special provision for the live ones.

The women of Canada require more money to-day than at any time in the history of the nation. The "Home Journal" will supply that money in exchange for your time.

Write us to-day.

Canadian Home Journal
71 Richmond Street West
Toronto

"His Gift," by Mabel Burkholder, and "The Return of Peter Piper," by Mary McLellan, are two excellent Christmas stories to appear next month.

Interesting Letter From France

Which the Censors Have Never Seen

By ARTHUR E. RUNNELLS, C.C.S.

The breaking of this day found me in a dugout forty-five feet under the ground. Here I had been hurried at 11 p.m. the previous night to be safe from Hun air raids. Dressed in pajamas and a rain coat I waited for two hours while the Huns rained hell from heaven. The concussion was so terrific that each time a bomb fell the legs of my pajamas would swell out. During all this time anti-aircraft guns kept the heavens screeching with shrapnel, from which all must seek shelter, while bombs fairly racked the earth.

When two hours of suspense were passed we came forth from our lair only to find that Providence had guided the Hun destruction into waste places. We then turned into our blankets and slept soundly until the daylight broke on a beautiful Sabbath morning.

At seven o'clock, in company with Col. Geo. O. Fallis, A.D.C.S. lines of communication, France, I hurried south by car to a railway battalion waiting to be addressed by Col. Fallis. The run was through one of the finest sections in all the world. Fields of wheat, rye, oats, vegetables, were rich with abundant harvest; all of which were being cared for by old men, women and little children, who toiled all day Sunday in the fields. There is no Sabbath in war. Our course took us over battle grounds made famous by the Napoleonic wars, now covered with golden grain, as the now war-ridden battle fields will yield ripening harvests to unborn generations who will wish they could have lived in these days of historic and heroic grandeur.

At nine o'clock Col. Fallis and I stood before a battalion of railway troops who were paraded for this service by Major Meredith, of Vancouver, B.C., who had planned and requested that we conduct this service for his men.

At 10.15 we were fifteen kilometers away at another railway camp where parts of three battalions had been brought in on open freight cars to attend religious service. This time I preached and Major Jackson, of Winnipeg, was in command. He requested that the Sacrament be given to his men. Here let me point out that the officers everywhere are most deeply interested in the welfare of their men. They accord the "Padre" every possible assistance in his work.

At 12.30, noon, we lunched in the officers' club in a thriving town in Northern France. Fifty minutes later we were on our way again—this time to seek two battalions engaged in the battle of ———, whose chaplains had been wounded. After a three hours run over the busiest highway in all the world, past thousands of transport vehicles, motor lorries, loaded with grain, hay, petrol, meat, drugs, Red Cross supplies and munitions of war, all moving with rapid pace up to the front where the greatest victory in the war was achieved. We came to the sentry posted at the entrance of a city of 400,000 inhabitants in peace time, now completely deserted, not a soul dwelling in its silent streets. On, on, up these broad streets, guarded by the ubiquitous Tommy, came the incessant caravan of motor transports, reminding one of an invasion of caterpillars as I had seen them on the old farm in Quebec. To the sentry we presented our "white pass," permitting us the freedom of the battle ground, to which the eyes of Canada and the whole world were turned in hopeful expectancy. For the Hun that expectancy was being rapidly turned into the bitterness of gall.

Just outside this city the Canadians "kicked off" in what will be known to future generations as the famous Battle of Amiens. On the morning of the first day of this battle the shelling was terrific. The enemy had been completely surprised and repulsed. Harvest fields had become the stamping grounds of mighty armies. Towns, villages, hamlets were laid waste, often not one stone left upon another. Again half ruined walls mark the tragedy of war, gutted houses with their furniture dangling loose, doors battered and broken, which once opened on prosperous streets now stand ajar to a shapeless mass of ruin. With every mile this harvest of hell was more complete. I have looked upon the lava-burned slopes of Vesuvius, but neither earthquake nor volcano could destroy more unmercifully. The very soil suffered, groaning and travailing in pain, while the trees of the field stood broken and weeping. Lorries, guns, wagons, crops, barbed wire—a chaos, a weird scene of desolation. In all these broken towns and villages the German had replaced the street names in his own language. But twenty hours previously he fully intended to winter here.

Looking out upon it all and much more that I shall not describe, I mused that land that had been overrun with the lava of a volcano was wonderfully fertile when the lava was passed, so from this tortured soil, upon which the intermingled blood of great races had been poured out will spring forth a living harvest of victorious righteousness.

For five miles west of the battle line the highways of communication took on a new aspect. We were now coming into the zone of death; in that zone where nothing is done save under the mantle of death. Red Cross ambulances now had the right of way, for they brought down the brave lads who had been bruised and broken by the engines of war. Everyone in this dust clouded highway was silent and reverent. This precious procession passed on down to base hospitals where our nurses, our own Canadian girls, "The Angels of Mercy," wait to nurse back to life and strength their brothers who have passed through "the valley of the shadow."

We came to a road running parallel with the battle line. Here the Hun army had entrenched in this sunken road. Through the hedge running along this highway they had camouflaged six-inch guns commanding a plateau stretching away to the west. Over this open level country Toronto battalions came, and assisted by the splendid work of the cavalry, captured these guns, many prisoners, and piles of ammunition.

At eight o'clock the sun was westering with rapid pace and night would soon stretch its protecting veil over these gruesome scenes of desolation upon which we looked as we stood on an elevation where the scream of shell turned the very cloud-lands into an inferno and made one for the moment question the rational control of the universe.

We turned our faces toward the setting sun, from scenes which lie in the power of no human language to describe.

Between us and the undulating hills in the distance could be seen the cavalry in thousands returning from battle to find rest and food to fit them for the fight of the coming day. In the broken villages at nightfall could be seen the heroic fellows: men just from the battle, worn, feverish, dirty, yet splendid in that spirit which holds absolute control over the jaded body. These men, the Knights errant of a new civilization, had been fortunate enough to live through a glorious day.

Back over the shell-ploughed roads we hastened lest darkness should overtake us. Festooned from tree to tree along this highway were electric wires which crossed and recrossed, each bearing its own grave message. In a large grain field at our right the captured guns, numbering hundreds, were being parked until they could be properly disposed of.

Along the famous valley up which Canadian troops had fought their way to victory but two days before, our motor carried us. The curves of the Somme gleaming in the setting sun reminded one of a trail of fire on our western prairie. On this memorable day we had travelled more than two hundred miles over ground every inch of which was consecrated by more blood and tears than any other soil the world o'er.

As I turned into my blankets I realized as never before that:

"We measure life by loss and not by gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth.
For love's strength standeth in Love's sacrifice,
And he who suffers most has most to give."

Every woman who buys Bonds stands behind a soldier.

The Work of the Red Triangle on the Transports

By JOHN MELDUM.

Imagine a transport built for the stowage of cargo or cattle crowded with khaki-clad men, and providing the most indifferent accommodation even for the officers, and some idea will be obtained of the trials and tribulations endured by the dauntless men who cross the sea to teach manners and morals to the ravaging Hun. Steam winches and other equipment littering the deck, steep and narrow gangways, dark passages that twist and turn and have a trick of leading one back to the starting point without having reached one's objective, crowded and dimly-lit sleeping and eating quarters may all contribute to dispel monotony, but they certainly do little to enhance the joy of life.

Place several thousands of men accustomed to the sweep and freedom of the prairies, or the unrestricted liberty of the bush, in such "cribbed, cabined and confined" quarters, and very little is needed to convince us that anything that can be done to ameliorate the lot of these men is deserving of hearty support.

In April permission was granted by the military authorities to the Canadian Y. M. C. A. to send a military secretary with each transport proceeding overseas, whose sole duty would be to organize religious and recreational programmes for the men during the voyage. These transport secretaries are given the honorary rank of Captain, and they carry a comprehensive equipment consisting of gramophones, stationery, games, magic lanterns and frequently a hand organ. Their duties are onerous and responsible, calling for unfailing tact and constant good nature.

Some of the practical difficulties experienced in this new phase of Y.M.C.A. work are related by Captain Fred. W. Coyne, one of the first "Y" men detailed for work on the transports.

Captain Coyne secured the Isolation Ward on the aft deck as an office, on the understanding that he was to vacate on the first outbreak of infection. Fortunately it was not necessary to find other quarters, but the hospital provided accommodation for equipment only and could not be used as a recreation room by the men. Several tours of the vessel revealed no available space for "Y" work, but a trifling detail like that does not daunt your Red Triangle worker. Convinced that somewhere there *must* be a suitable location for his purpose Captain Coyne set out once more on a voyage of discovery. Up on deck were two cattle stalls invitingly empty. There was little else about them that was inviting, however, but permission having been obtained, the "Y" man got to work, and before long those stalls were cleaned out and filled with tables and benches. The front was closed in with canvas on which was emblazoned the Red Triangle sign.

During the voyage Captain Coyne also carried on a programme of concerts and religious services in the dining saloon, and he provided equipment for deck sports which were indulged in as far as space made this possible. Perhaps the greatest and most enduring work done during the voyage consisted of individual services for the men. There were many young and lonely boys on board, some of whom had never seen a ship before, and who were desperately home-sick. Amongst his happiest recollections Captain Coyne counts numberless acts of service he was able to perform for these lonely lads, whose hearts were behind them in Canada but whose faces were bravely turned towards the east.

Captain William C. Ross, who has made several trips as a Transport Secretary, has also had some experience with a converted cattle-boat, with very little emphasis on the "converted." On his first voyage the men were confined in nine holds with no provision for lounge and no room on deck for more than fifty men at a time, as twenty-nine steam winches, with all their appendages, monopolized a good deal of deck room. All of these handicaps made the "Y" programme at once difficult of realization and pressingly necessary.

It is not only in France in the trenches that the ingenuity of the "Y" man is taxed to the utmost to find premises where none exist. Captain Coyne solved his problem by rigging up two disused cattle stalls, and Captain H. S. Clugston, on one of his trips, found a centre for his work in a shower bath room. On another occasion he was provided with accommodation on the main deck, and in both locations fine work was done. Captain Clugston enjoyed the confidence and hearty co-operation of the officers, the N.C.O.'s and the men, and on several occasions the O.C. presided at "Y" concerts given to over 500 men at one time.

An ordinary day's Y.M.C.A. service on board ship is given by Captain P. C. Reed. From breakfast till 10 a.m. Captain Reed was busy planning the day's programme. He was assisted by a Y.M.C.A. committee consisting of a sergeant, a corporal and private from each of the five drafts on board. From 10 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. was spent in interviews with the men. Deck sports and visits to hospitals filled the time until 5 p.m. From 5.30 to 6.20 Bible study and meeting for prayer was held in a room set apart for the purpose by the O.C. An entertainment was put on in each of the five sections between 7 and 9 p.m., and Captain Reed's day always concluded with a visit to the men in the sick bay. Captain Reed was fortunate in having ample room for his work, and as the ship was detained in port for several days he was able to get his committee and programme in working order and well under way before sailing.

With 2,000 soldiers on board, including 300 Serbians, Captain Ernest Phillips reports that he "had some glorious times" during his first trip. In addition to the recreation and amusement programme, a Bible Study Class was conducted far down in the depths of the vessel amongst the ropes and boxes. On reaching Liverpool the men were lined up on the wharf where they caught

(*Continued on following page.*)

A Lesson in Pure English

(*Continued from page* 55.)

better' get him to give her a full list of them and then learn it by heart; because really it seemed as if he would 'end up' sometime by 'going insane' 'over' them. Without some such aid she would never be able to see how one phrase was 'different than' another, and unless she wanted to have a really 'ill man' on her hands after she had 'gotten' the list, she set herself to memorize the hateful words with as much ardor 'as would have done the most devoted daughter.' "

"This is very sweet of you, Uncle," she said, after she had read the parable once or twice. "Very sweet, indeed, though I don't deserve the nice things you say of me. But now I understand perfectly, and I shall never hurt your feelings again, if you will only explain more particularly about some of the neologisms you have marked. I can see why you should despise such a woman's word as 'gotten' and why, as a strong Pro-Ally, you must simply loathe 'over' because it is a translation of *uber*. I think myself that 'picking' rather unpleasantly suggests dressing fowls, and, after a little reflection, anybody would rather not say 'different than' or 'would better.' I suppose one would not like to say 'ill man,' much as one would dislike being so far out of the fashion as to say *sick* man. But what is the matter with 'end up'?"

"Nothing, except that it uncouthly oversays what *end* sufficiently says."

"Oh, I see! Well, that is all right, then, but what is the matter with 'going insane'? Why not say that?"

"Because it is getting too far away from the original locution 'going mad.' That was good, and 'going crazy' naturally followed, but when people become so refined as to wish to mask the notion of madness, they are obliged by the fitness of things to say *become* insane, and not *go* insane."

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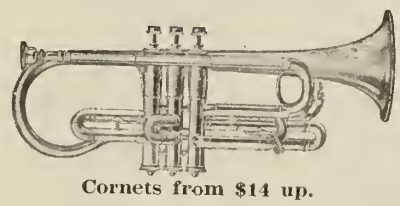
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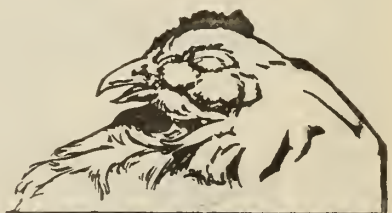
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Nos. 3 and 4 show the inner section of the "Newport" being swung out onto the floor, forming a full sized bed. Next the top is dropped down, and the comfortable 2-inch mattress folded over in position ready for the bed clothes.

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ALASKA

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The Work of the Red Triangle

(Continued from preceding page.)

sight of Captain Phillips watching the landing operations from the bridge of the transport. "Three cheers for the 'Y,'" sang out a stentorian voice, and the call was responded to again and again.

"Captain," said the O.C., coming up to the Red Triangle man, "that's worth something, and you deserve it!"

Evidence of the strong home ties of the French Canadian is seen in the enormous consumption of "Y" stationery consumed by them on a recent voyage across the Atlantic, when Captain S. R. Byles distributed no less than 10,000 sheets of notepaper and 8,000 envelopes. Writing was not the only relaxation of the men for Captain Byles got rid of nearly 2,000 magazines. At one of the concerts organized during a return voyage addresses were given by Hon. Dr. Beland and Hon. N. W. Rowell, Brig.-Gen. N. R. Kenyon, C.B., acting as chairman.

What the "Y" secretary would do without the gramophone in dugout, hospital and transport, it would be hard to imagine, and Captain J. P. Gerrie's report of how his instrument, as well as a portable organ and guitar, were carefully carried into every section of the vessel, is an illuminating commentary on the affectionate regard entertained by the men for these untiring entertainers.

Reference has been made to the religious work carried on by the "Y" men on board the transports, and it is impressive to note in the various reports the emphasis laid upon this form of service throughout. Captain Gerrie relates how at one gathering one hundred men raised their hands in response to a call to lead the straight and clean life. On one ship carrying French Canadians the R. C. Chaplain co-operated most heartily in furthering religious work on board. At a Sunday morning service on a return voyage, led by the Chaplain the lesson was read by a returning Canadian "Y" officer, prayer was offered by Commissioner Mapp, of the Salvation Army, and the address was given by Mr. Barnett, of the American Y.M.C.A. One result of the holding of Bible Study of groups was the distribution of a large number of New Testaments and the signing of hundreds of decision cards.

In several cases no Chaplains were on board and the "Y" secretary was entrusted with the work of conducting divine service in addition to his regular religious programme. A very impressive experience is related by Captain Clugston in this connection. During a Saturday evening concert considerable excitement was caused by the discharge of a depth bomb in close proximity to the vessel. The programme fell flat, and someone sang out,

"Captain, you had better carry on yourself!"

Captain Clugston stepped on to the platform and told the men that just as the cruisers and destroyers were round about them to protect, so underneath were the "everlasting arms."

Next day, at the request of a number of the men, and by special permission of the O. C., Communion Service was held in the Saloon. Each man wore his life-belt, and members of nearly every denomination partook.

Religious talks are always popular, and often lead to interesting discussions. Not infrequently excellent addresses were given by some of the soldier boys themselves.

The influence of this religious work on board the transports is deep and lasting in many cases. One man sought out the "Y" secretary and said:

"Well, Cap., when I came on board this ship I was going the wrong way. Now I am going straight, and I want you to write and tell the folks at home."

As the secretary says in his report: "It is a hard life, but it is one of the best places I know of to get to the greatest number of men, and do the most in the shortest time."

Much might be said in praise of the mental, moral and spiritual worth of the service the Red Triangle men are rendering on board the transports today, but it is all summed up in the testimony paid to one of the "Y" secretaries at the end of the voyage. Said the O.C.:

"This is the first time we have had the help of the Y. M. C. A. on the troop ship. It is also the first time I have had no orderly room cases!"



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The Canadian Home Journal

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A Glance Into The Coming Numbers of Canadian Home Journal

No magazine can stand still. There is no pleasant "middle ground" in which a publication may bask in the light of past glory. It must either die outright, or keep abreast of the times, enlarging, growing, and adding features of up-to-the-minute interest. It must live and throb with energy, reflecting the spirit of the times, or cease to exist entirely.

The "Canadian Home Journal" during the coming year will prove how very much alive and alert it is. An abundance of new features have been planned, the most important of which is

A LARGE ROTOGRAVURE (OR PICTURE) SECTION. Starting in the January number, there will be at least eight pages of pictures printed in sepia added to "Canadian Home Journal." Note that we say added, for this section will be inserted over and above the ordinary size of the magazine. Pictures of particular interest to Canadians will be shown on these pages, as well as those of international interest.

We shall be glad to receive photographs from our readers for these pages, and will pay for all used in the magazine. Any subject, and any size will be accepted.

CARTON MOOREPARK HAS PAINTED SIX COVERS FOR NEXT YEAR.

These are already in our possession, and in order that none of the freshness and brilliancy of color be lost the plates which will print your covers have already been made. J. W. Beatty, R.C.A., who has just returned from France, will paint one cover, and the other five (but this is a very great secret) will be reproductions from famous pictures and art treasures of past ages.

The stories for 1919 are as bright, crisp and inspiring as it is possible to obtain. We have already contracted for the finest collection "Canadian Home Journal" has ever published.

Marion Harris Neil will guide our readers in cookery matters, as she has so splendidly in the past. Scarcely a day passes without either a letter or a comment about the excellence of the recipes prepared exclusively for "Canadian Home Journal" by Marion Harris Neil.

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Never in the past have we given the children the space in the magazine that we are planning to devote to their interests next year. The "Canadian Home Journal" is for every member of the family, and it is not fair to squeeze out the pages for the little folk.

These are a few of the good things planned, but others will come in at the last minute—red hot, too important to be held for even one month—and we shall do our utmost to crowd them in if it upsets all our plans. Nineteen-nineteen will be an outstanding year for "Canadian Home Journal."

CHRISTMAS DON'TS



DON'T limit the Christmas wreaths to your front windows. Hang them in the back windows, too, and give the butcher's boy and the groceryman and the other toilers the benefit of the decorations. Save half of your cheerful words for back-door callers.

Don't give your poor little friend a "pair of sensible shoes." Shoes are not a sensible present for a youngster, no matter how poor he is. He wants skates or a sled. The very best present you can give him is something to make him happy. That's all there is to Christmas.

Don't say, "I don't believe in Santa Claus," for that means you don't believe in yourself.

—"Pictorial Review."

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Canadian Home Journal

EDITORIAL

Again 'Tis Merry, Merry Christmas Time

THE JOY BELLS OF PEACE.

Peace! With bated breath we waited, listening, hoping, trembling. Distant bells sounded on the soft stillness of the early morning. Could it mean peace? Dared we hope? Or was it merely the noise of the busy world waking to take up its daily task? But no, louder and clearer came the shrill piercing notes of a siren proclaiming unmistakably that the significant moment had arrived for which we had waited, hoped and prayed for four long, anxious years.

Slowly comprehension came. Our boys were safe. The price had been paid, and the world's liberty established. Joy, gladness and peace reigned. The thought was too wonderful, too portentous to be grasped.

Nor yet is the meaning of peace realized, as it comes at this blessed Christmas season. Upon this war-wrecked, suffering world there will dawn the sweetest Christmas mankind has ever known, and the benediction of the "Prince of Peace" will rest as upon the shepherds watching their flocks on the hills of Bethlehem. A new world will be born, for the old has passed away. Old ideals, old prejudices, old misconceptions have given place to a higher hope, a deeper faith, and a broader love and understanding. Through grief and loss we have groped our way upward to the very mountain top of human experience—fittingly let us celebrate the birthday of the Christ Child who came to us that we might learn the glory and strength of self-sacrifice.

"Never before has the world had such a revelation of the divinity of human nature," said Sir John Willison recently. "Those who do the world's common drudgery and those who have worn fine linen and fared sumptuously every day have fought, suffered and died together in the trenches. All have responded to a common appeal and all have shared in common sacrifice and common glory. Unless there is a mortal and ineradicable defect in our civilization there will be fruits of sympathy and understanding from all this bloody sowing."

COMMUNITY BUILDINGS AS SOLDIERS' MEMORIALS.

There has already started in the United States a movement in favor of the erection of community buildings or homes instead of the usual monuments as memorials of the brave who have fallen in battle and at sea. The idea is an excellent one and in keeping with the highest ideals of true democracy. In every part of Canada and the United States there will be a desire on the part of all to commemorate the heroic deeds of our soldiers and sailors; how much better it would be to build suitable community buildings for the free use of the people than to erect the customary marble shafts.

SHALL WE CONTINUE RED CROSS WORK?

From women's societies all over Canada comes the question, How does the coming of Peace affect our Red Cross work?

To be able to reply correctly to these inquiries we also have put this question to the headquarters of the Red Cross, and secured from them the assurance that Red Cross work is still needed along directed lines. There is an ever-increasing number of wounded soldiers coming into Canada, and as no supplies have been retained here a certain amount of the usual kind of work will still be required, but it should be done under the direction of the Society in order that there may be no waste of certain lines.

There is, however, a channel of work which cannot be too ardently advocated, and one which should appeal very strongly to the woman heart. This is the making of clothing for the destitute French, Serbian and Belgian refugees. The Red Cross Society has undertaken this work for the months of November, December and January, and they ask the co-operation of every one interested in bringing comfort to these destitute, suffering people.

The Belgian and Serbian Relief Societies and the Secours National have all been consulted and agree that there can not possibly be any overlapping of work. The need is so great that too much in any line cannot be had. Red Cross materials now on hand may be made up in garments for the refugees and it will be considered regular Red Cross work. Patterns are also supplied by the Headquarters of the Red Cross in Toronto. Both queer and interesting is the clothing when made according to directions, and many who have no decided talent for knitting will find real delight in fashioning these garments with their huge waist bands and odd straight lines. A small square sticker, on which a Red Cross is printed and the letters "Canada" stand out prominently in white, is placed on each piece of clothing.

Peace does not mean inactivity for any one. Workers are needed as never before in the tremendous task of reconstruction in both Canada and Europe. Shoulder to shoulder the womanhood of our land must continue the task so gloriously begun. The cruel days are past, the suffering and agony of the darkest hours are over and no longer will there be that constant longing for, yet dread of, news. Now duty points straight to the glorious task of rebuilding, healing and comforting—so truly woman's work. It is not the efforts of the few outstanding leaders which will count for most, but the same untiring sticking to it of the united womanhood of Canada which has so characterized their efforts in the past.

This Gift Will Be Remembered When Christmas Is Past



Why not follow the plan of Christmas giving adopted by many of the best Canadian women, who have reduced the expense and have not lessened the value of the gift? Their plan is to send a year's subscription, costing only $2.00, for the "Canadian Home Journal," to their friends. This avoids many weary days of shopping through crowded stores, and does away with the extra expense and trouble of sending presents through the mails.

At the bottom of this page we have printed a coupon that you may use, in which to fill in the names of your friends, then attach a money order for the necessary amount to cover cost, and we will do the rest. Just as soon as your list reaches us we will enter the names on our mailing lists and will address an envelope in which we will send to each of your friends named a beautiful Christmas card printed in full colors, bearing the information that you have requested us to send the "Canadian Home Journal" for a year as your Christmas present. The beautiful card and a copy of our splendid Christmas Number will be mailed to each that they may be received on Christmas morning.

What more suitable or appreciable gift could be given to a Canadian woman than a year's subscription to the "Canadian Home Journal," which is owned, published and edited by Canadians, who spend your subscription money amongst Canadian workmen? Why not subscribe only to Canadian publications this year? Sample copies sent free on request.

We will send a year's subscription—12 copies of the "Canadian Home Journal"—to any part of Canada or Great Britain, at the following special Christmas rates: Two subscriptions $3.50; three subscriptions, $5.00; four subscriptions, $6.00. Extra subscriptions above four, $1.50 each. If your friends live in the United States, 50 cents extra must be included for each subscription going to that country to pay the extra postage.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Order before the Christmas rush, to make sure that the present will be received by your friend on Christmas Day. Lists of names containing Western addresses should reach us by December 16th. Ontario and Eastern addresses may be sent in as late as December 20th, and we will promise delivery on Christmas morning. Give full names and initials, and full addresses of both friend and sender. All orders must be sent to

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

71-81 Richmond Street West **Toronto**

Cut out this Coupon, fill in names and addresses of persons to whom you desire us to send a year's subscription, give your own name and address, attach a money order, then mail to us and we will send your Christmas present to arrive on Christmas morning.

NAME ADDRESS

.....

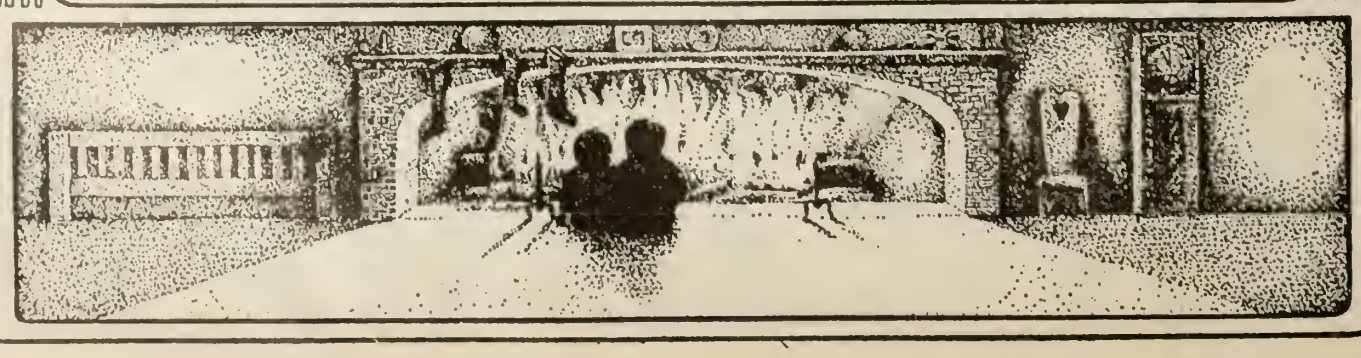
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Dec.





"On the low rocker the man in khaki sat with Buddy asleep in his arms."

Before the war Peter Piper was a ne'er-do-well. When he returned he was a hero.

The story of the transformation is cleverly told by

Mary Maclellan

Illustrated by
E. J. DINSMORE.

THE RETURN OF PETER PIPER

"GET right off to sleep, now, Buddy," Sarah Ann Piper warned as, with adroit fingers, she tucked the white and red squared quilt about the railings of the little enameled cot, "Get right to sleep now, for if Santa Claus comes up to this window and sees a light, he'll turn right around and walk off again."

Buddy shut his eyes tightly, squirmed a moment under the checkered covering of quilt, then laughed softly.

"All right Mummie,—say to Santa Claus—Buddy's all 'sleep."

Sarah Ann Piper smiled down upon the three year old baby of hers as she reached up to turn off the gas. Life had given her little of its gold, but she found in her children a valuable recompense. Tip-toeing across the room she paused a moment by the window before pulling down the shade. The five o'clock December sunset was at its best. The wonderful color of sky, and glistening snows held Sarah Ann immobile for a few seconds. In girlhood days the world of the out of doors had been her chief glory and delight. Years of toil and suffering had robbed her of many old ideals but sometimes across the span of years there came on the wings of a treasured memory a dream awakening to the beautiful. To-night the glory and peace of the early Christmas Eve stirred unfrequented depths of her soul. Already twilight was blueing the snows, and faintly erasing the surrounding neighborhood. There was much to be done ere dark. Sarah Ann pulled down the blind with an impatient jerk, and turned for a last survey of the crib in the semi-darkness. Convinced that Buddy had speedily drifted to the border realm of dreams, she tiptoed across the carpetless floor to the door.

"I knew he was about all in," she commented softly, "It was a shame to put him to bed so early and on Christmas eve, but to-morrow he will forget the disappointment."

Softly she shut the door and hastened through the sitting room to the kitchen.

"Supper nearly ready, Sarah Ann?" she called sharply.

A child of some twelve years came from the little pantry carrying a plate of bread.

"Yes, sure 'tis, mother," Sarah Ann Junior retorted blithely. "I may be too slow for you other times, but I can hurry Christmas; Jimmy isn't back though."

The woman frowned.

"Jimmy always did take after your father for alacrity," she hinted a trifle sarcastically. "There isn't any time now to sit around waitin' for him, we'll eat now."

And suiting the action to the word she sat down at the table and reached across for bread. The little girl followed her example.

"Isn't it just great, mother," Sarah Ann Junior glibed gaily, helping herself to the warmed over potatoes, then passing them across to her mother, "Isn't it just great that we can have a real Christmas this year. We never had any before. Last year Buddy was sick, and all other times father was home. He never was much for Christmas."

"Never was much for anything" the mother corrected as a rattling at the door indicated Jimmy's tardy return.

Jimmy was ten, and "sellin' papers," so in his estimation he was just twice that age. Silently he took the scolding he knew was forthcoming and settled down to his supper. Sarah Ann Piper eyed him critically, something was the matter—she was mother enough to discern that. Ceasing to gibe at him she awaited an explanation, but Jimmy silently attended to his meal.

"What's up now Jimmy?" she questioned presently in a relented tone,—"Haven't done anything wrong, I hope."

The boy stolidly shook his head.

"Suppose I got ter tell sometime" he began, "or somebody else will,—Dad's home."

Sarah Ann Piper sat up with a quick start.

"What?" she gasped.

"Dad's home. Saw him down near the Royal Hotel. He didn't see me though, that's what made me late. I kinder hung around to see what he was doin.' Dad looked kinder different somehow."

He turned to his mother for some comment. She sat motionless, her very lips livid. Sarah Ann Junior followed Jimmy's gaze, a timorous look came into her eyes.

"I suppose now" she said almost tearfully, "I suppose now we can't have any Christmas if Dad's home."

Sarah Ann Piper stirred suddenly, and leaning across the table she sharply slapped her daughter's hand.

"Don't be silly" she exclaimed, "Of course we'll have our Christmas. Your father has spoiled enough of your life without trying to do so any more."

The three resumed the meal in silence. The children were too preoccupied to notice that their mother ate little more. Jimmy's retentive mind and ready tongue were soon in splendid working order. Sarah Ann Junior listened to the day's exploits with gleaming eyes. His talk was partial to Christmas as was her pleasure loving little soul.

The supper over, Sarah Ann commanded the children to wash the dishes while she attended to secretive preparations for the to-morrow in the sitting room.

Once alone in the dark room she sank trembling into a low arm chair and covered her face with her hands. Life was turning golden for them again, why must Peter Piper return to shadow it all?

Thousands of others—noble and needed men were slain in the great conflict across the seas. Why had the war not claimed him too?

Like the far away echo of some lost reality came the clatter of dishes, and the dish washing campaign from the kitchen. It seemed hours she sat there planning, contemplating, reasoning. Presently she rose, at the threshold she paused.

"Oh God" she prayed softly, "When he comes make me ready for him."

The last dishes were being speedily put in their proper places as she re-entered the kitchen. She smiled convincingly as she watched the two willing workers. Unconditionally her children would stand up with her against the man who had forfeited all right to be their father.

Searching for her purse in the cupboard, she found it, and deducted two quarters from its contents.

"Run over to the grocery after you are through" she commanded, "We'll need some brown sugar for our taffy, ten cents worth of nuts and a package of dates. Everything else is in the house, but I forgot these until a moment ago."

Sarah Ann Junior's eyes sparkled with excitement as she passed her mother, dish pan in hand.

"Isn't it great," she vouchsafed.

Once alone in the house Sarah Ann Piper lit the gas in the sitting room, drew a basket of small parcels out from under the couch and began to sort and label them accordingly. Her mind was calculating future possibilities.

Distinctly she heard the opening of a door—footsteps in the kitchen. Christmas was most assuredly a magical thing—a hastener of little feet. She smiled as she stooped to shove the basket into its hiding place.

Suddenly the little room thrilled with a deep tender masculine voice.

"Sarah Ann—I'm back."

Petrified she waited his next words. There was a long silence. Slowly she turned about.

"Well?" she demanded calmly.

The sight of the man standing in the doorway sent a tremor through her. Instinctively she remembered Jimmy's assertion at the supper-table. "Dad looked different somehow." How true his words might be she had not previously reasoned.

Now the reality of them struck her forcibly. There was a something in the face of this man she had never seen there before—not even in her courtship days. There was a sudden impulse within her to go to him, to forgive all in one mad gladness of re-union. Simultaneously she remembered the children.

Sarah Ann Piper had been many creatures,— but a coward *never*. She would stand by them to the last.

So he still wore his khaki. Was he a soldier, she wondered sarcastically.

"Well?" she reiterated.

He came a step towards her.

"Well, aren't you going to welcome me home?"

"Welcome you home" she almost screamed, all the pent up resentment of years breaking forth in one mad torrent of words—"Welcome you home! Why should I ever wait to welcome you home, you who made it a hell for us until they sent you away? "Home" she laughed hoarsely, "Yes, yes, it's home

(*Continued on page* 56.)

THE MASTER MIND OF THE MOVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.



J. Gordon Edwards.



"Salome" dancing the "Dance of the Seven Veils" for King Herod in the banquet hall of Herod's temple.

At the left Mr. Edwards may be seen directing this entire scene. Beside him is his camera man.

On the opposite page is shown the banquet hall in Herod's Temple being erected.



IT was a Canadian who gave to the world two of the greatest film masterpieces ever flashed upon a screen—"Cleopatra" and "Salome"—J. Gordon Edwards, who proudly acclaims the fact that he was born in Canada, and in addition boasts that he received his military training there. And then again, he is proud that his only son, Jack, a manly chap of twenty, enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps of Canada, leaving Cornell University to do his bit for the land that gave birth to his illustrious father.

Seldom, if ever, is there very much written about the man with the brains who conceives and puts into execution a moving picture. With a few exceptions, they have become famous only through the efforts of personal press agents, who pounded into the minds of the "fans" the greatness of the director, giving the production secondary consideration. The result justified the hard-working publicity agent's most sanguine expectations; when a new picture is released by these much-heralded gentlemen, the movie "fan" goes to the theatre with the firm belief that he is to see a good photoplay.

Comparatively few people had heard of J. Gordon Edwards up to the time of his productions of "Cleopatra" and "Salome," excepting those directly interested in the producing field. Although he is given due screen credit for his productions, it soon escapes the mind of the theatregoer—the star is the only one who makes an impression. For more than four years Mr. Edwards has hidden his light under a bushel—for he is an extremely modest man; he shuns publicity, and is content to rest on what he has done.

Before the filming of "Cleopatra," Mr. Edwards was busy turning out six and seven-reel photo-dramas—all money-makers so far as commercial success was concerned, and all perfect insofar as dramatic values were involved—without a thought of his own personal aggrandizement or the foisting of his own personality on the public. But when that marvellously perfect and magnificent production of "Cleopatra" was shown to an admiring multitude of fans throughout the world, followed by that intensely vivid and dramatic production of "Salome," they wanted to know something about the master mind who had made the pages of history come to life again in living and breathing characters—about the man who could handle the great "mob" scenes with such marvellous skill, who could stage an almost historically accurate naval battle.

A little over six feet in height, he has an erect, soldierly bearing, a high, intellectual forehead, a face devoid of wrinkles, unless brought into play by a smile that starts at his lips and gradually illuminates his entire countenance, and when in repose he has the cast of a thinker, student and scholar. His hair is slightly tinged with silver, brushed back on his head. A cigar always either between his fingers or in his mouth.

J. Gordon Edwards' eventful life makes interesting material for a biographical sketch. Before his advent into the field of the silent drama, he was

(*Continued on following page.*)



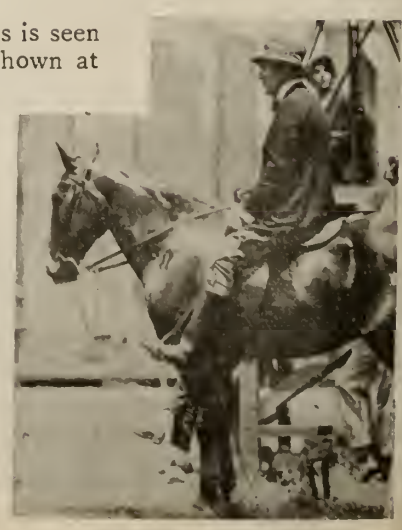
Theda Bara, who takes the part of "Salome," has just exclaimed "There is no God!" Beside her may be seen Herod and John the Baptist.

Following this declaration, by a marvelous lighting effect, the face of John the Baptist lights up, he calls upon Jehovah, and a bolt of lightning comes crashing down, destroying the Herodian god "Jove." Terrific crashes of thunder followed by wind, throw the entire assembly into panic. See the pictures on the opposite page explaining the mechanism for producing this storm.





At the right Mr. Edwards is seen directing the mob scene, shown at the left.



The First Story Ever Published of J. Gordon Edwards—How he Obtains Wonderful Screen Effects.

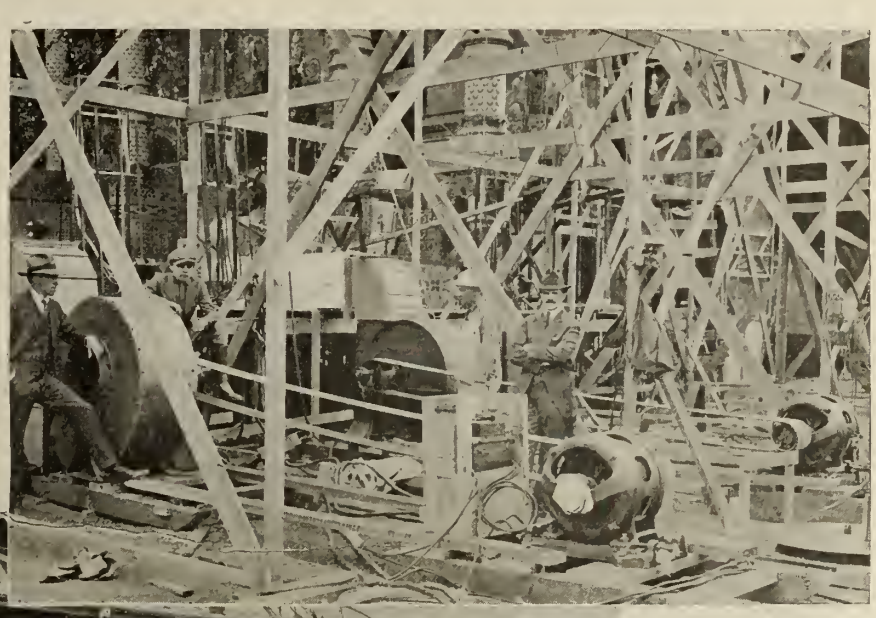
By A. L. SELIG.



Constructing a village for the films.



This picture gives an idea of the enormous amount of work required in preparing the setting for films such as "Salome." Note the row of electric lighting apparatus in the foreground. "Salome" was photographed in California, where no glass roofs are required.



The propellers of ten aeroplanes and huge electric blowers were placed in position to produce the wind in the storm which brings the picture of "Salome" to its dramatic close. Truly, one of the most spectacular scenes ever produced on the screen.



The travelling transformer used to supply the vivid lightning effect in "Salome" in the storm scene.





Left: Miss Bara gives her interpretation of a scene in "Cleopatra."

Right: Mr. Edwards directing a scene in "Cleopatra."

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

first an actor, and later a stage director. As the latter, he had under his direction such celebrated and famous stars as Henrietta Crossman, Wilton Lackaye, Cecelia Loftus, James K. Hackett, Amelia Bingham, Marguerite Clark, Virginia Harned and a host of other well-known men and women. In addition, he had many years' experience on the stage in big productions, and for many years was leading man in Broadway successes and in the leading stock companies throughout the United States and Canada, so we see that he is more than duly qualified to hold the position of director-general of the William Fox organization.

J. Gordon Edwards was born in Montreal, Canada, of Scotch-French parents. His father, who was born in Inverness, Scotland, was the owner of a large farm just outside of Montreal. Young Edwards was given a good schooling, and then entered the Military School at Kingston. He spent three years there studying military tactics, and as he showed a proficiency in the artillery branch of the service, gave most of his studies to that. He distinguished himself in that arm of the service during the examination manœuvres by receiving a possible 45 out of 48 points in proficiency and marksmanship. He was publicly commended by the Brigadier-General of Canada, who was present, and also by members of the English nobility who were guests at the manœuvres.

Shortly after this, Mr. Edwards' father died, leaving just enough to support his mother, and the young man, who had set his heart on becoming a military man, was forced to leave college. He had no idea what profession to follow, but having heard of the great opportunities in New York, determined to go to that city.

While sitting in the smoking-room of the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel waiting for train time, Mr. Edwards' attention was attracted to a gallery of portraits of famous stage stars. After studying them for a while, the thought gradually came to him that he would like to go on the stage. No sooner did he strike New York than he sought a theatrical engagement. Some friends advised him to see Joseph Howarth, who at that time had the leading stock company playing Shakespearean repertoire. Struck by the young man's appearance, Howarth engaged him to play small parts, and it was not long before Mr. Edwards was playing leads.

In 1892, Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau were getting ready to produce their big spectacle, "America," which was to be one of the attractions during the World's Fair in Chicago. They had heard of Mr. Edwards, and engaged him to play the parts of Columbus, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. The production had a long run in Chicago, where it played at the Auditorium, and after the Fair was brought to New York City, where it ran for a long time at the Metropolitan Opera House. Later, the company went to London, where it had a long and successful engagement.

After this, Mr. Edwards was engaged to play leads in several productions, and gradually became a stage director in charge of many of the famous stock companies playing in the various big cities of the United States and Canada. It was while Mr. Edwards had charge of the stock company of William Fox's Academy of Music in New York that he had his first opportunity to enter the motion picture field. At that time William Fox contemplated entering the producing field, and in looking around for a man who could further his plans, singled out Mr. Edwards. After outlining his ideas, Mr. Fox sent Mr. Edwards to Europe to study the methods of the various studios in Paris, Italy and Germany, prior to the organization of a photoplay company in the United States.

After spending six months travelling about Europe gaining first hand knowledge of the technical and dramatic sides of the producing of photoplays, Mr. Edwards was just able to leave England on the last boat over, when war was declared by Germany. Had he tarried a little longer in Berlin or Vienna, he would have been interned as a Canadian, and the motion picture art would not have had the impetus it did through the efforts of Mr. Fox and Mr.

(*Continued on page* 57.)

His Christmas Gift

By
MABEL BURKHOLDER

Author of "The Last Laugh," etc.

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore.

A FEW days before Christmas, Dr. Lett had found it to his advantage to go to Inchcolm, and he was grimly pleased to observe the commotion his unexpected appearance created. It seemed he had set the sleek servants jumping about like acrobats; yet this was his home—or, more correctly, his wife's—and he had a right to be there. He felt an amused contempt for them because they feared him, and his manner while at his country house became, if possible, more gloomy and masterful than he was wont to display in the city.

"Well, well," he said to himself, looking down on the rear of the house from the high window of his room, "when I have completed my wonderful invention, and have become as famous as I deserve to be, I'll speak a word of praise for these humble folk who have fed and housed me in some of my bitterest moods. The world cannot afford to neglect me much longer. I'm winning out—slowly winning out."

His room, after a day's occupation, was what he invariably reduced it to—a belittered workshop, with little to suggest luxury or comfort. He had ordered away all articles for which he had not immediate use, and had caused to be carried in several tables and benches, with a bewildering array of tools. And in the midst of it, with hardly sufficient space to set his feet, he worked, ate and slept, refusing to see any person until he had tried out some idea which had occurred to him for the perfecting of his invention.

All around the room lay parts of the machine on which he was working. It was not set up in shape that would suggest its use to an outsider, but in his mind he always called it his "sea-bird," and his friends knew it was a small, improved kind of seaplane, a racer of marvellous speed, capable of carrying only one or two men, yet invaluable in war time for taking observations in perilous places and getting away safely.

"Christmas is coming, my Lady-bird," he said, patting lovingly a portion of the machine, "and some time between that and the New Year a test will be made in a Southern city, far away from this ice-bound coast, where you will prove what you can do before admiring multitudes. If you fail me, little sea-bird, I shall die. For I love nothing in the world like you."

When he had been in the house twenty-four hours it occurred to him that he had not seen his wife. He supposed she was about somewhere. Probably it was she who had knocked on his door early in the afternoon, whose call he had neglected or forgotten to answer. She knew he had come down to the barren island of Inchcolm to perfect the last details of his invention. Why couldn't she leave him alone until his idea burned itself out, and he felt the need of human companionship!

He thought, perhaps, even then he would not see her, but would slip quietly back to the great city, and there await the day of testing. Probably the sight of her would unnerve him, for a blind fury sometimes mastered him when he allowed his thoughts to dwell on her. Ah, better that he should see nobody but Hobson, the only servant he allowed in the room, a much-suffering individual, who glided in and out without noise, and who sometimes served two or three trays of food before he made the happy selection that suited his master's palate. Yes, he was determined that he would see only Hobson.

As he stood gazing down on the rugged cliffs that formed the western boundary of the island, his wife crossed the lawn, coming up from the boat-house. She did not observe him, for night was falling, and he hastily drew back from the window. But he studied her in detail, as she crawled rather than walked to the door, and he thought that never before had he seen her look so plain and uninteresting. What ailed her that she dragged her steps so? Was she getting old? He glanced swiftly at himself in the glass to see if time was playing its tricks on him also. But the figure he saw reflected was upright and alert, the head sparsely sprinkled with gray, the face keen and cold, with proud eyes and contemptuous lips. Then he remembered that he was six years younger than she.

Her name was Sibyl. Good Lord, what a name for a woman as ungraceful as she! If that name, so suggestive of witchery and charm, of deep world-wisdom had belonged to another woman in the city, who had been designed by nature for him and by a bitter fate separated from him . . .

Bah! He could take his medicine. It was not as though he had been forced into his present position. The choice had been his own. He had *asked* this sibyline creature to become his wife because he knew she was to have an income of five hundred dollars a day on the death of her parents. Obligingly they had died, and she inherited quite as much money as he expected. She had been pointed out to him as the deaf and dumb daughter of a multi-millionaire, a person of fine character, but quite a long way past her youth and without prospects of marriage. As he was then also quite a long way past his youth, penniless, soured, because he could not get the world to listen to his ideas, he had proposed marriage to her, not concealing the fact that he needed her money. There was but little pretence of love. Usually they lived apart. He remembered that he had once felt sufficient interest in her to teach her to talk. No one else had been able, but he had persisted, as one might persist with a parrot, his tenacity overcoming all difficulties, until at last she was able to articulate a hundred words in a guttural fashion which few but himself and the servants could understand.

As he watched her, she stopped and spoke to a servant at the door. He shuddered at the weird sound.

As darkness descended, the doctor became engrossed in his work once more. He was above and beyond all sounds of the house. Only the tide rushing into the rocky chasms at the foot of the cliff sounded a dull monotone in his ear. But his invention was too nearly completed to absorb him fully. He was exhausted, and could not concentrate. He went to his desk and wrote numerous letters. At last he yielded to the fierce hunger that always ate at his heart, and wrote a page to the lady in the city, the serpent-wise woman, with sea-green eyes and the hair of a mermaid. It seemed he had to have her praise, though he knew it was not much better than flattery, and that she did not understand his invention in the least.

A closely-written sheet lay before him, when he glanced around to see Hobson standing at a respectful distance.

"Your wife, sir. She wishes to see you, sir."

Into Dr. Lett's voice crept the irritation he felt.

"Tell her not now—she knows I am busy."

The servant stood his ground.

"She has something, sir, she thinks it will please you to see."

Then the amazed doctor discovered that there were several persons behind Hobson. His wife was there—and another person in the uniform of a nurse. The latter carried what looked like a roll of clothes.

"W-what is this?" the amazed man demanded, springing up and confronting the small thing, as he might have faced his worst enemy.

Then the person in nurse's uniform spoke.

"It is your son, William Henry Lett."

Before he could reply, his wife pressed forward, articulating in her thick tones:

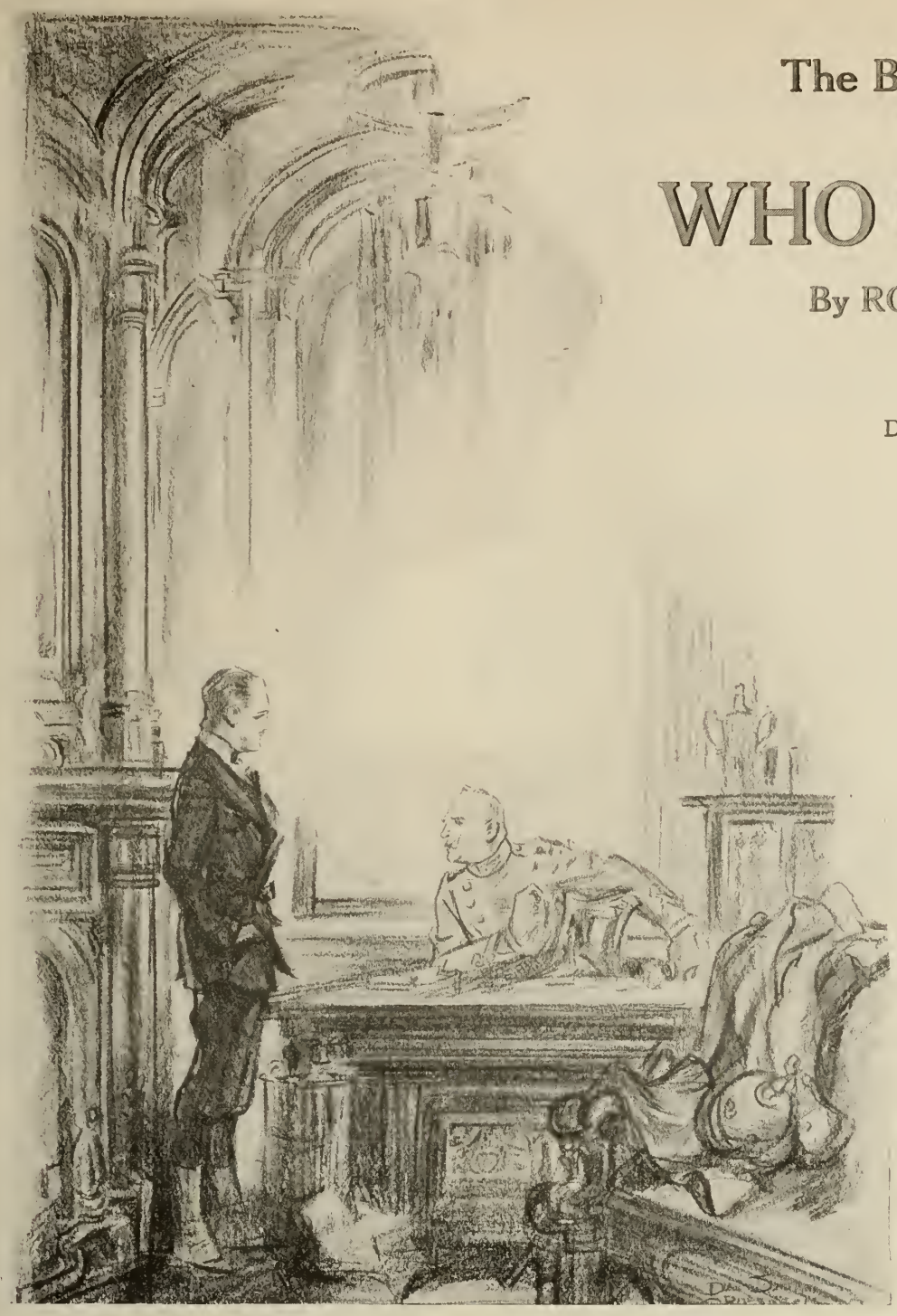
"His name — William — same as yours — six weeks old—"

The man remembered then that she had mentioned frequently in her letters that she had had a wretched summer, and had been ill. This explained the stoop of her shoulders which had annoyed him, for now that he saw her closely everything about her bespoke physical illness. She was too old to bear a first child. No doubt she had tried to tell him all in her letters, and he had been so engrossed in his work that he failed to understand.

(*Continued on page* 48.)



She raised the paper to her lips, kissing it fervently again and again. She was beautiful in her innocent rapture.



Young Guild looked steadily at the man in grey, and the man in grey gazed steadily back.

The Beginning of the Great War Romance

WHO GOES THERE

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrated by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK.

The scenes of this story are laid in Belgium and England at the beginning of war. Captured as prisoner, Kervyn Guild is taken before the German General, who offers to spare his life and others and save a Belgian village if he will proceed to England and return with the General's daughter, who was caught there at the outbreak of the war. Guild undertakes the mission, arrives in England, but finds getting away is another matter. Read what happens.

THEY had selected for their business the outer face of an old garden wall. There were red tiles on the coping; dusty roadside vines half covered the base. Where plaster had peeled off a few weather-beaten bricks showed. Bees hummed in the trampled herbage.

Against this wall they backed the first six men. One, a mere boy, was crying, wiping his frightened eyes on his shirt-sleeve.

The dry crash of the volley ended the matter; all the men against the wall collapsed. Presently one of them, the boy who had been crying, moved his arm in the grass. A rifle spoke instantly, and he moved no more.

There came a low-spoken word of command, the firing squad shouldered rifles, wheeled, and moved off; and out of the sea-grey masses of infantry another squad of execution came marching up, smartly.

A dozen men, some in sabots, trousers, and dirty collarless shirts, some in well-cut business suits and straw hats, and all with their wrists tied behind them, stood silently awaiting their turns. One among them, a young man wearing a golf-cap, knickerbockers, leather-spats, and with an absolutely colorless face, stood staring at the tumbled heaps of clothing along the foot of the wall as though stupified.

Six peasants went first; the men more smartly attired were to wait a little longer it appeared.

The emotionless and methodical preparations, the brisk precision of the operation, the cheerful celerity of the firing squad made it the more terrifying, stunning the victims to immobility.

The young man in the golf-cap and knickerbockers clenched his tied hands. Not an atom of color remained in cheeks or lips, and he stood with face averted while the squad of execution was busy with its business.

Houses lining the single village street began to leak smoke; smoke writhed and curled behind closed window-panes. Here and there a mounted Uhlan forced his big horse up on the sidewalk and drove his lance butt through the window glass.

Already the street was swimming in thin strata of smoke; the sea-grey uniforms of the German infantry seemed part of the haze; only the faces of the soldiery were visible—faces without bodies, thousands of flat, detached faces, thousands of little pig eyes set in a blank and foggy void. And over everything in the close, heavy air brooded the sour stench of a sweat-soaked, unwashed army.

A third squad of execution came swinging up, apparently out of nowhere, their heavy half-boots clumping in unison on the stony street.

The young man in the golf-cap and knickerbockers heard them coming and bit his bloodless lip. After a moment the rhythm of the heavy boots ceased. The street became very silent, save where window glass continually fell tinkling to the sidewalk and the feathery whisper of flames became more audible from within the row of empty houses.

The young man lifted his eyes to the sombre and sunless sky. High up there above the mist and heavy bands of smoke he saw the feathery tops of tall trees motionless.

Presently through the silence came the clatter of hoofs; Uhlans cantered past, pennons whipping from lance heads; then a soft two-toned bugle-call announced an automobile; and presently it loomed up, huge, through the parted ranks of the infantry, a great grey, low-purring bulk, slowing, halting, still purring.

A grey-clad general officer sat in the tonneau, a grey-uniformed hussar was seated beside the grey-liveried chauffeur.

As the car stopped, several officers were already beside the running-board, halted stiffly at attention. The general officer, his cigar between his gloved fingers, leaned over the edge of the tonneau and said something in a very quiet voice.

Instantly a slim, stiff infantry captain saluted, wheeled sharply, and walked straight to the little file of prisoners who stood with their wrists tied behind their backs, looking vacantly at the automobile.

"Which is the prisoner-hostage who says he is American?" he snapped out in his nasal Prussian voice.

The young man who wore a golf-cap took a short step forward, hesitated.

"You?"

"Yes."

"Fall in again!"

The officer nodded to a sergeant of infantry, and a squad of men shoved the prisoners into single file, facing not the fatal wall, but westward, along the street.

"March!" said somebody. And the next moment again: "Halt!" rang out with the snapping brevity of a cracked whip. The general officer leaned from the grey tonneau and looked steadily along the file of hostages until his glance fell upon the young man in the golf-cap.

"What is your name?" he asked quietly in English.

"My name is Guild."

"The rest?"

"Kervyn Guild."

"You say you are American?"

"Yes."

The general officer looked at him for a moment longer, then said something to the hussar aide-de-camp.

The aide threw open the car door and jumped out. A lieutenant took command of the escort. The hussar whispered instructions, turned and came to attention beside the running-board, then, at a nod from the general officer, jumped up beside the chauffeur. There came the soft-toned, mellow warning of the bugle; the grey machine glided off into the mist; the prisoners and escort followed it, marching briskly.

As they passed the end of the street two houses on their right suddenly roared up in one vast, smoke-shot tower of flame, and a brassy glare lighted up the mist around them.

Somewhere near by a woman began to scream; farther down the street, more windows and doors were being beaten in. From farther away still, came the strains of military music, resonant, full, magnificent. A detail passed with spades to bury the dead who lay under the wall. All was order, precision, and cheerful despatch. The infantry column, along the halted flanks of which the

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prisoners were now being marched, came to attention. Company after company marked time heavily; shouldered rifles. Uhlans in file came spurring through the centre of the street; a cyclist followed, rifle slung across his back, sitting at ease on his machine and gazing curiously about.

Out of the end of the village street marched the prisoners and their escort, but presently halted again.

Directly in front of them stood the grey automobile drawn up by the roadside before a pair of iron gates. The gates swung from high stucco walls. On top of the walls were soldiers sitting, rifle on knee; a machine gun commanded the drive, and across the gravel more soldiers were digging a trench, setting posts, and stringing barbed wire which they unwound from great wooden reels.

Through the gates escort and prisoners threaded their way, across a lawn already trampled by cavalry, and straight on toward a pleasant looking and somewhat old-fashioned house set amid older trees and shrubbery, badly broken.

Half a dozen grey-clad staff officers were eating and drinking on the low stone terrace; their horses picketed on the lawn, nibbled the crushed shrubbery. Sentries pacing the terrace and on guard at the door came to attention as the lieutenant in charge of the escort marched his prisoners in.

At a word from him an infantryman went from prisoner to prisoner untying the cords that bound their wrists behind them. Then they were marched into an old-fashioned drawing-room on the left, sentries were placed, the remainder of the escort sat down on the floor with their loaded rifles on their laps and their backs against the wall. Their officer, the lieutenant, walked across the hallway to the room on the left, where the sentry admitted him, then closed the door and resumed his heavy pacing of the black-tiled hall.

The sergeant in charge of the escort lifted his helmet with its grey-cloth covering, scratched his bullet head, yawned. Then he said, jerking a huge thumb toward the drawing-room: "There's a good wall in the garden behind the house. They'll make the fruit grow all the better—these Belgians."

The lieutenant, coming out of the room opposite overheard him.

He went into the drawing-room where the prisoners stood by the windows looking out silently at a great pall of smoke which was hanging over the village through which they had just been marched.

"Which of you is the alleged American?" said the lieutenant in hesitating but correct English.

The young man in knickerbockers rose from a brocaded armchair.

"Follow me. General von Reiter does you the honor to question you."

The young man looked the lieutenant straight in the eye and smiled, stiffly perhaps, because his face was still pallid and the breath of death still chilled it.

"The honor," he said in an agreeably modulated voice, "is General von Reiter's. But I fear he won't realize it."

"What's that!" said the lieutenant sharply.

But young Guild shrugged his shoulders. "You wouldn't understand either. Besides you are too talkative for an underling. Do your duty—if you know how."

"Swine of a Yankee," said the lieutenant, speaking slowly and with painful precision, "do you suppose you are in your own sty of a Republic? Silence! A Prussian officer commands you! March!"

Guild dropped his hands into the pockets of his belted jacket. "You little shrimp," he said good humoredly, and followed the officer, who had now drawn his sword.

Out into the hall they filed, across it to the closed door. The sentry on duty there opened it; the lieutenant, very red in the face, delivered his prisoner, then, at a nod from the grey-clad officer who was sitting behind a writing desk, saluted, faced about, and marched out. The door closed sharply behind him.

CHAPTER II.

YOUNG GUILD looked steadily at the man in grey, and the man in grey gazed as steadily back from behind his desk.

He was a man of forty-five, lean, well built, blond, and of regular features save that his cheekbones were a trifle high, which seemed to crowd his light blue eyes, make them narrower, and push them into a very slight slant. He had the well-groomed aspect of a Prussian officer, dry of skin, clean-shaven save for the mustache *en croc*, which his bony but powerful and well-kept hands absently caressed at intervals.

His forehead was broad and benevolent, but his eyes modified the humanity and his mouth almost denied it—a mouth firm without shrewdness, not bad, not cruel for the sake of cruelty, yet moulded in lines which promised no hope other than that iron justice which knows no mercy.

"Mr. Guild?"

"Yes, General."

General von Reiter folded his bony hands and rested them on the blotter.

"You say that you are American?"

"Yes."

"How came you to be among the Yslemont hostages?"

"I was stopping at the Hotel Poste when the Uhlans and cyclists suddenly appeared. The captain of Uhlans took the Burgomaster with whom I had been playing chess, myself, the notary, and other leading citizens."

"Did you tell him you are American?"

"Yes. But he paid no attention."

"Had you a passport?"

"Yes."

"Other papers to establish your identity?"

"A few business letters from New York. They read them, but told me they were of no use to me."

"Why did you not communicate with your nearest Consul or with the American Minister in Brussels?"

"They refused me the use of telephone and telegraph. They said that I am Belgian and properly liable to be taken as hostage for the good behaviour of Yslemont."

General von Reiter's hand was lifted meditatively to his mustache. He said: "What happened after you were refused permission to communicate with the American representatives?"

"We were all in the dining-room of the Hotel Poste under guard. At the Burgomaster's dictation I was writing out a proclamation warning the inhabitants of Yslemont not to commit any act of violence against the German soldiery and explaining that we were held as hostages for their good behavior and that a shot fired at a German meant a dead wall and a squad of execution for us and the destruction of Yslemont for them—" He flushed, hesitated.

"Continue," said the general.

"While I was still writing the shots were fired. We all went to the window and we saw Uhlans galloping across the fields after some peasants who were running into the woods. Afterward two stretchers came by with Germans lying in them. After that an officer came and cursed us and the soldiers tied our hands behind our backs. We sat there in the dining-room until the Uhlans came riding into the street with their prisoners tied by ropes to their saddles. Then a major of infantry came into the dining-room and read our sentence to us. Then they marched us out into the fog."

The general crossed his spurred boots under the desk and lay back in his chair, looking at Guild all the while.

"So you are American, Mr. Guild?"

"Yes, General."

"In business in New York?"

"Yes."

"What business?"

"Real estate."

"Where?"

"Union Square, West."

"What is the name of the firm in which you are associated?"

"Guild and Darrel."

"Is that your partner's name?"

"Yes. Henry Darrel."

"Why are you here in Belgium?"

"I was making a foot tour in the Ardennes."

"Your business vacation?"

"Yes. I was to meet my partner in Luxembourg and return to New York with him."

"You and your partner are both absent from New York at the same time?"

"Yes."

"How is that?"

"Real estate in New York is quiet. There is practically no business now."

The general nodded. "Yes," he said, "much of what you tell me has been corroborated. In the Seegard Regiment of Infantry Number 569 you were recognized by several non-commissioned officers and men while you stood with the hostages awaiting—ah—justice," he added drily.

"Recognized?" repeated Guild.

"The soldiers who recognized you had served in New York hotels as clerks or waiters, I believe. The captain of that company, in consequence, very properly reported the matter to Colonel von Eschbach, who telephoned to me. And I am here to consider the matter."

Then, folding his arms and looking hard at Guild out of narrowing eyes that began to slant again:

"The hostages of Yslemont have justly forfeited their lives. Two of my officers have been murdered there in the streets. The law is plain. Is there any reason why these hostages should not pay the proper penalty?"

"The burgomaster was in the act of dictating—"

"He should have dictated faster!"

"These gentlemen did not fire the shots—"

"But those over whom they exercised authority did!"

Guild fell silent and his features paled a little. The general watched him in silence for a moment and an inquiring expression came into his narrow eyes.

"Well?" he said at length.

Guild lifted his eyes.

"Well, sir," repeated the general. "I have said that there is no reason why the hostages taken at Yslemont should not be turned over to the squad of execution outside there in the hallway."

"I heard you say it."

The general looked at him curiously. "You have nothing to say?"

"No."

"Not for yourself?"

"No."

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Guild, what was your ultimate object in passing through Yslemont?"

"I have already told you that I had intended to make a foot tour through the Three Ardennes."

"*Had* intended?"

"Yes."

"Was that still your intention when you were made prisoner?"

After a moment's hesitation: "No," said Guild in a low voice.

"You altered your plan?"

"Yes."

"You decided to employ your vacation otherwise?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I decided to enlist," said Guild. He was very white, now.

"Enlist?"

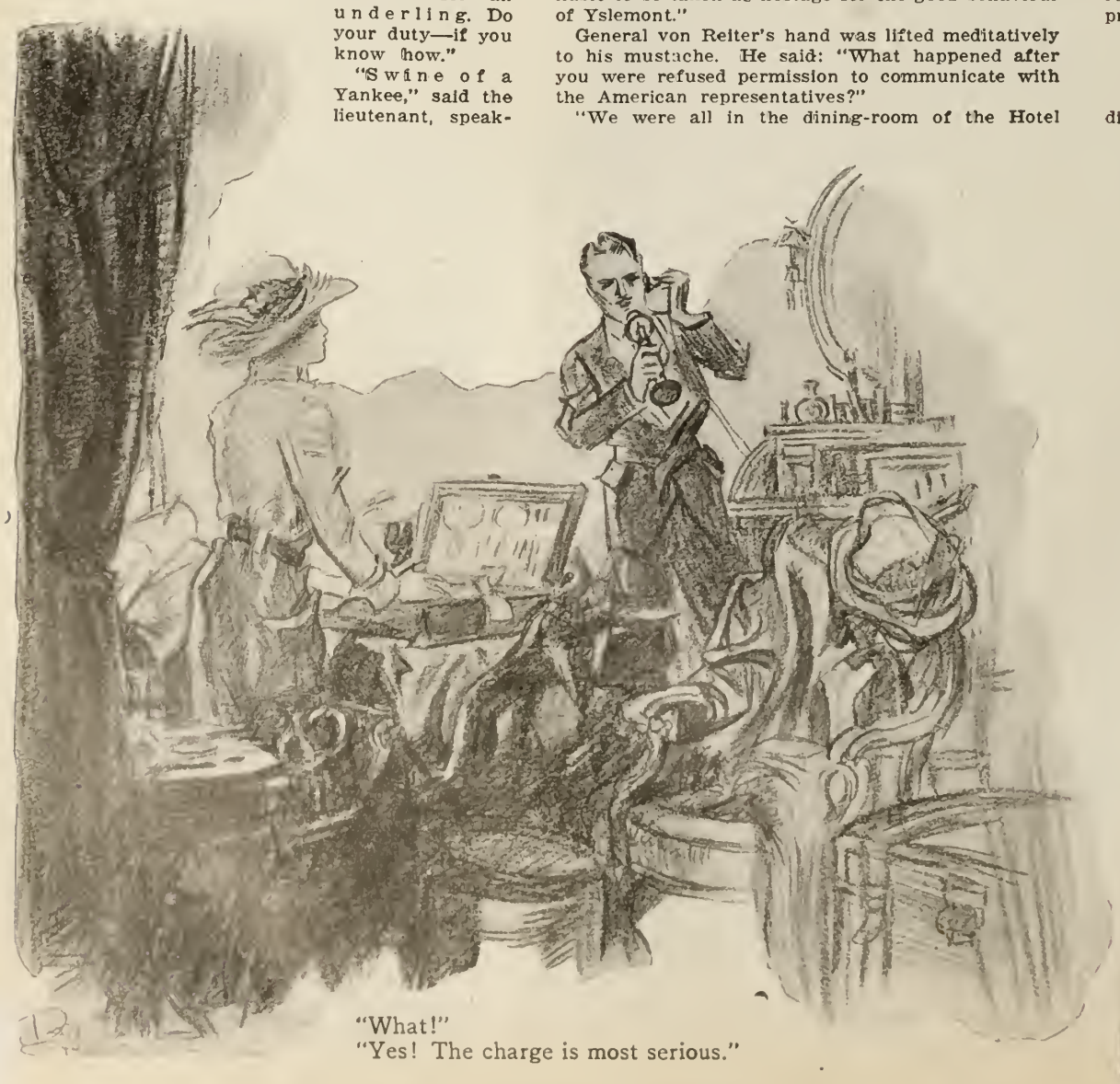
"Yes."

"In the British army?"

"The Belgian."

"Oh! So now you do not remind me that, as an American, you claim exemption from the execution of the sentence?"

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"What!"
"Yes! The charge is most serious."

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"I have said enough," replied Guild. A slight color showed over his cheek-bones.

"If I shoot the Burgomaster and the notary and the others in there, ought I to let you go—on your own representations?"

"I have said enough," repeated Guild.

"Oh! So you refuse to plead any particular exemption on account of your nationality?"

No answer.

"And you, by your silence, permit yourself to be implicated in the responsibility of your fellow-hostages?"

No reply.

"Why?—Mr. Guild. It is, perhaps, after all because you are not an American in the strictest sense of that often misused term?"

There was no response.

"You were born in America?"

"Yes."

"Your father, perhaps, was born there?"

"Yes."

"Oh! And *his* father?"

"No."

"Oh! You are, I see, quite candid, Mr. Guild."

"Yes, when necessary."

"I see. Very well, then. Where do you get your Christian name, Kervyn? Is it an American name?"

"No."

"The name, Guild—is that an American name?"

"Yes."

"But—*is* it *your* name?"

"Yes."

"Was it, by chance, ever spelled a little differently—in times gone by, Mr. Guild?"

"Yes."

"Oh! And how, in times gone by, was it spelled by your—grandfather?"

Guild looked him calmly in the eyes. "It was spelled Gueldres," he said.

"I see, I see. That *is* interesting. Gueldres, Kervyn Gueldres. Why, it sounds almost Belgian. Let me see—if I remember—there was such a family inscribed in the Book of Gold. There was even a Kervyn of Gueldres—a count, was he not? —Comte d'Yvoir—Count of Yvoir, Hastiere, and Lesse. Was he not—this Kervyn of Gueldres, many, many years ago?"

"I congratulate General von Reiter on his memory for such unimportant history as that of Belgium," said Guild, reddening.

"Oh, we Germans are studious in our youth—and thorough. Nothing is too unimportant to ignore and"—he smiled grimly—"nothing is too vast for us to undertake—and accomplish."

He lifted his hand to his mustache again. "Mr. Guild," he said, "at the elections in America you —ah—vote of course?"

"No."

"What?"

Guild remained silent.

The general, stroking his mustache, said pleasantly: "The Belgian nobility always interested me; it is so exclusive and there are so few families of the *classe noble*. Except for those ten families who are independent of Court favor—like the Croys and De Lignes—there seem to be only about thirty families who possess the privileges of the Golden Book. Is this not so?"

"General von Reiter appears to know."

The general seemed gratified at this corroboration of his own memory. "And," he went on amiably, "this Belgian nobility is a real nobility. Once of it, always a part of it. And, too, its code is so rigid, so inexorably precise that it seems almost Prussian. For example, the code of the Belgian aristocracy permits none of its members to go into any commercial business, any trade—even forbids an entry into high finance. Only the Church and Army are open to it; and in the Army only the two Guides regiments and the Lancers are permitted to young men of the aristocracy." He gazed almost mildly at the young man: "You are in business, you tell me?"

"Yes."

"Oh! Then of course you have never been a soldier."

Guild was silent.

"*Have* you ever served in the army?"

"Yes."

"Really! In what American regiment have you served?"

"In a militia regiment of cavalry—the 1st New York."

"How interesting. And—you have never served in the regular army?"

"N—" but Guild hesitated.

General von Reiter watched him intently.

"Did you reply in the negative, Mr. Guild?"

"No, I did not reply at all."

"Oh! Then would you be good enough to reply?"

"If—you insist."

"I insist."

"Very well," said Guild, reddening, "then I have served in the—Belgian army."

The general nodded without surprise: "In what regiment?"

"In the first regiment of Guides."

"You came from America to do this?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When I became of military age."

"Noblesse oblige?"

No reply.

"In other words, you are an American with all the Belgian aristocracy's sense of responsibility to race and tradition. You are a good American, but there are inherited instincts which sent you back to serve two years with the colors—to serve a country which for ten hundred years your race has defended. And—the Guides alone was open to a Gueldres—where, in America, a Guild was free to choose. Monsieur, you are Belgian; and, as a Belgian, you were properly seized as a hostage and properly sentenced to pay the penalty for the murderous misbehavior of your own people! I approve the sentence. Have you anything to say?"

"No."

The general regarded him closely, then rose, came around the end of the desk, walked across the room and halted directly in front of Guild.

"So you see there is no chance for you," he said, staring hard at him.

Guild managed to control his voice and speak clearly: "I see," he said.

"Suppose," said von Reiter, still staring at him, "I ask you to do me a favor?"

Guild's face was marble, but he managed to force a smile: "You ask a favor of a prisoner a few moments before his execution?"

"I do. Will you grant it?"

"What is it?"

"Nothing dishonorable to a good—American."

"That is not enough; and you know it."

"Very well. I shall tell you then. I have a daughter in England. I can't get her away from England—I can't get word to her. I—" suddenly his dry, blond features twitched, but instantly the man had them under iron control again, and he cleared his throat: "She is in England near London. We are at war with England. I want my daughter out of the country. I can't get her out. Go and get her for me!"

For a full minute the two men gazed at each other in silence. Then von Reiter said: "I know enough of you. If you say you'll do it I'll free the Burgomaster and the others in there—" he jerked his bony thumb toward the hallway outside—"If you say you'll do it—if you say you'll go to England, now, and find my daughter, and bring her here to me—or conduct her to whatever point I designate, I'll not have those men shot; I'll not burn the rest of Yslemont; I'll see that you are conducted to the Dutch frontier unmolested after you carry out your engagements with me. Will you do it?"

Guild met his intent gaze with a gaze as searching:

"What is your daughter's name?"

"Her name is Karen."

"Where am I to find her?"

"Thirty miles out of London at Westheath. She is known there as Karen Girard."

"What!" said Guild sharply.

"She chose to be so known in her profession."

"Her profession?"

"She has been on the stage—against my wishes. She is preparing herself further—contrary to my wishes. Until she disassociates herself from that profession she will not use the name of von Reiter."

Guild nodded slowly: "That is why your daughter is known as Karen Girard?"

"That is why. She is a young girl—nineteen. She went to school in her mother's country, Denmark. She imbibed notions there—and, later, in England among art students and others. It is the well-born who succumb most easily to nonsense once the discipline is relaxed. She has had her way in spite of my authority. Now it is time for such insubordination to cease. I wish to have my daughter back. I cannot get her. You are—American—to all intents and purposes, and you would be under no suspicion in England. Your appearance, your speech, your manners all are above suspicion. You *can* do this. I have made up my mind concerning you, and I trust you. Will you go to England, find my daughter and bring her back to me here; or, if I am ordered elsewhere, will you escort her to my country place in Silesia which is called Rehthal?"

"Suppose I do not find her? Suppose I fail?"

"You will return here and report to me."

"If I fail and return here and report my failure, does that mean the execution of the gentlemen in the drawing-room yonder?"

"It does."

"And the destruction of Yslemont?"

"Absolutely."

"And—" the young man smiled—"incidentally it means my own execution, does it not?"

"It does."

They gazed at each other with intense interest.

"Under such circumstances do you think I'll come back if I am not successful?" inquired the younger man.

"I am satisfied that you will return if you say you will."

"Return to face my own execution?" repeated Guild, curiously. "You believe that of me?—of a man about whom you know nothing—a man who"—his animated features suddenly darkened and he caught his breath a moment, then—"a man who considers your nation a barbarous one, your rulers barbarians, your war inexcusable, your invasion of this land the vilest example of treachery and dishonor that the world has ever witnessed—you still believe that such a man might consider himself bound to return here if unsuccessful and face one of your murdering platoons? *Do* you?" he repeated, the slightest intonation of violence beginning to ring in the undertones of his voice.

Von Reiter's dry, blond features had become greyer and more set. His light blue eyes never left the other; behind their pale, steady scrutiny he seemed to be considering every word.

He drew in his breath, slowly; his very thin lips receded for a moment, then the fixed tranquility returned.

"We Germans," he said drily, "care nothing for what Europe may think of us or say about us. Perhaps we are vandals, Goths, Huns—whatever you call them. Perhaps we are barbarians. I think we *are!* For we mean to scour the old world clean of its rottenness—cauterize it, cut out the old sores of a worn-out civilization, scrape its surface clean of the parasite nations. . . . And, if *fire* be necessary to burn out the last traces—" His light blue eyes glimmered a very reflection of the word—"then let fire pass. It has

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Bush sprang from the passage-way behind him and struck him with something short and heavy.

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passed, before—God's Angel of the Flaming Sword has returned again to lead us! What is a cathedral or two — or pictures or foolish statues — or a million lives? Yes, if you choose, we are barbarians. And we intend to plow under the accumulated decay of the whole world, and burn up its rubbish and found our new world on virgin earth. Yes, we *are* barbarians. And our Emperor is a barbarian. And God, who creates with one hand and destroys with the other—God—autocrat of material creation, inexorable Over-Lord of ultimate material annihilation, is the greatest barbarian of all! Under His orders we are moving. In His name we annihilate! Amen!"

A dead silence ensued. And after it had lasted a little while the tall Prussian lifted his hand absently to his mustache and touched it caressingly.

"I am satisfied, whatever your opinion may be of me or of my people, that you will return if you say you will, successful or otherwise. I promise you immunity if you return with my daughter; I promise you a wall and a file of men if you return unsuccessful. But, in either event, I am satisfied that you will return. Will you go?"

"Yes," said Guild, thoughtfully. They stood for a moment longer, the young man gazing absently out of the window toward the menacing smoke pall which was increasing above Yslemont.

"You promise not to burn the remainder of the village?" he asked, turning to look at von Reiter.

"I promise not to burn it if you keep your promise."

"I'll try. . . . And the Burgomaster, notary, magistrate, and the others are to be released?"

"If you do what I ask."

"Very well. It's worth trying for. Give me my credentials."

"You need no written ones. Letters are unsafe. You will go to my daughter, who has leased a small cottage at Westheath. You will say to her that you come from me; that *the question which she was to decide on the first of November must be decided sooner*, and that when she arrives at Rehthal in Silesia she is to telegraph me through the General Staff of her arrival. If I can obtain leave to go to Silesia I shall do so. If not, I shall telegraph my instructions to her."

"Will that be sufficient for your daughter to place her confidence in a man absolutely strange to her and accompany that man on a journey of several days?" asked Guild, slightly astonished.

"Not quite sufficient," said von Reiter, his dry, blond visage slightly relaxing.

He drew a rather plain ring from his bony finger: "See if you can wear that," he said. "Does it fit you?"

Guild tried it on. "Well enough."

"Is there any danger of its slipping off?"

Guild tried it on another finger, which it fitted snugly.

"It looks like any other plain gold ring," he remarked.

"Her name is engraved inside."

"Karen?"

"Karen."

There came a short pause. Then: "Do you know London?" asked von Reiter.

"Passably."

"Oh! You are likely to require a touring car. You'll find it difficult to get. May I recommend the Edmeston Agency? It's about the only agency, now, where any gasoline at all is obtainable. The Edmeston Agency. I use it when I am in London. Ask for Mr. Louis Gratz."

After a moment he added, "My chauffeur brought your luggage, rucksack, stick, and so forth, from Yslemont. You will go to the enemies' lines south of Ostend in my car. One of my aides-de-camp will accompany you and show you a letter of instructions before delivering you to the enemies' flag of truce. You will read the letter, learn it by heart, and return it to my aide, Captain von Klipper.

"There is a bedroom above. Go up there. Food will be sent you. Get what sleep you can, because you are to leave at sunrise. Is this arrangement agreeable to you—Monsieur le Comte de Gueldres?"

"Perfectly, General Baron von Reiter."

"Also. Then I have the honor to wish you good night and a pleasant sleep."

"I thank you and I have the honor to wish you the same," said Guild, bowing pleasantly.

General von Reiter stood aside and saluted with stiff courtesy as the young man passed out.

A few moments later a regimental band somewhere along the Yslemont highway began to play "Polen Blut."

If blood were the theme, they ought to have played it well enough.

CHAPTER III.

At noon on the following day Kervyn Guild wrote to his friend Darrel:

"Dear Harry:

"Instead of joining you on the Black Erenz for the late August trout fishing I am obliged to go elsewhere.

"I have had a most unpleasant experience, and it is not ended, and I do not yet know what the outcome is to be.

"From the fact that I have not dated this letter it will be evident to you that I am not permitted to do so. Also you will understand that I have been caught somewhere in the war zone and that is why the name of the place from which I am writing you is omitted—by request.

"We have halted for luncheon at a wayside inn—the gentleman who is kind enough to accompany me, and I—and I have obtained this benevolent gentleman's authorization to write you whatever I please as long as I do *not*

"1st. Tell you where I am going.

"2nd. Tell you where I am.

"3rd. Tell you anything else that does not suit him.

"And he isn't a censor at that; he is just a very efficient, polite, and rather good-looking German officer serving as aide on the staff of a certain German major-general.

"Day before yesterday, after luncheon, I was playing a quiet game of chess with the Burgomaster of a certain Belgian village, and was taking a last look before setting out for Luxembourg on foot, rucksack, stick, and all, when—well, circumstances over which I had no control interrupted the game of chess. It was white to go and mate in three moves. The Burgomaster was playing black. I had him, Harry. Too bad, because he was the best player in—well in that neighborhood. I opened with a Lopez and he replied most irregularly. It certainly was interesting. I am sorry that I couldn't mate him and analyze the game with him. However, thank Heaven, I did announce mate in three moves, and the old gentleman was still defiantly studying the situation. I admit he refused to resign.

"I left that village toward evening in a large, grey automobile. I and the gentleman who still accompanies me slept fairly well that night considering the fact that a town was on fire all around us.

"In the morning we made slow progress in our automobile. Roads and fields were greenish grey with troops—a vast horde of them possessed the valleys; they enveloped the hills like fog-banks turning the whole world grey—infantry, artillery, cuirassiers, Uhlans, hussars—all mist color from helmet to heel—and so are their waggons and guns and caissons and traction-engines and motorcycles and armored cars and aeroplanes.

"The latter are magnificent in an artistic sense—perfect replicas of giant pigeon-hawks, circling, planing, sheering the air or sailing high, majestic as a very lammergeier, fierce, relentless, terrible.

"My efficient companion who is reading this letter over my shoulder as I write it, and who has condescended to permit a ghost of a smile to mitigate, now and then, the youthful seriousness of his countenance, is not likely to object when I say to you that what I have seen of the German army on the march is astoundingly impressive.

"(He smiled again very boyishly and says he doesn't object.)

"Order, precision, a knowledge of the country absolutely unhesitating marks its progress. There is much singing in the infantry ranks. The men march well, their physique is fine, the cavalry are superbly mounted, the guns—(He shakes his head, so never mind the guns.)

"Their regimental bands are wonderful. It is a sheer delight to listen to them. They play everything from 'Polen Blut' and 'Sari,' to Sousa, "Tannhauser,' and 'A Hot Time,' but I haven't yet heard 'Tipperary.' (He seems puzzled at this, but does not object.) I expect shortly to hear a band playing it. (I have to explain to my efficient companion that 'Tipperary' is a tune which ought to take Berlin and Vienna by storm when they hear it. It takes Berlin and Vienna to really appreciate good music. He agrees with me.)

"Yesterday we passed a convoy of prisoners, some were kilted. I was not permitted to speak to them—but, Oh, those wistful eyes of Scottish blue! I guess they understood, for they got all the tobacco I had left. (My companion is doubtful about this, but finally shrugs his shoulders.)

"There is an awesome noise going on beyond us in—well in a certain direction. I think that all the artillery ever made is producing it. There's practically no smoke visible against the clear blue August sky—nothing to see at all except the feathery cotton fleece of shrapnel appearing, expanding, vanishing over a hill on the horizon, and two aeroplanes circling high like a pair of mated hawks.

"And all the while this earth-rocking diapason continues more terrible, more majestic than any real thunder I ever heard.

"We have had luncheon and are going on. He drank five quarts of Belgian beer! I am permitted a few minutes more and he orders the sixth quart. This is what I have to say:

"In case anything should go wrong with me give the enclosed note to my mother. Please see to it that everything I have goes to her. My will is in my box in our safe at the office. It is all quite clear. There should be no trouble.

"I expressed my trunk to your care in Luxembourg. You wrote me that you had received it and placed it in storage to await my leisurely arrival. In case of accident to me send it to my mother.

"About the business, my share in any deals now on should go to my brother. After that if you care to take George in when he comes out of Harvard it would gratify his mother and me.

"He's all to the good, you know. But don't do this if the business does not warrant it. Don't do it out of sentiment, Harry. If he promises to be of use, and if you have no other man in view, and if, as I say, business conditions warrant such an association with a view to eventual partnership, then if you care to take in George it will be all right.

"He has sufficient capital, as you know. He lacks only the business experience. And he is intelligent and quick and it won't take him long.

"But if you prefer somebody else don't hesitate. George is perfectly able to take care of his mother and himself.

"This is all, I think. I'm sorry about the August fishing on the Black Erenz. It is a lovely stream and full of trout. All Luxembourg is lovely; it is a story-book country—a real land of romance. I wish I might have seen it again. Never were such forests, such silver streams, such golden glades, such wild-flowers—never such hills, such meadows, such skies.

"Well—if I come back to you, I come back. If not—good-bye, old fellow—with all it implies between friends of many years.

"Say to your kind friends, the Courlands, who so graciously invited you to bring me with you to Lesse Forest, that I shall not be able to accept their delightful hospitality, and that my inability to do so must remain to me a regret as long as I live. (These guns are thundering enough to crack the very sky! I really wish I could hear some band playing 'Tipperary.')

"Good-bye for a while—or indefinitely. Good luck to you.

"Kervyn Guild."

"Is that quite acceptable to you?" asked Guild of the young Death's Head hussar beside him.

"Quite acceptable," replied the officer politely. "But what is there remarkable in anybody drinking six quarts of beer?"

Guild laughed: "Here is the note that I desire to enclose with it, if I may do so." And he wrote:

"Dearest:

"You must not grieve too much. You have George. It could not be avoided, honorably. He and I are good Americans; we are, perhaps, something else, too. But what the Book of Gold holds it never releases; what is written there is never expunged. George must do what I did when the time comes. I would have done more—was meaning to—was on my way. Destiny has ordered it otherwise.

"While I live I think always of you. And it shall be so until the last.

"This letter is to be sent to you by Harry Darrel only in the event of my death.

"There's a good chance for me. But if things go wrong, then, good-bye, dearest.

"Kervyn.

"P.S.

"Tell George that it's up to him, now.

"K."

(Continued on page 24.)

My Gift to You

By Perrin Holmes Lowrey.

I wished for wealth to buy you splendid gifts
Proportioned to my large regard for you;
I wished for jewels, warm with colored rifts
Of sunset, constant rubies, opals blue
With shifting lights, bright, versatile and fine;
I wished for gold to buy the things that lend
A glow to life—that I might give them all
To you, my friend.

And then I said in sadness: "All of this
Is tinsel to the heart that feels and knows!
A gift must be a part of one—a kiss,
A thought, a feeling—one that goes
In pointed sweetness to the other's heart.
I'll give a gift that grows. I will not bend
To artificial, purchased things; I'll give
My friend a friend."

And if the simple gift I give is poor
And worthless in your eyes and dear esteem,
I'll make it better, for the gods, I'm sure,
Will help one to become one's dearest dream.
And, as the seasons come and swiftly go,
I'll dream my dream, and daring shall ascend
To meet my dream: It is, because of you,
To be a friend.

And thus at each succeeding Christmas-time
I'll give a better gift, my friend, to you,
That draws a little nearer the sublime
Of perfect friendship, candid, tender, true!
Each year I'll give myself, the better me,
Developing for you. For I intend,
Since I am yours, my friend, to try to be
A better friend.

How We Get Our Raisins

Where They Are Grown—And A Few Interesting Facts About Their Food Value

By HOLGATE THOMAS.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

Several years ago Dr. Josiah Oldfield, one of England's most noted physicians, an expert upon dietetics and known to scientists throughout the world, in the course of an article relative to the value of different articles of diet, said, "I consider the raisin the greatest food known to mankind." Dietetic research since that time has resulted in scientific endorsement of Dr. Oldfield's views, and to-day the greatest food experts of the world are a unit in declaring that the raisin, as an article of general diet, is surpassed by no single article of food which the world produces. And this endorsement is by no means theoretical, for raisins now find a place upon the menus of many of the greatest sanitariums and hospitals; they are provided for a definite scientific purpose and they are recognized solely for their food value as represented by the sugars and mineral elements which they contain, all of which are essential, in greater or less degree, to the maintenance of bodily health.

The history of the raisin is lost in the mists of antiquity. In the days of Solomon and the patriarchs of the old Testament, the raisin was the food of kings, and there are frequent references to it in the Bible. The first raisins were undoubtedly wild grapes, dried on the vines in the sun, but there is evidence that, even centuries before the Christian era, grapes were cultivated and, after curing by the sun, stored away for winter use. The tired wayfarer in those days was welcomed with "the milk and cheese of goats and a few clusters of raisins," and the "fruit of the vine and fig tree" is frequently referred to in early writings. More recent history shows the cultivation of the grape and its drying into raisins in Greece, in the Ionian Islands and in parts of Egypt, and later on in Spain, the latter country furnishing practically all raisins used in this country until the California raisin industry had developed into commercial proportions. To-day the State of California furnishes by far the greater portion of the world's supply, and as demand increases the supply is being increased to meet it.

The California raisin industry is centred in the great San Joaquin Valley, a strip about 300 miles in length and sixty to seventy miles wide, bordered on the eastward by the great snow-covered peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, and on the west by the Coast Range. To the south the valley is enclosed by the Tehatchapi mountains, rising to an altitude of over 8,000 feet. The floor of the valley is a little over 300 feet above sea level, and the "pit" in which it lies gives the wonderful climatic conditions necessary to the growing and preparation of a crop depending upon the sun. There is almost an entire absence of humidity during the growing and drying season, the mountains forming an impassable barrier to the few storms that strike the southern California coast during the summer, while the location of the valley is too far south for it to be affected to any great extent by the storms which, forming in more northerly latitudes, sweep across the country in a well defined line. Temperatures range high in summer, but not uncomfortably so, owing to the extreme dryness of the air. Snow is unknown, and what little precipitation there is occurs during the winter months. All arable land is under irrigation, the water being supplied by the melting snows of the surrounding mountains, brought to the valley through great irrigation canals from dams in the mountain valleys, where it is held until needed.



A bunch of Muscat grapes. One hundred thousand tons are produced from this variety.

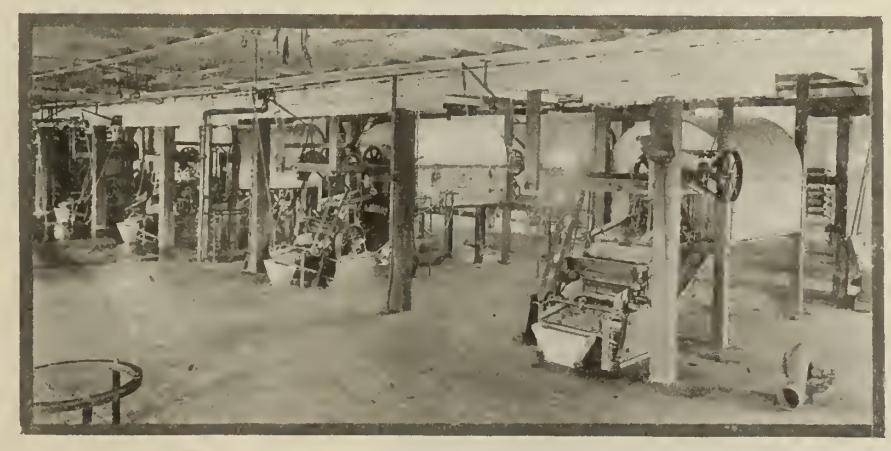


A prolific variety of seedless grapes known as the Thompson.

The California raisin industry had its start in 1853, when a few cuttings of foreign raisin grapes were imported for experimental purposes. It was not until 1878 that the first California raisins were placed upon the Eastern markets. Like all great industries, the initial growth was slow, the total crop in 1879 being only about 500 tons. From that point, however, owing to the immediate demand for the product, the growth of the raisin industry was rapid, and the crop by 1886 totalled 7,000 tons. In 1892 the California crop, for the first time, equalled that of Spain, and since that time the volume has continued to increase. The crop of 1917 was 162,500 tons, and it is estimated that the crop of 1918 will be about 175,000 tons, this, of course, including all varieties.

There are three true varieties of raisin grapes, the Muscat, the Thompson Seedless and the Sultana. The Muscat, the largest variety, contains the greatest proportion of sugar, and is packed for the trade in both loose, seeded and in clusters. The loose raisin is the natural product with stems only removed; the seeded raisin is the same as the loose raisin, with the seeds removed by mechanical process, and the cluster raisin is just as the raisin comes from the vineyard, on the stem, cleaned and packed by hand. Thompson Seedless raisins are grown without seeds, and are packed loose in boxes and cartons of various sizes, according to demands of the trade. The Sultana raisin is also a seedless variety, and is used extensively as a substitute for currants. There is some difference in the analysis of each, although all have approximately the same food value, as shown by the accompanying table, prepared by the Department of Home Economics of the United States Agri-

(Continued on page 52.)



A modern seeding machine which cleans and pasteurizes the raisins and removes the seeds.



Raisins drying in the sun. The grapes are laid out on trays and dried in the sun. Nothing is added to the raisin.



A Muscat vineyard in winter. The vines are cut close, leaving only stumps, and the new growth each year bears the grapes.



Beautiful Vancouver

Showing Haunts That Pauline Johnston and Other Writers and Poets Have Loved

By KATHERINE HALE.

VANCOUVER is the city in all Canada where it would seem a literary atmosphere needs not to be induced or introduced, but is there, waiting only to be breathed into life, to be molded into shape by men and women who have the vision, the understanding and the long patience to become creative artists.

On account of the great natural beauty of her setting, and the soft sea airs which surround her, airs more equable than those of England, there is a sort of late-blooming-rose quality about the whole place that should make a natural setting for work that above all things requires a beautiful leisure.

It may be recalled that when Monsieur Labore, a distinguished visitor from Paris, the defender of Zola and Dreyfus, by the way, was in Vancouver some years ago, he was very much struck by the curious effect which the mere situation of the city produces. "Next to Paris," he said, "I am ready to give my affection and my wonder to this strange young Colossus on the shores of Burrard Inlet. Wonderful transformation will take place here, for the destiny of the world must lie in the hands of those on the Pacific Coast, where the civilization of the Occident will have to be subjected to the survival test of the ancient civilization of the Orient."

And indeed the very approach to Vancouver is startlingly dramatic. You sweep down to the coast through a great day and night of mountains—the Rockies, brown and terrible, and the green Selkirks. Then, through crowded gorges and beside swift rivers you journey until the hand of the sea, felt from far away, seems to reach out and soften all the air; the altitudes melt away, and you go to sleep.

At dawning you are in flat country again, with a glimpse of wider tidal rivers, and presently the guard calls "Vancouver," and the train runs into an unassuming station. "World's end!" is the thought in your heart at that moment.

It is early morning, and if you are fortunate, you may get your first glimpse of the city from a certain famous club high up in the Pacific Building and overlooking the Inlet. Great windows seem to let in a liquid radiance. There lies the Pacific, seen for the first time. Blue glimpses of it are rimmed about with hills, some snow-capped, some purple-veined, some misted in rose. The picture was to the writer an enchantment that called one out into the streets, because the promise of the streets was sure—there would be more enchantments to follow. Vancouver is like a fairy book—each page you turn contains the surprise of a fresh story, mostly told in those "colored pictures" that are, Chesterton assures us, the only true form in which to take either literature or history.

Have you wandered, lost, among those giant trees in Stanley Park, or spent hours by the little English bay purring to itself in the lovely colors of the sunset? Have you, after a day at Capilano, found yourself on a melancholy little street of the Indian village at its foot—street of the Lost Tribes, it would seem—where women, old beyond all telling, limp to and fro in the late sunshine and follow the visitor with weird, entreating cries? There is something haunting about that queer street, and the cry of an old Indian woman can ring through the years.

One hot June night we left a very excellent dinner to follow the lure of a friend who knows Chinatown and had chosen for us to see a bit of a certain play then running its long course in the native theatre. I remember the bewildering beauty of the



Where Occident and Orient will some day meet.

stately street with its cloistered gardens and the glimpse of the hills and ocean at each turn of the way. Then it would seem that in ten minutes we were in a world so different that it might have lain in another hemisphere; a world of crooked little streets, unpeopled streets for the most part, as at the close of day friend Chinaman plays Fan-Tan with due secrecy. But we went in and out of dingy little shops where stoical merchants had to be induced to produce hidden treasures, and where the odors were not those of Araby. Then, as we came out of one little shop, there was a thin, far-off sound like that of some ancient viol being carelessly tuned. It drew us near an open door, the door of the Chinese theatre.

Vancouver is a little city of roses and hollyedges and mysterious gardens. Sometimes I found myself in England, sometimes in Italy. Then suddenly came a breath of the Pacific, the glimpse of a turbaned Hindoo, or the lazy glance of almond-shaped eyes as a Japanese passed—and behold the Orient!

In a place where East is bound to mingle with West in the long run, the element of romance is never lacking. Indeed, it is here for the taking, as yet untouched. Vancouver possesses what theosophists call an "old" soul—that is to say, she in herself is undoubtedly a city with a soul. The inhabitants of a city have little or nothing to do with this quality. Here I should say that the people are largely divided into two classes; the radical and the sporty, and the conservative and the sporty. In other words, there are those who have come to the Farthest West to make money and have a good time, and there are others who have come to make money and remain English. The first are progressive and the second are picturesque, and they make a strange combination.



The glimpse of a turbaned Hindoo.



Where Pauline Johnston is buried in Stanley Park.

Here commerce and sport are much more vital subjects than literature. But if you do get near enough to the subject to refer to it delicately with either class, the answer will vary considerably. Should you be so fortunate as to obtain conversation with an actual British Columbian, one who has been born west of the Rockies, and you speak of a little group of well-known writers living here, he or she will be apt to say with a shrug: "Oh, these people are Easteners. They just happened to come to live in Vancouver."

And if you talk with a newcomer, he or she is sure to remark: "You understand there is no real Far-Western school of writers. The country has not seized the imagination of its own people."

That is really the situation in a nut-shell.

And yet, is the accident of birth so important as we are always trying to make it appear? It seems to me that that writer is really native to the soil who has become so impregnated by its bodily and spiritual essence that he or she becomes in some way an echo or interpreter of the precious "special" quality, or racial feeling, or ultimate principle that lies close to the heart of a country or a city and makes it what it really is.

Who will say, for instance, that any daughter by birth of Vancouver could have loved the land more deeply than Pauline Johnson, of Brantford, Ontario, who spent her last days on the Pacific Coast, and whose "Legends of Vancouver" speak the very spirit of the country she was more deeply akin to than if she had been born of it? The truth is, she has been the only spokesman, in any real sense of the word, for Vancouver so far.

Then I read certain Rhymes and Ballads of Tom MacInnes, and instantly I taste the glamor, the romance of East-and-West, the splendid, "outlandish" something that only rises to the heart of one who in reality, or in imagination, sails strange seas and loves queer companions better than tame ones. In most of the poetry of Mr. MacInnes I meet adventure in its most alluring guise, adventure of real rogues from the Seven Seas. And I know that he could not write just as he does if he had not lived a part, at least, of his life in Vancouver, where one can sometimes see:

"A full-rigged ship unutterably fair,
Her masts, like trees in winter, frosty bright."

MacInnes, born in the East, is as Canadian-of-the-Far-West as Masefield is English-of-the-Near-East. But how, and why? Well, these are among the pleasant little enigmas of literature.

There is a branch of the Canadian Woman's Press Club in Vancouver, one of the bright lights of which is Ethel Cody Stoddard, whose pen name, Lady Van, is so well known in the West, and an Arts Club for men, and there has just been formed an association to be called "Friends of Canadian Literature," which sounds promising. Just now the presses are busy with some recent publications from this city. A romance of British Columbia has just been written, entitled "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester," by Robert Alison Hood, a Scotsman by birth, who is a graduate of the University of California and has lived for the past ten or twelve years in Vancouver. The story gives some description of

(*Continued on page 55.*)

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

By BETTY O'HARA.

You Are Responsible For Our Soldiers' Christmas

THE OVERSEAS BOXES.

If we would really be patriotic, not to mention up-to-date, we would not be winking and blinking over fancy bags or boudoir caps or making cob-webby underwear for our friends, but our minds would be turning to thoughts of the sterner necessities of life; socks and trench caps, fudge and even the once despised chewing gum should form a basis of "what we shall give for Christmas" to the boys in Flanders.

Germany's brutal domination seems to be on the wane, and yet our boys are fighting as hard as they ever fought since the beginning of the war. The casualty lists are tremendous, and we dare not slacken our efforts. We must keep our soldiers smiling.

Why should we not each make ourselves responsible for one soldier's Christmas happiness, and then we would indeed be doing our bit for one Christmas at least. If we can afford to have only one plum pudding, let us send it overseas and have a rice pudding instead. Why, next day we will never know the difference, except we may have a wonderfully happy feeling inside, not at all "plum puddeny," but twice as comfortable.

To the boys over there we must send useful things. A heavy kit bag is not made any lighter by our sending three or four books, a snapshot album, which, although it is the best you can secure, is not as light as it might be, and after a soldier has done a ten-mile route march its weight seems to be double. "But what can a fellow do? The people at home sent it, and, dear me, you hate to spoil anything from home, but it sure is as heavy as the dickens," he says as the men tramp on.

Then we must remember not to send cake without a generous supply of fruit in it. It may be the greatest success ever, yet, if the sender could be with it at its journey's end, I am sure she would be very much surprised at its semblance to dog biscuit. "Some cake!" she would hear the boys say. "I suppose that girl is an angel, as you say, but I am afraid the cake would not answer the same description. This is the kind you should put your teeth in as soon as it is popped out of the oven, and it would take some hustle to do that." So you see that when we send Christmas boxes overseas we must remember that they have a long, weary journey ahead of them, and if the contents do not improve with age, then change the contents. It is a terrible disappointment to open a beautiful box tied with ribbons and decorated with maple leaves, and then not be able to eat what is in it, and all the more so for the boys at the front, whose chief diet is skilly and jam.

THE BOYS AT HOME.

Then for the returned soldiers. Probably for many of them this is the first Christmas in their own dear Canada, and it is your privilege and mine to make it a happy one. "Our boys" are very much inclined to think that returned soldiers are not wanted here, that Canadian people do not appreciate them, and especially at Christmas we must try to eradicate that idea.

If you have a big farm and lots of fresh eggs and butter, why not write to one of the nearby military hospitals and ask that a couple of returned soldiers be allowed to spend a few days at Christmas with you. Have all the chores and housework done and take a holiday yourself, and just see what a happy Christmas it makes. And war yarns—goodness me, they can tell the funniest, weirdest stories you ever heard in your life! I must tell you what a wonderful time one of the most lonesome patients at our hospital had last Christmas.

Jimmy was the noisiest patient in his ward, and the explanation he gave us for appearing at one of our military hospitals one morning minus both legs was the startling admission that he had cleaned up the whole Germany army in three hours and then got out. He got out alright, and all his life he will carry around that terrible reminder of his harrowing experience.

"Take me back to dear old Blighty" —the song came into the ward with gusto, and immediately Jimmy's turned-up nose and happy smile appeared at the doorway. "What's this mean?" I asked, as I pointed to his bed littered with all the articles of clothing Jimmy possessed. "Why, sister, I'm going away for Christmas!" announced Jimmy in high glee. "Look at all the buttons I have sewn on. It isn't so bad when you once get at it," he explained, as I began to notice his strenuous efforts to replenish his wardrobe, for I soon saw a vast improvement to Jimmy's habitual buttonless tunic. He had been mending socks by the dozen, and even buying a few new ones and a silk shirt, if you please. "I'm going to have a riproarious time, you bet," he finished, as he sat down beside his bed, needle and thread in hand, to continue his task. And it was a happy boy who sailed out of the room on the orderly's back and was carried to the motor car waiting for him at the door. And have a riproarious time he did. Four days after, when Jimmy wheeled himself into A2 ward, the same broad grin had a little happier tinge to it. "Had my breakfast brought up every morning, a soft-boiled egg, toast and coffee, at 10 a.m.," was the first announcement after we had fairly bewildered him with questions. "And I wasn't wakened up to have my bed made every morning either," with a funny smile at me. "It's the best holiday I've had since I took a trip across the pond," he concluded. And I was so glad to have had Jimmy, of all the patients in the whole hospital, especially invited for a Christmas vacation. He had had such a hard time of it, poor boy. That is only one of hundreds, yes, thousands, of cases where we could give the returned soldiers a little change, and when we think of it, it is very little compared with the struggle they have had and the weary hours of working and suffering which must still be theirs before they can become even a semblance of their former selves.

And do not let us forget, when we

(Continued on page 44.)

The Women's Aid Department is now being rapidly organized, and its members will soon take their places in our Canadian Military Hospitals.

I. Volunteer Section (V.A.D.'s.)
   a. Nursing Members.
   b. Function Trainers.

II. Special Service Section—Massage.

III. General Service Section.
   a. General Service Superintendent.
   b. Assistant Superintendent.
   c. Head Clerks.
   d. Clerks.
   e. Stenographers.
   f. Telephone Operators.
   g. Head Cooks.
   h. Assistant Cooks.
   i. Housemaids.
   j. Charwomen.
   k. Sewing Women.

Salaries are paid for Special Service Section and also General Service Section.

Betty O'Hara will answer any questions regarding the W.A.D., either through the column or by post if stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.



Shampoo

IVORY SOAP, because of its purity and mildness, does not affect the scalp's oily secretion, yet because of its wonderful cleansing power, it thoroughly absorbs the dirt and surplus oil. Rinsing, therefore, removes easily and entirely all this matter with the lather, leaving the hair in condition to dry soft, silky and glossy. You will like an Ivory Soap shampoo.

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"Germs"

A Health Talk About Nature And Her Vigilant Care

By DR. LAURA S. M. HAMILTON.

As I write, the whole country is struggling in the clutches of the influenza epidemic. By the time this is published I trust that it will have become a thing of the past.

Perched up on a hill top, the party, of which the "man of the house" and myself form part, have been safe thus far from any breath of the "plague," only reading accounts in the newspapers, and hearing of it no nearer than five or six miles over the mountains. So, though it has seemed almost selfish, yet, considering that more than half our party were little children, and that our homes were in the most infected cities, we were fain to remain in our security. But, alas, and here surely is a curious phase of human nature, not one of all our neighbors, who are mostly prosperous farmers, would supply us with enough wood to keep one small stove going for a few weeks longer, and have the children out of danger.

Not for money, and assuredly not for love, could they be persuaded to help us. They pled lack of all sorts of things, time, and teams, and strength, and man-power, but never one of them came near the truth, and pled lack of grace.

There may be somewhere in existence a genealogical table in which the line of ancestry of certain Canadian farmers and Christ's Pharisee are shown to be identical. In any case it is not difficult at times to trace it.

So we had to gather together our babies, and take long train journeys, in cars reeking with disinfectants, and suggestions, to plague-infested cities, feeling absolutely convinced, as we choked with the nasty but useful formaldehyde, that, bad as influenza might be, we were leaving behind us a class of people that were worse and more hopelessly infected with a germ of far greater power for evil than even the germ that is causing so much sorrow and illness to-day.

Like the man who said "pigs is pigs," so we would say germs is germs, and this article is intended to consider them and some of their peculiarities.

Germs live in a pabulum. Pabulum means food. That is, they live in the food. Germs do no work. They just exist, and continue existing by absorbing the food with which they are surrounded. Their one function may be said to be reproduction. They reproduce their kind with a rapidity that is unknown in higher forms of life. When they have reproduced, they die.

There are "good" and "bad" germs. Possibly they are all of a highly moral character, and it is only the necessities of their existence, or the exigencies of their environment, that make them appear to us otherwise. (Why should one's mind take a sudden leap back again to the farming community to which I referred in the opening paragraphs of this paper?)

Unfortunately, it seems that we are impelled by the exigencies of our environment to give more consideration to bad germs than good ones.

It is owing to the germ's cycle of life, and more largely even to its death and the continuous and violent effort of Nature to rid herself of the intruder, that the many alarming and possibly fatal symptoms of disease occur.

Every living organism produces gases and fluids during its life, and even more by its death. Such gases and fluids, when produced within the functioning organs of another living organism by a so-called disease-breeding germ, act as more or less virulent poisons, and set up a train of symptoms according to the kind and situation of the poison.

On the other hand, no sooner does Nature find a foreign body setting up housekeeping, as it were, within her grounds, which she had intended for other purposes, than she goes to work to eject the intruder.

She gathers together the white corpuscles of the blood, which have been aptly called "the policemen cells," and are in themselves of the same character as the germ, except that, instead of being parasites, they have a work to perform.

These she sends in quantities to the affected part to eat up the intruders. If the body has not enough on hand, Nature hurries to manufacture more.

It is this extreme activity of Nature in her endeavor to throw off the poison of the foreign body that is the cause of what is called "fever," so that the extent or "height" of the fever or heat produced really shows two things, viz., the virulence of the poison and the activity of the body in rejecting it.

Serums and vaccines and anti-toxins have been somewhat humorously described as "appetizers" for the white blood cells, enabling them to more quickly and effectively dispose of the offending germ.

The atmosphere surrounding any collection of human beings must necessarily always contain a greater or less quantity of disease germs. This makes it impossible to avoid inhaling them. In times of epidemics, or in close proximity to sick persons, this danger is, of course, greatly increased.

The question naturally arises as to whether it is possible to avoid the inhalation of disease, or having been exposed to danger, how to neutralize it?

Popular ideas on this subject are really very funny!

One of the children came running in recently while we were yet residing on our hill-top, to say that the whole family at the farm were wearing rags tied round their necks, with little balls of camphor in them to keep away influenza. "What was camphor, and would it keep away influenza?" was eagerly demanded. Of course he was told "no," but, said one grown-up gravely, "if the wearing of camphor balls makes them *think* they are safer than without them; then the camphor will help to keep away influenza."

To our great joy, one of our infants being sent to that farm to buy some eggs on a wet, miserable day, solemnly told the stern mistress thereof that the feet of the overworked little chore boy were wet. This important matter not receiving the instant attention it would have done in her own home, she repeated the information with insistence, adding that he would certainly be in danger of influenza because Dr. ——, the Commissioner of Health, of the State of X. had said that people must keep their feet warm and dry. The chore boy, to his amazement, was sent to put on dry footwear in the middle of the day.

At another house sulphur was burned constantly, but a child in the house had greatly enlarged adenoids and tonsils. And so one might go on enumerating these curious remainders of the old heathen ideas of charms and fetishes. As a matter of fact, Nature is so much on the alert to eject the foe, that what we have to do is just to assist her.

The multiplication of white blood cells and the carrying off or elimination of waste matter, is as I have already described, a process which she commences the very moment the germ of disease finds lodgment within.

What can we do to assist Nature?

First, we can see to it that food or pabulum for the germs to lodge in is at a minimum in our bodies, and if by ill chance we have reason to believe that we have been infected, we can by rest and assistance at elimination give Nature all possible chance to do good work.

The influenza germ is believed to enter through the nose and throat, and having set up a primary inflammation there, passes to other parts of the body. Its habits are rather eccentric, and it appears to have power to affect various organs, in a manner that hitherto has puzzled the medical profession, because of the apparent impossibility of following its vagaries.

The deduction to be drawn from this is, that it is the part of wisdom to keep the whole body in a condition of well-being, paying special attention to the mouth, nose and throat. Thus you will see that the family who continually burnt sulphur in the house were really only inviting trouble, by keeping the throat in a constant state of irritation, the while they had a room and welcome as it were for that particular germ all in readiness in the case of the child with adenoids and enlarged tonsils.

In the same way the family who wore camphor tied about their necks, and let the chore boy go with wet feet, or otherwise neglected his general health had their welcome for the germ ready also, besides keeping the general health of the whole family at a minimum by the condition of nervous dread they were living in, being reminded continually of their fear by the unfamiliar odor and the band about their necks. They could hardly have chosen a better symbol of the yoke of dread that ignorance and selfishness often bind their victims with.

All this time, sunshine and fresh air, Nature's most powerful disinfectants, together with the tonic and stimulants of unselfish work *for others*, and the possibility of sweet sleep when the labor of the day was done, lay just within their reach only to be passed by as beneath their notice.

The eliminative processes of the body, otherwise the garbage disposal, must be carefully attended to, for collected waste matter within the body forms a situation par excellence for any disease-breeding microbe. Just in the same way as flies collect and swarm in spite of screens and swatting unless one sees to it that all garbage and waste is completely removed from the premises and destroyed.

The eliminative processes of the body consist of the skin, the lungs, the kidneys, and the bowels.

To cleanse the first, water, exercise, fresh air and sunshine are needed. To cleanse the second,

(*Continued on page* 53.)



FLU-FIGHTERS AT THE MANITOBA RED CROSS SOCIETY.

The mask is worn by all "flu-fighters" in the West, and the members of this Winnipeg group are well equipped for their task.

The New Way to Manicure

Don't cut the cuticle—see how easily you can give your nails a wonderful manicure



Alice Brady, known to theatre-goers from const ta caast, snys: "I have found Cutex the quickest, ensiest and mast effective way of tnking care of my nails"



Elsie Janis, whose vivacity and clever acting have made her a favarite in every American city, says: "I am delighted with Cutex. I have just finished my nails nnd find it mast wanderful"

Photo by White Studio, N.Y.

DISCARD your manicure scissors forever.

Cutex, the perfect cuticle remover, softens and removes surplus cuticle without cutting — does away with tiresome soaking of the nails — takes half the time heretofore required.



With Cutex gently work around the base of the nail, pushing back the cuticle

Cutex is absolutely *harmless.* It was formulated to do away with that cutting which specialists agree is so ruinous. You will be amazed to see how easily you can give your nails a delightful manicure with Cutex.

Just how to manicure your nails the Cutex way

Open the Cutex package. In it you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle.

Then work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find that you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Rinse the hands in clear water.

Finish with a touch of Cutex Nail White. It removes any stains from underneath the nails; leaves them wonderfully white and absolutely clean.



A touch of Cutex Nail White underneath the nails leaves them immaculate — snowy white



Cutex Nail Polish gives just the quick waterproof finish you want

Cutex Cake Polish rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed quickly over the nails gives them a soft, shimmering polish—the most delightful you have ever seen.

One application makes a decided improvement

Until you use Cutex, you cannot realize what a great improvement even *one application* makes, you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.

Try it. See for yourself how quickly it gives your nails the shapeliness every one admires.

Start to have exquisite nails today

Ask for Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, wherever toilet preparations are sold. Cutex comes in 35c, 70c and $1.50 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort, for sore or tender cuticle, is also 35c. If your favorite shop has not yet secured its stock, write direct.

NORTHAM WARREN
New York and Montreal

Send 21c for complete manicure set

Don't think you can get along with old-fashioned cuticle-cutting — even for another day! Send at once for the Cutex set illustrated below and know the difference. Mail the coupon today with 21c (18c for the set and 3c for postage) and get your complete Cutex Manicure Set, enough for at least six "manicures." Address MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited (Canadian Distributors for Northam Warren, New York and Montreal), Dept. 1101, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal.



Above is the Cutex Traveling Manicure Set wrapped with its new design for Christmas giving. The box itself is beautiful — paper covered to resemble leather, lined with pink. The set contains full-size packages of the Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish and Paste Polish, also a flexible steel file, emery boards, orange sticks and cotton. For Christmas this year these sets are especially appropriate. Their price is low — their usefulness no one will question. Sold in all drug and department stores. Price $1.50

This complete manicure set sent for 21c



MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 21 CENTS TODAY

MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited
Canadian Distributors for Northam Warren New York and Montreal
Dept. 1101, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal

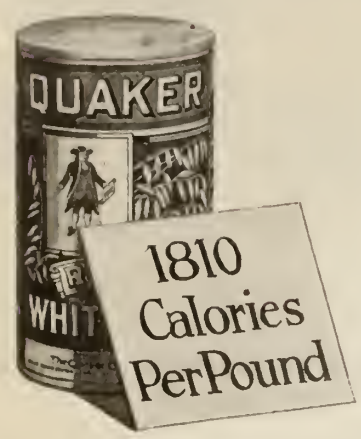
Name .....

Street .....

City..... Province.....

The New-Day Price Tags

Should Show Calories Per Pound



The Vital Point In Food Cost

The calory is the energy unit by which governments and experts measure food.

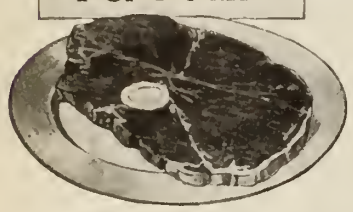
It is a major factor to consider in combating cost of living. Figure what you get per dollar as compared with Quaker Oats.

In these foods, for example:

Cost Per 1,000 Calories

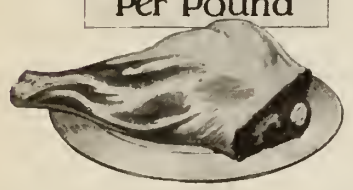
Quaker Oats - -	5 cents
Meats Average -	40 "
Fish Averages -	40 "
Canned Salmon -	33 "
Canned Corn -	30 "
Potatoes - - -	13 "
Canned Peas - -	54 "

890 Calories Per Pound



Most meat foods cost you 7 to 10 times Quaker Oats for the same calory units. And some foods cost you 20 times as much.

860 Calories Per Pound

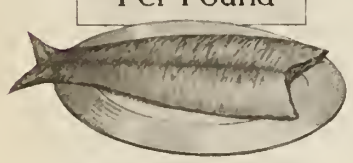


Then Quaker Oats is better-balanced than these costly foods. It is richer in minerals. It is more nearly a complete food.

The oat is probably the greatest food that grows.

Use Quaker Oats to reduce your meat cost. Every dollar's worth used in that way saves $7 on the average.

365 Calories Per Pound



Then mix it with your flour foods. The more you use the more you save, and the better you are fed.

This great food in these times gains a multiplied importance.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

Use Quaker Oats, because it means superlative flavor at no extra price.

It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. It means the cream of the oats and the maximum enjoyment.

35c and 15c Per Package

Except in Far West

Peterborough, Canada. **The Quaker Oats Company** Saskatoon, Canada.

2056

Quaker Oats Bread.

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked),
2 teaspoons salt,
½ cup sugar,
2 cups boiling water,
1 cake yeast,
¼ cup lukewarm water,
5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins.

⅔ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Cookies.

Mix dry 2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard.

Put 1 level teaspoon soda in a small cup of sour milk. Add this to sugar and lard, then add dry ingredients, roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Raisins—2 cups—make an excellent addition.

An Afternoon In Antivari

By E. A. TAYLOR.

Next Let Us Pay a Visit to Serbia and See it as it Was Before the War

I felt distinctly cheated in Antivari. When a city is marked as such on the map, you expect to find it when you land there.

"Is this a Serb joke, Marko?" I asked severely of the handsome young Serbian, in black hose, leather sandals, and white kilts and jacket, whom I had hired as an attendant and guide, but who always treated me as his friend.

Marko absently fingered the revolver in his belt. "The predatory powers of Europe," he began dreamily; "first Turkey, and now Austria—"

I interrupted. "Please don't quote your newspapers, Marko, I have no knowledge or understanding of Serb politics, but I want to go to Antivari. You can't persuade me that Austria, however bad she is, sneaked across your border, 'lifted' a large city bodily, then hurriedly planting a century-old forest of olive groves to conceal the evidence of her crime, bolted with her prey to her own land."

Marko smiled; he was a leisurely youth in thought and action, and I looked round me, as our horses stopped to drink at the wayside brook. Three miles away the waves of the Adriatic splashed on a lonely beach. All round us was the rich valley of the Crmnitza, and between the huge twisted trunks of the olives I had glimpses of fields of tobacco and tasseled corn, with vineyards on the slopes of the hills. And also much good land still in forest and unused, the "crowded millions of Europe starving for land" are not in evidence here in the Balkans.

I had spent some time in that eastern corner of Europe as an agent of a Toronto firm of agricultural implement makers, and I had grown to decidedly like the Serbs. They are a Slav people, akin in race to the Russian Slav. Many of them are in the Serb kingdoms of Montenegro and Serbia, some are still under Turkey, and many millions are the unwilling subjects of Austria. "A thoroughly bad lot," said an Austrian officer to me just before my first entry into the Balkans. "The Serb countries are not fit for a man of education to even travel through. They are a nation of cut-throats, the most treacherous race on earth, and always discontented. They need holding down with a heavy hand, as we are doing in Bosnia and Herzegovina."

I entered Serbia with some misgivings, for all I knew was that it was fertile, while Montenegro was barren; it grew much corn for home consumption, and was beginning to raise wheat for export, which last meant there might be an opening for Canadian trade. I knew nothing of Serb language or politics, and I only knew Serb character as described by the Austrian, but hoping that a man who was intelligent enough to be a good farmer would have too much sense to cut the throat of a harmless foreigner, I started in, carefully unarmed.

Now for the Serb as I knew him—a short, stockily built man, usually blonde, and slow seeming to my Western energy. From newspapers and history I learned that he had the regrettable habit of "removing" kings and statesmen that he didn't like, with a revolver. But as I met him, on non-political grounds, murders were rare. I cannot say if he is treacherous or not in dealing with "predatory foreign powers," but I do know that in business he can be depended upon for a straight deal.

At first sight I thought the farms showed thriftlessness; the crops were good, but the outsides of the buildings looked uncared for. I had grown used in Germany and Austria to see women working in the fields—that is a necessity when the country is aiming at a big army before everything, and little Serbia, I knew, must arm in self-defence. I learnt much of the Serbs at the first cattle market I attended. The pig was there, in vast numbers, and very large in size. He is *the* farm animal of Serbia, though he is raised mainly for export, sheep being for home consumption. I wandered round, dodging the horns of cattle and the heels of horses, for all the beasts were loose in the wide market, while their owners drank quarts of cold water. (Water is the national drink of Serbia; certainly every farmer makes plum brandy, which he puts up in bottles three inches high, but this is used very sparingly. I never saw a drunken peasant in Serbia.) Also they discussed politics with fierce interest. When a man wanted to collect his particular pigs, for instance, from a mob of uniformly good-tempered, placid animals, he threw down some beans to make them get up, and then they followed him to wherever he wished. Now a tame animal means a well-fed and kindly treated one, and where I have known one man to wilfully misuse a beast, I have known ninety-nine to be cruel through carelessness or ignorance. It followed that the Serb was a careful and intelligent farmer, though he would not (perhaps a legacy of fear from the days of Turkish rule) make the *outside* of his farm buildings show it. Within, I grew to know, everything was neat, and spotlessly clean, and no Canadian woman could be prouder of her household linen, her jams and jellies, and her good cooking, than the wives of my Serb farmer friends. I never met a drunken man or a tramp in Serbia, and as a people they are one of the most moral communities on earth, perhaps because serious moral offences, like murder, are always punished with death by shooting—the legal form of execution in Serbia.

But to return to Antivari, or rather to get there. I had heard of it as an old Venetian city, from whom it was taken by the Turks, who held it till its capture, in 1878, by Montenegro, in whose possession it still was. I had wished to visit it, for a holiday, and so started for there with Marko. He had dismounted to drink, as well as the horses, and then, we had only gone on a few yards, when he said, "There is Antivari."

A walled city on a hill in the midst of a wide valley, but—a city without a wreath of smoke above its roofs, and without a sound of life. As we drew nearer I saw the houses were roofless, and the towers on the walls fire-scarred and shattered. We rode through silent streets where the grass grew high, while a quarter of a century of forest growth flourished among the houses. It was an eerie place, even at noon of a June day.

"I presume," I said, "that Montenegro has not enough people to spare to colonize her captures. But I hope this place has some inhabitants somewhere, I shall want dinner very soon."

"Oh, yes, plenty of people further on" said Marko, cheerfully.

I followed his lead, thinking of the Serbian inns I had known. In Belgrad and other cities there are haughty palatial hotels modelled on those of Paris, but the inn of the country town is original, you pay for your room, and meals as you have them. But though it has kitchen and dining room, it allows food peddlers to enter at all hours and feed its lodgers, if they like. The "bread man," the "cake man" and the "salad man," all visited you in turn. The "hot stew man" and the "hot sausage man" came at regular meal times, with their wares in a huge steaming tin drum slung round their necks. In large pockets these men also carry plates and knives and forks. Eight cents rent these latter, and buys enough for a good meal.

On the further side of the empty city we came to a miserable little Turkish village, and then a gipsy camp, but no sign of anything like an inn. "I hope you do know of one here," I said, sternly.

"There is no inn here," said Marko, with a happy smile, "but we are going to stay with that rich widow, whose brother, the Archimandrite of Studenitza, gave you a letter of introduction to."

I was used to Marko's knowledge of all my private papers, but I remembered that the little coast steamer that had landed me here would not call again for a week, and though the Serb, when he does not suspect you of being the spy of a "predatory power," is the soul of hospitality, I did not relish quartering myself on a lady I was totally unacquainted with. But it was no use telling Marko this—"But she is rich, oh, so rich, Gospodar." Besides her beautiful farm, she has"—he lowered his voice impressively—"two thousand florins (about eight hundred dollars) in a bank."

(Continued on following page.)

An Afternoon in Antivari

(Continued from preceding page.)

Before us was a good sized, white-washed house, with a red tiled roof. In front of it, under a magnificent oak, sat four young girls, three in correct muslin dresses, according to the Paris fashions for that year, and one in the gala costume of the Serb girl—white dress with wide kimona sleeves; scarlet girdle, with a kind of small striped apron in front. White head-dress, the veil hanging down behind, and a string of coins above the forehead. She was the youngest of the four, a true Serb, with candid blue eyes, but a more refined type than the broad-faced, sturdy-limbed women I had met hitherto. Beside her stood a big, handsome girl, so thoroughly western in her looks and bearing, that I would have thought she belonged to our end of Europe, had not a second glance shown the high cheek bones, and the slightest possible slant to the eye—the ineradicable sign of Tartar blood that marks the Bulgarian. Number three, pretty, dark-eyed and vivacious—the Slav with a cross of Italian blood, I guessed as Roumanian. The fourth I was not sure of—a lovely oriental, of the Asia of the "Arabian Nights," not of the Mongol, —she lay in a hammock.

Behind these four stood an older woman, in the short skirts of the Serb woman at work, and neither shoes nor stockings. She carried a fresh killed sheep, which she hung up by its hind legs, and started to cut up very skilfully with a meat axe. It was she who shouted to us—"A million times, in the name of God, come in."

Open flew the house door, and an elderly woman—the "rich widow" herself, Maria Brankovich—appeared. She was also in Serb full dress, like the young girl's, with the addition of a green satin, sleeveless jacket, embroidered with gold, and very many strings of coins and beads in her head-dress—"A million times, in the name of God, come in," she cried heartily.

This was all before I had shown the Archimandrite's letter, after I was adopted as one of the family, and introduced to the lady butcher—"Sister-in-law, Ljubitza Bulatovich." My girl of the "Arabian Nights" was "Grandson Georg's wife, Thalia. "She was Greek," my hostess explained. "It is not best to marry foreigners, but Georg was at school in Athens, and met her."

Georg, it appeared, was a railway surveyor, at present working round Antivari. "A railway to join us with Serbia would make us a real city, but that Austria, she will not allow it to be built. Perhaps you understand these things, Gospodar, I do not, but Georg says Austria and Germany control the big railways in central Europe, and will not let us have this little one. He works, but he says it will never be used while Austria has that great Germany behind it, to keep us back."

My Bulgarian was Nadelka Petrovna Dimetroff, wife of a Bulgarian engineer, hired by the Serbian government to work with Georg. The Roumanian—Carola Xinopel—was also a married woman, on a visit to Thalia, whose schoolmate she had been. Lastly, my blue-eyed Serb was "the Djevojka (maiden) Milena, sister of Georg."

Sister-in-law, with the axe stuck in her girdle, studied me thoughtfully. "The other foreigner who came here did not believe in the Trinity," she said. I hastened to assure her that my religious views were fairly orthodox. Then my hostess said, "I fear that to-day we cannot feed you properly, for it is one of our fasts, and we have no food ready."

"Gospoditza," I begged. "As you admit that I am a fellow Christian, you must allow me to eat as you do to-day. You must not cook extra for me."

"Gospodar, I know the rights of a guest. If this had been a Christian fast you might have joined in it with us, but it is only a Serb one. Still my husband was once with our legation in Paris, and there I learned how you of the West do fast, so you shall do that here."

Then she was gone with sister-in-law and the maiden, leaving me in the big, blue and white parlor, well furnished in western style, except the low, eastern divan at one end, with the arm rack well filled with modern rifles and revolvers above it. Also there were plenty of books and magazines, mostly French and Russian, with all the Serb papers. Evidently, though my hostess chose to keep carefully to old Serb customs in her household, she was not at all ignorant of the big world beyond.

Then I turned from books to study the Balkan problem as personified in three good-looking young women. Greece lay on the divan, too lazy and supercilious to try to be agreeable. Roumania was rather shy, but Bulgaria was neither, she had been educated, she said, in the Constantinople College, of the American missionaries. And she was most up-to-date in her knowledge and talk. I decidedly enjoyed her entertaining of me, though I was surprised at her passionate admiration for Germany. "I thought it was Russia that Bulgaria looked up to," I remarked.

"Russia, oh, Gospodar, she is what you would call a back number. We cannot admire a nation that was beaten by that Asiatic Japan. No, Germany only has reached a condition where it is impossible for anyone to defeat her, and that gives her the right, as Treitshke and Nietzsche teach, to rule the world. Might is really the only right."

"Surely they did not give you Nietzsche to read at a Missionary college, Gospoditza?"

"Oh, Gospodar, the missionaries were good, but one grows past such things. Then their country, the United States, has no army, so she cannot be great like Germany."

I was just thinking I preferred sister-in-law to this combination of undigested education and militarism gone mad, when dinner was served. We took our seats at the centre table, still covered with a dark, heavy table cover. Sister-in-law and the maiden waited on us, for in no Serb circles that I have moved in, are there women servants. Among the better-off people poor relations and unmarried daughters act as maids. Sister-in-law spread a newspaper in the middle of the table, while the maiden gave each of us fine damask table napkins, which we laid on the table before us. Then we each drained our glass of water, with the murmured invocation, "To the glory of God." Again the maiden filled our glasses, and again we drank, this time "To the Holy Cross." The third time is "To the Sacred Trinity." These three toasts are obligatory before every Serb meal, no matter how simple, and I suspect that "other foreigner, who didn't believe in the Trinity," merely refused the third drinking of wine, coffee, or water, because he thought he had taken enough.

The first course was the usual one in Serbia, corn bread, cheese, cream, and a salad, but only I had cream and cheese, for the Orthodox Church prohibits animal products as well as flesh, fowl and fish, on fast days. Then we had fish, for me, and vegetables, and a dessert of fruit, cakes and coffee.

After, I went to speak to Marko, and returned to find Greece and Bulgaria quarrelling fiercely on the lawn. Greece, waked up at last, looked like a vision of eastern tragedy as she cried, "But you did burn our library, you can't deny that you did."

Bulgaria, looking contemptuously modern and western, shrugged her shoulders. "I don't deny it, but what a fuss to make about such a little thing. Don't you call it ridiculous, Gospodar?"

Startled at being involved in what I imagined must be some Balkan suffragettism, I only murmured, weakly, "What library was it?" while Greece swept off disdainfully, followed by Roumania, who seemed to sympathize with her.

"The library at Alexandria. The conceit of those Greeks is too ridiculous, because they say Alexander the Great was a Greek, then Alexandrina, in Egypt, is part of their 'kingdom of intellect,' as they call it. You never heard anything like it outside the opera-bouffe."

"I'm afraid I don't understand, Gospoditza, when was this library burned?"

"Oh, somewhere about thirteen hundred years ago, you have read of it, Gospodar. The Bulgars were coming in about that time, and it pleases the Greeks to say they did it. I don't care if we did. I know we are the only people fit to rule in the Balkans. Roumania is not much better than Greece, with that wolf and the twin babies of old Rome stuck up in her cities. Her claim of Roman blood is as ridiculous as Greeks to-day thinking they are like the ancient Greeks."

Just then my hostess came out with the maiden, and Bulgaria went in. "Are you learning more of the Balkan question, Gospodar?" she asked. "Do you realize that Greece hates Turkey

(Continued on page 44.)



There's Christmas Cheer in Pictures from Home

To a homesick boy at the front, a picture of the children romping through the snow is worth more than the Croix de Guerre.

Pictures of mother, how much they mean to him now. And of kid sister—perhaps she is "wearing her hair up" by this time—all the old familiar scenes that mean home, yes, and snapshots, too, of that little girl with the big blue eyes whose heart was the only objective he knew before the war—these will mean a world of comfort to the boy who is lonesome among a million strangers.

The Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, and kindred organizations are doing a world of good in ministering to the bodies and minds of our boys. But in their hearts, homes are first. Cheerful letters and cheerful pictures from home—these will keep their hearts light and their courage high.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

TORONTO, CANADA

COMFORTABLE TRAINS AND GREAT SCENIC BEAUTY WHEN YOU TRAVEL C.N.R.

Spend Your After-war Vacation On the North Pacific Coast

ENJOY GOOD HEALTH AND RECREATION WHERE SUNSHINE ABOUNDS

Travelling west from Montreal, Ottawa or Toronto, the great Hinterland back of Lake Superior is soon reached, with its score of mighty rivers clothed to the edge of their dark depths with a tangle of forest, and interspersed here and there by rocky ridges—the bright green of the under-



MOUNT ROBSON.

brush and the shadowy white of the birch breaking indiscriminately the heavy evergreen of the predominating pines.

Nearing the head of the Great Lakes, Nipigon Forest Reserve is traversed with its world-famous trout streams; then Fort William, and Port Arthur, where the largest grain elevators on the Continent stand sentinel, and where immense shipbuilding industries and a continually increasing tourist traffic is rapidly developing a great commercial centre. Beyond, a picturesque route lies through the Rainy Lakes district and Quetico National Park, reaching Winnipeg by a fertile and gradually rolling prairie.

West of Winnipeg the prairie continues, with its teeming activities. A choice of routes are here available, either through the central districts; by the southern route through Brandon, Regina and Saskatoon; or through Northern Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Prince Albert, to Calgary and Edmonton. And here at the foothills of the Rockies time may well be spent in studying the great commercial and agricultural opportunities of the Last Great West and its infinite possibilities as the outpost of a mighty nation, where work, enterprise and prosperity go hand in hand.

From Edmonton the prairie is soon replaced by the haze-clothed mountains in the distance, and following the banks of the Athabaska River, the line traverses Jasper National Park and on through the Yellowhead Pass—the Great Divide, the headwaters of the Fraser. Yellowhead, as tradition has it, is named after a mighty Iroquois-Scotch trapper known as Tete Jaune, or Yellowhead, who hid or cached his furs at this spot, and stood a tower of strength and a true beacon to the wayfarer in the tempestuous days of old.

The scenery at this point is grand—a narrow, rocky gorge covered with dark pines below and light green shrub above surmount the seething currents of the Fraser, and towering on every side and lost in the clouds are the snow-clad peaks of giant Mount Robson, the highest known in Canada. Such is the surrounding chosen by an appreciative country in the selection of a fitting tribute to the memory of a famous British nurse martyred by Germans in Belgium, October 12th, 1915—"Mount Edith Cavell."

Turning south from the Yellowhead, the Canoe and Albreda Rivers are followed, succeeded in turn by the North and Main Thompson Rivers, meeting at Lytton the lower waters of the main Fraser. From here we cross and re-cross, hugging its mighty and picturesque banks through to Vancouver.



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL.

Nowhere in this mountainous and river-valley journey of over 700 miles from the gateway to the Rockies clear to the Pacific does it grow monotonous or time hang heavily, so insistent are the attractions which flash past the windows of the comfortable Observation car. Pictures do not portray, nor words describe, the great beauty and grandeur of the mountains, and the sublime thoughts instilled as we sweep through chasm and by rugged peak or raging torrent where nature undefiled holds sway.

Know Canada First, Its Beauties and Opportunities—Real Reasons For Travelling

C. N. R.—*The People's Road*

Ask for "At Your Service" and "Canadian Northern Rockies," free, and for lowest one-way and round-trip fares, optional route tours, hotels, etc. Apply to C.N.R Agents, or write the General Passenger Departments, Montreal, Que .,Toronto, Ont., or Winnipeg, Man.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RY.

Music and Christmas

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

Give Music a Place in the Yuletide Festivities

The association of music with the celebration of Christmas is a tradition that has prevailed ever since the festival was celebrated. It even begins with the divine event itself. In the narrative of St. Luke we are told that after the angel had startled the watching shepherds with "good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men," or, as the modern translators have it, "on earth peace to men of good will."

Throughout the centuries it has been assumed by the poets and painters who have treated this episode that the heavenly host praised God with music. A Provencal poet of the Middle Ages, in one of his Noels or Christmas songs, describes the angel as one "who sang a thousand times sweeter than a nightingale."

Countless preachers have dwelt on the significance of this appearance to poor shepherds as proof that the newborn Truth, made flesh, was a religion for democracy. If we accept the message as such, we may carry the thought further and rejoice in the fact that this most important of all the recorded manifestations in connection with the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem was attended with music; that the prediction of peace for suffering and oppressed mankind was accompanied by divine harmonies. We have here a potent religious sanction for those who believe that music, like Christianity, should be a boon for "all people." It is significant also that those churches born of the Reformation which in their zeal for reform for a time banished Christmas and called it a heathen festival, also banned music in their conventicles.

The truth is that to most people who cherish the sentiment which pervades Christmas, music in one form or another is so intimately associated with it as to be inseparable. Christmas is, or should be, the season of rejoicing, and joy—as Walter Pater said of Art—constantly aspires toward the condition of music. In all countries the sacred festival—the Christmas of us English-speaking folk; the Noel, or Birth, of the French; the Weihnacht or Sacred Night of the Germans; the Yule of the Danes—was for centuries ushered in by music.

The celebration of Christmas as a feast did not begin with the early church. It cannot be traced back farther than A.D. 336, and apparently had its origin at Rome, and from thence spread to the then existing national churches and to other countries as they embraced Christianity. In 567 the Council of Tours decreed the Twelve Days from Christmas to Epiphany as a festal season. It is regarded as certain that St. Augustine brought it with him to England, and it is recorded that Christmas Day, 598, witnessed the baptism of more than ten thousand English converts; for in those early years the happy thought was conceived of celebrating Christmas by bringing new souls into the fold. It is probable that the early Christmases were ascetic and austere, but as the festival became more generally observed it became increasingly genial, until in the Middle Ages the term "merry" most accurately described it. In other words, it became something warm and homely and adapted to the instincts of humanity, a mystical rapture expressing itself through the joys of this earth. The evidence of this is to be found in the ancient Christmas poetry, the origins of which are obscured by the mists of time—carols and hymns which were probably parts of miracle and mystery plays written to body forth the facts and legends of the Nativity. That music began to play an ever-increasing part in them is evident from the fact that in the Middle Ages poetry and music were, for the most part, one and indivisible. The modern poetry of the printed page was unknown to the people, who could not have read it even had the art of printing been existent. The multitude of mediæval Christmas songs and ballads that have survived were clearly written to be sung.

Even the Reformation, which changed many things, did not destroy this aspect of Christmas. In England, from which we all get our ideas of the proper celebration of the feast, the carol-singers long kept up the old spirit. The great novelist, Thomas Hardy, has in his early tale, "Under the Greenwood Tree," described the quaint musical ceremonies that prevailed in the rural districts of Devonshire and Dorsetshire—the country he calls Wessex—during his boyhood.

It is possible that the present war has destroyed the last vestiges of the traditional ceremonies by which Christmas carols were sung by rural villagers to usher in the sacred morn, but it was possible for the casual visitor to hear and enjoy them in sequestered parts of England until quite recently. Joseph Silvestre, who has written a book on the ancient carols, tells of a Christmas eve he passed, not so many years ago, in the village of Seven Oaks, Kent, when he was awakened by the sweet music of youthful voices singing the old carol, "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," in the frosty, moonlit air; and nearly a century earlier, Washington Irving had a similar experience. Of late we have heard much of the importance of community singing, and it is worth while remembering that community singing had its origin centuries ago in the celebration of Christmastide. Such musical rejoicings were indeed an affair of all people; it was not merely the humble peasant who took occasion to lift up his voice in song; it was customary with the bishops, in the days when bishops were great territorial magnates, to sing carols among the clergy on Christmas Day. It was possibly this mode of celebrating the Nativity which led an European visitor to England in Shakespeare's day, to describe the motherland as "a nest of songbirds."

The vast majority of people to-day cherish certain beautiful hymns and melodies as intimately associated with the best beloved of festivals, but they are not so ancient as the carols to which one has alluded. The greatest of these is "Adeste Fidelis"—"O! Come All Ye Faithful!"—which is now sung in almost every church, Protestant or Catholic, on Christmas Day. Its rhythmical melody, even more than its words, have endeared it to everyone who holds Christmas in his heart, and it is a favorite in nearly every country of Western Europe. In its mingling of joy and devotion it is a complete expression of all that Christmas signifies; yet it is not, as many suppose, ancient. It is conceded to be of French origin, and to have been composed by some ecclesiastical musician about the year 1700. Owing to the fact that it was customary to sing it in the Roman Catholic chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in London, during the closing years of the eighteenth century, the impression got abroad that it was Portuguese in origin. It will surprise many to learn that it was first sung in an Anglican Church as late as 1841, when it was translated from the Latin by Rev. Mr. Oakley, one of the Tractarian followers of Rev. John Henry Newman, before the latter's conversion to Roman Catholicism, to be sung by his congregation at Margaret Street Chapel, London. In passing it may be said that to the Tractarians we owe another hymn, which, though not associated with Christmas, is almost as popular, "Lead Kindly Light," and which is from the pen of Newman himself.

This Christmas it is to be trusted most readers will again hear "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," though it, too, is comparatively modern and purely English in origin. It was written in the early years of the eighteenth century by Nahum Tate. "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" was from the pen of Charles Wesley, the brother of the founder of Methodism, and to the eighteenth century we owe another hymn inseparably identified with Christmas in the minds of churchgoers, Byron's "Christians, Awake! Salute the Happy Morn!"

The ceremonial connection of music with Christmas is, however, but one phase. In the traditional celebration of Yuletide in the home music has ever played its part as well as feasting, and it helps to lift it above the reproach of mere gluttony. Song and fun go naturally together. In these modern

(*Continued on page* 54.)

Hawaiian and Spanish Guitars from $12 up. (Please specify which.)



Ben Hokea, Toronto.
Celebrated Hawaiian Guitarist

For the Boy or Girl or Grown Up

What Better Than a Musical Instrument For Christmas

Not only a delightful gift, but something that will provide an enjoyable accomplishment for years.

Consider how closely Music is associated with Christmas and you'll have some idea of how much a musical instrument would be appreciated as a Christmas gift by any member of the family—and particularly if it is a stringed instrument, because it is about the most personal of all musical instruments.

You need not pay a high price—$8, $10, $12, $14 will bring you an instrument of satisfaction, suitable for every practical purpose, and sold extensively for home use. Look over those listed here. If you do not see what you want, write us at once for prices and descriptions regarding it.

A STRINGED INSTRUMENT IS EASIER TO PLAY THAN MANY IMAGINE.



Violins from $14 up.



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Williams have everything in musical instruments for the home, band or orchestra, and can deliver without delay to any point.



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THE R.S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF QUALITY

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A Waltham Colonial "A" Thin at no sacrifice of accuracy.

I So make Christmas all that it should be— requires the presentation of a

Waltham Watch

Such a gift becomes part of the life of the recipient and an unceasing reminder of the wise forethought of the giver. In it are embraced all the virtues of an ideal time-piece—enduring accuracy combined with beauty that time can never impair. Ask your jeweler to show you his full range of high-grade Waltham Watches.

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Mercury Hosiery

for ladies and men

Narrow Ankles—No Wrinkles

On account of the war, very few of the fine imported lines of hosiery are at present obtainable in Canada. But women can now obtain Canadian hosiery that is superior in finish and fit to the most luxurious pure silk, mercerized lisle, cotton and cashmere lines produced abroad.

We took advantage of the situation created by the war and installed wonderful new machines. They knit Mercury Hosiery with a narrow ankle that fits without a wrinkle, a full-fashioned shapely calf, a widened top that gives utmost freedom and comfort—and seamless from toe to top.



The more fastidious you are the more you'll revel in this elegant Mercury Hosiery. Black, white, browns, grays and the other fashionable shades.

Also Mercury Underwear for men, women and children

MERCURY MILLS, LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA

57

Who Goes There

(Continued from page 14.)

He held out the letter cheerfully to the hussar, but the latter had read it, and he merely nodded in respectful silence. So Guild folded it, sealed it in an envelope, wrote on it, "For my Mother in case of my death," and inclosed it in his letter to Darrel.

"Any time you are ready now," he said, rising from the little enameled iron table under the arbor.

The hussar rose, clanking, and set a whistle to his lips Then, turning: "I shall have yet one more glass of beer," he said blandly, but his eyes twinkled.

The grey car rolled up in a few moments. Over it at a vast height something soared in hawk-like circles. It may have been a hawk. There was no telling at such a height.

So they drove off again amid the world-shaking din of the guns paralleling the allied lines toward the west. Ostend lay somewhere in that direction, the channel flowed beyond; beyond that crouched England—where bands were playing "Tipperary"—and where, perhaps, a young girl was listening to that new battle song of which the young hussar beside him had never even heard.

As the grey car hummed westward over the Belgian road, Guild thought of these things while the whole world about him was shaking with the earthquake of the guns.

"Karen," he repeated under his breath, "Karen Girard."

After a while sentinels began to halt them every few rods. The chauffeur unrolled two white flags and set them in sockets on either side of the hood. The hussar beside him produced a letter from his grey despatch-pouch.

"General von Reiter's orders," he said briefly. "You are to read them now and return the letter to me before the enemies' parlementaire answers our flag."

Guild took the envelope, tore it open and read:

"Orders received since our interview make it impossible for me to tell you where to find me on your return.

"My country place at Silesia is apparently out of the question at present as a residence for the person you are expected to bring back with you. The inclosed clipping from a Danish newspaper will explain why. Therefore, you will sail from London on Wednesday or Sunday, taking a Holland liner. You will land at Amsterdam go by rail through Utrecht, Helmond, Halen, Maastricht. You will be expected there. If I am not there you will remain over night.

"If you return from your journey *alone* and unsuccessful you will surrender yourself as prisoner to the nearest German post and ask the officer in charge to telegraph me.

"If you return successful you shall be permitted at Eijsden to continue your journey with the person you bring with you, across the Luxembourg border to Trois Fontaines, which is just beyond the Grand Duchy frontier: and you shall then deliver the person in question to the housekeeper of the hunting lodge, Marie Bergner. The lodge is called Quellenheim, and it belongs to me. If I am not there you must remain there over night. In the morning if you do not hear from me, you are at liberty to go where you please, and your engagements vis-a-vis to me are cancelled.

VON REITER, Maj.-Gen'l.

The inclosed newspaper clipping had been translated into French and written out in long-hand. The translation read as follows:

"Russia's invasion of East Prussia, Posen and Silesia has sent a wave of panic over the eastern provinces of the German Empire, if reports from Copenhagen and Stockholm are to be credited. These reports are chiefly significant as indicating that the Russian advance is progressing more rapidly than has been asserted even by despatches from Petrograd.

"A correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph' reports from Stockholm that the whole of eastern Germany is upset by the menace of Cossack raids. He hears that a diplomatic despatch from Vienna contains information that the civilian inhabitants of Koenigsberg, East Prussia, and Breslau, in Silesia, are abandoning their homes and that only the military will remain in these strongholds.

"From Copenhagen it is reported, allegedly from German sources, that Silesia expects devastation by fire and sword and that the wealthy Prussian landholders, whose immense estates cover Silesia, are leading the exodus toward the west. The military authorities have done everything possible to check the panic, fearing its hurtful influence on Germany's prospects, but have been unable to reassure the inhabitants. Many of these have seen bands of Cossacks who have penetrated a few miles over the border and their warnings have spread like a forest fire."

For a long time the young man studied the letter, reading and rereading it, until, closing his eyes, he could repeat it word for word.

And when he was letter perfect he nodded and handed back the letter to the hussar, who pouched it.

A moment later the car ran in among a horde of mounted Uhlans, and one of their officers came galloping up alongside of the machine.

He and the hussar whispered together for a few minutes, then an Uhlan was summoned, a white cloth tied to his lance-shaft, and away he went on his powerful horse, the white flag snapping in the wind. Behind him cantered an Uhlan trumpeter.

Toward sunset the grey automobile rolled west out into open country. A vast flat plain stretched to the horizon, where the sunset flamed scarlet and rose.

But it was almost dusk before from somewhere across the plain came the faint strains of military music.

The hussar's immature mustache bristled. "British!" he remarked. "Gott in Himmel, what barbarous music!"

Guild said nothing. They were playing "Tipperary."

And now, through the late rays of the afterglow, an Uhlan trumpeter, sitting his horse on the road ahead, set his trumpet to his lips and sounded the parley again. Far, silvery, from the misty southwest, a British bugle answered.

Guild strained his eyes. Nothing moved on the plain. But, at a nod to the chauffeur from the hussar, the great, grey automobile rolled forward, the two Uhlans walking their horses on either side.

Suddenly, east and west as far as the eyes could see, trenches in endless parallels cut the plain, swarming with myriads of men in misty grey.

The next moment the hussar had passed a black silk handkerchief over Guild's eyes and was tying it rather tightly.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS first night in London was like a bad dream to him. Lying half awake on his bed, doggedly, tenaciously awaiting the sleep he needed, at intervals even on its vision-haunted borderland, but never drifting across it, he remained always darkly conscious of his errand and of his sinister predicament.

The ineffaceable scenes of the last three days obsessed him; his mind seemed to be unable to free itself. The quieter he lay, the more grimly determined he became that sleep should blot out these tragic memories for a few hours at least, the more bewildering grew the confusion in his haunted mind. Continually new details were evoked by his treacherous and insurgent memory—trifles terrible in their minor significance—the frightened boy against the wall snivelling against his ragged shirt-sleeve—the sprawling attitudes of the dead men in the dusty grass—and how, after a few moments, a mangled arm moved, blindly groping—and what quieted it.

Incidents, the petty details of sounds, of odors, of things irrelevant, multiplied and possessed him—the thin gold-rimmed spectacles on the Burgomaster's nose and the honest, incredulous eyes which gazed through them at him when he announced checkmate in three moves.

Did that tranquil episode happen years ago in another and calmer life? —or a few hours ago in this?

His nerves finally drove him into motion and he swung himself out of bed and walked to the window.

His hotel was the Berkeley, and he looked out across Piccadilly into a silent, sad, unlighted city of shadows.

(Continued on page 26.)

The Children's Hour

By ETHEL BAIN.

FREE LUNCHES FOR THE BIRDS

Christmas Day dawned over the sleeping city of Toronto. In High Park the snow-muffled silence was intense, and as the sun's rays drove away Night's clinging shadows, the frost fairies danced and whirled madly in the newly fallen snow. There was no wind, for Mother Nature seemed to have decided that this day of days, when the Saviour of mankind was born, should be calm and spotless, and she had given every tree a sparkling crown of frozen snow to wear in honor of the festival of Christmas.

A chickadee awakened and hopped out of his nest hole into the world of beauty. "Glorious morning," he cried to a fairy sprite, then ducked his head as she threw a tiny snowball at him. "Missed," he went on, and flew down beside her. "I'm hungry," he said; "still, if there's anything to be found to eat, I'll find it. It certainly looks very hopeless this weather."

"You should eat ice and snow like me," suggested the fairy.

"Not satisfying enough," he retorted. "Goodbye; I'm going to look up Downy," and off he flew, his cheerful call sounding clear through the sharp air.

Downy Woodpecker was just awake as Chickadee knocked at his door. "Glad to see you," he cried as he opened the door. "Hungry! Well, yes, I'd like a meal. Let's go and see if there is anything to be found."

So off they flew together, Chickadee's black-capped head nodding gaily to his friend's chattering, whilst the bright red patch on Downy Woodpecker's neck contrasted oddly with his black and white striped coat. Down through the park they swept, settling here and there, but grubs were scarce and the branches were frozen hard as iron.

"Poor feeding," cried the Woodpecker.

"Yes," replied his friend. "If it wasn't for the thick coat of fat we each have under our skins, we shouldn't long survive this weather."

"That's true. It would mean migration for us."

Just then there was a flash of dazzling blue in the sunlight, and Blue Jay alighted on the branch beside the busy birds. "Hello!" he screamed. "Been over to the free lunch yet?"

"Free lunch!" exclaimed Chickadee and Downy together. "Never heard of it."

"Well, there is one," replied Blue Jay. "I've just come from it. Go down by the old oak tree on the north side and you can't miss it. I tell you it's fine to feel satisfied for once in a while, especially as my own storehouse is frozen over so hard that I cannot break into it at all."

"You're right," cried Chickadee. "Come along, Downy; do let's hurry, for we've barely had a taste as yet."

"I'm with you," the Woodpecker replied.

"They needed no compass to find their way to the north side of High Park. Their God-given instinct was enough to direct them, and soon they came to the old oak tree, and then saw a sight which made them glad.

"Oh, Downy," Chickadee cried in an eager voice. "Blue Jay was telling the truth."

December, 1918.

My dear Home Journal Children:

A Merry Christmas to you all. On this page, which is yours, will be found a list of prizes to be awarded to those successful in our contest series.

Opportunity is being given our clever young people to distinguish themselves, so now, I'm looking forward to seeing all of you go "over the top" by writing me letters for it. The grown-ups are waiting to read of your efforts. Now, are you ready? "Over the top" to larger success for our Canadian Home Journal.

Your sincere friend,

ETHEL BAIN.

"He doesn't always," remarked the Woodpecker dryly.

"Well, he did this time," retorted his friend, "but don't let us quarrel. See that lump of suet. Oh, Downy!" And the next minute he was swinging, head downwards, clinging to and pecking energetically at the piece of fat.

Downy soon followed and flew down to the free lunch that had been provided for the winter birds by a bird lover of the district.

There in a sheltered spot the bird lover had built his free lunch counter. He had chosen a fine fir tree; then about five feet from the ground he had built a table round the trunk of the tree. The table was twelve inches wide, and here he had spread his feast. Dried sunflower and pumpkin seeds, cracked nuts for the ever-cheerful chickadees, a plentiful supply of bird seed and a handful of cheap raisins. On the nearby branches overhead he had tied several lumps of suet. What mattered it if the suet froze hard? The strong, sharp beaks of the winter birds soon pounded pieces out. Here and there he had fastened a bone or two, cooked and raw, bones that were no good for any other purpose, still how the bird visitors enjoyed pecking at the bits of meat and marrow!

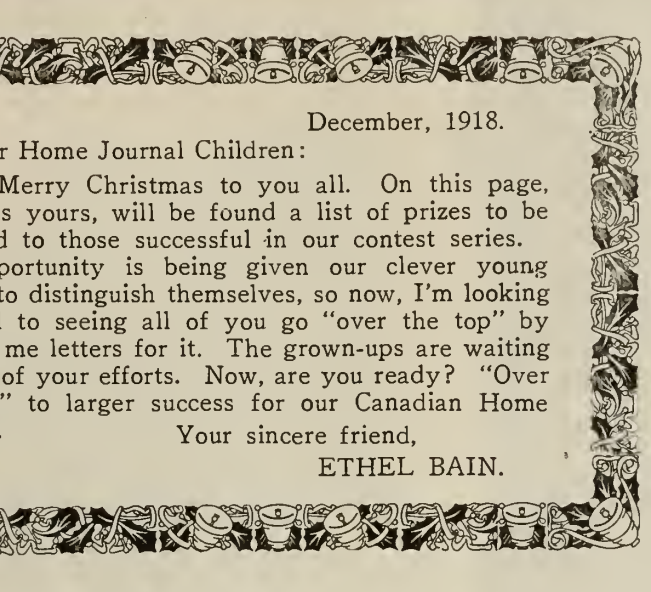
The bird lover watched his little feathered guests from a short distance, and his heart warmed to hear the joyous ringing calls, as they quickly found and helped themselves to the welcome feast, for, as the mercury had continued to descend and it had become more difficult for them to find the grubs and larvae in the crevices of the bark on the frost-bound trees, he had realized their plight, and had made plans to save his little friends.

. . . . . .

Happy are they, and especially the fruit farmers, who invite the chickadees, nuthatches and woodpeckers to live in their orchards all the winter through, for they will find few worm-eaten apples the next season. Although the winter birds have hardy constitutions and survive the worst and coldest weather, it is during the terrible snowstorms that prevail in Canada that they suffer the most. They are often forced to take shelter in hollow trees for days together, and many a tragedy happens when they venture out to try and find a meal amongst the storm-tossed trees.

Won't you try to help them this winter? It costs but little to supply a free lunch counter during the hard winter months, and scarcely an hour of the day but it will be well attended. Don't stop feeding them because of the war. Just think how hard they have worked for us all the summer. They have watched over the fruit trees and the now garnered grain. What would have happened if they had not worked on steadily day after day? Why, there would not have been a blade of grass left nor one single leaf on any of our trees. The fruit and grain would have been

(Continued on page 46).



Little Nurse Ellegett of Bowmanville, Ont.

Dressed as a Red Cross nurse, this little girl of only four and a half years collected over thirteen dollars in one day for the Red Cross. Her father and two brothers are in khaki—it is little wonder Baby Ellegett likes to "dress up" as a Nursing Sister.

Three Prizes For The Girls and Boys

FIRST—STORY COMPETITION.

Two dollars will be given the boy or girl under fourteen sending in the best story of not more than five hundred words, subject "Something I Have Seen With My Own Eyes in Nature's Kingdom."

SECOND—CAMERA CONTEST.

Two dollars will be awarded the girl or boy sending in the best photograph which she or he has taken.

THIRD—SOLDIERS' SCRAP BOOK COMPETITION.

Two dollars will be sent to the boy or girl under fourteen who sends in the neatest and most carefully made scrap book for a soldier.

These competitions close on December 27th, 1918.

Address The Journal Juniors Club, "Canadian Home Journal," Toronto, Canada.



FOR SENSITIVE SKIN

Are your willing hands rough, reddened and painful in consequence of hard and unaccustomed wartime work?

Use

Vaseline
Trade Mark
Camphor Ice

It soothes chapped, smarting hands and lips—keeps the skin smooth and soft as a baby's—contains no animal fats—can't turn rancid.



Sold in tubes and boxes at Chemists and General Stores everywhere.

Refuse substitutes.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. Co., Consolidated 1880 Chabot Ave., Montreal.

Don't miss the opening chapters of WHO GOES THERE on page 11

Millions of homes *know* "Yale"

"Yale" locks and hardware mean *certain* security and *insurance* against intrusion.

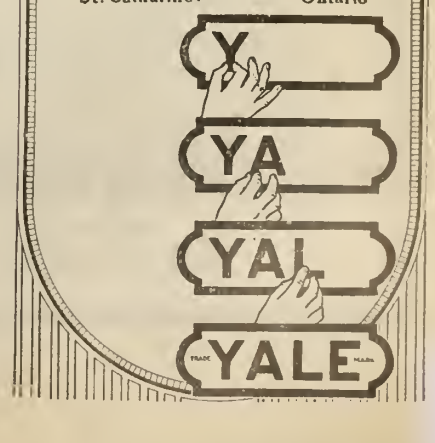
Put your security up to "Yale" today. The trade-mark is all you need to *see*.

Canadian made Yale products at your hardware dealer's. He sells them because he knows their quality

All Yale Products bear the trade-mark.

Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd.

St. Catharines Ontario





Read about Our Free Pattern Service
Page 46

Five out of Seven
American Housewives

now use what are known as combination or *double-acting* baking powders. This style of baking powder has two actions. It acts first when cold water or milk is added in the mixing bowl. Its second action requires the heat of the oven. This strong, double leavening power is what is needed for the *heavy war flours* and wheat flour substitutes.

EGG-O
Baking Powder

is a pure, strong, *double-acting* baking powder that Canadian housewives are finding just right for war-time baking. It bakes light, easily-digested, deliciously flavored bread, cakes and tea biscuits.

If you are having trouble with your baking, try Egg-O instead of the ordinary baking powders. You'll be delighted with the results.

Egg-O Baking Powder Co.
Limited
Hamilton, Canada

11



Who Goes There

(*Continued from page* 24.)

Only a single line of lighted lamps outlined the broad thoroughfare. Crimson sparks twinkled here and there—the lights of cabs.

The great darkened Ritz towered opposite. Devonshire House squatted behind its grilles and shadowy walls on the right, and beyond the great dark thoroughfare stretched away into the night, melancholy, deserted save for the slight stirring of a policeman here and there or the passage of an automobile running in silence without lights.

He had been standing by the window for ten minutes or so, a lighted cigarette between his lips, both hands dropped into the pocket of his pyjamas, when he became aware of a slight sound—a very slight one—behind him.

He turned around and his eyes fell upon the knob of the door. Whether or not it was turning he could not determine in the dusk of the room. The only light in it came through his windows from the starry August night-sky.

After a moment he walked toward the door, barefooted across the velvet carpet, halted, fixed his eyes on the door knob.

After a moment it began to turn again, almost imperceptibly. And, in him, every over-wrought nerve tightened to its full tension till he quivered. Slowly, discreetly, noiselessly the knob continued to turn. The door was not locked. Presently it began to open, the merest fraction of an inch at a time; then, abruptly but stealthily, it began to close again, as though the unseen intruder had caught sight of him, and Guild stepped forward swiftly and jerked the door wide open.

There was only the darkened hallway there, and a servant with a tray who said very coolly, "Thanky, sir," and entered the room.

"What-do-you-want?" asked Guild unsteadily.

"You ordered whisky and soda for eleven o'clock, sir."

"I did not. Why do you try to enter my room without knocking?"

"I understood your orders were not to disturb you but to place the tray on the night-table beside your bed, sir."

Guild regarded him steadily. The servant, clean-shaven, typical, encountered the young man's gaze respectfully and with no more disturbance than seemed natural under the circumstances of a not unusual blunder.

Guild's nerves relaxed and he drew a deep, quiet breath.

"Somebody has made a mistake," he said. "I ordered nothing. And, hereafter, anybody coming to my door will knock. Is that plain?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Have the goodness to make it very plain to the management."

"I'm sorry, sir—"

"You understand, now?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Very well. . . . And, by the way, who on this corridor is likely to have ordered that whiskey?"

"Sir?"

"Somebody ordered it, I suppose?"

"Very likely the gentleman next door, sir—"

"All right," said Guild quietly. "Try the door while I stand here and look on."

"Very good, sir."

With equanimity unimpaired the waiter stepped to the next door on the corridor, placed his tray flat on the palm of his left hand, and, with his right hand, began to turn the knob, using, apparently, every precaution to make no noise.

But he was not successful; the glassware on his tray suddenly gave out a clear, tinkling clash, and, at the same moment the bedroom door opened from within and a man in evening dress appeared dimly framed by the doorway.

"Sorry, sir," said the waiter, "your whiskey, sir—"

He stepped inside the room and the door closed behind him. Guild quietly waited. Presently the waiter reappeared without the tray.

"Come here," motioned Guild.

The waiter said: "Yes sir," in a natural voice. Doubtless the man next door could hear it, too.

Guild, annoyed, lowered his own voice: "Who is the gentleman in the next room?"

"A Mr. Vane, sir."

"From where?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What is he, English?"

"Yes, sir, I believe so."

"You don't happen to know his business, do you?"

"No, sir."

"I ask—it's merely curiosity. Wait a moment." He turned, picked up a sovereign from a heap of coins on his night table and gave it to the waiter

"No need to repeat to anybody what I have asked you."

"Oh, no, sir—"

"All right. Listen very attentively to what I tell you. When I arrived here this afternoon I desired the management to hire for my use a powerful and absolutely reliable touring car and a chauffeur. I mentioned the Edmeston Agency and a Mr. Louis Gratz.

"Half an hour later the management informed me that they had secured such a car for me from Mr. Louis Gratz at the Edmeston Agency; that I was permitted sufficient gasoline to take me from here to Westheath, back here again, and then to the docks of the Holland Steamship Company next Sunday.

"I've changed my mind. To-morrow is Wednesday and a steamer sails from Fresh Wharf for Amsterdam. Tell the management that I'll take that steamer and that I want them to telephone the Edmeston Agency to have the car here at six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Very good, sir."

"Go down and tell them now. Ask them to confirm the change of orders by telephone."

"Very good, sir."

A quarter of an hour later the bell tinkled in his room: "Are you there, sir? Thank you, sir. The car is to be here at six o'clock. What time would you breakfast, Mr. Guild?"

"Five. Have it served here, please."

"Thank you, sir."

Guild went back to bed. Another detail bothered him now. If the man next door had ordered whiskey and soda for eleven, *to be placed on the night-table beside the bed*, why was he up and dressed and ready to open the door when the jingle of glassware awaited him?

Still there might be various natural explanations. Guild thought of several, but none of them suited him.

He began to feel dull and sleepy. That is the last he remembered, except that his sleep was disturbed by vaguely menacing dreams, until he awoke in the grey light of early morning, scarcely refreshed, and heard the waiter knocking. He rose, unlocked his door, and let him in with his tray.

When the waiter went out again Guild relocked his door, turned on his bath, took it red hot and then icy. And, thoroughly awake, now, he returned to his room, breakfasted, dressed, rang for his account, and a few minutes later descended in the lift to find his car and chauffeur waiting, and the tall, many-medalled porter at salute by the door.

"Westheath," he said to the smiling chauffeur. "Go as fast as you dare and by the direct route."

The chauffeur touched his peaked cap. He seemed an ideal chauffeur, neat, alert, smiling, well turned out in fact as the magnificent and powerful touring car which had been as thoroughly and minutely groomed as a race-horse or a debutante.

When the car rolled out into Piccadilly the waiter who had mistaken the order for whiskey, watched it from the dining-room windows. Several floors above, the man who had occupied the next bedroom also watched the departure of the car. When it was out of sight the man whose name was Vane went to the telephone and called 150 Fenchurch Street, E.C. It was the office of the Holland Steamship Company.

And the waiter who had entered the room unannounced, stood listening to the conversation over the wire, and finally took the transmitter himself for further conversation while Vane stood by listening, one hand resting familiarly on the waiter's shoulder

After the waiter had hung up the receiver, Vane walked to the window, stood a moment looking out, then came slowly back.

"Gwynn," he said to the waiter, "this man, Guild, seems to be harm-

(*Continued on page* 39).

MONARCH-KNIT



NOW that's what I call a sensible gift! And sensible is really the word—though not quite. For you see the Monarch-Knit Sweater Coat adds distinction of beauty and style to its more ordinary qualities. While snug comfort lies in its ample close-knit folds good taste and refinement of finish are revealed in the little thoughtful touches which contribute grace and picturesque color. It's a coat you'll be proud to wear—or to give. She has already a Monarch-Knit Coat? Then, she'll welcome a box of Monarch-Knit Hosiery. Or if it is a gift for him, let it be a smart Monarch-Knit House Coat. He'll find it mighty comfortable during the cold days. There is a practical and happy gift suggestion here for every one in the family.

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Pond's Cold Cream has an oil base. Send for the free sample and try it for cleansing and massage.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is greaseless—contains no oil and vanishes the moment you apply it. It prevents chapping—or relieves it in one application. Send for the sample tube.

Why your skin needs two creams

Every normal skin needs a cleansing and massage cream—and also a protective, skin softening cream. Read why one cream cannot do both.

For cleansing the skin and for the nightly massage, you need an *oil* cream, a smooth, easily spread emollient. Pond's Cold Cream is just the cream for this purpose. It has an oil base and was prepared especially to meet the need for a pure, dependable oil cream.

When you need Vanishing Cream

For the protective cream your skin needs, to keep it soft, white and clear, and to keep it from chapping, use Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It is greaseless and has for its chief ingredient a product which is recognized by dermatologists as being of the greatest value in keeping the skin soft, smooth, without chapping all winter.

Apply it just before you go out. The moment you use it, the skin absorbs it. It will never reappear on the face—cannot make the skin look oily.



[Photo © Ira Hill]

Billie Burke, whose beautiful skin is the envy of everyone who sees her, says: "No one appreciates Pond's Vanishing Cream more than I."



[Photo © Moody, N. Y.]

Hazel Dawn, whose appealing beauty has charmed American theatregoers from coast to coast, says: "In my work it is necessary to have my skin always clear, smooth and fresh-looking. I am quite sure this would be doubly difficult without Pond's Vanishing Cream."

Some of the famous women who use it

Women of the stage know how to really care for the skin. They, of all women, cannot afford to take any chances in caring for their complexions. These famous actresses would not think of doing without Pond's Vanishing Cream—Frances Starr, Billie Burke, Marion Davies, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Elsie Ferguson, Pavlowa, Jane Cowl, Constance Collier, Pauline Frederick, Julia Sanderson, Mrs. Fiske, Elsie Janis, Norma Talmadge, and many others.

Neither Pond's Vanishing Cream nor Pond's Cold Cream will promote the growth of hair on the face.

Prepared by scientists

All of the Pond's Extract Company's preparations are made in highly specialized scientific laboratories in a quiet, clean New England town.

Whatever it is that is being originated, nothing is hurried, nothing is offered the public until the famous Pond's chemists say it is the most efficient product for the purpose for which it is intended. This is what it means to have your toilet preparations prepared by scientists rather than merely put up by a manufacturer.

Only the purest and best materials obtainable are used in the manufacture of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, and all are subjected to the closest examination before entering into manufacture.

You will find Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream for sale in all drug stores and at the toilet counters of department stores. Get a tube or jar of each cream today and see how their use will improve your skin.

Get these free samples and test them

If you would like to test Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, fill out the coupon now and we will send you samples of each cream free. Or send 5c for enough of either cream to last two weeks—10c if you wish both. Write today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 146-L Brock Avenue, Toronto, Can.

When to use the Cold Cream

For cleansing

No matter how tender the dust and grime of the day have made your skin, with Pond's Cold Cream you can cleanse it thoroughly without injuring the delicate texture of the skin or creating the least irritation.

For massage

You will find Pond's Cold Cream wonderful for massage. It has just the smooth consistency needed in a massage cream.

If your skin is too dry

Pond's Cold Cream is prepared from ingredients chosen for their beneficial, soothing qualities. Use it if your skin is dry or feels tight. Pond's Cold Cream will add just the oil your skin needs to restore its pliancy.

When Vanishing Cream is necessary

For chapped skin

If the harsh winds have made your skin rough, red and chapped, *one* application of Pond's Vanishing Cream will relieve it.

As a protective

To keep your skin from chapping—to keep it soft and delicately pink all winter, Pond's Vanishing Cream is invaluable. Use it just before you go out. Compare the soft, fresh condition in which it keeps your skin with the drawn, dry feeling that generally follows exposure to the wintry weather.

As a base for powder

The next time you want your skin to look its loveliest, make your finishing touch a dab of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Use it for your neck, arms and hands as well as your face. It is instantly absorbed by the skin, leaving no oily appearance and will not stain gloves, veil or clothing. It makes such an excellent base for powder, that one powdering is sufficient for a whole evening. Notice how wonderfully refreshed it keeps your skin looking—how it takes on the softly transparent, natural coloring that every woman longs for.

MADE IN CANADA

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146-L Brock Avenue, Toronto, Can.

Please send me free the items checked:

- A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream ☐
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Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount.

- A 5c sample of Vanishing Cream ☐
- A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream ☐

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Sweet and Savory Dishes for the Christmas Table

By MARION HARRIS NEIL
Author of "Economical Cookery."

"And as for the turkey and celery sauce, you should have seen how our host dispensed it!"



Braised Turkey.

WITH Christmas Day near at hand, the thought in most people's minds is what the season will be like this year. We had hoped that the coming Yuletide season would have seen the realization of that long looked for "Peace on earth, good will to men," but our nation's work is not yet finished in this sad and terrific war.

The need for economy is greater now than ever, yet we must make the Yuletide as happy and seasonable as circumstances will permit, and we must maintain something of that institution which has been such a time-honored custom—the Christmas dinner.

Apart from the dishes cooked for special meals at Christmas time, every housewife should endeavor to make her home as bright and cheerful as possible. The tables should represent examples of good taste and daintiness, for at no other season of the year can this be applied more forcibly than at Christmastide. It is needless for me to add that all this should be done only as far as the means will permit, and no more. It is a mistake for the house mother to overwork herself, and in order to avoid this, preparations must be made beforehand, so that the holiday season is not made a drudge and a burden. It should be the gladdest time of the year; it generally is, but the good housewife ought also to have a full share of it.



Christmas Pudding.

For some years now there has been a gradual weeding out of certain heavy and solid items from the old-fashioned typical fare, and many people have substituted instead more modern dishes of a lighter nature. But in spite of this, there are certain dishes, such as roast turkey, roast goose, plum pudding and mince pies, which always remain in evidence, and may justly be termed the *pieces de resistance* of Christmas fare, forming as they do the staple dishes of the present-day Christmas dinner menu. The following is a good selection of recipes of all kinds of dishes suitable for Christmas meals.

Roast turkey, roast wild duck, braised tame duck or braised guinea fowls, and just plain everyday chickens, under the hands of a skilful cook, have furnished Christmas dinners savory enough to make the mouth water and to linger in the memory of the diner from one year to another.

The worst thing about preparing ducks is to get all the feathers off. It takes a great deal of patience to remove all the down and pinfeathers, for it is best to pick them without scalding them.

When the ducks have been plucked, singed, drawn and cleaned ready to stuff, make a filling by pouring boiling water over a pint of stale bread, pressing out the water immediately, then adding one small apple, pared and chopped fine; one small onion, also chopped fine; one tablespoonful of butter, one beaten egg; salt, pepper, sage and thyme to taste. If onion is not liked, a small carrot may be used instead. Stuff the ducks tightly, sew firmly, tie down the legs, and place a slice of bacon on the breast of each duck after it is in the roasting-pan. Currant jelly or some sour jelly may be served with the ducks to add to their flavor.

Ducks are good, stuffed with a filling made as follows: Into a bowl put one cupful of hot mashed potatoes, add one cupful of bread-crumbs, one cupful of sausage meat, one onion chopped fine, one teaspoonful of powdered sage, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of cream.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Mix four cupfuls of bread-crumbs with one cupful of rye or barley flour, add two cupfuls of chopped suet, one and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar, one teaspoonful each of salt, ginger, cinnamon and allspice, the grated rinds and strained juices of one orange and one lemon, one pound of seeded raisins, one cupful of shredded candied citron peel, four well-beaten eggs and one cupful of milk. Mix thoroughly and divide into two greased molds, cover with greased papers and steam steadily for six hours. Turn out, decorate with blanched almonds, and serve with a sweet sauce or hot, sweet syrup.

The Christmas pudding is a symbolic dish. It is composed of "sugar and spice, and all things nice," which are intended to call to mind the offerings made by the Magi to the Christ Child, and to teach the lesson of giving of one's best to the poor and the weak.

RABBIT WITH RICE.—Wash and clean a large rabbit and cut it into neat joints, or, if preferred, cut the flesh in small pieces away from the bones. Melt one-half cupful of butter substitute in a stewpan, add one onion, sliced, and one cupful of rice, washed and dried, and cook them a few minutes without browning. Then put in the rabbit and cook for five minutes longer, stirring constantly. Add two cupfuls of water or stock and two cupfuls of tomato puree, season to taste with salt and pepper, add a bay leaf, cover with the lid, and cook slowly in the oven or at the side of the stove, until the rice and rabbit are tender and nearly dry. The saucepan should be shaken occasionally to prevent the contents sticking. When ready, serve hot with small rolls of baked or fried bacon.

This dish may be cooked and served in an earthenware casserole.

CHOCOLATE POPCORN.—Into a saucepan put two teaspoonfuls of sugar, add one-half cupful of corn or maple syrup, two ounces of chocolate and one cupful of water, and cook until the mixture hardens when tested in cold water. Pour this syrup over four quarts of crisp, freshly popped corn, and stir well.

CHAFING DISH MINCE PIE.—Chop three large sour apples, peeled and cored, and cook in two tablespoonfuls of butter adding three tablespoonfuls of water if the apples seem dry. As soon as the apples are tender, add one cupful of brown sugar, one-fourth cupful of molasses or syrup, one-half cupful of cider, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of grated orange rind, the strained juice of one large orange, one and one-half cupful of seedless raisins, two crackers rolled fine, one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, cloves and mace. Heat thoroughly and serve on biscuits or crackers.

PLUM DUFF.—In a large mixing bowl mix one cupful of barley flour, with two cupfuls of flour, add one cupful of finely chopped suet, one cupful of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, salt, ginger and cinnamon, two cupfuls of seedless raisins, three-fourths cupful of molasses or syrup, one egg well beaten and one-half cupful of sour milk or buttermilk. Mix well, turn into a floured bag or pudding cloth, and drop into a large saucepan of boiling water which has an old plate on the bottom. Cover and let it boil hard for twenty minutes, then boil slowly for three hours. Renew with boiling water if necessary. Remove the cloth and serve the duff on a hot plate with any preferred sweet sauce or hot milk.

FRICASSEE OF GUINEA FOWL.—Cut a guinea fowl in small joints, removing as much of the skin as possible and any unnecessary bone. Season two tablespoonfuls of flour with salt, pepper and powdered nutmeg. Dip the pieces of guinea fowl into this, coating them well. Cut one-fourth pound of fat bacon in small thin strips, put these into a hot frying-pan, and cook it without allowing it to become too brown. Now lift it out, draining it from the gravy; put in the guinea fowl and fry it until brown on all sides. Put the pieces of bacon and guinea fowl into a stewpan. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of flour into the frying-pan, stir it over the fire until brown, pour in three cupfuls of water or stock, and continue to stir until boiling. Strain this sauce over the guinea fowl, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, two tablespoonfuls of red currant jelly and one tablespoonful of lemon juice, place the lid on the pan and cook slowly until the bird is tender. Serve hot garnished with small pieces of toasted bread. The grated rind and juice of one orange may be added instead of the lemon juice. An orange or celery salad would be a good accompaniment.

BRAISED TURKEY.—This is a very tasty way of cooking a turkey and especially suitable for one that is inclined to be tough. Prepare and truss the bird in exactly the same way as for roasting, stuffing it or not as preferred. Cover the breast with slices of fat bacon.

Melt one-half cupful of butter substitute in a large saucepan over the fire, then put in a layer of diced vegetables—carrots, turnips, onions and celery in equal proportions. A little tomato and leek may be added as well, if available. Season with salt and pepper and a small bunch of pot herbs. On top of this place the bird, put the lid on the pan, and cook for fifteen minutes, shaking the pan occasionally to prevent the contents sticking. Now pour in enough boiling water or stock to cover the vegetables and just touch the bird, and cover the whole with a piece of greased paper. The cooking should be done in the oven if possible, and the bird must be turned once or twice during the process. The time required will depend on the age and the size of the bird, from four to five hours, but success in braising depends on the long and slow cooking. When ready, place the turkey on a roasting tin, remove the bacon from the breast, brown the bird in the oven, basting it several times with some of the stock. Place the turkey on a hot platter, garnish with small fried sausage, celery, parsley and cranberries. Strain the rest of the stock, remove any grease from the top, and serve as gravy.

(*Continued on page* 47.)



Chicken Creole.

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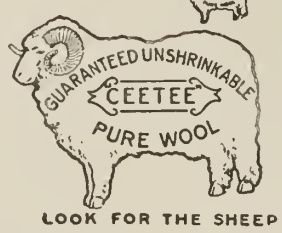
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To them the cigarette is the panacea for all ills. I have seen men die with a cigarette between their lips, the last favor they had requested on earth. If the soldier is in pain, he smokes for comfort, if he is restless he smokes for solace; when he receives good news he smokes for joy; if the news is bad, he smokes for consolation; if he is well he smokes, when he is ill, he smokes. But good news or bad, sick or well, he always smokes.

"The First Canadians in France"
by F. McKelvey Bell.

Canadian Magazine, February issue 1917.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

Vegetable Dishes for December Meals

New Recipes Which Will Add Interest to the Daily Preparation of Food

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "How to Cook in Casserole Dishes."

Vegetables, provided they are carefully cooked, have a marked effect on the system; that is a medical fact. Even the humble cabbage has arisen in esteem since it was authoritatively stated that when young and tender it teems with phosphates needed to enrich the blood.

The Greek philosophers believed that a dish of boiled beets, served with salt and oil, was an aid to mental effort, and it is said that Pharaoh fed his pyramid builders on radishes. The Arabians have always eaten artichokes for liver troubles, and in different parts of the world they are regarded as particularly wholesome for men and women who lead a sedentary life.

Potatoes are said to improve the hair, which may account for the wonderful heads of hair in Ireland. Celery and lettuce are aids for the nerves, and cucumbers and carrots affect the complexion beneficially.

Probably no other plant is so well adapted to cooking in so many different styles as celery, a vegetable that can also be eaten raw, and there is hardly any other vegetable of which every part can be brought to such good account. The trimmings can be used for flavoring purposes, or for soup and broth, while the seeds are carefully preserved for similar uses or to produce celery salt, which in itself forms an ideal table condiment. The flavor of celery is one totally distinct from any other plant, all of its own, and above all, remarkably delicious; whether mixed as a salad or put in a puree, or added to other vegetables, as a soup, or as a sauce, it always retains its original and delicate flavor, which blends as no other plant or flavoring vegetable will blend.

Baked Peas.—Soak one pound of dried peas for six hours, drain them, and cook until tender in boiling stock or water. Peel and chop one large onion and fry it to a pale brown color in two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute. Grease a fireproof dish, sprinkle it over with fried breadcrumbs, and put in a layer of the cooked peas, then spread over the cooked onion, and place the remainder of the peas on the top. Cover with white sauce, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and grated cheese, and dot with tiny pieces of butter substitute. Brown the top in a hot oven and serve.

Spinach Timbale.—Cut two dinner rolls into slices, and cover these with hot milk. When sufficiently soaked, squeeze the bread and mix it thoroughly with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute. Pick and wash two pounds of spinach, and cook it with a very little water until tender, then chop it fine. Peel and chop one onion, and fry it to a light brown in one tablespoonful of butter substitute and add it to the spinach and bread. Now stir in the yolks of two eggs, and salt, pepper and powdered nutmeg to taste. Add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and turn into a greased mold which has been lined with thin slices of bacon, cover with a greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Turn out on to a hot dish, pour round a little gravy, and serve immediately.

Savory Cabbage.—Trim, wash, drain and boil in slightly salted boiling water a large cabbage. When done, drain off the water, and chop the cooked cabbage rather fine.

Cut one-fourth pound of bacon into fine strips, fry them in a stewpan with two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, add a small onion peeled and chopped, and fry it to a golden brown. Next sprinkle in one tablespoonful of flour, stir well and add the cabbage. Pour in one-half cupful of milk or stock, season with salt, pepper, paprika and powdered nutmeg, cook slowly for fifteen minutes, and serve hot garnished with small pieces of toasted bread.

Celery Croquettes.—Trim, wash and cut into small pieces two heads of celery, cover them with cold salted water, bring to boiling point and drain. Then cook until tender in boiling water or stock. Drain celery and chop it fine. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan, stir in four tablespoonfuls of flour, add one small onion chopped, blend these together, add one cupful of milk, stir until it boils, cook for five minutes and put in the celery. Season with salt and pepper, cook for eight minutes, and add two yolks of eggs. Spread the mixture on a plate and let it get cold. Make into croquettes, brush them over with the whites of eggs well beaten, toss them in breadcrumbs or cornmeal, and bake them in a very hot oven or fry them in smoking hot fat. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Cauliflower Beignets. — Boil one cauliflower carefully and divide it into small pieces of uniform size, trimming each a little; season them with salt and white pepper, and dip them into cold, thick white sauce. Dip each piece into frying batter and drop into smoking hot fat. Fry a light brown color drain and serve hot.

To Make the Frying Batter.—Beat up one egg, add one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, one tablespoonful of oil and one-half cupful of milk. Stir in one-half cupful each of barley flour and flour, and beat for five minutes. Then add one teaspoonful of baking powder. Let stand for fifteen minutes before using.

Escalloped Parsnips.—Mash enough boiled parsnips to make one pint; add two tablespoonfuls each of butter substitute and cream, one egg well beaten, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Put into a greased baking dish alternate layer of parsnip and breadcrumbs, having the crumbs on the top. Melt one tablespoonful of butter substitute in one-half cupful of milk, and pour over the parsnips. Bake until hot and brown, and serve in the same dish.

Mold of Cooked Vegetables.—One cupful of cooked carrots, one cupful of cooked cabbage, two cupfuls of cooked potatoes, one cooked onion chopped if liked, four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Mash the potatoes. Chop the carrots, cabbage and onion. Mix and season with salt and pepper. Melt the butter substitute in a frying-pan, and when very hot put in the vegetable mixture, spread it evenly over the pan. Fry it for five minutes, then raise a corner and see if it is browned; if so, put a plate over the pan and turn the mixture on to it. Slip it back again into the pan, with the browned side uppermost, and fry the second side. If necessary, add more butter substitute for the second frying. Serve it whole on a hot dish, or cut it into pieces.

Any sort of cooked vegetables can be used, including cooked beets; this latter would of course, color the mixture. It is excellent with potatoes only.

Brussels Sprouts a la Chipolata.—Wash and trim a quart of Brussels sprouts. Cook for five minutes in boiling salted water, drain, rinse in cold water drain, and cook in boiling water to cover, with one pound of small sausages. Cook for twelve minutes and drain very dry. Serve the sprouts in a hot vegetable dish with a little melted butter substitute. Broil the sausages for two minutes on each side, and lay them over the sprouts.

Beets a la St. Laurence.—Boil two large bunches of beets, then drain and remove the skins. Fry one chopped onion in two tablespoonfuls of hot butter substitute, add three tablespoonfuls of flour and two cupfuls of stock or water, and cook for five minutes, stirring constantly. Add the beets, salt and pepper to season, and cook for ten minutes. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute and one tablespoonful of vinegar, bring to boiling point and serve.

Red Cabbage a la Hollandaise.—Trim and shred one red cabbage and soak it in cold water for thirty minutes. Parboil for five minutes, then drain. Fry a small chopped onion soft in four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, add the cabbage and four tart apples, peeled, cored and chopped fine. Season with salt and pepper, and cook uncovered for thirty minutes, stirring occasionally. Add one-half cupful of cream, reheat and serve hot.

My Best Idea

Contributed by Our Readers.

In this Department we will publish the best original items of general interest to housekeepers which are sent in by our readers. For each of the accepted items we shall pay the one sending it fifty cents.

If the description is not clear, we would suggest that the contributor send a rough sketch, making the idea plain, which can be used as a guide to the artist who will illustrate this page.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL *cannot return the items submitted, therefore it is advisable to keep copies of matter sent for consideration.*

Address "My Best Idea," care of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. *Give your name and address.*

Hook Up the Curtains.

Keeping bed-room curtains fresh is a big item in laundry work. But all of us like to sleep with windows raised in spite of the fact that it is hard on the curtains. We tried pinning them up, knotting them up, and swinging them over the bar itself, but in each case they became mussed and wrinkled in a very short time. This spring I placed small dress-hooks in the lower corners of each curtain, with an eye to correspond two-thirds of the way from the bottom of each edge. Each night the curtains can be hooked up for the breezes to blow unobstructed through the room, and when they are let down again next morning the curtains are fresh and unwrinkled. The tiniest hook and eye obtainable will hold the weight of any curtain and will never be detected when not in use.

Setting the Tree A-bloom.

When decorating our Christmas tree I took clothes-pins, of the spring variety, and wrapped cotton around the larger end. Over this I put two layers of red crepe paper and tied it securely. The ends of the paper I cut to look like rose petals and when frilled out it looked like a large red rose. I used these for fastening the gifts to the tree, and it was easier than tying them on, besides being very ornamental. I put them away with my tree decorations and used them again the next year.

Storing Vegetables for Winter.

Try this method of storing vegetables for winter. Take any kind of a tin vessel that has a lid, an old boiler or cream can will answer the purpose. Put your vegetables in these without earth. I have tried this for two years and have had carrots to use in July which were nearly as fresh as when dug.

OBSERVER.
Waldemar.

Labels for Children's Clothing.

The owner of a typewriter can give the mother of several children a very acceptable gift by inserting a bolt of white taffeta ribbon about two or three inches wide in the machine in place of the usual paper, and typing the name and address of the children with a space of an inch or two between each label. These labels are to be cut apart and sewed to the coats, caps, and so forth, of each child. Not only does it help in preventing garments getting mixed at home or school, but lost articles can easily be returned by an honest finder, and in case of accident the name and address of the child is never a mystery. Grownups will find these labels useful too.

Christmas Tree Cookies.

Cut "Christmas trees" from a plain cooky dough, and dot them with tiny red candies to represent lights. They are nice for a children's party or to tuck in the children's Christmas stockings.

For Wash Days.

As the cold weather approaches get an extra supply of clothes-pegs. Instead of overlapping the clothes, and having them freeze together, put two pegs in each article and you will have fewer torn clothes.

L. MERRICK,
Strathroy, Ont.

Hanging Clothes Out of Doors.

I am quite sure this idea will prove helpful, as the winter weather comes on to those who hang the clothes out of doors to dry on wash day. Pin all the small articles, such as table napkins, handkerchiefs, doyleys, collars, to a strong towel before starting out in the cold. Thus two clothes pins are made to do the work of many. And greatly lessening the work, when removing clothes from line.

INTERESTED F. S. D.,
Morrisburg, Ont.

Home Made Drier.

Most of the fruit and vegetable driers on the market are simple in construction, but not every housekeeper can make them herself. A large extension window screen will make an excellent substitute. This can be suspended from the ceiling over the stove, by means of cords attached to the four corners. By having the main cord pass through a pulley or hook in the ceiling and fastened to a hook at the back of the stove, the screen can be lowered or raised out of the way while using the stove for other purposes. Apples, peeled, cored and sliced, one-quarter inch thick and spread on this drier will dry in twenty-four hours. If the screen is old, cheese cloth can be spread on it, which absorbs the moisture and hastens the drying. By using two screens held together by cords, double the amount can be dried at once.

MRS. CHESTER KEITH,
Corn Hill, N.B.

Quick Method in Making Chili Sauce.

Let tomatoes, onions, etc., stew until tender. Put all through the food chopper; the pulp will be much finer and takes much less boiling than the old method.

J. M. McP.,
Brant County.

Handy Fire Starter.

When you want a handy fire starter fasten a small piece of asbestos to a wire handle. Keep it standing in a can of coal oil, then by placing it by the wood and lighting it you need no other kindling, for this will start your fire. When the fire is started remove asbestos and place it back in oil can.

MRS. J. A. LOTT,
R.R. No. 2, Frankford, Ont.

Put Spices in Pies Before Milk.

Always put spices in pumpkin or squash pies before milk is added, or the spices will all come to top while pie is cooking and will not be very tasty looking or tempting.

MRS. F. M. BAILEY,
Walkerville, Ont.

Oilcloth for Wall Covering.

After struggling for years to keep my kitchen walls in good condition, I finally discovered that an inexpensive table oilcloth was an excellent wall finish to wainscot height. The paper-hanger put it on for me over the painted wall, using the width of the oilcloth, which was one and a half yards wide. A cheap picture molding was used as a finish. In its place a narrow oilcloth border might be used. Above the base we used a blue and white paper to match the oilcloth. The oilcloth base can be wiped every week with a damp cloth, and after five years of wear my kitchen looks well. Many of our friends have copied the idea of this oilcloth base with papered walls above.

For the Pump in Winter.

Winter will soon be with us again, and we shall be troubled with our pumps freezing. A simple method of thawing is to insert a piece of lead pipe, say three or four feet in length down the top of the pump and pour the hot water into the pipe. The lead holds the heat, and very often two or three quarts of water will do the trick. This little bit of knowledge has been worth a good deal to me.

E. J. P.,
Eramosa, Ont.

A Polishing Mitten.

When mending socks and stockings every once in a while I come to a pair which I feel are not worth any more yarn, so I cut off the feet, pull the one foot over the other and use them to slip the hand into to polish shoes, nickel work on your stove or for dusting stove pipes or any such work. The legs I keep to patch with, or to make feet for other pairs.

A. C. S.

(*Continued on page* 48.)



"IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES *you find them caring for their native charms in simpler ways—the ways that Nature herself intended.*'



To keep a lovely skin —with soap that rinses off.

Nature says: "Don't hamper my work by using haphazard methods and soaps."

And all Nature asks is a little common-sense coöperation in the care of the skin she is daily trying to give you.

Nature lays great stress on *rinsing*.

She says: "The soap must *all rinse off*."

So, if you want to choose and keep a clear, beautiful, natural skin, you will want to choose, also, a *method* and a *soap*, to take proper care of that skin.

Pure Fairy Soap is made for skins. Fairy Soap is made to cream refreshingly in *and out* of pores, as Nature asks. And when it has performed its perfect cleansing—*off it rinses.*

It rinses off perfectly — after its perfect cleansing.

That is why Fairy Soap is a soap that Nature herself loves—for the care of healthy, natural skins.

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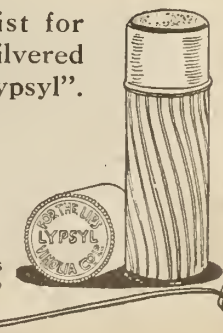
"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"



Lypsyl for Tender Lips

Long, full lashes, eye that flashes;
Coral lips and teeth of pearl;
Sweet expression, good impression
There you have a Lypsyl Girl!

When you ask your Druggist for Lypsyl see that the cap on the silvered tube is stamped "Vinolia Lypsyl". Its the genuine.





Substitutes are worthless.

VINOLIA
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Let your dainty things be your everyday things

It's all a matter of being able to wash them properly, is it not? You'd like to wear that dainty Georgette or crepe-de-chine blouse every afternoon wouldn't you?

You can. Just wash it the Lux way—by dipping the garment up and down into the foamy Lux lather—no wringing, rubbing or twisting—the fabric comes out soft, shimmering and sheer as when new

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Sweaters	Satin Blouses	and Blouses	Collars

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100 Rooms, Private Bath, $2.50 Single, $4.00 Up Double
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The Christmas Puzzle

By TOM WOOD.

Sections 1 and 2 represent two old and well known maxims or proverbs relative to Christmas time.

Section 3 pictures twelve words which you may find in your Christmas stocking—or any other "Stocking." The small letters are merely to identify the answers when listed.

Section 4 illustrates the ingredients of which your Christmas pudding is made.

Can you guess them?

Two prizes will be given, first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete.

Answers must be received before December 31 to be included.



THE CORRECT SOLUTION OF THE OCTOBER PUZZLE.

1—Barred Rocks.
2—Wyandottes.
3—Brahmas.
4—Orpingtons.
5—Leghorns.
6—Dorkings.
7—"All is not gold that glitters."
8—"Don't cross the bridge till you come to it."

The first prize is won by David Scott, 43 Rosebery Avenue, Ottawa, Ont., and the second by Nellie Atkins, Collingwood, Ont.

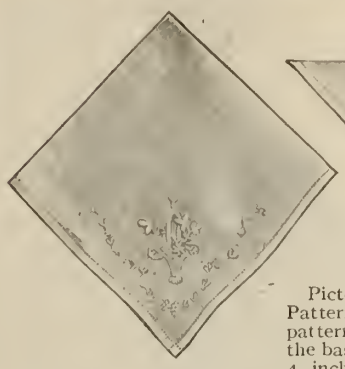
Address all answers to puzzle: The Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

Dainty Embroideries for the Practical Christmas Gift



Embroidery No. 11751 on Corset Cover No. 6087

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11751, blue or yellow. Six sprays and 1¼ yard of dotted scalloping 1-inch wide supplied. Shown on Ladies' Surplice Corset Cover 6087. Seven sizes, 32 to 44 bust.



No. 12015



No. 12016



No. 12017

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12015, blue. The pattern contains 6 transfers of the basket design 2½ inches by 4 inches for a handkerchief. Colored embroidery cotton to match a hem of colored linen is employed for working the basket and the rest of the design is carried out in white.



Embroidery No. 12131 on Camisole No. 7061



Embroidery No. 12182 on Combination No. 6395

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12182, blue or yellow. This pattern gives 16 spray designs for use on an envelop chemise, a nightgown, a combination, or corset cover. The design may also be effectively used for the adornment of house-dresses. It is shown used with scallop 12065 on Pictorial Review Combination 6395. Sprays in solid embroidery and eyelet work are applied to the front, and finished with crochet button and buttonhole at shoulders. The graceful festooned sprays are easily accomplished and effective in appearance. Pattern No. 12065, blue or yellow, supplies 6 yards of scalloping. Pattern 6395 is cut in 7 sizes, 32 to 44 bust.



Cross-stitch
No. 12111 for Tea-apron

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12016, blue. Six transfers of this charming motif for the corner of a handkerchief are supplied in the pattern. The upper petals of the flower are filled in with seed stitch and the other portions in raised satin and eyelet stitches.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12017, blue. Six duplicates of this design form the pattern. A tiny initial could be placed in the center of the motif. Eyelet stitch may be used for the flower centers, the scattered dots and the outer row of dots in the center motif.



Embroidery No. 12175 on Nightgown No. 6371

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12131, blue. Three different designs are included in this pattern. Eyelet and raised satin stitches in white embroidery cotton are used for the design. The filet crochet inserts add to the attractiveness. Ladies' Camisole 7061 used. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12175, blue or yellow. The pattern contains 40 embroidery motifs. The surplice gown is cut from Pictorial Review Pattern No. 6371. Cut in 8 sizes, 32 to 46 bust. Crochet directions for edging used on this nightgown may be obtained.



Embroidery No. 12086 on Chemise No. 6828

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12086, blue. A square scallop for the eyelets, a plain one for the armholes and a turret-shaped scallop for the neck are included in this pattern for a chemise. Raised satin and eyelet stitches are used to carry out the embroidery, but if preferred the eyelets may be omitted and the design carried out in raised satin stitch. This should present no difficulty even to a beginner in needlecraft. So little smart lingerie is now coming from abroad that it is a great satisfaction to know that right at hand we have the designs and materials, and that with but a little expenditure of time and labor we may become possessed of dainty undergarments for which formerly a high price had to be paid. The chemise is cut from Pictorial Review Pattern 6828. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11832, blue. The pattern supplies 2¼ yards of this elaborate design 10 inches deep for a petticoat flounce shown below. The fuchsia sprays are worked in solid embroidery and the dots are in eyelet stitch. Scallops buttonhole stitched.



Fuchsia design No. 11832 for Petticoat Flounce



Tea-apron No. 11586

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12111, blue. The pattern gives the shape of this charming apron as well as the cross-stitch design and color diagram. The cross-stitch sprays are embroidered with green and two shades of pink. A row of buttonhole loops at the waist-line hold the ribbon ties in place.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11586, blue, for tea-apron. The design combines Italian cut-work, raised satin stitch, and an unusual scallop. If one prefers, the three motifs may be worked with stem stitch and filled with seed stitch.



Embroidery No. 11963 on Nigh gown No. 3720

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11963, blue. This attractive pattern is embroidered on Pictorial Review Nightgown No. 3720. Cut in 4 sizes, 32, 36, 40, and 44 bust. This neat little gown suggests the French lingerie which all women admire so much, and the scalloped edges and dainty little sprays are very attractive. An edging of real Valenciennes lace inside the scallops will add to the effect. This is a good style for a full figure.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11831, blue. This pattern contains 2¼ yards of scalloping and design 6½ inches deep. Wreath and bow-knot design for a petticoat flounce. The scalloping and motifs may be used in sections on other pieces of underwear to form a set. Raised satin, stem, and buttonhole stitches are used. White petticoats are necessities for wearing under dressy frocks. The design is graceful and in good taste, and could be applied to lawn, batiste, or washable silk, using a highly mercerized thread.



Wreath and bow-knot design No. 11831 for Petticoat Flounce

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All the Newest Fall Style Features for the Miss

8007—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch velvet. Embroidery No. 12184, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. As the season progresses the long floating panels are meeting with more and more favor. They are applied to practically all sorts of frocks to which they give distinct charm. Chiffon velvet or velveteen could be used for this simple frock, the plain bodice of which may have high or round neck and is mounted on a front-closing underbody. Instead of long plain sleeves, flowing sleeves in two sections may be selected. The two-piece skirt is plaited at the back and closes at left side seam.

7885—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 44-inch check worsted—1⅞ yard 36-inch white taffeta for collar, cuffs, and panel lining—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A chic frock for Autumn street wear is presented here to be fashioned of check worsted or velours, and with the fashionable apron panel front and back.



8030—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 44-inch serge—¼ yard 48-inch broadcloth for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards, with plaits drawn out. The straight simple lines of this serge frock adapt it particularly to the growing girl. The closing is at the front, and a choice is offered of round and V neck. At long waist-line is attached the four-piece side-plaited skirt.

8022—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch satin—1⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves, collar, and vest—1⅛ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Here is the fashionable Apronette dress with apron panel front and back finished with fringe. Equally attractive is the blouse with extension ends that are looped at center-front, below a surplice vest. Plain sleeves may replace the Mandarin sleeves.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Practical Morning and House Dresses, Blouses, and Skirts





8049—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¼ yard 36-inch check Pussy Willow taffeta for collar. Instead of the shawl collar which is looped in front, a rolling collar falling in a point at each side may be selected.

8047—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch French blue crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 36-inch beige crêpe de Chine for trimming. Blue and beige and blue and gray are favored combinations for Georgette and crêpe de Chine blouses for the Fall, to be worn with blue or tan tailored suits. This model has softly gathered vest.



8033—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and revers—½ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest. The large square collar of satin is joined to revers that frame a vest of white Georgette crêpe.

8045—Ladies' House Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch linen—½ yard 27-inch white cotton poplin for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. A trim morning frock for the housewife showing the new Mandarin sleeves.

8039—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch plaid. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The front and back gores are in panel style.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 47



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VANITY?

There's nothing vain about selecting the Comfortable, Graceful

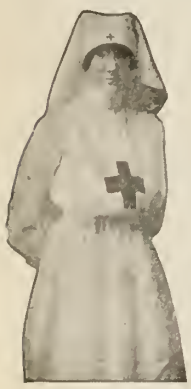
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CASH'S WOVEN NAME TAPES
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EE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE EE



THE DOCTOR: "Ah! yes, restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right"

EE STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS Contain no Poison EE

Simplicity and Good Taste Mark these Children's Models



7848—Child's Dress. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards 44-inch white organdy. For the best frock or for kiddies' parties, nothing could be cuter than this little frock of crisp white organdy. The collar is novel extending down in tabs at center-front and back that button onto the belt and are trimmed with ribbon rosettes.

6682—Boys' Suit. Four sizes, 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 27-inch check chambray—⅜ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar and cuffs. These little Oliver Twist suits are the very newest thing for the small boy to be fashioned of one material or the little trousers may be of colored chambray, and the double-breasted blouse of white dimity or lawn, with collar like the trousers.



for the little girls' frocks. The fashionable mote collar is shown on this cunning frock finishing the tiny gathered waist. Tucks relieve the plainness of the straight gathered skirt.



7901—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 32-inch figured silk for collar and cuffs. Georgette crêpe vies with organdy and voile in popular favor

8017—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch serge—⅛ yard 36-inch plaid taffeta for collar. Very new in style is the collar that is oval in shaping and is opened on the shoulders.

8023—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 44-inch serge—1¼ yard 36-inch taffeta—¼ yard organdy. A swinging back panel adds a new style touch to this cunning frock.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



Luscious Lemon Pie

Made with Bread-crumbs and without butter

The recipe is by Miss Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. A famous domestic science expert, known the country over. Her recipes are followed by tens of thousands of good cooks.

The incomparable recipe printed below is her idea of a luscious war-time pie.

"A GEM of a pie," is what you will say when you taste this daintiest of pastries. Scores of families already, by unanimous vote, have elected it Best of War-time Desserts. It's a connoisseur's pie. It fairly melts in the mouth. Let your men-folks try it.

The Unequalled Recipe

1½ cups soft bread crumbs
3 tablespoons oleomargarine
1 cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons corn starch
2 egg yolks
3 tablespoons Sunkist Lemon juice
Grated rind one Sunkist Lemon
Break bread crumbs into small pieces.

Add oleomargarine. Pour boiling water over. Let stand until soft.

Mix sugar and corn starch, add egg yolks, well beaten, and Sunkist Lemon juice and rind. Combine mixture. Bake in one crust and cover with meringue.

" 'Dripping' may be used in the pie crust," says Miss Bradley, "and a real war-time, though delicious, dessert is thus easily prepared."

Miss Bradley's cost for making this pie, at the time prepared, was "1c per 100 calories." 100 calories in eggs alone would then have cost 4.2 cents. So while economical of materials, this pie is also low in price when measured by the energy supplied.

Send the coupon for "Sunkist Recipes" containing 126 recipes which show how Miss Bradley uses California Sunkist Lemons. These dishes are quickly and easily prepared, and they meet many needs of war-time.

California Sunkist Lemons are juicy, tart, and practically seedless. They are best for all cooking purposes. Also for garnishing because they are waxy, clean and bright.

Don't say merely "lemons" when you order. Be sure to say "Sunkist." That will get the best lemons grown.

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Uniformly Good Lemons

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A Non-Profit, Co-Operative Organization of 8,500 Growers



Use in All Soft Drinks

The fresh, pure juices of Sunkist Lemons and Oranges lend flavor and character to all soft drinks.

Try unsweetened hot lemonade as a preventive and aid in curing colds and grippe.



Delicious Salad Dressings

Miss Bradley makes delicious French and Mayonnaise dressings with lemon juice instead of vinegar. Her recipes appear on pages 33 and 35 in "Sunkist Recipes." Send the coupon for this book.

Always Served With Teas

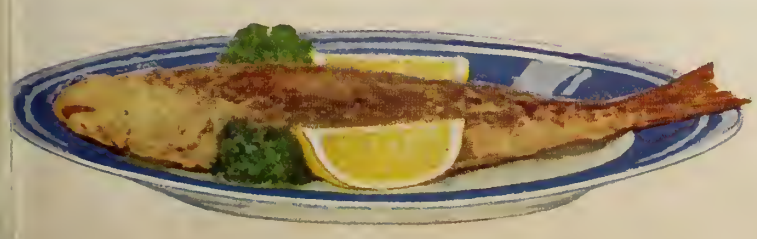
It is more than fashionable and attractive, it is beneficial to serve lemons with your tea.

Lemon is valuable for the digestive aid that comes from its salts and acids.



Ask for California Lemons. You'll find these lemons **uniform in quality**. Delivered to you, if you request it, in the crisp, sanitary tissue wrappers in which they are placed when packed. This fruit is the pride pack of 8,500 California growers if it is labeled "Sunkist."





Reasons for Garnishing

By means of garnishing, sauces and judicious seasoning the housewife can make her family vote in favor of the war-time foods.

Fresh lemon juice is an aid to digestion due to its valuable salts and acids.

Mail This for Miss Bradley's Recipes

California Fruit Growers Exchange
105 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

Please send a copy of "Sunkist Recipes" to the address below.

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WHO GOES THERE

(*Continued from page 26.*)

less. He's known at the American Embassy. He's an American in the real estate business in New York. It's true that Dart telegraphed from Ostend that Guild came to our lines in a German military automobile under a white flag. But he told a straight story. I'll run out to Westheath, and if his business there is clean and above-board, I think we can give him a clean bill of health."

Gwynn said, slowly: "I don't like the way he questioned me last night. Besides, a sovereign is too much even for an American."

"He might have been afraid of robbery."

"He was afraid of *something*."

"Very well. We've passage on the boat if necessary. I'll go out to Westheath anyway. If I don't care for what he is doing out there we can hold him on the dock."

"Another thing," mused Gwynn. "The Edmeston Agency may be quite all right, but the man's name is Gratz."

"He's been under scrutiny. He seems to be all right."

"All the same—his name is all wrong. What was the chauffeur's name?"

"Bush."

"*Busch!*"

"He spells it without a *c*. I saw his signature on the Agency rolls."

"Have you his history?"

"He's Canadian. I've sent for it."

"You'll find that his father spelled his name with a *c*," remarked Gwynne, gloomily. But Vane only laughed.

"I'm off," he said. "Stick around where I can get you on the telephone if necessary. But I don't think it will be necessary."

"I do," muttered Gwynn.

CHAPTER V.

THE journey was the usual one through interminable London streets alternately respectable and squalid; and straight ahead through equally interminable suburbs with their endless "terraces," semi-detached and detached villas, and here and there a fine old house behind neglected garden walls, making its last forlorn stand against the all-destroying inroad of the London jungle.

There had been a heavy haze in London, but no fog. In the country, however, beyond the last outstretched suburban tentacle of the inky octopus, the morning sun glimmered low through a golden smother, promising glimpse of blue sky.

To Guild, one "heath" had always resembled another, and now, as they passed through the country at high speed, there seemed to him very little difference between the several named points which marked his progress toward Westheath. Hedges alternated with ivy-covered walls on either side of a wide, fine road; trees were splendid as usual, sheep fat, cattle sleek. Here and there a common or heath glimmered bewitchingly where sunlight fell among the whins; birds winged their way, waters glimmered, and the clean, singing August wind of England blew steadily in his face strangely reviving within him some ancient, forgotten, pre-natal wistfulness. Maybe it came from his American mother's English mother.

Near two villages and once on the open highway policemen leisurely signalled the chauffeur to stop, and came sauntering around to the tonneau to question Guild as to his origin, his business, and his destination; quiet, dignified, civil, respectable men they seemed to be in their night cloaks and their always smart and business-like helmets and uniforms.

All seemed satisfied, but all politely suggested that passports were now becoming fashionable in England. And Guild thanked them pleasantly and drove on.

"Bush," he said to his chauffeur, "this spy scare was ridiculed by the newspapers, but it looks to me as though it were being taken rather seriously after all."

"It is, sir."

"I understand that about thirty thousand German and Austrian reservists have been arrested in England since war began?"

"I hear so, sir."

"I suppose the country really is swarming with spies. The paper yesterday said that there was still a great and serious leakage of military information out of England. One paper, yesterday afternoon, reported that a number of spies had already been shot in the Tower."

"I have heard so, sir," said the chauffeur smilingly.

He was a blond, good-looking young fellow. Always his lips seemed to rest in pleasant curves as though his reveries were agreeable.

A few hideously modern detached villas were passed, then hedges, walls, a wood, a modern bridge.

"How near are we to Westheath now?" asked Guild, leaning forward in his seat.

"We are there, sir." And the smiling chauffeur slowed the car to a standstill at a cross-roads where furze and broom grew rankly over the heath and a few rather tawdry villas appeared among the trees beyond.

Guild looked at his watch. It was only a little after seven, an unearthly hour for a call upon any young girl, not to mention one to whom he was personally unknown.

A policeman still wearing his waterproof night cloak, came leisurely across to learn what was wanted.

"I am looking for the villa of Miss Girard—Miss Karen Girard," explained Guild.

"Hyacinth Villa, Number 169. Take the road to the right. It is the only house."

"Thank you."

The car moved forward, swung to the right. About a quarter of a mile away stood a small, modern stucco dwelling behind its hedge of privet. Beyond that there were woods again and dewy uplands glimmering with furze and brake.

When they arrived they found the driveway closed by a gate.

"Never mind; I'll walk to the house," said Guild.

The smiling chauffeur leaned back and opened the tonneau door; Guild descended, looked at the iron gate between its ugly stucco posts, peered through it up the drive with its parallel rows of recently planted lime trees. Everything about the place was recent if not brand new—ugly with the ugliness of well-to-do bad taste. Red geraniums and yellow cannas had been planted in fearsome juxtaposition, salvia flanked a red brick terrace—a most unholy combination of color. In the early morning the sun exposed the place without mercy. It was lonesome and amazingly depressing.

Glancing up at the gate again he discovered a nickel-plated label riveted to one of the stucco posts. On it was the name of the place, "Hyacinth Villa," and its number 169.

There was no lodge, no bell, but the wicket gate was not locked. So Guild entered.

"Shall I drive up to the house, sir?" inquired the chauffeur.

"No; wait out here."

There seemed to be no sign of life about the house when at last he arrived in front of it—nobody apparently stirring at that hour. He hesitated; he still wore the same knickerbockers and cap which he had worn in Belgium. His sack, which was now in the car, contained only fresh linen; and he began to wonder what his reception might be in such a costume and at such an hour. He doubted that the unconventionality of the daughter of a Prussian aristocrat might extend far enough to accept him, his rather shabby clothes, and his explanation of the visit.

It was all very well for this young girl to kick over the tradition, cut home traces in the sacred cause of art, call herself Girard, and live in an impossible villa for art's sake. Few well-born Frauleins ever did this sort of thing, but there had been instances. And anybody in Germany will always add that they invariably went to the devil.

Guild rang. After he had waited long enough he rang again. After that he resumed his ringing. Keeping his finger pressed on the electric button and laying his ear to the door. The bell was doing its duty inside the house; he could hear it.

Presently he heard a fumbling of chains and locks inside, the door opened on a crack and a sleepy voice inquired: "Is it you, Anna?"

Guild hesitated: "I wish to see Miss Girard. Is she at home?"

"Who are you?" demanded the voice no longer sleepy.

"My name is Guild. I am sorry to disturb Miss Girard at such an hour, but I cannot help it. Is Miss Girard in?"

"Yes; I am Miss Girard."

"Are you Miss Karen Girard?"

"Yes. Why do you wish to see me?"

"I can't tell you here. Are you dressed?"

There was a pause, then she said: "No."

"Please dress as quickly as you can. Dress for travel."

"What!"

"If you have a travelling dress, put it on. You can pack your luggage while I am talking to you. But dress as quickly as you can and then return and let me in."

She said after a moment's silence: "I certainly shall not do any of those things until I know more about you and about your errand here."

"I have a message for you from General Baron Kurt von Reiter."

"That is possible," she said quietly. "What is the message?"

"I was to say to you that the question which you were to decide on the first of November must be decided sooner."

"I must have clearer proof that your message is genuine. I am sorry to distrust you, but I have been annoyed lately."

"Very well," he said. "Open the door a little more. Don't be afraid. I merely wish you to look at a ring which I wear. I want you to draw it from my finger and look at what is engraved inside."

There was another silence. Then the door crack slowly widened.

"Please extend your hand," she said.

There was just enough of space for him to slip his hand between door and frame, and he did so. There came a light, soft touch on his ring-finger. The ring slipped off.

When she spoke again her voice was altered: "I shall dress immediately," she said. "I shall not keep you waiting long. You will find the door open. Please come in when I have gone upstairs."

"Thank you."

He could hear her light, flying feet on the stairs; he waited a little longer, then opened the door.

The hallway was dark, and he left the door open, then entered the room to the left, which seemed to be a library, music-room and living-room combined. Books, piano, easy chairs and sofas loomed in the dim light of drawn curtains. An easel on which stood a water-color drawing occupied the end of the room, and beside it was a table on which were porcelain dishes, tubes of color and scattered badger brushes.

It was evident that Miss Girard's talents were multiple, for he noticed also a violin and music stand near the piano, and on the violin score as well as on the score spread across the piano the same hand had written "Karen Girard."

He stood by the table, mechanically picking up, one after another, the books lying there. Some of the books were printed in French, some in German, in Italian, in Danish, in Swedish, in English. Miss Girard's name was written in all of them. Miss Girard appeared to be accomplished.

In the dim light Guild began to saunter around the room, encountering various evidences of Miss Girard's taste and mode of living—one or two Braun photographs of Velasquez, Boucher and Gainsborough on the walls—certainly a catholicism of taste entirely admirable;—one or two graceful bits of ancient Chinese art—blue and gold marvels of Pekin enamel; a millefleur tapestry panel, a bundle of golf clubs, a tennis bat, and a pair of spurs.

He thought to himself that when a girl goes in for all of these accomplishments it is because the gods have been otherwise unkind, and that she has to.

At the same time he remembered the voice he had heard through the scarcely opened door—the lovely voice of a young English girl—than which in all the world there is nothing half so lovely.

And it suddenly occurred to him that there had not been in it the faintest kind or trace of a German accent—that only its childish and sleepy sweetness had struck him first, and then its purity and its youthful charm.

Yes, truly, the gods had been kind to this young German girl of nineteen,

(*Continued on following page.*)



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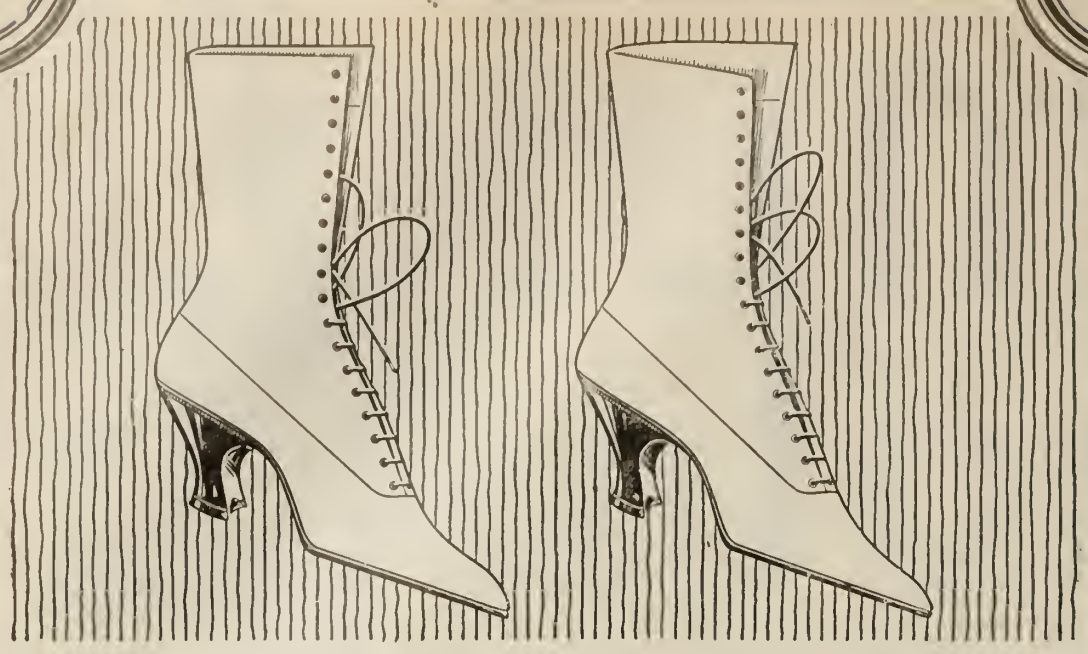


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Who Goes There

(Continued from preceding page.)

but it would be a little too much to ask of these same gods that they endow her with figure and features commensurate with her other charms and talents.

Then he suddenly remembered her profession, and that she was studying still for the dramatic profession. And he knew that this profession naturally required exterior charm of any woman who desired to embrace it.

While these ideas and speculations were occupying his mind he heard her on the stairs, and he turned and came forward as she entered the room.

She was a slender, straight girl of medium height; and her face was one of those fresh young faces which looked fragrant. And instantly the thought occurred to him that she was the vivid, living incarnation of her own voice, with her lilac-blue eyes and soft, white neck, and the full scarlet lips of one of those goddesses who was not very austere.

She wore a loosely-belted jacket of tan-colored covert-cloth, and narrow skirt of the same, and a wide golden-brown hat, and tan spats. The gods had been very, very kind to Miss Girard, for she even adorned her clothes, and that phenomenon is not usual in Great Britain or among German Fraulein, however accomplished and however well born.

She said: "I beg your pardon for detaining you so long on the outside door-step. Since the war began my maid and I have been annoyed by strangers telephoning and even coming here to ask silly and impertinent questions. I suppose," she added, disdainfully, "it is because there is so much suspicion of foreigners in England."

"I quite understand," he said. "Being German, your neighbors gossip."

She shrugged her indifference.

"Shall we talk here?" she asked gravely, resting one very white hand on the back of a chair. "You come from General Baron Kurt von Reiter. The ring is a credential beyond dispute."

"We can talk anywhere you wish," he said, "but there is little time, and somebody must pack a traveller's satchel for you. Have you a maid?"

"She went to London yesterday evening. She was to have returned on the eleven o'clock train last night. I can't understand it."

"Are you alone in the house?"

"Yes. My cook sleeps out. She does not come until half-past nine. My maid serves my breakfast."

"You haven't had any, then?"

"No."

"Can you fix something for yourself?"

"Yes, of course. Shall I do so now?"

"Yes. I'll go to the kitchen with you while you are doing it. There are several things to say and the time is short."

She led the way; he opened the kitchen shutters and let in the sunshine, then stood a moment watching her as she moved about the place with graceful celerity, preparing cocoa over an alcohol lamp, buttering a roll or two and fetching cup, plate, spoon and marmalade.

"Have you breakfasted?" she asked, looking at him over her shoulder.

"Yes—it is very good of you—"

"There will be plenty of cocoa and rolls—if you care for them. The rolls are yesterday's and not fresh."

She poured the cocoa in two cups and looked at him again in grave invitation.

"You are sure there is plenty?" he asked, smilingly.

"Plenty."

"Then—I do seem to be rather hungry."

He drew a chair for her; she seated herself and ate with a youthful appetite. He drank his cocoa, ate his rolls, and tried not to look at her too often.

"This is why I am here," he said. "I saw General Baron von Reiter four days ago under somewhat extraordinary circumstances.

"He told me that since the war broke out he had not been able to communicate directly with you or to get you out of England, and he asked me to find you and bring you to his estate at Trois Fontaines in Luxembourg."

"To Quellenheim?" she asked, surprised and disturbed. "Is he there?"

"No, he is with a field army, and he does not know where orders from staff headquarters may send him."

(Continued on following page.)

Who Goes There

(Continued from preceding page.)

"Still," she said, hesitating, "I should think that he might wish me to go to Silesia—"

"Silesia is threatened by the Russian army."

"Silesia!" she repeated, incredulously. "Cossacks in Silesia?" She sat, her cup of cocoa half raised to her lips, her surprised and disconcerted eyes on his. Then she set the cup aside.

"He wishes me to go to Quellenheim? With *you?*"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Travelling on the continent is precarious."

Her eyes rested on his; she said with a candour which he began to understand was characteristic of her: "He seems to have confidence in you. I never heard him speak of you. You are American?"

"Yes."

"That is odd. He never cared for Americans."

Guild said: "He could not send a German into England."

"That is true. Nor an Englishman either. No Englishman would be likely to do anything to oblige a German."

She rose: "I don't understand why Anna, my maid, is still absent,'" she added uneasily. "My maid often goes to London, but never before has she remained over night. I don't know why she remained. She knew I was alone in the house."

She lifted her serious blue eyes to Guild, then gazed out of the window, evidently perplexed to the point of apprehension.

"I am worried," she said, "very much worried. But that doesn't help, does it?"

"What was her errand in London?" asked Guild.

"She has a brother there. I suppose it's all right or she would have telephoned me."

He said: "No doubt it is all right. And, may I ask you to hasten?"

She rose: "Where am I to go with you?"

"To London and then to the steamer."

"To-day?"

"To-day is Wednesday. No other Holland Line boat sails for Amsterdam before Sunday, and I have yet our passage to secure and I must also go to the War Office for a few moments. You see we have very little time."

"But I can't pack my boxes then?"

"You will have to leave them."

"You mean I may take only a satchel?"

"A suit-case and satchel if you wish. Leave a note for your maid instructing her to send by express whatever else you wish sent after you."

"Is this haste necessary, Mr. Guild?"

"Yes, it is. I want to get out of England. I am not sure that I can get out if we wait until Sunday."

"Why not?"

"I may be detained. I may not be permitted to leave with you. All foreigners are under more or less suspicion. I am rather sure that I have been under surveillance already at the Berkeley Hotel."

They had moved out into the hall together while he was speaking, and now, together, they went up the stairs.

"If you don't mind," she said, "my room is in disorder, but I'll have to pack there and you will have to sit there if you wish to talk to me."

It was a white and chintz room in dainty disorder.

She went away and returned in a moment or two with a satchel and suit-case. These she placed on the bed, opened, and then, dragging out various drawers of chiffonier and chest, began to transfer her apparel to the two bags.

"I am extremely sorry," he said, "to hurry you so inconveniently."

"I don't mind," she replied, busy with her packing. "You see I am an actress and I have travelled with a company in the provinces. That *was* an experience!" She turned her pretty head and looked at Guild. "I had no maid then, except at the theatres where we played, and I had to share her with three other girls. Really, Mr. Guild, it taught me how to pack things rather rapidly."

Her white hands were flying as she folded and placed garment after garment in the suit-case, serene, self-possessed, quite undisturbed by his presence at the rather intimate display of her apparel.

The garments were bewilderingly frail to him; she tucked and packed them into place; a faint fresh scent seemed to freshen the place.

He said: "I don't think we are going to have any trouble about leaving England. But, if any trouble does arise, would you have sufficient confidence in me to do what I say?"

She continued her packing for a few moments without replying, then turned and looked at him.

And, at the same moment the telephone on the table beside her bed tinkled.

"There is Anna now!" she exclaimed with the emphasis of relief. "Will you pardon me? No, I don't mean you are to leave the room—"

She lifted the receiver: "Yes, I am here. . . . Yes, this is Miss Girard. Yes, Miss Karen Girard. . . . Mr. Louis Gratz? Oh, good morning!"

At the name of the man with whom she was speaking Guild turned around surprised. At the same instant the girl's face flushed brightly as she sat listening to what the distant Mr. Gratz was saying to her.

Guild watched her; perplexity, surprise, a deeper flush of consternation, all were successively visible on her youthful face.

"Yes," she said to Mr. Gratz. "Yes, I will do whatever he wishes. . . . Yes, he is here—here in my room with me. We were talking while I packed. Yes, I will do so." And, turning her head a little she said to the young man behind her: "The Edmeston Agency desires to speak to you."

He rose and took the receiver from her hand and bent over beside her listening.

"Are you there?" inquired a pleasant voice.

"Yes."

"I am Gratz of the Edmeston Agency. Get that young lady out of the house at once. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Her maid is in trouble. This agency may be in trouble at any moment. She must not wait to pack. Get her into the car and take her to the wharf and on board at once. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Take her as your wife. Do you understand?"

"I understand what you say," he said, amazed.

"That is sufficient. Do as I tell you if you want to leave England."

"Very well. But I must first go to the War Office—"

"No!"

"I must!"

"No. It is useless; hopeless. It would have been the thing to do yesterday. An explanation there would have given you credentials and security. But not to-day. *She* could not hope to leave. Do you understand?"

"No, but I hear you."

"She could not expect permission to leave because her maid has been arrested."

"What?"

"Yes! The charge is most serious."

"What is it?"

"Get into your car with the young lady and start at once. Don't go to the steamship office in Fenchurch Street. Don't go to the War Office. Go nowhere except to the wharf. Your passage has been secured as Mr. and Mrs. Kervyn Guild of New York. The initials on the baggage will be K. G. Your steamer tickets will be handed to you. You will pay no attention to the man who hands them to you, no attention to anybody. You will go aboard and go to your cabin until the ship is out at sea. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Good-bye."

CHAPTER VI.

GUILD hung up the receiver, then turned around and looked stood a moment in thought gravely at the girl behind him. She gazed back at him as though still a trifle breathless after some sudden shock.

"What did that man say to you over the wire?" he asked in pleasant, even tones.

"He told me to trust you, and do

(Continued on page 45.)

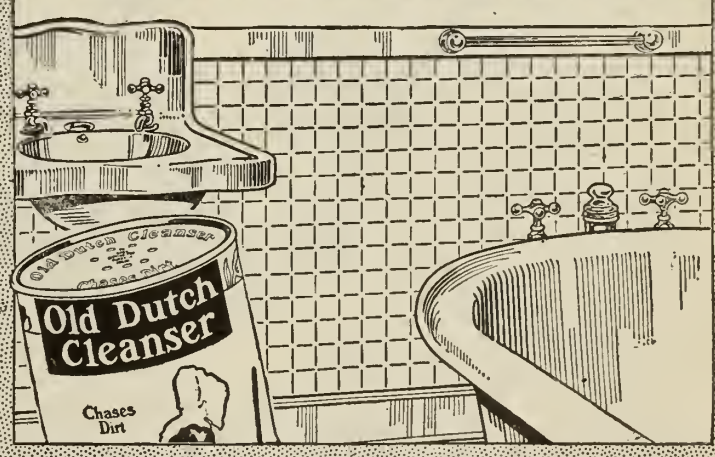
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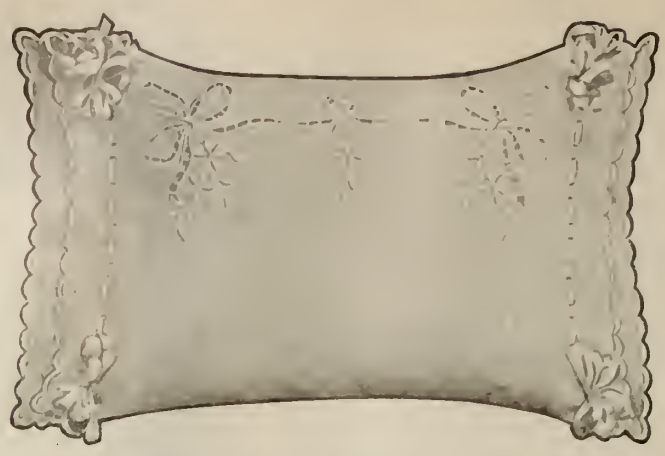
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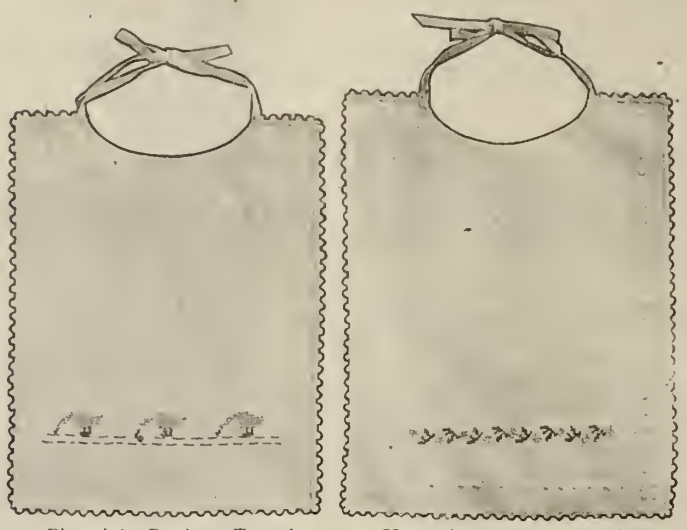
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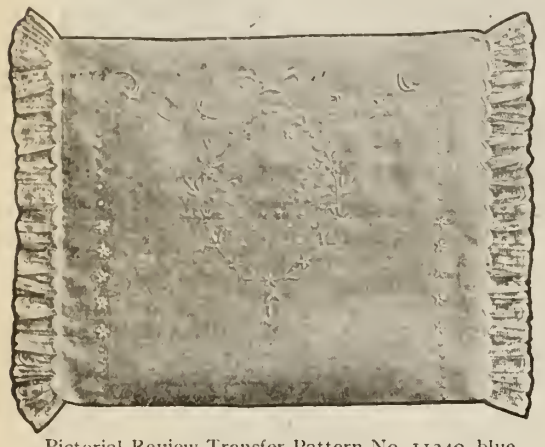


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Here is another design which is included in pattern No. 12362, also embroidered in cross-stitch.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11340, blue. Here is a dainty embroidered pillow-case for the baby. The design with scallop is 13 by 15¾ inches. The pillow may be of nainsook or batiste with lace edging.



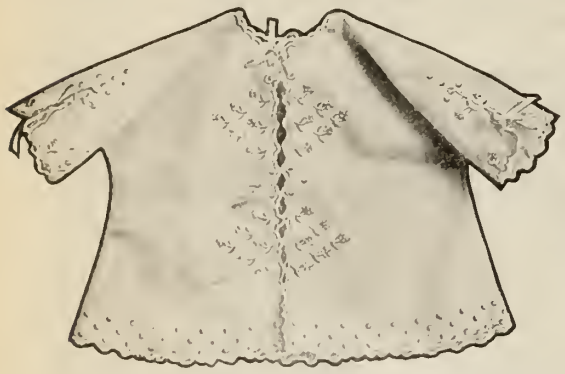


Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11880, blue. The design and shape of cap are provided. The cap matches sack No. 11881.

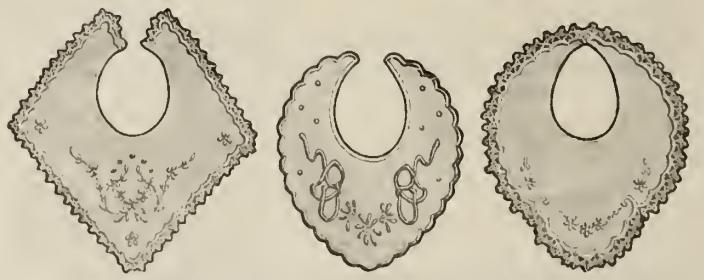
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12243, blue.



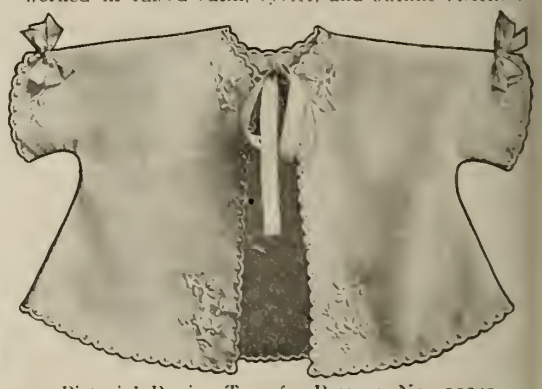
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12115, blue. Dainty sprays of lily of the valley for a baby pillow. The design is 6 by 13 inches. The embroidery is worked in raised satin, eyelet, and outline stitches.



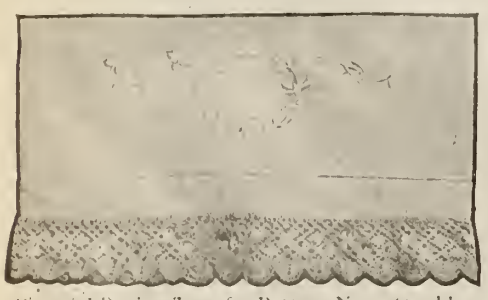
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11881, blue. The embroidery of this dear little sack matches the cap that is illustrated above at the right. The sack is Pattern No. 5021, one size. The cap is No. 11880.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12238, blue. Nothing makes a more acceptable gift for the baby than hand-embroidered bibs. The pattern provides three different designs, all very attractive.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12243, blue. A charming design for baby's sack illustrated on Set No. 5021, including a sack and cap, one size.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11679, blue. Design for baby's pillow or towel.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11069, blue. Here is a handsome carriage-cover which may be fashioned of piqué embroidered in daisy design. It is 26 by 30½ inches.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12240, blue, on Gertrude Petticoat 4958



Embroidery 12455 on Infants' Coat 7767



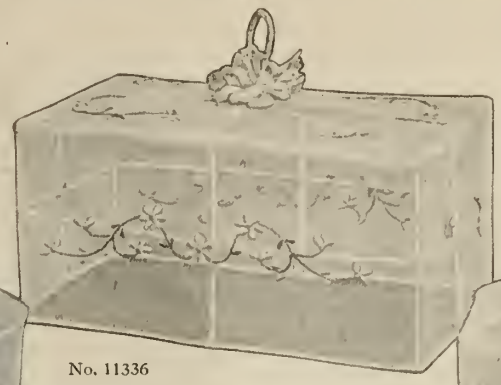
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12077, blue, on Infants' Coat 5356

Novelties in Needlework that Will Make Charming Christmas Gifts



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12245, blue, 15 cents. To keep rolls or biscuits hot for the late comer for breakfast here is a daintily embroidered case. Design for two cases 17¼ inches square.

THE woman who is looking for a dainty yet inexpensive gift will find a novelty that is most appealing in the embroidered net covers illustrated below on this page. They are useful for the tea table when it is on the porch in protecting the food from dust and insects.



No. 11336

NOTHING appeals more to the housewife than embroidered household linens, and here are illustrated many that are easy to work and inexpensive to make up. We are all asked to restrict our Christmas gifts to the strictly practical.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12244, blue, 15 cents. Muffins and toast may be kept hot in an attractive case like this. Two are provided in the pattern, each 17¼ inches square. Attractive little napkins like these are much appreciated as holiday gifts. The Japanese lettering is worked in raised satin stitch, the sprays and dots in eyelets, the scallops buttonholed.



No. 11355

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11336, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Above is illustrated an oblong cover of net daintily embroidered which may be placed over a plate of cookies, sandwiches, or sweets. No. 11355 at left, 15 cents, and No. 11339 at right, 15 cents, also illustrate dainty net covers, embroidered, which serve to protect the sweets and sandwiches.



No. 11339



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12236, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Here is a dainty design including sixty tiny sprays for embroidering a net cover for the bonbon dish, the cake plate, or sandwich tray.

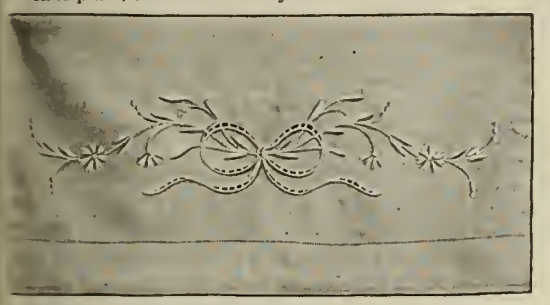


Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12303, blue, 15 cents. At right and left are illustrated cunning doilies to cover the cream-jug and sugar-bowl. These may be of linen with tiny sprays.

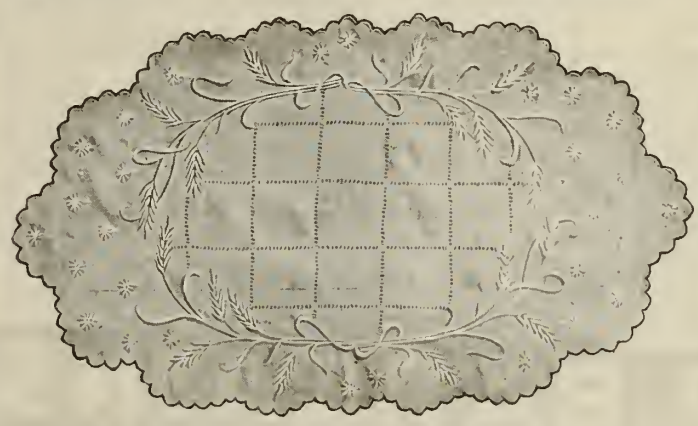




Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11810, blue or yellow, 15 cents. The plate of sandwiches is given a much more appetizing effect by being protected by one of these covers.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12220, blue, 5 cents. Corn-flower and bow-knot design for sheets nd pillow-cases. Sheet design is 7 by 35 inches, and illow-case or towel design is 4¼ by 20 inches.



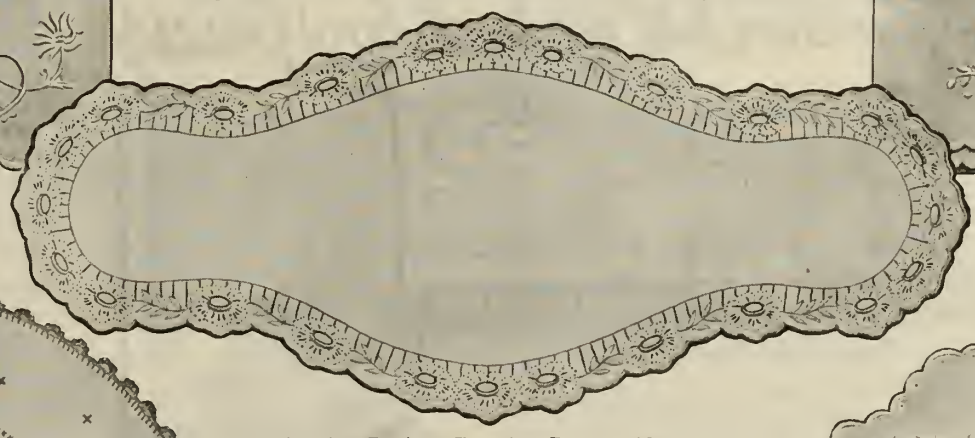
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11842, blue, 15 cents. Not alone attractive but practical is this oval centerpiece which may also be used as a doily for a large tray. It is 20 by 36 inches.



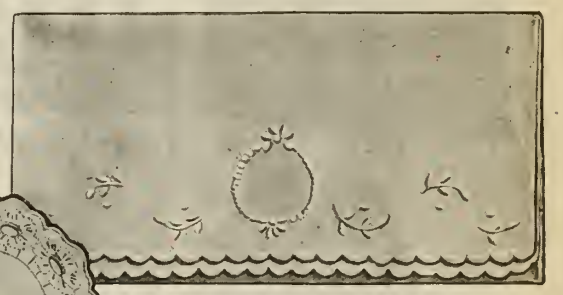
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12222, blue, 15 cents. Above is illustrated a very attractive design for a sheet and pair of pillow-cases that is easily worked.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 2255, blue, 15 cents. Embroidery design or a pair of pillow-cases in raised satin stitch, r with dots and centers in eyelets.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12292, blue, 15 cents. Very unusual in shaping is this buffet scarf which is 15¾ inches wide by 38 inches long. It may be outlined with Delft blue embroidery cotton with black for the flower stems and lines.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11682, blue, 15 cents. Transfers for two guest towels 15¾ inches wide are given in this pattern. The leaves and medallions are worked in raised satin stitch, the scallops buttonholed.



No. 12432

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12432, blue, 15 cents. A charming centerpiece 36 inches in diameter is provided in this pattern. Illustrated at the right are Transfer Patterns Nos. 12433, 15 cents, and 12434, 10 cents, both in blue only. No. 12433 gives six 10-inch doilies, No. 12434, six 6-inch doilies.



No. 12433

No. 12434



No. 12196
36-inch Centerpiece



No. 12091

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12196, blue, 15 cents. Above is a charming centerpiece embroidered in wreaths and garlands of daisies worked in eyelet and raised satin stitches. Below at the left is shown Transfer Pattern No. 12091, blue, 15 cents. This scarf is 21 by 70 inches.

An Afternoon in Antivari

(*Continued from page* 21.)

and Bulgaria, and despises every other nation on earth, her vanity making her an unreliable ally? Roumania would like to be Greece's ally, but will not submit to Greek patronage. She also dislikes Bulgaria, who sneers at the pretensions to descent from ancient Greek or Roman. Bulgaria believes she is the most civilized of our four, and has the finest army, and she feels that she should rule us all, by the right of her might."

"And Serbia, Gospoditza?"

"We despise no one, Gospodar. We try to fear God and deal honestly with our neighbors, but everywhere we feel the hate and greed of Austria reaching towards us with clawing hands."

A little tired of politics, I tried to change the subject by telling the maiden that it was a lovely day. "June 15 is never a lovely day to a Serb, Gospodar," she said, meekly. "We always fast on it because of the Kossovo Polye" (Field of Blackbirds).

"The Gospodar does not understand," said my hostess. "Sing him the ballad of Tsar Lazer, Djevajka."

The maiden had a good, well-trained voice, and even the brightness of that perfect June day seemed shadowed, as she sang what is perhaps the saddest song in the world—now a wailing over the slaying of the Serb army with their Tsar at Kossovo, in 1389, and the crushing of all Serbia by "foes who never spare." Then stern, thrilling cries for vengeance. I felt I was very foolish, yet even in the comfortable twentieth century, when great wars among civilized nations are surely a thing of the past, I felt that a vague horror of blackness was rising somewhere, threatening the simple pastoral people that I had so many friends among. I was glad when the song was ended.

Past the lawn came a troop of lively children, boys and girls, all carrying books, and little pots of ink. There was evidently a school at Antivari, and it was out. I guessed many of the children had come long distances, for the Serb is very keen on education and his public schools are good. In the mountain districts, when winter made the roads impassable, I have known children to be taken to school with a supply of food and blankets, and left to camp there several nights, till the weather improved.

The maiden was attending High school, she told me, with a view to College. "We are learning Shakespeare, Gospodar," she added, shyly.

"And don't enjoy him," I said. She laughed and blushed, and I added, "Shakespeare, when you have to look up every second word in the dictionary, is not enthralling. Did you know that one of my favorites of his plays is of Serbia? It is 'Twelfth Night,' and all happens in a 'city of Illyria, and the seacoast near it'."

"It might have been Antivari," exclaimed the maiden, "only in Shakespeare's time it belonged to Venice, but I know Albania, and Montenegro, and some of Serb Austria, was Illyria, and that the Serbs of the coast, often helped by Venice, kept up a war with the Turk for centuries."

"Well, there is strong internal evidence in Shakespeare's plays that he visited Venice, and nowhere else abroad. And I have imagined that one day he saw a Serb 'Duke' (Shakespeare calls all foreign rulers kings or dukes, perhaps because they are easier to spell.) This one may have been visiting the Republic, and was thanked for his kindness to some shipwrecked sailors, also he may have just married a Venetian girl. So Shakespeare wove the story of the ship wrecked on a strange coast, and the passenger's twin sister, disguising herself as a boy, because she thought her brother dead, and that she might be safer with her sex unknown."

The maiden nodded. "Serb women often did that when the Turk came, hoping to be shot down with the men. But Viola would have been quite safe with us, though, of course, she did not know but what we were the Austrians, or their masters, the Germans.

So I told her the story, thinking that if Olivia had been such another young Serb girl, with frank, innocent eyes, I did not wonder at Sabastian's willingness to marry her five minutes after they first met, and before he even knew her name.

Fearing that the industrial and political development of a peasant Serbia, under a king whose grandfather tended pigs for a living, would make Austrian peasants rise against being ruled by an upper class, Austria struck—and the world was wrapped in flame.

I read of the drive of the War Machine over the homes and hearts of Serbia. Montenegro was cut off from getting food anywhere—then "the Austrians occupied Antivari without opposition," I read. What was there in Antivari to oppose them, I wondered.

I have a letter from a Serb friend, now among the refugees in Greece: "At Antivari the Christians (the Moslems welcomed the invader) could choose between these men or the wilds of Albania, with their deep snow, and uncivilized tribes. A few young men and women got through. Miss Brankowich might have kept up with us, she was a strong girl, but she would stay with her grandmother and old aunt. There is no chance that they survived. The mountain passes must be strewn with our dead women, and old men, and little children. God rest their souls."

The merry children with their books and inkpots—my gracious hostess—sister-in-law—are you all laying dead and uncoffined on those snow-heaped heights? And the maiden, who would not leave you to save herself—little Serb girl, I am glad your white body is there. We in Canada are helping to fight against these men. God rest your souls, my friends, and may your bodies seal your lands against the holding of them by the Hun and his allies.

Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(*Continued from page* 17.)

entertain the soldiers, that they want to be taken into the family. They are just as happy, and more so, with their feet on the kitchen stove, as they are posed in front of an aristocratic electric grate, in a beautiful drawing-room.

Then perhaps some of us, through force of circumstances, cannot invite the soldiers to our homes for a holiday. Well, what is to hinder us from picking out the biggest, shiniest, rosiest apples from our whole orchard, packing them in a box and sending them to a military hospital. The men are provided with essentials, but it is these unexpected extras that are so appreciated.

Did you ever think that cedar that is gathered in the woods may be arranged in wreaths and tied with bright red ribbon to take the place of holly. It makes a perfectly wonderful Christmas decoration; last year some bright, energetic girl conceived the idea, and we decorated a whole ward with it. Holly is expensive, and at long distance range cedar has the same effect.

And if you make up Christmas stockings, do remember to put in only things that are useful. You would be surprised at the number of things that are thoughtlessly and foolishly given a place in the soldiers' stockings which are only a waste of money and an insult to a soldier's dignity. After all, they are just the civilians of a couple of years ago, and they should be treated as men, and not as inmates of a charitable institution. Don't forget to put in a little note with your parcel; it gives the gifts a personal touch that the soldiers very much appreciate. They like to know that a really, truly someone planned and worked to give them pleasure, and not frantically grabbed half a dozen articles and jumbled them all together with the saintly, self-satisfied remark. "Oh, I guess that will do," and shipped them off.

Then there are those who have the privilege of visiting the hospitals. I distinctly remember one woman who brought a couple of her children to the hospital, laden with three boxes of chocolate and three packages of cigarettes. They happened to come into the ward when I was on duty, and immediately opened the candy and allowed each man to take a couple and offered them a cigarette. "You know the children love to do it," she said. "They will talk of this for months," she beamed. "I think everyone should try to do something for the soldiers for Christmas, don't you?" "Yes," I agreed, "it is very kind, I am sure." But if she could have heard some of the remarks I heard after she went out, I am sure she would not have been so proud of her manner of doing something for the soldiers. For the boys had swallowed their pride on their own account, or had been jollied into doing it by some of the other fellows. "Don't spoil the kiddies' fun," I heard one of them say to another, who, I think, was inclined to refuse point blank any cigarettes or candy, on the plea that he wasn't on the charity list yet. But the children went away, glorying in the fact that they had really and truly helped to give the soldiers a little happiness, and I am sure the mother shared the same opinion. But to my mind, and I know the soldiers will agree with me, if she had offered the soldiers the use of her chauffeur and beautiful limousine for a day, she might have accomplished something, instead of trying to find amusement for her children by this extraordinary procedure.

It is only a little incident, but it shows that we may fail to accomplish that which we set out to do by a little misjudgment and loss of perspective on our part. I am sure, if the lady who brought her children to the hospital had thought for a moment how her own brother would have felt if he had been one of the soldiers, she would have hesitated before she made the visit. And whenever we try to help the soldiers, either at Christmas or any other time, we must remember to put ourselves in their places and see how we would feel under the circumstances.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Do you think I could get a position as a clerk in one of the military hospitals in New Brunswick? Are special accomplishments necessary? To whom should one apply for such a position?

K. T., New Brunswick.

I am sending you the name and address to whom you should apply for the position. You should have a good idea of clerical work and a St. John's Ambulance certificate, although that is not absolutely necessary. I am also sending you the rate of salary paid. Be sure to state your qualifications

(*Continued on following page.*)

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The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(Continued from preceding page.)

when you apply for the position. You are obliged to sign up for twelve months, after one month's probation.

Regarding clerks, typists and telephone operators for the General Division, do women pay their own expenses while working?

Shelburne, N.S.

Girls in the General Service Division are given a salary; rations, quarters and laundry allowance provided.

Could you tell me how long the Massage Course is, and is it compulsory to go overseas?

Georgetown, Ont.

The Massage Course lasts six months, and after that you are obliged to sign up for one year, for service in Canada. No girls have been sent from Canada overseas in the capacity of "Massage Sisters."

I would like to ask some soldiers for an evening at our house, especially those who have no friends. We live in a city where there is a large camp, but I do not know any of the men. How, dear Betty, should I go about it, as I do not want to do anything that would cause comment.

A. L. F.

Why not telephone the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of the camp to which you refer? Tell him you would like to entertain some soldiers who have no friends, and I am sure he would only be too glad to help you out, and help some of the boys who are very lonely.

Our club is making up some Christmas stockings, for returned soldiers. Would you please send us the name and address of some hospital where they are needed.

A. B. C.

Enclosed you will find the address of the hospital where they will be most welcome.

I have been knitting a number of socks lately, consequently I have a number of different shades of wool left. As wood is so scarce I was wondering if there was any way I could make use of it.

A. B.,
British Columbia.

Did you ever try to make a stump sock? It is made exactly like an ordinary sock, but instead of a heel and toe they are rounded off just as you would a toe. And is used to hold the bandages in place and keep the stump warm. It should, however, be made a little larger. I am sending you the directions by mail.

We have collected a lot of money for our Canadian Military Hospitals. How would you advise us to invest it where it will be of the most use?

Quartette.

Now that the winter is coming I do not think you could spend your money to a better advantage than to buy a number of hot water bottles for the bed patients. Sometimes the hospitals are not as warm as they should be and hot water bottles are badly needed. You would be surprised how generously some of the patients give these up when they find out that another fellow is a little worse off than they, and there never is enough to go round. You might also make some covers for them too, as it is against all rules in military hospitals to provide a patient with a hot water bottle without a cover. Owing to the absence of feeling in some cases, they are badly burned before they know it.

Could you kindly tell me the age a girl must be to enter a military hospital as a V.A.D.? I am contemplating entering a hospital as a nurse, but seeing this article I thought I might be of service to my country by taking this work instead. I could not, however, afford to pay my board while taking the course.

Saskatoon.

To be a V.A.D. nurse you must be from 21 to 48 years of age. You need not pay your board while taking your course, as you can take it while serving in the hospital if you are accepted.

I am thinking of taking a course as Functional Trainer. Would I be obliged to leave home?

Edith L., Winnipeg.

You must go to Toronto for your training, which is given at Hart House, and lasts about three months; sometimes a little longer. After the training is over you will in all probability be sent back to a Winnipeg hospital. As far as possible the authorities are allowing the Functional Trainers to live at home. If this is impossible you will live in the nurse's quarters and be absolutely under the control of the matron.

Who Goes There

(*Continued from page* 41.)

what you told me to do. He said Anna, my maid, had been arrested."

"Who is he?" asked Guild grimly.

"Do you mean Mr. Gratz?"

"Yes; who is Mr. Gratz?"

"Don't *you* know him?" she said, astonished.

"I have never laid eyes on him. Your father recommended to me the Edmeston Agency and mentioned the name of a Louis Gratz who might be of use to me. That is all I know."

"My—*father*—you say?"

"Certainly, General Baron von Reiter."

"Oh! . . . Then it must be quite all right. Only—I don't understand about my maid—"

"Did Mr. Gratz tell you she had been arrested?"

"Yes."

"On a serious charge?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea what that charge may be?" he asked, studying her face.

"I haven't any idea," she said; "have you?"

"I don't know; perhaps I have. Is your maid German?"

"Yes."

"You brought her with you from Germany?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get her?"

"General von Reiter's housekeeper found her for me."

He hesitated, still looking steadily into those violet blue eyes of hers which seemed to question him so candidly. No, there could be no dishonesty there.

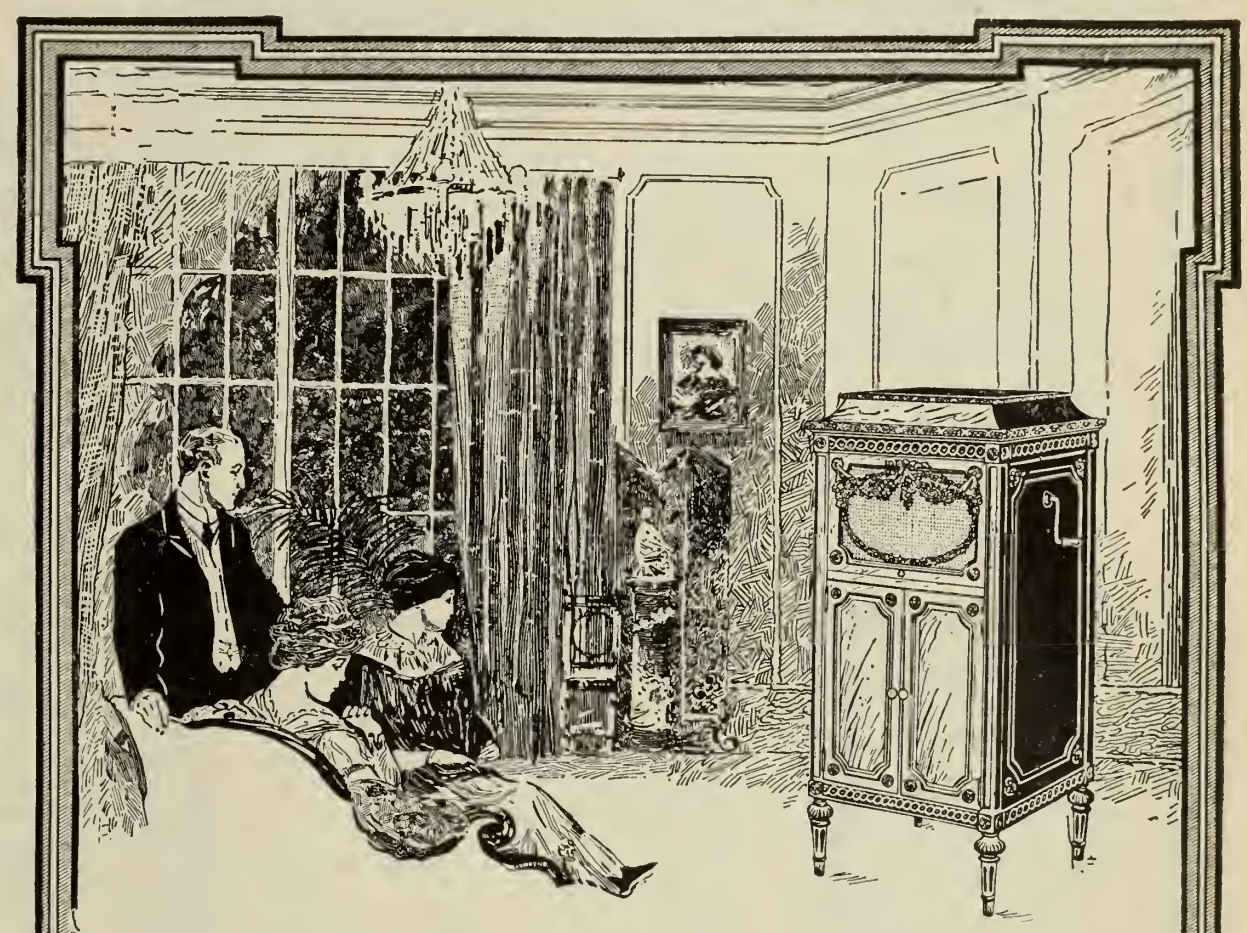
"Miss Girard," he said, "I find that I am going to be very much more frank with you than there once seemed any occasion for being. I am also going to say something to you that may possibly offend you. But I can't help it. It is this: Have you through your letters to or from your father, imparted or received any military intelligence which might be detrimental to Great Britain or to her allies?"

"Do you mean am I a sort of spy?" she asked, flushing to the roots of her hair.

"In substance it amounts to that. And I shall have to ask you to answer me. And I'll tell you why I ask. I didn't intend to tell you; my personal and private affairs did not concern you. But they do now. And these happen to be the facts in my case: I was taken prisoner in Belgium by the cavalry forming the advance of your father's command. It happened four days ago; I was sentenced to military execution, led out for that purpose, reprieved by your father himself on condition that I undertake to find you and conduct you safely to Trois Fontaines near the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg.

"If I am unsuccessful in the undertaking, I am pledged to go back volun-

(*Continued on following page.*)



The Gift That Overshadows All Others

FOR nearly two thousand years, it has been the custom to present gifts betokening Peace and Good-will to one's family and friends at Christmas time, and though most of us may not emulate the Wise Men of the East by bringing Gold, Myrrh and Precious Stones, still we may offer those whom we love a gift which will be quite as precious: MUSIC.

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Who Goes There

(Continued from preceding page.)

tarily and face a firing squad. If I am successful I am permitted to go free, and so are my fellow-hostages. And the little town where I was arrested is to be spared."

He passed one hand over his eyes, thoughtfully, then, looking at her very seriously:

"There seemed to be no reason why an honorable man might not accept such terms. I accepted them. But—things have happened here which I neither understand nor like. And I've got to say this to you; if my taking you back to your father means any detriment to England or to the cause England represents—in other words, if your returning to him means the imparting to him of any military information gathered here by you, then—I won't take you back; that's all!"

After a moment, half to herself, she said: "He really thinks me a spy. I knew it!"

"I don't think so. I am merely asking you!" he retorted impatiently. "There is something dead wrong here. I was intending to go to the War Office to tell them there very frankly about my predicament, and to ask permission to take you back in order to save my fellow-hostages, the village, and my own life; and now a man named Gratz, of whom I know nothing, calls me on the telephone and warns me not to go to the War Office, but to get you out of England as soon as I can do it.

"What am I to think of this? What does this man Gratz mean when he tells me that your maid has been arrested on a serious charge and that the Edmeston Agency of a German automobile is in danger?"

The girl stood very still, with one slender hand resting on her satchel, her face pale and quietly serious, her brows bent slightly inward, as though she were trying to remember something or to solve some unpleasant problem not yet plain to her.

"One thing is clear," she said after a moment, lifting her candid eyes to his; "and that is, if you don't take me back, certain friends of yours will be executed and a village in which you seem interested will be destroyed."

"If taking you back means any harm to England," he said, "I won't take you."

"And—your friends? What becomes of them?"

"My friends and the village must take the same chances that I do."

"What chances? Do you mean to go back without me?"

"I said I would," he replied drily.

"You said that if you went back without me they'd execute you."

"That's what I said. But there's no use in speculating on what is likely to happen to me if I go back without you. If you don't mind, I think we had better start at once. We have had our warning from this man Gratz."

He gave her a searching glance, hesitated, then apparently came to an abrupt conclusion.

"Miss Girard," he said coolly, "your father once took a good look at me and then made up his mind about me. And he was not mistaken; I am what he believes me to be. Now, I also have seen you, and I've made up my mind concerning you. And I don't expect to be mistaken. So I say to you frankly I am an enemy to Germany—to your country—and I will not knowingly aid her—not to save my own skin or the skins of anybody else. Tell me then have you any military knowledge which you intend to impart to your father?"

"No," she said.

"Have you any suspicion that your maid has been involved in any such risky business?"

"I have no knowledge of anything military at all. I don't believe my maid has, either."

"You can recall no incident which might lead you to believe that your maid is engaged in that sort of affair?"

The girl was silent. He repeated the question. She said: "Anna has complained of being followed. I have already told you that she and I have been annoyed by impertinent telephone calls and by strange men coming here. Do you suppose they were from Scotland Yard?"

"Possibly. Have you any suspicion why your maid has been arrested?" he persisted. She hesitated; her straight brows knitted slightly again, as though in a perplexed effort to remember and to understand. Then she looked up at Guild out of troubled eyes and shook her head:

"I don't know—I don't know—whatever my suspicions may be—"

"Suspicions!"

"My personal suspicions could scarcely concern you, Mr. Guild."

The snub was direct; he reddened.

"Very well," he said. "What you say gives me a decent chance for life." He drew a quick breath of relief. "I'm mighty glad," he said; "I have—have seen men die. It isn't—an—agreeable sight. I think we'd better go."

"In a moment."

She took her satchel and went into another room with it, closing the intervening door. She was gone only a few seconds. When she returned she had locked the satchel; he closed and strapped her suit-case and took it in his hand. Together they descended the stairway and started through the lower hall.

And what occurred there happened like lightning.

For, as he passed the door of the darkened living room, a man jumped out behind him and threw one arm around his throat, and another man stepped in front of him and snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

It was not even a struggle; Guild was being held too tightly. The girl shrank back against the wall, flattening herself against it, staring dumbly at the proceeding as though stunned. She did not even cry out when the man who had handcuffed Guild turned on her and caught her by the elbow.

"Come along quietly, miss," he began, when suddenly his voice died out in a groan and he crumpled up on the floor as Bush, the chauffeur, sprang from the passage-way behind him and struck him with something short and heavy.

(To be Continued.)

The Children's Hour

(Continued from page 25.)

entirely destroyed, and all the insect pests would have increased by millions.

Last year I heard of a little boy in Toronto who gave his Christmas tree to his bird friends. It was only a small tree, and the boy was poor, but after the few presents were taken off, he tied one or two bones, some bits of fat and dry crusts on to the tree. Then he carried it into the yard at the back of the cottage he lived in. The birds soon found the treat, and so many came that their weight tumbled the tree over. The boy and his sister ran out and secured the tree fast this time, and soon the birds were back again, and made the poor yard ring with cheerful calls of thanks, and we may be sure their bright eyes saw the happy faces watching them through the kitchen window.

The birds don't ask you for luxuries. They would not eat them if you put them out, and you needn't buy a Christmas tree on purpose. Perhaps you have a garden; then, surely it won't be hard to find a tree that you can use. Don't do it only on Christmas Day. Continue to feed them until the thaw starts; then they will need your help no longer, but they will need your love and protection through their working days.

Very few people realize what our birds are doing for the good and prosperity of Canada. Here in your own journal you will have an opportunity to learn somewhat of the value of our Canadian birds, and by learning yourselves, you can then teach others. Write and tell me of the feathered soldiers that are fighting in your district. Remember they are soldiers, and they have enemies to fight and conquer, that you may have daily food. Don't you want to get to know them?

A Forehanded Youth.

"You are an honest boy," beamed the old lady as she opened the roll of five one-dollar bills, "but the money I lost was a five-dollar bill. Didn't you see that in the advertisement?"

"Yessum," exclaimed the boy. "It was a five-dollar bill I found, but I had it changed so you could pay me the reward."

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FASHIONS

(*Continued from page* 34.)

7987—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch satin for foundation dress—1⅜ yard 44-inch serge for panels—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12473, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Wool conservation is faithfully carried out in this chic frock, as the only wool that enters into its making is the panels, while the remainder of the dress is of satin. The panels hang from the shoulders front and back, and are mounted on a foundation dress that consists of a front-closing waist joined to a one-piece skirt that may be gathered or accordion-plaited.

8018—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards 36-inch Pussy Willow taffeta—¾ yard 36-inch white satin for collar, cuffs and vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The tendency toward plain close-fitting bodices is admirably expressed in this frock of French blue taffeta. The bodice is draped slightly toward the underarm to give a snug fit.

8014—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch black satin—½ yard 18-inch lace—½ yard 18-inch white organdy for collar—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. In the front ranks of fashionable favor is the frock with diagonal drapery which is so attractively illustrated here developed in black satin with the new cavalier collar of lace and organdy.

7904—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch check serge—3¼ yards 36-inch black satin—½ yard 32-inch organdy for overcollar and vest—1⅞ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Braiding No. 12147, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Conservation frocks of check worsted and black satin are among the season's favorites. In this model the serge is used for the redingote-like overdress which is mounted on a foundation dress of black satin.

7989—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard white Pussy Willow taffeta for collar—1¾ yard picot-edged ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A simple bodice draped to form a girdle effect and full-length panel back are the most attractive features of this frock of beige wool Jersey.

(*Continued from page* 35.)

7754—Ladies' House Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 32-inch chambray—½ yard 32-inch check gingham. Width at lower edge, about 1⅞ yard. Below a square yoke this simple morning dress is gathered.

(*Continued on page* 57.)

Sweet and Savory Dishes

(*Continued from page* 29.)

CHICKEN CREOLE.—Cut a chicken in pieces for serving; season with salt, pepper and paprika. Melt five tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan, add one onion finely chopped and the chicken, and fry until well browned. Remove the chicken, add four tablespoonfuls of flour, two cupfuls of water or stock, three cupfuls of cooked tomatoes, one red pepper chopped, one stalk of celery chopped, and cook for five minutes. Replace the chicken in the sauce, and cook slowly until tender. Arrange the chicken on a hot dish, surround with the sauce and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

PRUNE PIE.—Moisten two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with one tablespoonful of cold water and add one-half cupful of boiling water and cook for eight minutes. When cool add one beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of corn syrup or honey and cook for a few minutes, but do not allow to boil. Then add one cupful of cooked prunes from which the stones have been removed, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Put in a ready baked crust and serve.

The following conservation pie crust is excellent for pies:—Into a bowl sift one cupful each of corn flour, barley flour and wheat flour, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, cut and rub in one-half cupful of butter substitute, and mix to a stiff dough with cold water. Chill before using.



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His Christmas Gift

(*Continued from page* 10.)

Now he stood like a being amazed, and looked on his son almost in fear. His face was pale, and his hands trembled so noticeably that he folded his arms and tucked his fingers into his armpits. Then he glanced from the child to its mother, and saw her patient eyes light up with a glory that took the plainness from her face. It frightened him, that new beauty of hers. He could have fled from the look in her eyes, ashamed and afraid. For through those eyes he looked into the depths of a soul that has experienced unutterable pain, intense thirst for love and understanding. How could he have known that she had feelings so fine! How could he have known that his neglect hurt her so cruelly!

"It's all right, my girl!"

He spoke the words with an effort, knowing that she understood some of his simple sentences by the movement of his lips. She was quick to read the sympathy of his face, and in the presence of the others that seemed all he could give her. A moment later he quitted the room without explanation.

Dr. Lett was not as unnatural a father as he appeared on first making the acquaintance of his son. A short time afterward he came and looked at the child again as it slept in a room across the hall from his workshop. He made the discovery that it was good-looking as infants go. It—why, it was like himself! At the risk of waking it, he felt that he must devise a simple test to prove whether its ears were normal or not. He snapped his fingers near its face, and instantly it started and cried.

"Thank God!" the man panted, trembling with excitement.

Across the hall, in the workshop, a woman knelt in front of the desk where lay his letter. It was Sibyl. He remembered with a start that he had left the unfolded sheet containing his message to the sea-green lady. What had he written? Why did he feel so differently about what he had written now that he had seen his son? As if to prevent his wife from reading it at any cost, he crossed the hall swiftly and stood behind her. As she did not hear him, she made no movement, and he saw that she had read the greater part of it and that concealment was impossible. *What* had he written? What would she do? Would the strange new light fade from her eyes, leaving her plain-looking again?

Presently she amazed him by raising the paper to her lips, kissing it fervently again and again. She was beautiful in her innocent rapture. When she spread it out once more for a second perusal, he read it over her shoulder, trying to imagine why she kissed it.

It was not addressed to any particular person, and it ran thus:

"My dear:

"When this scrap meets your eyes I shall be far away. Even Christmas means nothing to me this year but severe work and preparation for the great day that is to follow. Do not think too harshly of me because I have shut myself away alone. It is the only way to prepare for the triumph. That I intend you shall share with me.

"I am going to give you a Christmas gift. I know that I cannot buy you a present which your wealth has not already supplied; therefore my Christmas offering shall be unique this year. I have decided that my pet, my sea-bird, shall bear your name. When the eyes of the multitude first rest upon it they shall read those mystic letters which in my mind mean *you*. It is a fanciful name, and the public will not know why it was given. But you and I, who have waited so long for the day of crowning, will know, and we will rejoice together."

Here his pen had dropped, making a blot. There was absolutely nothing to indicate for whom the letter was intended. It was evident the kneeling woman considered it her own. Who had waited so long for his day of crowning? Or contributed so much to it?

Then she turned and saw him standing behind her, as pale and unnerved as she was herself. Slowly the flush came back to her face, and she shrank as though apprehensive of his censure, but he only said in his absent-minded fashion, albeit more kindly than usual:

"It's all right, my girl!"

Their conversation could not go much further unless he chose to write his thoughts on paper; but Sibyl Lett was an adept at reading faces, and she knew from his look that something had touched him very deeply. For some reason he was pleased with her.

"Your gift—I take it with me," she said, her tone almost a question. And when he nodded, she put it inside her dress and went away.

Sinking into the chair before the desk, Dr. Lett stared absently before him, fumbling among the papers as though he would write. Then he gave up the pretence and sat still. Hobson came and switched on a light, which he was instantly commanded to turn out again. When he inquired if there was anything else for him to do before retiring, his master said "No!" in a tone that caused him to shrink through the crack of the door and lose himself in the darkness.

"My gift—my sea-bird's name!" the doctor murmured. "I have given it away twice. Can my Lady-bird have two names?"

The hours of the night went by, and the battle continued in the soul of the man. Finally he gathered up some scraps of writing, old envelopes and a picture, carried them to the grate, tore them into shreds and watched them burn.

"So help me, heaven! My sea-bird shall have but one name!"

Christmas week Dr. Lett sent his wife a wire urging her presence in the city. When she came to him he saw that the glory in her eyes had become a habitual expression. He wondered if she observed at least a more contented and less irritable expression on his face. Wrapped in her impenetrable reserve, Sibyl stood among the notables who surrounded him on the day of his triumph, and though she was stared at curiously by all, he felt satisfied that she saw very few faces except his own.

"Your gift!" she murmured, and again, "Your gift! I have the writing here on my heart."

The sea-green woman was in the crowd, a gay chatterer, a woman of many graces, where Sibyl Lett possessed only one or two. At times the doctor's eyes followed her, but Sibyl did not know she was there. He recollected that he had promised her long ago—long before the writing of the letter that fell into the hands of his wife—that he would give his pet invention her name. He wondered if she remembered.

The shouting of the multitude came up to the doctor like the incense of praise; and when the sea-bird rose and began a series of speed manœuvres under the control of her skilful young pilot, the people went mad with enthusiasm.

Dr. Lett had often wondered what his feelings would be in that supreme moment. Now he was conscious of this alone—that he watched the expression on the faces of two women as the sea-bird cleared the earth for the first time. One stood by his side, her cold, timid fingers seeking his own; the other sat at some distance, an assured, satisfied smile on her beautiful countenance. The man between them stood unmoved. He had made his choice. Frankly he looked into the eyes of the sea-green lady as the splendid machine rose to air. Confidently she smiled back—then the laugh on her rich red lips died away. For the sea-bird's name was "*Sibyl.*"



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My Best Idea

(*Continued from page* 31.)

Keep a little tin of coal oil in the bottom of the kitchen clock. The works will absorb the oil and thus keep the clock in good running condition.

E. J. P.,
Eramosa, Ont.

To Join Yarn.

When using several colors in a knitted garment or sock, I have found that running two threads together or even splicing is not always satisfactory. By joining in the following manner the colors can be kept entirely separate, and the threads will not pull apart. Knit up to within eight stitches of the joining place, and double the yarn back so that you have a loop about two and one-half inches long. The length of this loop can be judged almost exactly after a little experience. Now knit with this loop until the end is reached, then slip the second color through the loop and carry along double for five or six stitches to make secure. I find this especially convenient in making fancy sock tops.

Recipes on Rings.

Recipes are so numerous that they have overflowed my card-index. Consequently I have pasted each recipe on a 3 x 5 card having a hole punched at the top. I then strung them on flexible key-rings, cake recipes on one, casserole recipes on another, and so forth, and these rings are all conveniently hung on hooks in my pantry. Each set has a stiff cardboard at the front and back, appropriately inscribed so that the recipes are as perfectly protected as in a card index. The flexible rings also make it as capable of expansion as the card-index system.

Common Cord for Darning.

I discovered through an emergency a substitute for darning. I was mending some blankets for a friend, and being short of darning wool, I unravelled some soft white string, which is used for tying parcels, and used it double. It looked quite as well as wool and costs nothing but the trouble of untwisting.

As woollen goods are getting so scarce and dear one has to make them last as long as possible.

MRS. W. JACKSON,
East Sooke, B.C.

The Best Books of The Year

Selected by
PETER O'DONOVAN.

When the weary reviewer—reviewers are something like Ireland in being chronically "disthressful"—well, when the reviewer swings around in his office-chair and takes a look back over the books of the past twelvemonth, it is curious how the same familiar names always leap up before his memory. Wells, Bennett—there is no getting away from them. It is rather too bad, too, for one would like to get some new names to head the list. But what is one to do? If Mr.



H. G. Wells.

Wells and Mr. Bennett will persist in writing the most widely read and discussed books in the language, there is nothing for it but to give them the place of distinction at the head of the board. Fortunately, there are lots of other names—some of them quite new, like that of Mary Webb—which deserve a place only a little lower down on the roster of honor.

The extraordinary thing about H. G. Wells is that he can write so much, and yet write with such vitality and absorbing interest. It is a poor year which doesn't see at least two books from him, usually a book of essays as well as a novel. And this year shows no let-up in his extraordinary productivity. His volume, "In the Fourth Year," presents his most recent reflections on the Great War and the lessons we must draw from it. That it is very interesting goes without saying. It is also daring as well as wise, for Mr. Wells points out that it is not only Germany which must learn from the war to change her ways, but that there are weak spots even in the great and beneficent system of the British Empire—small spots in comparison, of course, but matters that must be remedied if the Empire is to go on being the world's leader in civilizing influence.

"Joan and Peter," the new Wells novel, is a treatise as well as a work of fiction. Wells, the novelist, is always chiefly concerned with ideas, but he sees them dramatically in the lives of his characters. That is how his books are so fascinating in spite of his preachments—one might almost say, because of his preachments. The story of "Joan and Peter" is in a sense an attack on the existing systems of English education, as shown in their effect on the minds and lives of a charming English girl and her foster brother. It is also a story of the war, for it is the war that finally awakens Peter to the weakness and folly of the life he was leading, and brings him and Joan together in final happiness for both of them.

If Mr. Wells is always looking to the future, Mr. Bennett is satisfied to turn his gaze with cool omniscience on the present. He has no theories of life—at least none that get into his fiction. The world to him is a supremely interesting show, which with scientific detachment he studies in all its phases. Thus his novel, "The Pretty Lady," is an analysis of the life of London as affected by the war. He shows this in the careers of one man and the three women he is in love with at different times. One of these, the "pretty lady" herself, is a Frenchwoman. Christine is a member of the most ancient and unorthodox of professions. She has the weaknesses and wickedness of her class, but Bennett shows that even that is not incompatible with the possession of some excellent qualities, kindness, unselfishness, and devotion. Mr. Bennett, being hardly less industrious than Mr. Wells, also published during the year an excellent volume of literary criticism and reminiscence, "Books and Persons."

For the sake of variety, before calling attention to any further works of fiction, I must take up two war-books which are classics in their kind. Curiously enough, both are by doctors. One is "The New Book of Martyrs," translated from the French of Georges Duhamel, and the other is "Marching on Tanga," by Brett Young. The first is a series of hospital sketches, in which a French physician has drawn unforgettable portraits of the men who have passed through his hands, describing them with a charm and vivacity, a wistful humor and a graphic power, that are not to be surpassed in war-literature.

Dr. Brett Young accompanied the British expedition to German East Africa, and tells of the sufferings and heroic achievements of the column that pressed down the Pangani River and forced the Germans to retire into the terrible jungles and fever-ridden swamps of the southern wilderness. It is a beautiful book, as well as a most dramatic one. Dr. Young tells of being chased through the bush by German Askaris, bloodthirsty native troops. But he also gives descriptions of African scenery which linger in the memory like a strain of music. It is a book which will be read with as much interest years from now as to-day.

Having given the place of honor to two English novelists, it is only fair that we should turn now to the United States, where the year witnessed the publication of some very notable novels. "His Second Wife," by Ernest Poole, who won the Pulitzer Prize, given by the founder of the New York



Booth Tarkington.

"World," for the best novel of the previous year, is an admirable piece of work, almost as good as its prize-winning predecessor. Like the other, it is a study of social conditions, and tells how a brilliant young architect, whose career had almost been ruined by the social ambitions of his first wife, was saved by the devotion and idealism of his second. It is a serious and skilful novel, but it would have benefited greatly from a touch of humor here and there.

An American novelist who has humor and charm, and who is none the less sincere and thorough in his study of the life he depicts, is Booth Tarkington. Time was when Mr. Tarkington was generally regarded

(*Continued on page* 54.)

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Positively the funniest, as well as the biggest-selling book of the year. Half a million copies already sold. Presumes to be letters from a rookie at a United States Training Camp to his sweetheart at home. It is chock full of unintentional and rollicking humor. "The book of a thousand laughs." The illustrations are funny also. 75c.

Josselyn's Wife

Kathleen Norris.

Mrs. Norris surely has the faculty of analyzing a woman's heart. This is another of her strong social-analytical novels, centering around the life of sweet Ellen Latimer, transported by a whirlwind marriage from a small country town to the luxuries of wealthy social life in New York. $1.35.

In the Day of Battle

The Best Poets.

This compilation of the best verse inspired by the war from the pens of such writers as Rupert Brooke, Kipling, Service, Allen Seeger, Tagore, Marjorie Pickthall, and a score of others, appealed so strongly to the United States authorities that even though it was a Canadian production, a copy was placed in every training-camp library. This is the third, revised, and enlarged edition—a book which will be enjoyed now, and will fill a big place in your library for years to come. $1.25.

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POSTPONED ONTARIO CONVENTIONS

Will Probably Be Held In February 1919

UPON advice received from the leaders in Institute work in various sections of the whole Province, it was decided, on account of the influenza epidemic, to postpone all three Women's Institute conventions, and it was almost unanimously advised by these correspondents to hold the conventions after the new year. Since Peace has been declared the programmes for the conventions will be planned in accordance with the new responsibilities which will come to the Institute as a result of changed conditions. Red Cross work and other patriotic endeavor will call for the best efforts of the Institute for some time to come, but we must make our plans in co-operation with other organizations and officers of Government Commissions and public service organizations to take part in the reconstruction period.

The advice of the Institute officers and members in the three Convention districts will be followed in completing plans for the conventions. The Department is open for suggestions from all members of the Institute as to subjects to be brought to the attention of the delegates. Suggestions along this line should be addressed to the Institute Branch, Department of Agriculture, at an early date.

Resolutions to be brought before the Conventions should be sent, at an early date, to Mrs. R. V. Fowler, of Perth, for the Eastern District; Mrs. Wm. Todd, of Orillia, for the Central District; Mrs. W. T. Mead, R.R. No. 3, Blenheim, for the Western District.

No doubt, a feature at each of the conventions will be the presentation of plans by the various commissions for re-establishment work; outlines of the assistance which the Institute, as a body, can render along educational lines and in health problems.

Report for 1917 and Bulletins.

The report for 1917 is about ready for distribution and the Branch officers are urged to send lists of members for 1918-19 to the district secretary, to be forwarded by her to the Department.

Two copies of Bulletin 259, "Books on Agriculture and Household Science"; 263, "Mushrooms"; 265, "Bacteria—Friends and Foes," will be sent to the secretary of each Branch. The members will have an opportunity at one of their early meetings to examine these Bulletins, and those who wish copies may write to the Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto, for same.

Winter Meetings and Other Matters.

The Board of Agriculture and Women's Institute meetings, planned for late November or December, were postponed on account of the influenza epidemic. Provisional lists for these, as well as other meetings asked for by the Board of Agriculture and Agricultural Representatives will be submitted to the Board of Agriculture, Women's Institutes, and others concerned, at an early date. Only about 175 Institutes are concerned in these, and we beg to announce that other Institutes which are desirous of having a special speaker on Health Problems, the general work of the Institute, opportunities and responsibilities of the Institute under Peace conditions, etc., may arrange for the same by making application to the Department in November or early December. Speakers will be sent to these special meetings upon condition that a suitable hall is provided in which to hold the meeting, the advertising thoroughly done in the community and the speaker entertained while at the place of meeting.

Demonstration Lecture Courses.

While a few applications have been received for instructors in two-weeks' courses in "Home Nursing and First Aid," "Sewing" and "Domestic Science," no doubt many additional branches will wish to take advantage of this splendid service during the coming winter and spring. The charge is only 25c for each member of the class who belongs to the Institute, and 50c to those who are not members, except for the sewing course, for which an *additional* $1.00 is charged to each member of the class.

Full particulars will be furnished by writing to the Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Toronto.

All these courses have been very much appreciated in localities which have taken advantage of them, and it is because of a lack of knowledge as to the real benefit to be derived that many more branches have not formed classes. The members who wish such instruction should request the officers to form classes.

Since war work will not require the undivided attention of the members, some time can very well be devoted to this splendid work.

The Women's Institutes and War Work.

The members of the Institutes have "stuck to their guns" nobly during the more than four years of war. Their record of contributing in both money and work is most gratifying, and we hear many words of appreciation on the part of those who have been identified with war-time activities—both government officials and the officers of Red Cross and other patriotic organizations. Their givings in cash and goods during the past year have been at least $675,000, or more than $20 per member, and when we remember that the largest portion of this means extra work on the part of the women who have not been able to get domestic help and have had to give more than usual assistance in farm work, the record is all the more worthy.

The advice and co-operation of the Women's Institutes in community effort and national undertakings will be sought. No body of women has made greater sacrifice or shown keener judgment, or greater resourcefulness than the women of the rural districts.

County Medical Inspection of Schools.

Peel County is justly proud of having every rural school medically inspected, being one of the first two to have this systematically done throughout the county. The expense incurred in furnishing an Inspector was borne by the Department of Agriculture, through the Women's Institute Branch. The mothers were brought into direct touch with the school work, and at least two of the members helped the doctor in making out the reports. The school boards were also invited to see the inspection, and many doubting fathers were made enthusiasts in the work.

Mr. Stark, the Peel agricultural representative, in co-operation with the Women's Institute, rendered valuable assistance in planning for and carrying on the work. Dr. Mackenzie Smith was the Inspector. On one of her inspection trips, when the President was driving her on the homeward trip, they made a wrong turn, and inquiring at a farm house for the proper road, they happened to be speaking to the mother of one of the children who had just been inspected. This little one had said that she was going to bite the doctor's finger, instead of which, on her return home, she said "the doctor is just lovely and there is nothing to be afraid of."

One of the secrets of Dr. Mackenzie Smith's great success is that she gets the confidence of both children and parents, and makes them realize the vital importance of insuring proper health for their children through early treatment of the throat, nose and teeth, where necessary.

The eyes are also tested, many cases being found defective, where a defect had not before been even suspected, sometimes averting most serious consequences.

As these operations need a specialist, and so entail a big expense, as well as the difficulty of the parents getting the children to a hospital, they are very often neglected, and the doctor's report not followed by proper action. To meet this condition, the Institute has conducted school clinics, bringing a throat specialist and nurses to the district. So far, three of these clinics have been held in Peel—at Alton, where 28 children were operated on; at Port Credit, where there were 39 done in two days, and Streetsville, also two days and 44 operations. A two-day dental clinic had also been arranged by Streetsville, but was postponed on account of the epidemic. The following letter from the promoter of the Alton clinic gives a comprehensive description of the manner of conducting a clinic:

"Alton, Ont.

"Received your request on December 18th, and though rushed for time, I'll try and give you a short account of our work.

"As you are already aware, we had the medical inspection. Well, in discussing the advisability of a clinic with our local doctor, he promised us his help and advice in securing the specialist, etc. We could not get definite answers from any as to whether they would come, or as to prices. Our doctor met Dr. ——, of ———, on Friday, November 30, and he was willing to come if we could rush it on before the roads would break up, so that he could motor; also, that there would be at least 25 patients, to make it worth while. Before this, in view of the probability of having the clinic, I had spoken to Mr. Amos Mason and secured the use of three bedrooms and bathroom of his home. His home is steam-heated and electric-lighted, so we were very fortunate in that respect.

"When our doctor notified me at noon, December 1st, of the result of his conference with Dr. ——, I thought at first it was impossible. (He wished to come the following Wednesday, December 5th.) However, Mrs. Dorrington and I dropped our Saturday work and interviewed enough parents to make the 25 patients, and found no trouble at all in getting their children to be operated on. So it was decided to hold the clinic on Wednesday, December 5th. Remember, we had no prices, but told the people we thought it could be done for not more than $15 and not less than $10 per patient.

"On Monday, Mrs. Dorrington and I went to these same homes and told each parent what preparation was necessary. Each patient was to bring two sheets, two towels, one pillowcase and nightdress.

"We secured camp cots and made up 12 beds. We had two operating tables. Mrs. Dorrington and I provided 12 sheets for use there, and we used a shipment of Red Cross towels (55) for the operations.

"We got a web of cheesecloth. A trained nurse, who was visiting in the village, cut this all up into necessary condition, and sterilized that and all sheets, towels, etc., used in the operating room. Word was sent, warning patients to be on hand at 9.30 a.m. We had the specialist, our own doctor for the anæsthetics, and three nurses, and Mrs. Dorrington, Miss Dowswell and myself furnished whatever other help was needed.

"At one o'clock, Mr. Everton Barker was on hand with his closed car, and as fast as the patients could be removed, they were taken to their homes and put to bed. We had 26 anæsthetic cases and two local cases, all of which were highly successful.

"*Re the Paying.*—Dr. —— would not make a definite charge. If we could get him $10 per patient, he said he would be satisfied. Our own doctor charged $3 per patient and supplied the ether. Our nurses were $5 each, and $10 for the nurse who prepared the supplies. So we formed this scale of charges:

1 patient in family.....$15
2 patients in family..... 25
3 patients in family..... 30

Statement of Expense and Receipts.

Doctor $200
Doctor (anæsthetics) 60
Three nurses 20
Cheesecloth and meals for nurses 10

$290

22 paying patients, whose fees amount to about....$300

"If this can all be collected, we'll have plenty to meet our expenses without drawing on our Institute, which is none too flush of cash just now. Of course, there are some who would like to have had it done for less, but that is the best we could do in such a short time to work. One man wanted to know how much I was getting out of it, and I told him: 'So far, nothing but abuse, and a few two-cent stamps I had to put on cheques.' But, oh, there is such a satisfaction in having accomplished something worth while. The receipts are not all in yet, but I don't think there will be any trouble.

"Hoping these scattered thoughts will be of some use, I am,

"Yours truly,

"(Signed) Mrs. Thos. Meek.

"P.S.—I took my own daughter to Guelph in October for a similar operation, and my expenses were: Doctor, $25; doctor, $10 (anæsthetic and mileage); hospital bed and expenses, $5.50; total, $40.50."

The improvement in the children's work, as a result of their better health, derived from the clinics, has more than justified the effort the Institute has made in this direction, and should be an inspiration to other districts to take up the children's welfare work.

Women's Institutes in England.

Miss Beardmore, of Port Credit, has contributed the following interesting item from the London, England, "Evening Standard":

"We shall hear less about the soul-destroying dullness of village life when Women's Institutes are even more widely spread. There are now over 800 in England and Wales, although the movement was only introduced here from Canada three years ago.

"Members of the Institutes meet to exchange ideas and produce, and to learn domestic arts and crafts, which are too numerous to describe here, but which have provided most interesting exhibits for the Women's Institute Exhibition which Lady Denman opened at the Caxton Hall this morning.

"Fruits and vegetables, jams, cheeses, home-made toys, baskets and garments are all to be seen, and many of the stalls are adorned with a banner worked to represent the county or district from which the exhibits have come.

"The list of Institutes exhibiting is as suggestive of country depths as a folk ballad, for it is made up of names like Barrow Gurney, Hinton St. George, Chew Magna, Howden-le-Wear, and Temple Cloud.

"Miss Mowbray Laming, one of the organizers of the exhibition, told me that in pre-Institute days the village housewife kept all her good ideas and recipes to herself, but where there is

(*Continued on following page.*)

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

an Institute established the women become at once keen on sharing or exchanging their good things. Queen Mary is going to visit the exhibition to-morrow."

Peel Women's Work.

Peel County Institute has always been progressive, but this year has outdone all its previous records, and has forged well to the front of Ontario Institutes.

Peel women, in their spring convention, decided to work this year for the Navy, at the suggestion of the County President, Miss Helen Beardmore, of Port Credit. Sir William Hearst, the principal speaker of the afternoon, congratulated the Institute on its choice of work, as there had been so little done for the sailor, who keeps open the high seas and makes it possible to have Canadian produce exported.

The direct result of this resolution was the mammoth fete, which has been already described, with some views, in the October issue. We regret that the report was rather inadequate, not having come from Institute headquarters, as it lacked detail of the splendid results for the sailor, and how and where the money was raised, which will be interesting to our many readers throughout the country.

County unity of work was established by an inaugural meeting, in the form of a district officers' luncheon, given by Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Hobberlin at "Ben Machree," their home in Port Credit. This opportunity was taken to permit the ladies interested to acquaint themselves with the extensive and beautiful grounds on the Lake Shore, which had been offered for the fete.

Col. Cecil G. Williams, Field Secretary of the Navy League, spoke to the women present and convinced them of the need for their work. The highest enthusiasm was generated, which made possible the wonderful result of $3.001.80 clear.

Emphasis was laid on the necessity of selling the admission tickets in advance, as it gave everyone the opportunity of giving their twenty-five cents to the Navy. Disappointment was felt that some of the Branches didn't realize their possibilities in this regard, as the following statement shows:

Port Credit	$466.65
Clarkson	88.75
Alton	25.15
Erindale	24.50
Snelgrove	23.05
Meadowvale	13.30
Brampton	11.75
Malton	7.90
Streetsville	7.35
Castlemore	4.50
Cheltenham	3.65
Caledon	1.50
	$678.05

The Branches lowest in the list are a considerable distance from Port Credit, and could not, of course, be expected to sell many tickets.

The most profitable individual item of revenue, $507.65, was realized from the sale of tickets for a little pig, donated by the Malton Branch. This little pig was made famous and historic in the county under the name of "Malte."

One of the duties undertaken by the energetic secretary, Mrs. A. M. Hobberlin, was the securing of the handsome sum of $388.00 net from the sale of advertising space in the programme.

The officers of the Ontario branch of the Navy League of Canada were a tower of strength in the practical help they gave. They realized in advance that an important result was to be obtained, both financially and educationally, by rallying to the support of Mr. Hobberlin, whose generous supervision of detail was untiring.

Mrs. Avery Brayley and the Clarkson Branch made a wonderful success of the Midway, making it both entertaining and profitable. The Erindale ladies handled a Fish Pond of 2,000 articles; Mrs. A. R. Clark, of Lorne Park, arranged a delicious cafeteria supper, which pleased the many guests and added substantially to the fete funds. Mrs. Percy Hodgetts, of Clarkson, the County First Vice-President, was everywhere, supplying help when it was needed with her usual quiet efficiency. Mrs. Dorington, of Alton, the Past County President, and Mrs. Meek, of Alton, the Second County Vice-President, were most energetic in enthusing the north end of the county, and were successful in securing a fine donation for Mrs. Graham's home cooking booths. Mrs. Fairbairn, of Clarkson, did all the newspaper publicity work, and did it well. Mrs. John M. Godfrey, of Port Credit, who was made Treasurer of the Fete, took charge of the funds, and handled receipts and disbursements most accurately, having her books audited by Mr. Jno. E. Hall.

Peel County is justly proud of the magnitude of the result of the Fete, $3,001.80 clear, a result which has not been equalled by any other organization in the Province. In addition to the financial benefit to the sailor, the county, as a whole, is now educated to the importance of the Navy to the farmer, a band of sympathy which should grow as a result of the inspiration given through the Institute by this Fete.

Report of West Lorne Branch.

For the year ending May 31st, 1918, our receipts amounted to $1,861.65. This money was procured in the greater part by monthly collections. After testing various ways of raising funds, such as teas, concerts, food sales, thimble parties and so forth, we decided that most of these were wasteful, and used up too much of the energy that would be employed to better advantage in other ways, to help our boys, for our work has been almost wholly devoted to our heroes in France, West Lorne being very proud of the fact that nearly ten per cent. of her 700 population enlisted for service. We divided the village into districts, and volunteer collectors called on the homes, asking for a sum to be given every month till the war ended, and we have met with splendid results. Recently the township council agreed to grant us an amount in proportion to our number of country members. We immediately got busy, and have now a membership that is half resident in the country around us. Since then our collections have fallen off to some extent. It is a good plan for collectors to set a certain day in the month for collecting, and people are then ready with their money on that day. We have found that of all plans for raising funds this has proven the best.

Another source of much money is the privilege accorded us by the Driving Club of having a booth free of charge at their race meets on Labor Day and 24th of May. At these booths the candy is all donated and is pure profit, and all goods are given to us at cost by our merchants, who have shown themselves always ready to help.

Tags sold on these days brought in a good sum, and this department was handled by the High School girls, under the direction of one of our ladies. A baseball game brought us $19.50 clear.

Concerts, too, were given by our Dramatic Club, which, I sincerely regret to say, is now obsolete, owing to the fact that so many of our brightest and cleverest actors are now on the fighting line or serving their country in some other capacity.

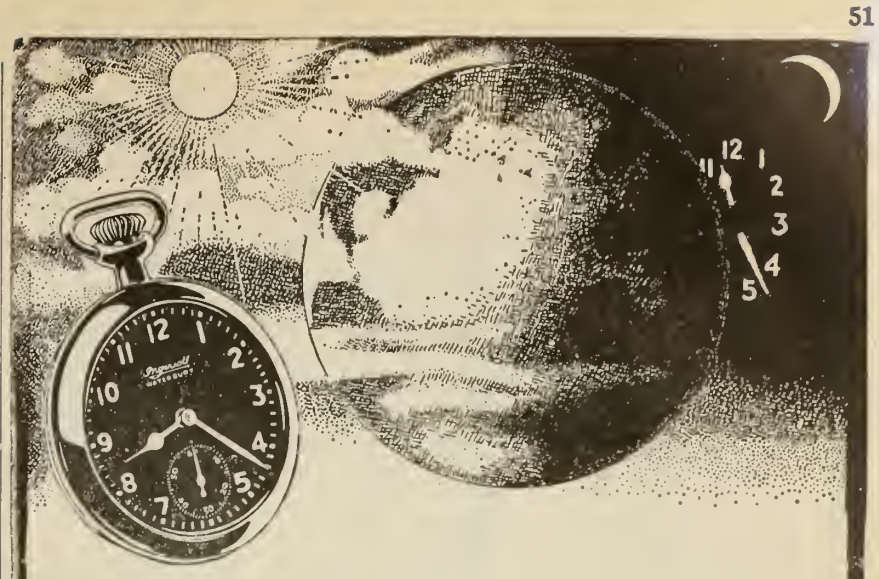
Sales of old papers, rubbers and tea lead also bring in money. We have a committee to look after this as a rule, and find it a fruitful source of revenue.

At our Winter Fair, or, as we call it, the Chicken and Corn Show, we have various devices for catching stray dimes. There has always been some kindly disposed farmer or merchant who has donated thoroughbred chickens, seed grain or something of value—one time it was a horse—with the request that we use it to gain money for "our boys in France."

By putting a glass jar tied with red, white and blue in each of the schoolrooms, and asking the children to deny themselves candy, peanuts and ice cream and give the pennies to the soldiers of Canada, we gained $20.61, and I might mention that the continuation class had the smallest amount, even the baby room beating them in self-sacrifice.

Besides raising money, we raised "eggs" for the Sanatorium, naming a certain place for the reception of gifts of fresh eggs. We invited all and sundry to donate these much-desired articles of food, and the reply to the first request was 60 dozen. The next reply was not so loud, it was but 22

(Continued on following page.)



Ingersoll Service

Night and Day—The World Round

QUARTER of a century ago many a watch pocket had to go empty—watches were expensive. Then Robt. H. Ingersoll made and sold the first Ingersoll watch—the Maple Leaf model, and reliable time pieces came within the reach of everyone. Fifty million Ingersoll watches produced since then have furnished a good time-keeping service to the people of every nation, the world around. With the introduction of the Radiolite—the watch that tells time in the dark—this service is available both day and night.

The Ingersoll idea was not only to design a reliable watch but to develop a factory system that produces thousands of watches in the shortest time and the fewest machine operations. In spite of advancing costs of material and labor and strenuous war conditions the democratic Ingersoll still sells for a price that puts it within the reach of every inhabitant of the Dominion.

Each part is inspected many times and every finished movement is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory—for the Ingersoll standard of quality is inflexible and every Ingersoll is guaranteed.

Buy a watch with the name INGERSOLL on the dial and you are guaranteed a good time-keeping service.

This is the *Ingersollite*



The little spark you see in the dark.

Real radium makes the Ingersol-lite glow in the dark and guide you to your electric or gas fixture. You walk straight to the chain or switch and turn on the light. No groping—no colliding with furniture, etc.

Easy to attach—No tools needed. Can be used on chains, key switches, gas jets or oil lamps. If your dealer doesn't sell them yet, write us.

Price throughout Canada—
35 cts.

Ingersoll Radiolite

Tells Time in the Dark

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

128 Bleury Street, ... Montreal.

IT SAVES
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HOW many women realize the harm they are doing themselves by sticking to the old-fashioned back-breaking work of washing clothes? A "Connor" Washing Machine takes all the hard work out of wash day. It is easier on the clothes. Saves time. Saves money. Saves worry. Saves work.

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Write now for beautifully illustrated Booklet that will show you how easy wash day can be made.

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OTTAWA ONTARIO



Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

dozen, the Institute supplying the eight dozen required to fill the crate.

From the funds acquired, we spent over $900.00 in supplies forwarded to the C.W.C.A. at St. Thomas, sent comfort boxes at Christmas and Easter to our home boys overseas, extra boxes at different times to those in hospitals; British Red Cross, $50.00; Belgian Relief, $10.00; Italian Red Cross, $50.00; Byron Sanitorium, $25.37; Prisoners' Bread Fund, $175.00; Returned Soldiers' Fund, $20.00; Y.M.C.A., $25.00, and parting gifts of fountain pens to our lads who leave for the front.

Besides this, we have a flower fund, kept separate from our Institute fund. A permanent committee, consisting of one lady from each church, keeps track of all the sick people, and this fund, obtained by a contribution of one penny, or as much more as one cares to give, each month, procures flowers during the winter months for the sick. We are at present working on the medical inspection for schools.

Having asked Miss Coutts to come and address us, we invited all the rural school boards to be present, but, sad to say, they were all conspicuous by their absence except the Rodney board, who were with us in full force. Two of our own trustees also put in appearance, and seemed very favorably impressed. We have a committee to interview the boards of the rural schools, and hope for some development soon; in the meantime we conduct a "talking campaign," and hope for good results. In closing, I would like to say, near the end of last year we were $200 in debt, but suddenly out of a clear sky rained dollars; a donation of $50.00 from a citizen who never before gave us a cent; $10.00 from a friend who comes to West Lorne occasionally; $10.00 from a nurse whose home is with us; $5.00 from a former resident, now in California, and our collections were especially good, so that when all was counted we were $35.00 to the good, and we ended the year with $274.30 on hand.

So to the sister societies I would say: Never despair; resolute energy and a great faith will see you safely through.

Report of Seymour West Women's Institute.

Our work has been of a two-fold nature—patriotic and educational.

Our patriotic work has been confined to work at home, making comforts for soldiers and hospital supplies.

One particular feature of our work has been the regular packing of boxes for our boys overseas, containing socks, sugar, candy, candles, Oxo, cakes, fruit cake, apples, stationery, peanuts, tobacco etc.; in fact, everything that boys could wish for. These things are collected monthly.

The main feature of our Institute is the splendid organization for work. We have, besides the regular officers, an addition of district officers on each telephone line, whose duty is to call each member on her line and give any information which the President and Secretary may wish passed on. They also distribute Red Cross supplies in their district, collect contributions for boxes, etc. We have never neglected our regular Institute work. That has been carried on principally by our young girls through the yearly programmes.

Our young girls have charge of each meeting, with the privilege of calling on one woman to assist. Our programme is divided into three parts:

1. Paper—subject selected at a special meeting in the year.

2. A paper—some standard author to be studied for a month.

This was to be a special feature of our work, and has been partly affected by our patriotic work. The young girls are much interested, and the educational benefit is very marked. These papers would compare with any I have ever read.

3. Social or musical part.

This is supposed to be the best we can provide, and, if possible, have some connection with the paper or author which we selected for study.

This means that our regular work has not been interrupted by patriotic work, of which we have tried to do as much as possible.

We have knit thousands of pairs of socks, made quilts, mufflers, etc.

Our Institute is trying to educate its members. Our young girls are showing the benefit of this in the result of the papers given at our meetings. No member wishes to miss the programme because of this benefit.

We sing our "Ode" and make it the law of our work.

J. CLARK, Sec.

Provinces Co-operate Through Institutes.

The Women's Institute of Summerland, B.C., has inaugurated a very unique enterprise. The society is made up largely of women living on fruit farms and keenly interested in the fruit-growing industry. For the past two years its members have undertaken the very practical scheme of disposing of the products of their orchards through the medium of the Institute to women on the prairie, the latter, in their turn, making their purchases through the agency of the Institutes to which they belong.

Through this system all commissions and middlemen's profits have been eliminated, and what is of still greater importance, the women claim that by selling in this way they can ship fruit of better quality. For when it goes direct from the grower to the consumer without having to pass through commission houses and retail stores it can be allowed to ripen on the trees instead of having to be picked green, as is necessary in the ordinary method of marketing, and is consequently of superior quality.

Last year, in this way, the West Summerland Institute sold $4,500 worth of fruit, the sales of one woman alone amounting to $300.

Another practical line of activity taken up by this Institute is the production of seeds, a really commercial enterprise, for a well-known seed house has agreed to take all the seeds the women can sell them.

Conservation of Food.

When, in 1918, one attempts to write a paper on "Conservation of Food," it is like attempting to show Lake Erie in a dipper.

The preserving of food from decay, loss or injury and getting it to our boys has become not only a national problem, but an internationai problem, almost world wide.

The word "conserve" meets us everywhere. It is like a great sign-post with just two fingers; one finger pointing to every individual in our nation, the other finger pointing overseas.

One cannot read a newspaper or a magazine, or even glance over an advertisement thrown at the door, without being confronted by it in the largest type and in the most prominent place. Sometimes it seems like a rarebit dream, to be growing so unduly large and fearsome that one has to shake one's self to be sure we are all wide awake and that it is a reality.

Yes, a reality it is, and one to which we are so unaccustomed that we must rouse ourselves and grapple with it, for upon our handling of this problem of conservation depends the very life of our nation, our homes and our loved ones.

The problem for us is a national one, and every citizen who does not "put the shoulder to the wheel" and do his or her best is a slacker, and does not deserve to share the benefits and the protection of our national life.

The problem of conservation for our government is tremendously complex, including as it does transportation, the handling of large business corporations, retailers, producers and even the inspection of every cellar, pantry and cupboard in the nation.

And it is just here in the little pantry and cupboard at home that the humble housewife bears so vital a share in winning the war.

An over-supply here; a lack over there; one household sacrificing something here helps one over there; a hundred here, helps a hundred there; a thousand here, helps a thousand there; and so on until it reaches the millions.

This opportunity to help is a great privilege and consolation, to everyone who has a father, a husband, a sweetheart, a brother or a son over there. And even to those who have no kin it is a comfort that the ordinary stay-at-home housewife who washes and irons, sweeps and makes beds, gets meals and washes dishes, can actually help to win this war for humanity and civilization.

I am not attempting to cover this

(Continued on following page.)

You May Have a Skin as Smooth and White as a Lily Petal

A woman's happiness, her success in a profession or in her social ambitions are often made or marred by her looks. A woman does not need to be *pretty*, but if she has an attractive skin and a clear and radiant complexion, she is called *beautiful*. Nearly all skin blemishes are the result of abuse of some kind or of mere neglect. In either case, the defects in the complexion may be entirely removed or greatly lessened by proper treatments, such as this Institution has perfected in 26 years of practical work. We treat all kinds of non-infectious skin troubles, such as Eczema, Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Crowsfeet, Wrinkles, Undue Redness, Roughness, etc. Treatments at the Institute must be arranged for in advance, but we can send our preparations, the same as we use, with full instructions for home use, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price, to any address in Canada.



Princess Complexion Purifier	$1.50
Princess Skin Food	1.50
Princess Hair Rejuvenator	1.50
Princess Cinderella Cold Cream	.50

Send for FREE Sample of this delicious Cold Cream.

Any reader of the Home Journal is requested to correspond with us in perfect confidence as to any skin troubles she wishes to have removed. Consultation by letter or at the Institute is FREE.

Write for Booklet "H." Free on Request.

THE HISCOTT INSTITUTE, LTD.,
Established 1892. 61B College St., TORONTO

Can be used on either warm or cold stove

KEEP YOUR STOVE BRIGHT
BLACK KNIGHT
STOVE POLISH
Is easy to use and will not burn



How We Get Our Raisins

(Continued from page 15.)

cultural Bureau. It will be readily seen that sugar predominates, and this is invert sugar, practically predigested and ready for immediate assimilation. A table giving the minera elements in the raisin is also append ed, which shows that the raisin is rich in the principal mineral element necessary to normal well-being.

Raisin grapes are picked when they are fully ripe, laid upon wooden tray in the open vineyard and dried in th sun. The curing process takes abou three weeks, and when the raisins ar half cured they are turned over so th sun can strike the under side of th bunches. When the sun-curing ha been completed, the raisin trays ar stacked in piles for a time, then th cured fruit is put into "sweat-boxes, where the moisture in the berries i equalized. The sweating completed the raisins are delivered at the pack ing plant, where the stems are re moved and the raisins graded as t size. The raisins to be seeded ar then shipped to the seeding plan where the raisins are steamed unt soft, sterilized, then passed through machine which flattens the berrie between rubber rolls, forcing the seed to the surface, whence they are cu out by a device much like a circula saw, operating against a rubber rol The raisins go immediately to th packing tables, and are packed whil hot. All the sweetness of the raisin natural. Nothing is added to the pro duct of Nature.

Suggestions for the use of raisin are numerous. The old-fashione rice pudding is incomplete witho them; Indian pudding, made wit cornmeal, is a delightful dish wit plenty of raisins; breakfast foods o all kinds may be bettered with handful of raisins, and of cours

(Continued on page 58.)

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

subject of conservation of food. It would take several volumes to do that, but if I can make a little clearer the fact that your bit and mine, in this handling of food, is as necessary as your boy's bit and my boy's bit in the handling of guns and ammunition, that is my aim.

Where shall we begin to conserve, and in what way and how can we help our boys thereby?

That would be a hard problem for us individually, if our government had not solved it for us. We should be thankful for that. Perhaps they have not worked it out wholly to our satisfaction, but the problem is so great and so complex that if their solution will help to any extent towards getting supplies to our boys we are surely glad to comply with every request and co-operate with every plan heart and soul.

Sugar, meat, flour, cereals, tea, coffee and so on. How easy for us to have our allotment, even to have cards assigned us for our groceries, knowing that what we sacrifice is being cared for and transported to our boys by the government. This is the thought that makes us more than willing.

One thing I have questioned, however, is the matter of substitutes. If I am buying wheat flour, I like to know it is 100 per cent. wheat. If it is rye or corn or oatmeal or rice or potato flour, I like to know it and do my own mixing. However, if it is necessary to mix with substitutes so the wheat and other good things can be shared with our boys, so be it, and never a word or a thought of complaint from me. And the decision of our government at present is that the mixing of substitutes is necessary.

And the eating of veal and lamb. Should this not be avoided by the housewife, and allow these animals to mature before killing them for meat? This seems to me very necessary in the conservation of meat.

Then the question of canning and preserving fruit and vegetables. And here the cry for more sugar has been raised. There are many ways of preserving these without sugar. Jellies from the pure juices of fruit, the drying of fruit instead of canning, drying of corn, etc. But these problems are a field by itself, and it behooves all of us at this time to make a scientific study of this important matter, namely, the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables.

Another matter for daily thought is the preparation of well-balanced meals. This care given to variety of food is really an act of conservation, for if the food contains the variety to nourish all parts of the body, the health is preserved, and the stomach is not overloaded with food that does not satisfy; so the quantity consumed is really less than where too much of one kind of food is used.

But these are individual problems, and we housewives are doubtless all working them out to the best of our ability.

For the *larger things* we are looking anxiously to our leaders. We are saying, "Tell us what to do, so it will count for the most in this great struggle. We are standing shoulder to shoulder."

We are the ranks behind the boys, and we will not break, nor complain, so long as there is a boy between us and the enemy.

Only give us wise men at the head of affairs. And if the men are not wise enough, let us have a few wise women to lead, and we are with them every one.

While the problems of the housewife are perplexing in this matter of conservation, they are far simpler and freer from responsibility than those of the people higher up.

To this group of friends here assembled I would say. "Let us be loyal to our government and let us not complain, and let us cease talking so much about the high cost of this and that."

We are still clothed and fed, and sheltered. Things can become much more scarce, and higher in price, and we shall still go comfortably clothed, sheltered and fed, while the nations overseas are suffering for the barest necessaries.

We have been so accustomed to luxuries, that it takes time for us to realize that we can really get along very comfortably without many of them, and the sacrifice will do us good as individuals and as a nation.

How it unites our sympathies to deprive ourselves for a great common cause.

It makes our hearts beat together until we feel the throb of the great national heart.

And how we pride ourselves in our own beloved Canada, now as never before.

The Passing of Miss Susie Campbell

There are not many Women's Institutes throughout Ontario that have not been touched by the kindly influence of Miss Susie Campbell, of Toronto (formerly of Brampton), and her "passing away" will be regretted.

For a number of years Miss Campbell was on the regular staff of Institute lecturers for the Ontario Department of Agriculture, and was truly the friend of the Institutes. Her high ideals, her sincere friendliness, her cheery companionship, and her homely counsel will still be felt, even though she will not again visit the Institutes.

After a number of months of ill-health, Miss Campbell passed away in Toronto on November 12, 1918.

Dr. Fotheringham Dies In India

From India a cable has just arrived telling of the death of Dr. Susan Fotheringham, so well known in Ontario as a Government lecturer to the Institutes, and a physician of exceptional promise. Dr. Fotheringham graduated from the University of Toronto in 1911, and took post-graduate courses in Philadelphia, London and Vienna. Just a year ago she left for the Women's Medical College of Ludhiana, where she became professor of obstetrics. The principal of this college wrote of her work as follows:

"We feel specially fortunate in the new member of our staff. Dr. Fotheringham is fitting in to the life and work quickly, and the women and children are already devoted to her."

Influenza, followed by pneumonia, was the cause of the doctor's death.

"Germs"

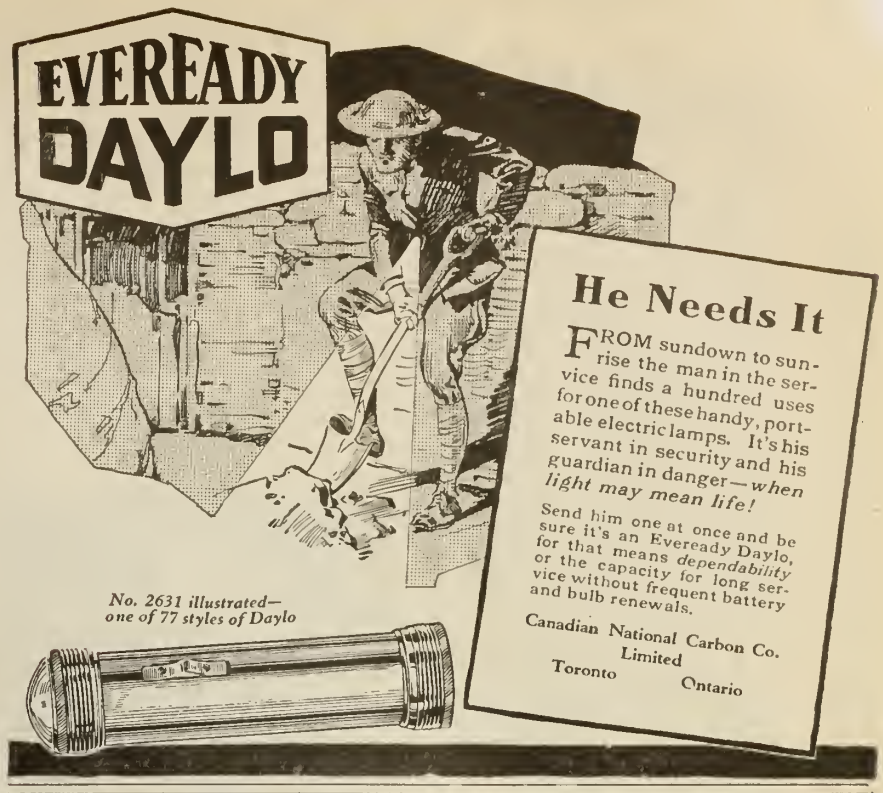
(*Continued from page* 18.)

exercise, fresh air and sunshine are needed. To cleanse the third, water, exercise and rest are needed. To cleanse the fourth, water, exercise and rest are needed.

To supply the machine of the body with fuel for the working out of its varied functions, requires water, sunshine, good food, in proper proportions, and sleep in proper proportions also.

Perhaps all this appears a childishly, simply repetition, but if the last two paragraphs could only be "read, marked, learned and inwardly digested," as the English Church service so finely puts it, the germ of influenza, as well as a large number of other noxious germs would make small headway.

When illness comes, the very best advice that can be followed is that of one of our wearied medical health officers, "Take a laxative, go to bed and send for the doctor." If the latter is not to be had, as is the case in some of those distant parts of the country, where brave men, and braver women, are meeting and fighting things out as best they may, then keep the patient in bed, feed on fluids, till all fever indicated by headache and flushed face has disappeared. Then keep in bed still for a few days longer till strength returns, keep the bowels well relaxed, and remember that "above the clouds the sun is shining," and above the sun is—God, "Who knows and loves and cares, Nothing this truth can dim, He gives the very best to those who leave the choice to Him."



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We want and we will liberally pay one energetic lady in each community to represent the "Canadian Home Journal."

We already have scores of local representatives in our big Home Journal Club, and some are making as high as $100.00 per month.

There are still many towns and villages in Canada in which we have not a representative and if you have any spare time that you desire to turn into money, write us to-day.

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In order that our subscribers may secure up-to-date patterns when they desire them, it is not necessary that they fill out the three pattern coupons at once or when received. These coupons are good any time and can be used later or whenever an illustration appears in the fashion pages of the "Canadian Home Journal" that the holder of a coupon or coupons desires to secure.

SUGGESTED GIFT BOOKS

THE CLASH. By W. H. Moore. Second and Popular Edition. $1.75.
In this volume Mr. Moore has endeavored to analyze, for the first time, the relations which the two nationalities in Canada bear, and ought to bear, to each other. The book is written for the average citizen, and though the questions involved are intricate, the author has succeeded in finding language wherewith to interpret them.

SPUNYARN AND SPINORIFT. By Norah M. Holland. $1.50.
A book of lyrics by a well-known Canadian author. Readers who never fail to go through the daily papers in the hope of discovering a new singer of new songs have met from time to time the fugitive verse of Norah M. Holland. Now these verses have been garnered into a single volume—seventy songs in all.

THE BUSINESS OF WAR. By Isaac F. Marcosson. $1.50.
One of the notable and outstanding books of the war, and the first to tell the facts that every man wants to know. These include the feeding, transporting and supplying of the British armies; the production and distribution of shells; the miracle of the motor in war.

THE POETS OF MODERN FRANCE. By Ludwig Lewisohn. $1.50.
This volume deals descriptively and critically with the modern French Poets, and includes examples by thirty outstanding lyrists. It has also a bibliography of each of the poets represented. The poems are adequately and gracefully translated and a slight biographical sketch is given of the various authors.

THE PATHETIC SNOBS. By Golf Wyllarde. $1.50.
In this tale, Miss Wyllarde brings out in an interesting and entertaining way the change that is taking place among women, both as regards character and vocation, during the present war.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN. By Vicente Blasco Ibonez. $1.90.
Translated by Charlotte Brewster Jordan.
A superb drama of modern life, leading up to and describing the first stage of the great war in France. The "Four Horsemen" are Pestilence, War, Famine and Death, who precede the Great Beast of the Book of Revelations.

GONE ASTRAY. Leaves from an Emperor's Diary. $1.50.
Whilst not purporting to be an actual transcription of the Kaiser's diary, this volume sufficiently reveals his extraordinary character to render it a valuable psychological study.

GENERAL FOCH AT THE MARNE. By Charles Le Goffic. $1.50.
M. Le Goffic's book deals with the six days' fighting which immediately succeeded the arrest of the French retreat, when the French soldiers at last turned round and fought the all-conquering Germans. An outstanding feature of the Battle of the Marne was General Foch's masterly handling of the Ninth Army. It is with this part of the battle that M. Le Goffic deals in the present volume.

THE EDUCATION OF THE NEW CANADIAN. By J. T. M. Anderson. $2.50.
An intensely interesting discussion of the dangers and advantages of the foreign element that is entering our national life. The writer has spent over ten years among the foreign settlers of the Prairie Provinces.

ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES OF THE WAR. By Francis Grierson. $1.25.
In this volume Mr. Grierson strongly advocates the necessity of Anglo-American unity, saying: "We are about to enter a phase of existence so new, so fantastically paradoxical, that it is hardly possible to bring home to the minds of the people anything like an adequate sense of the situation.

WOMEN AND SOLDIERS. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. $1.00.
Mrs. Alec-Tweedie is well known as traveller, author, journalist. Her social relations are wide and deep. In this volume she has brought together sketches on various phases of womanhood and essays on the problems of women, during and after the war.

LIGHTED WINDOWS. By Dr. Frank Crane. $1.25.
One of the series of short essay volumes for which Dr. Crane has become so justly famous. The title promises good cheer and comfort and the book in its contents lives up to that promise.

BEFORE THE WIND. By Janet Laing. $1.50.
A story of the present day, full of young life and vigor, romance and reality, humor and tenderness, with a strong detective interest.

UNDER FIRE. By Henri Barbusse.
Translated from the French by Fitzwater Wray.
A vivid description of life and battle in the trenches that in grip, and calm, remorseless presentation of fact reminds one strongly of Zola's best work. It is not a chronicle, still less a diary, but combines pictures of men in masses and of individual types into a sort of epic of army life.

NEW JUVENILES.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GUILD. By L. Lamprey. $1.50.
Colored Illustrations.
Tales of the little apprentices, merchants' children and country boys and girls who flourished and lived adventurous lives in the days when there were no huge factories and everything had to be made by hand.

SHOE AND STOCKING STORIES. By Elinor Mordaunt. $1.50.
Colored and black and white illustrations.
Tales told to a small boy of five, while he put on his shoes and stockings every day. Charming fantasies for childish minds, with appropriate illustrations.

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE FAIRY WOOD. By Ethel Cook Eliot. $1.00.
Colored Illustrations.
The charm and imagination of this story should make it into a children's classic.

HOW TO BE GOOD STORIES. By Edith Cushing Derbyshire. $1.50.
Colored and black and white illustrations.
Amusing tales of childish faults and how the fairies intervened to cure them. For all their riot of laughter and thrills, they demonstrate the dire results of misbehavior.

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The Best Books of The Year

(*Continued from page 49.*)

as merely a purveyor of very light fiction. But such books as "The Turmoil," and now "The Magnificent Ambersons," show him to be a very thoughtful observer of social conditions. His story of the Amberson family, their rise to wealth and social pre-eminence in the Middle Western city which they helped to build, and then their gradual decline as the town developed into a great modern city, is admirably conceived and done. The book is also an excellent study of a spoiled young pup of a boy, who manages to wreck the lives of two or three



Arnold Bennett.

people, including his devoted but rather silly mother. In the end Mr. Tarkington gives us to understand that he is brought to his senses, and a happy marriage with a girl far too good for him. But I have my doubts. Boys like George Amberson Minafer always remain graceless pups, no matter how long they live or how much they go through—money or suffering. Mr. Tarkington would perhaps have done better to make the ending of his book less sweetly optimistic. But it is none the less a very good story.

Another story of the Middle West and of the decline of a prominent family in a small town as conditions changed around them is told by Mrs. Mary Watts in "The Boardman Family." She has less humor and narrative skill than Mr. Tarkington, but she is far superior to him in breadth of view, in artistic sincerity, and the possession of a large and tolerant philosophy of life.

But we must not forget our own Canadian writers. The past year has seen the publication of some very important books by Canadian authors, books that compare quite favorably with the current literature of other lands. For instance, "Drums Afar," by John Murray Gibbon, is a novel of cosmopolitan life and of the war, which displays unusual knowledge of life in the capitals of Europe, no less than in Canada and the United States. It is also an admirable study of a man's gradual awakening to the more serious meaning of life—a lesson which is brought home to him, as to so many others by the war. As Mr. Gibbon is himself the product of Scottish and English universities, studied art in London and Paris, followed Eden Phillpotts in the editorship of "Black and White," and is at present the publicity agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it can easily be imagined how rich is the personal experience on which he can draw for local color.

A book that isn't fiction, but which is far more interesting than most novels, is Florence Macleod Harper's "Runaway Russia." This Canadian woman was in Russia all through the terrible days following the Czar's deposition, the break-up of discipline in the army, and the rise of the Bolsheviki. She took active part in Red Cross work, and witnessed the battles in the streets of Petrograd. And she describes it all with really extraordinary vigor and dramatic interest.

Two other Canadian books that call for notice in such a summary as this are the two last volumes of Norman Duncan's stories of Newfoundland. The early death of this gifted writer was a heavy blow to Canadian literature. His sincerity, his skill as a teller of tales, and his passionate appreciation of the beauty and heroism of life on the Newfoundland coast, gave him a position that was almost unique among contemporary writers. No less an authority than Honore Willsie, herself a distinguished novelist and editor, has said that by Norman Duncan's death "we lost the best short-story writer in the country"—meaning the United States, where Duncan spent all his later years.

Here am I almost at the end of my space, and no room to do more than mention William J. Locke's story of a human lap-dog whom the war made into a man, "The Rough Road"; Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's brilliant study of hatred, "Foe-Farrell"; May Sinclair's "Tree of Heaven," the story of what the war did to a whole family; Frank Swinnerton's exquisitely beautiful study of one night in the life of two girls and their invalid father, "Nocturne"; Simeon Strunsky's "Professor Latimer's Progress," the wise



John Murray Gibbon.

and amusing account of a middle-aged professor's adventures while wandering about New England trying to forget the war, by his doctor's orders; Joseph Hergesheimer's remarkable study of three generations of a family of Pennsylvania iron makers, "Three Black Pennys"; our own Stephen Leacock's "Frenzied Fiction," a delightful burlesque in the true Leacockian style; and Mary Webb's beautiful but intensely tragic "Gone to Earth."

Every one of these books deserves an extended notice, but after all there is a limit to the amount one can put on a page, and editors are very ruthless persons. But before I get to "yours very sincerely," let me say that these are the books which remain uppermost in my memory after a year of reviewing. There may be others equally worth while—naturally opinions will differ on such a matter—but at least these are eminently worth reading. And the list contains something to suit every taste.

Music and Christmas

(*Continued from page 23.*)

days the mission of bringing music to the individual and into the home is more highly organized than it ever was in the past, and though the traditional customs of older lands have not taken a very deep root on this continent, music is still a great factor, not merely in the religious, but in the general observance of the day. For instance, it is probable that music enters more fully into the practice of gift-giving than ever in the past. This, indeed, is one of its happiest manifestations, for nothing in the way of a musical gift is wasted. It represents something added to the sum total of human enjoyment. Thus, music renders an inestimable service in keeping the spirit of Christmas alive, and Christmas annually reinforces the glad, spiritual appeal of music.

The Joy of Christmas Giving is measured largely by the pleasure-yielding qualities of the Gift.

A Copy of "WILLOW, the WISP," Archie P. McKishnie's New Canadian Novel, guarantees 100 per cent. Happiness to both Donor and Recipient.

"A story of vehement interest."—*Boston Herald.*

"A story of beauty and charm."—*World.*

"One actually sees his mountains and his lakes; one seems to feel his winds and storms. The whole atmosphere of the out-of-doors is produced with an amazing realism."—*Toronto Globe.*

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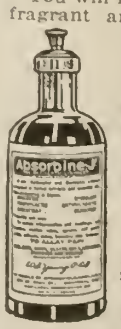
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Beautiful Vancouver

(*Continued from page* 16.)

the city and of bush life near by. It must be admitted, however, that by far the best thing about the book are two little verses which appear as a foreword:

"To mortals blest with seer's eyes,
The fairies walk in Arden still;
The magic light of Elfland lies
On grassy glades, on dale and hill;
While Philomel's sweet love-notes fill
The leafy bowers, where gay appear
Titania's court in costume chill—
To such as have the vision clear.

"Far out beneath the Western skies
We, too, may conjure up at will
These sylph-like forms — perchance surprise
Some Naiad mirrored in the rill;
Or through the pine-trees, sweet but shrill
Pan's plaintive pipes enchanted hear;
E'en fairies dance and roundels trill—
For such as have the vision clear."

The Fall lists also show a book of poems called the "Between the Gates," by Charlotte Grant MacIntyre, an Indian poem by Lionel Haweis, some time a planter in Ceylon and now on the Library staff of the University of British Columbia, and it is asserted that an all-Vancouver "Christmas Book of Prose and Poetry" is under way.

A young Vancouver writer, Elspath Honeyman, seems to have won a certain distinction quite early in her career, as one of her war poems has been used by the United States Government in the recent Liberty Loan Campaign, another has been translated into French for Government uses, and others have appeared in the London "Spectator," New York "Times," etc. Miss Honeyman was born in Ladnor, B.C., and educated at Yale and the University of British Columbia.

Mrs. Holt Murlson, an English woman who is now in Vancouver, has done some really good verse, bearing a strong Canadian flavor Bernard MacEvoy is a writer rich in experience with a beautiful style.

The poems and stories of Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay are well known, but can hardly be spoken of as products of Vancouver. The stories are Eastern in atmosphere, but Mrs. MacKay, who has been living in Vancouver for years, may some day fall under the spell of her adopted land sufficiently to bend her undoubted talent upon some phase of the interpretation of Western life.

When I think of Vancouver, I remember a beautiful old garden and its charming owner, a writer of the old school, Mrs. Lefevre, who is the author of some delightful lyrics, and who has done much to help and encourage the spirit of letters in her adopted city. I think, too, of a well-known figure in the literature of Canadian journalism — for there is undoubtedly a literature of journalism —who has, for long lived on the Pacific Coast, a gracious figure who, wherever she is, must create about her a feeling for literature as unpretentious as it is sincere. I mean Mrs. Clare Fitz-Gibbon, who, as Lally Bernard of the Toronto Globe, was one of the best-known of Canadian journalists. It was some years ago that Lally Bernard was sent to the Northwest by the "Globe" to inquire into Doukhabor affairs, with the result that she originated Doukhabor Home Industries under the National Council of Women. Since then Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon has been vitally interested in many Canadian problems, labor, educational and social problems, none of which appeal to her more deeply than those connected with emigration in British Columbia.

Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon is another of our strong writers who could an' she would speak for the beautiful coast-land that lies, as yet, under a mysterious spell, unbroken by the word of any really great artist.

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

A correspondent asks the following questions:

(a) "Is it possible for a beginner in journalism to get book-reviewing to do when one lives in a country town?"

(b) "What do you think of the possibilities of essay-writing on subjects for women? Short articles such as Frank Crane writes."

(c) "Must a writer have a 'name' before he or she can be admitted to the literary fold?"

(d) "Is it possible to sell plots for stories to successful story writers?"

To which I would answer:

(a) In this question lies one of the deep-rooted and most mistaken suppositions that ever entered the mind of a beginner in journalism. Why should the person whose art is still so formless that he or she, by their own confession, can not construct a short story or article that would be accepted even by second-class magazines, imagine that they are qualified to deal critically with the work of professional writers? Book-reviewing is, or should be, a fine art, the result of knowledge and experience of life as well as literature. It is too often the playground of the amateur, which fact is exceedingly bad for the amateur and very hard on the public. That the "beginner" lives in a small town would be an added drawback, as he or she has need of all the contact with education and with life that is possible, whereas the residence of a critic of mature judgment would probably be by his or her own choice in a small place where there is leisure to sift one's ideas and obtain the necessary time for careful work.

(b) Essay-writing has largely gone out of fashion. But if attempted, why "in the manner of Frank Crane?" Admiration is a great incentive but imitation is fatal.

(c) It is another of the delusions of young writers that there is something magical or uncanny about a "name." Yet, contradictory as it may seem, the making of your name lies at the root of your whole career. A "name" only signifies the ideas which come to be associated about a certain personality shown through work of a distinctive quality, and the first time that an editor, or a magazine reader, or a reviewer, if he has ordinary intelligence, comes upon an arresting piece of work, the author of it becomes to him a "name," a name to be watched for and to be welcomed should a second MSS. prove to be as good as the first. No one is more open to conviction than the editor who, toiling through masses of ordinary, unoriginal, amateurish work comes upon something fresh, clear-cut and sincere; something that pleases him so emphatically that he knows, without any peradventure, that his readers, for the most part ordinary people like himself, will also be seized and carried away on the wings of that writer's imagination. A "name" is literally made very often in a day. But it rests with the author as to whether the name shall live. The so-called critics have much less to do with the making or marring of reputations than most people seem to believe. They cannot "write up" a poor book, and they cannot "write down" a good one. The final test lies with that dim, mysterious but altogether human force—the people. The editors and their readers, the publishers and their readers, can unlock or withhold the first door to the public, and so the fate of the beginner. But once through this door and before the public the ultimate appeal is really the human appeal of the work itself. The critics can help or hinder the rapid vogue of a writer, but they are powerless before the writer's real gift. No, you will not enter the literary "fold" nameless, be sure of that.

(d) The last question is perhaps the most interesting of all: "Is it possible to sell plots to successful story writers?"

Perhaps not to successful writers, for success in story-writing usually infers the ability to "plot" which lies at the heart of the short story. At the same time there is many an embryo writer whose success lags because he cannot as yet invent "plot." To such an one the person whose brain is fertile in the contrivance of incident, the formation of the "working plan" out of which a short story is based, should be a most valuable find, and such ingenuity of brain ought to profit the plotter very materially. In all the literary market

(*Continued on page* 57.)

Bring the Junkers to Judgment!

"IF William Hohenzollern and the German butchers who engineered the war are not brought to trial and the lesson driven home that the world brooks no license in the name of Kultur, then our Canadian soldiers have died in vain. No peace," declares "MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE," "will be satisfactory to Canada that leaves them at large."

Read this powerful article in the December issue of "MACLEAN'S," in which it is declared that Canada is a unit in demanding stern measures. "There is no mawkish sympathy here, no tendency to grant dangerous favors to a foul-fighting opponent who has taken the count."

It is asserted that Canadians as a whole want:

1. No softening of armistice terms.
2. Canadian representation at the Peace Conference.
3. Banishment of all Hohenzollerns from Germany, that the seeds of autocracy may be uprooted.
4. The punishment of the criminals who started the war and conducted it so ruthlessly.
5. The payment of an indemnity to Canada to cover our war bill.

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An All-Star Line Up This Month

Other features in this issue are as follows:

Baker's Message to Canada, by Private Peat.
Now That the War is Won, by Lieut.-Col. J. B. Maclean.
The Wife, by Robert W. Service.
The Strange Adventure of the Dummy Chucker, by Arthur Stringer.
Greetings to Canada, by Charles M. Schwab.
The Rank and File (political article), by J. K. Munro.
The Three Sapphires, by W. A. Fraser.
Chronicles of the Klondyke, by E. Ward Smith.
The Minx Goes to the Front, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
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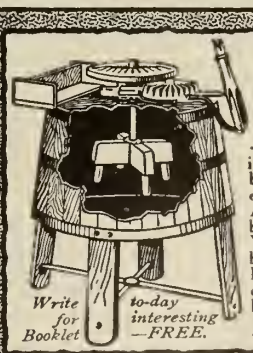
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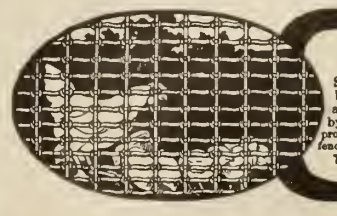
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"ROSE IN THE BUD" by Muriel Jocelyn, and illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore, is one of the January short stories

Why We Should Bathe Internally

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

By R. W. Beal

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion the new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "The WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Charles A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose life-long study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 232, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in the "Canadian Home Journal," and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but *send for the book now*, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

(Advertisement.)

A Good Laugh and a Good Lesson

Watch for the Short Story

The Madness of McAra

By Edith G. Bayne

Illustrated by Mary Essex

In the January Number

The Return of Peter Piper

(Continued from page 7.)

now, but what have you to do with the rebuilding—the remaking that has taken me every day of the two years of your absence? What did you ever do,—you laggart, good-for-nothing, you despicable wretch, but curse everything that God meant to be beautiful. Then you come back and ask me to welcome you home" she ended breathless.

"I know—I know, Sarah Ann" he said brokenly, "I know, I know, but can't you forget and forgive?"

"Forget and forgive" she flung back at him passionately—"Forget and forgive indeed. Isn't that what I have been doing ever since the glitter of those first days with you had dulled, until now I can never forget the wrong you have done me and those helpless little souls that bear your hated name. Forgive you—didn't I forgive you that awful night you stumbled in here drunk and strove to strangle your month old child? Forgive you—didn't I forgive you the time you took Jimmy away? But when you *stole—stole* to buy poison for your body and soul, what did I care if they shut you up in a prison? You belonged there. How they could release you to don the uniform of a soldier I have never understood. Nights I have prayed with all my soul that you would never, never return to us. Days I have lived to teach my children to forget their father—a father who left the country a thief—a thief—a thief."

Trembling with agitation she sank into a chair and shook with sobs.

The man, slinking close to the wall, groaned.

Suddenly from the adjoining room came the shrill terrified baby cry of Buddy.

"Mummie, Mummie."

The woman heard not, nor heeded.

"Mummie, Mummie."

The man started vehemently, stole noiselessly across the room to the door, opened it and went into the dark bed room.

Sarah Ann Piper was conscious of his movements, but she was too spent to voice a command.

Dazedly she sat on and on, waiting for any sound that should warn her. A deadly hush pervaded the little house. Presently she arose, crossed to the bedroom and at the threshold paused—petrified.

The gas was burning low, giving the room an almost uncanny aspect. On the one low rocker the man in khaki sat with Buddy asleep in his arms. One baby hand rested upon the father's cheek down which the tears were coursing unrestrained.

The movement startled him. He looked up quickly, then down at the sleeping child. Brushing the damp hair from the little white forehead, he rose, laid the baby carefully in the crib, covered him gently with the red and white checkered quilt, then turned to the light.

The waiting woman marvelled. What was that vague something that had chiselled upon the face of this man a portence of power, and given to his hand the touch of tenderness? Meekly he followed Sarah Ann back into the sitting room.

"The poor little chap was scared, I guess," he stammered by way of explanation, "Poor little chap. Where are the others?"

It was not in her mind to reply. Why should she tell him the truth and possibly spoil their Christmas, the one day they had looked forward to for so many weeks?

"We are here, Dad," Sarah Ann Junior called timidly from the kitchen threshold, pulling off her red mittens, "We've been to the store."

"I saw you down town, Dad," Jimmy confided, bravely pointing a condemning finger at the man in khaki, "But you didn't see me."

"No" Peter Piper replied slowly, "I didn't see you Jimmy. Won't you come over and speak to me now." He held out his arms imploringly.

The children turned to their mother. Surely she would tell them what to do or say. Her eyes were upon the intruder; she did not see their enquiring glances.

"And you won't spoil our Christmas, please, Dad," Sarah Ann Junior begged taking a short step forward.

"Spoil your Christmas" he repeated, a note of pity in his voice—"Why you poor little kid you, I won't touch your Christmas."

The girl comprehended his sincerity immediately. The consternation vanished; she went towards him joyfully.

"Oh I am so glad, Dad" she whispered in his ear, "Jimmy said you might, but now I know you just won't."

Automatically Jimmy crossed the room to his father's side. Being an outsider was not altogether in his line.

"Say, Dad, what's wrong with your face?" he puzzled—"'Tain't like it used to be anyhow."

The man smiled wanly.

"Guess the bullets scared it different Jimmy" he suggested.

Jimmy gasped; so did Sarah Ann Junior.

"Well" she protested, "If we can have our Christmas—it's to-morow."

"Why sure thing it is" he agreed with a touch of enthusiasm in his voice, "And I saw Old St. Nick down street this afternoon—told him not to forget us either."

Sarah Ann Junior skipped across to her mother.

"It's just great, isn't it, mother?" she cried catching one of the woman's cold trembling hands, "It is just great. What do we do next?"

"Go to bed, I suppose," Sarah Ann Piper replied, realizing her inability to cope with the situation.

The child's smile vanished, a look of dismay crossed her uplifted face.

"Why, mother, we didn't even make our candy, and mother, don't forget the stockings. You said we could hang them ourselves. *Why, you promised!*"

Fearing further calamities Jimmy manfully brought to light a pair of long black stockings from within his pockets.

"Here they are, mother" he conceded triumphantly, "I was almost plumb sure you'd forget, so I didn't."

To Sarah Ann Piper the next half hour came back daily in memories during the weeks that followed. She could never fully understand what magical spell it was that bound them all together, regardless of the past and the doubtful future. A clemency at once sweet and potential possessed her as they laughed and hung the stockings together, speculating in excited whispers.

"Perhaps a lady doll," Peter Piper suggested.

Sarah Ann Junior contemplated a moment.

"Mebbe Dad, but shoes anyway, ones with buttons; mother said she would."

"Me for a bat," Jimmy flouted scornfully, "A sure enough baseball one, I've saved some every week since last September, so mother said she'd get one sure, didn't you mother?"

"Sh-sh" his mother replied smilingly, shaking her head and laying her finger suggestively upon her lips, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell no lies."

Then the children had left them alone in the little sitting room with a world of doubt between them. It was the man who broke the silence.

"I'm not asking to stay now, Sarah Ann, but what's to be done for those kids to-night you can't do alone. There's a tree out there in the yard to be brought in, and set up with the fixins'. I bought a few things at the shops before I came. They're out in the wood shed, come let's get them."

It was more an entreaty than a command, but Sarah Ann obeyed. Together they dragged in the little Christmas tree and made it secure in a far corner of the sitting room. Her fingers trembled with exultation as she touched the numerous things he had bought for them.

"It's a dreadful extravagance," she once hinted, tying a doll upon a lower branch that would send Sarah Ann Junior into screams of ecstasy.

"Oh, no it isn't" Peter assured her thoughtfully,—"Why the poor kids never had a Christmas before."

The task finished at length, a sudden langour seized the man. Sarah Ann Piper was not aware that only a few hours previous he had left the military hospital in a distant city to return to them for the festive season.

Wearied, she, too, sat down and stared stupidly at the tree.

Presently Peter began to talk in an absent low tone, voicing for himself those inmost thoughts that possessed him.

"It's me to blame,—only me" he muttered, "Only me, I don't blame Sarah. She is right, right. Wonder why I had to be there suffering so many weeks fancying how glad she and the kids would be when I came back, made over body and soul. Wonder why,—wonder why it had to be like this. Maybe the Lord hasn't finished making a man of me yet, maybe not—maybe—"

The thought seemed to hold him. A long silence prevailed. Dumbly Sarah

(Continued on page 59.)

FASHIONS

(*Continued from page* 47.)

7606—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch gingham—⅜ yard 27-inch white pique. Lower edge width 2 yards.

7937—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch white wash satin—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting satin.

6904—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch check gingham—¾ yard 36-inch white voile. Width at lower edge, 2⅝ yards.

7436—Ladies' Pantalet or Work Dress. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires without skirt—7⅜ yards 27-inch chambray. Practically every woman is in a uniform nowadays, and this is one of the most convenient imaginable. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards.

7928—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin. Width at lower edge 1⅜ yard.

7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 44-inch check cloth. Width at lower edge 1½ yard.

7911—Ladies' Morning Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch check gingham—½ yard plain gingham. Width at lower edge 1⅝ yard.

7907—Ladies' Morning Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 6½ yards 27-inch rep—⅜ yard 36-inch plaid gingham. Width at lower edge 1⅝ yard. Embroidery No. 12184, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

8034—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 44-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge 1½ yard.

(*Continued from page* 36.)

8013—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 36-inch flesh-color batiste—⅜ yard blue batiste for trimming. These cunning pajamas are in two parts, the short coat cut in one with the sleeves and drawn in at the waist-line by ribbon or elastic run through a casing.

7496—Child's and Girls' Nightdrawers or Pajamas. Six sizes, 1 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 3½ yards 27-inch madras or outing flannel. These are in one in front, but at the back the drawer section buttons onto the waist.

8019—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Five sizes, 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch batiste. The sleeves are cut in one with the front and back of the pajamas.

7656—Misses' and Girls' Nightgown. Eight sizes, 6 to 20 years. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch nainsook—1¾ yard insertion—2½ yards edging. The front and back of this nightgown are cut in one with the short sleeves.

7530—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 27-inch white lawn for collar. The yoke, which is a smart feature of this school frock, has extension tabs that cross in surplice style.

7846—Boys' Suit. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1½ yard 36-inch tan linen for trousers and trimming—1¼ yard 32-inch white dimity for blouse.

8052—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—¼ yard 36-inch dotted organdy for collar, cuffs and pockets—2 yards lace edging. Handkerchief linen in white and pastel colors makes very dainty frocks for the small girl.

7866—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 27-inch white linen for collar and cuffs.

7196—Child's One-piece Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 27-inch cotton crepe—½ yard 27-inch blue linen for collar, cuffs, and pockets.

7724—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch cotton poplin—⅜ yard 36-inch pink linen.

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The Master Mind of the Movies

(*Continued from page* 9.)

Edwards. On his return, Mr. Edwards whipped his organization into shape, and the first picture made under his supervision, but not direction, was "Life's Shop Window." Following this, Mr. Edwards supervised the production and the assembling of the casts of numerous other photoplays, but steadfastly refused to personally direct a picture. Although urged by Mr. Fox to try his hand at it, Mr. Edwards, who for so many years had rehearsed stage successes in an entirely different manner, shied at this new art of producing. How he came to produce his first picture was purely an accident, and Mr. Edwards tells the story in his own way.

"Betty Nansen, the great Danish tragedienne, had been signed up by Mr. Fox for a series of great dramatic photoplays, and on her arrival in the United States, a director was engaged to be responsible for her filming. I was to act in an advisory capacity. The first picture decided upon was Tolstoy's "Resurrection," a play entirely familiar to me, having produced it several times on the legitimate stage.

"The indoor scenes of the play were made in New York, and then the entire company left for Quebec to get the necessary snow atmosphere. I went along with them. During one of the scenes a matter came up for discussion between the star and the director. Soon they were at loggerheads, and the work came to a standstill. Using the prerogatives of a star, Miss Nansen declared that she would not finish the picture with the director. They both individually appealed to me to finish the picture. Realizing the expense we were

(*Continued on page* 60.)

Beautiful Vancouver

(*Continued from page* 55.)

there is no more successful merchant than the short story writer, and next to writing a short story it should be profitable to help write it. "The Editor," of Ridgewood, N.J., a small monthly magazine, is a wide guide for beginners. Here one may find ways and means of advertising a new line of work or of obtaining information as to markets. That the way is not well trod makes its possibilities greater. To my correspondent I should say, "exercise the faculty of which you write, invent many plots, for the exercise of ideas invariably brings more ideas, and submit the best to such a magazine as 'The Editor,' where you will receive sound advice as to the marketing of your product."



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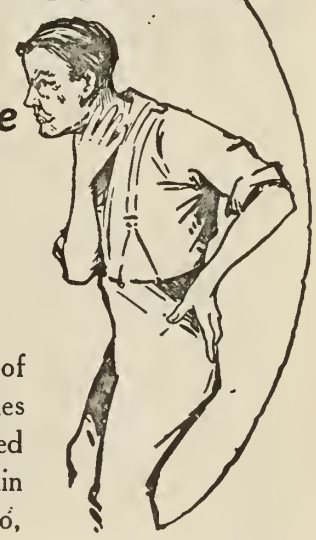
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"However regrettable the situation of the Belgian civil population may be as regards food, our troops fighting hard in the first line must be the first consideration. Hence the last draught horse and vehicle must be requisitioned. Unit commanders must remember that the attitude of the population towards us has completely altered since the turn of the situation. They must see in them the population of an enemy state with which we are at war.

"It is, therefore, strictly forbidden to give the slightest help to the civil population. Military interests must alone be considered. The country's produce must be used in our interests alone and not for the population."

So runs the text of an army order from Bavarian Divisional Headquarters, dated October 5, and which was taken by the Belgians from a German prisoner. Bad as the condition of the civil population of Belgium must have been during the German occupation, it is a thousandfold worse to-day with the German hordes over-running the country in their retreat before the oncoming Allied forces. Talk of victory must be somewhat of a mockery to the starving people of Belgium. Deliverance is at hand, but what are they to do till that liberation comes? The country's produce must be used for the use of the German army alone, not for the population, says the German order. Shall these people starve to death in the meantime? Their own meagre supplies have been commandeered and they are without food or the means, from within at least, of obtaining it.

"The condition of the Belgian people in the reclaimed areas is most pitiful," writes a correspondent with the Allied armies in Belgium. "Devastation and ruin have been left behind by the Germans and whole families have been left with no roof over their heads and most of them with no food and no clothing.

"I came across a woman and two small children by the wayside the other day, the flimsy dress the mother wore, the only one she had, was next to no protection against the weather, and the two little ones were no better off; they were without shoes or stockings and their emaciated little bodies were covered only with patched cotton dresses. The mother told me sobbingly that the Germans had taken all the food from the village before they left, and that she and her children had not eaten for two whole days. I gave her what I had and directed her to the nearest army kitchen I knew, a mile or so down the road."

They have been deprived of what little they obtained under the German occupation, the advancing armies can care for them only in the most superficial manner, so that the only source from which they can hope to obtain relief and help is through the Commission for the Relief of the Belgians.

The cry goes out from the women and children of Belgium to-day as it has never done before. They have lost all they ever possessed through the ruthless invasion of their homes, and from now until such time as they can again make a home and take up a regulated and industrious life they need help to assist them in gathering together the threads of their shattered lives. Among the many organizations devoted to the conservation of child life in Belgium that which has to do with the provision of extra rations for the children ranks high in importance and in achievement. Its principal activity is the conduct of canteens or dining-rooms for children and nursing mothers. For these it provides a nourishing meal each morning. The canteens are established in any available place, in schools, shops, private houses, even in cellars. The cuisine of each canteen is directed by a food expert and from the few foodstuffs available are concocted a variety of dishes that cannot but fail to appeal to the palate of even the most sickly child.

"Among the civilian population of Belgium hiding in the cellars there have been a great many deaths, either from wounds inflicted by the Germans or from the effects of gas the enemy has let loose into each town and village as it was evacuated. There were twenty-seven deaths in the Village of Hansbeke alone," says a cabled despatch from an eye-witness attached to the Belgian Armies in the field. The cable goes on to draw a picture of the utter desolation that the enemy has left behind him.

"A portion of the population who had fled from their homes during the bombardment of Hansbeke, found on their return more ruins and debris—trees had been cut down, houses ransacked, furniture smashed to pieces and fields devastated."

Such is but a mere glimpse of the terrible havoc the Germans left behind them in Belgium. Families who have lived as peacefully as was possible under German domination for the past four years, and for many weary months had been looking forward to the day of their liberation, and possibly a happy reunion with their loved ones in the trenches, have been purposely and wantonly murdered or driven from their homes.

No neighbors are there to take the people in and give them food and warm clothing until they can re-make their home; whole communities have been similarly affected. Amid the wreck and ruin of their former homes these people are obliged to live, some huddled together where a portion of a roof is still left holding, while others have to seek what shelter they can find in the woods or, worse still, to sleep in the open with insufficient food and clothing. Little is it that the Belgians are able to salvage from devastated villages and many must go hungry and cold till aid is sent to them.

Contributions may be sent to the nearest relief committee, or direct to the Central Committee of the Belgian Relief Fund, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Quebec.

How We Get Our Raisins

(*Continued from page* 52.)

raisin pie has become a standard dessert throughout the land. Raisins increase the food value of every dish in which they are used, and make the use of sugar practically unnecessary. Two or three raisins, broken open and put in a cup of tea, sweeten it sufficiently; raisins in bread increase the food value of the bread and make it keep better, as they retain the moisture. Raisins are delicious stewed with apples, prunes or other dried fruits, and their use means a great saving of sugar.

Raisins are plentiful, so there's no need to stint. Their generous use in these war times means true conservation, for raisins save wheat, save lard, save sugar—and they do it while making all foods more acceptable to the palate and richer in food value.

FOOD ANALYSIS.

Carbohydrates	76.0%
Protein	2.6%
Vegetable fats	2.3%
Water	14.6%
Ash	3.4%

Cellulose (bal.).
Acids—Malic and Tartaric.
Calories per pound, 1605.

CHEMICAL ELEMENTS.

	Per 100 gms.
Phosphorus	.08
Sulphur	.02
Potassium	.3
Sodium	.05
Calcium	.02
Magnesium	.04
Chlorine	.02

BELGIUM NEEDS YOUR HELP MORE THAN EVER!

As Homes are Freed from Grasp of Germans New Horrors Revealed.

Belgium! Belgium! Belgium!—the papers are full of heart-rending news-items from Belgium. Delirious with joy at being rescued from the hellish tyranny of the Germans, yet the poor Belgians are in large measure in the last stages of want.

Every cent you can send to them NOW will help to feed a famished patriot or clothe one whose meagre rags will never keep out this winter's cold.

Raise Your Fund and Send It In!

Perhaps you cannot spare as much as you would wish, but go around among your friends, plead Belgium's cause, collect all you can in every possible way, and turn it in QUICKLY to your local Committee or to Headquarters.

Picture these hungry and stricken people, of whom the Master said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these . . . . ".

This is an imperative call for HELP!

Make cheques payable and send contributions to

BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

(Registered under the War Charities Act).

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to your Local Committee, or to Headquarters, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, or to Ontario Branch Belgian Relief Fund, 95 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario

THE RETURN OF PETER PIPER

(*Continued from page* 56.)

nn strained every listening faculty to atch his next words, if words there ight be.

"Honours—honours won't make any ifference here" he continued. "Seems s though now everything is dead. I ot to live the man until she knows it, hen maybe I'll come back—got to live nd fight all over again, then maybe—aybe."

Abstractedly he felt within his pocket nd drew forth a small leather case. eaning forward he laid it on the floor lose to the tree. Simultaneously Sarah nn started forward and caught it up.

"What does it mean, Peter?" she sked numbly, slowly lifting the lid to aze upon the little bronzed cross.

He gazed at her yearningly.

"Do you want me to tell you, Sarah nn?"

Some mysterious force stirred her ery being. She longed to understand is man, this stranger; to peer with im into the past; to give him all of er sympathy.

"Yes" she whispered, "Yes, Peter, I ant to know it all, *all*."

He smiled faintly.

"One doesn't know where to begin, arah Ann, the 'all' of it is so big. I uess maybe it started during those ree days that I sat in my cell cursing e Fate my fingers had beckoned to e. I hated the place. I hated the afety of it. I wanted to get out and ing defiance at the law for putting e there. I wanted,—wanted with ll my soul to kill someone. It matered not who might be my victim.

"And then Barnes came. I think you an remember Jim Barnes, the steady ber little fellow who worked with me t the shop whenever I worked. Yes. e came to my cell holding his battered rby in one hand and a big bag of anges in the other for me, when his ockinged feet hit the pavement here he walked through the soles of is boots. But that was Barnes.

"'Peter,' he said, sitting down on e camp bed beside me, 'Peter, why d you do it?'

"'Do it,' I snarled. 'Do it, well nce you believe I did it, what blamed usiness is it of yours.'

"For answer he opened the bag and fered me an orange. I took it greedy and began to peel it.

"'Take one yourself,' I said tersely.

"'No,' he lied, 'I don't like them eter, you can have them all.'

"And thereupon he dumped the reaining eleven upon my bed. So we st sat there in silence, me eating his anges while he twirled his hat in his nds.

"'Say, would you like to get out of ere?' he asked presently.

"I turned on him.

"'Do you think I'm such a fool, Jim' sneered, 'that I want to stay.'

"'You see, Peter,' he went on in that me even tone of his, 'I signed up toy—the war you know, and I've been thinkin' they might let you out if u'd come too.'

"Then we talked of ways and means. e thought it could be done. He would y, and when he left me we shook nds. Alone I ate a second orange, eling within me a deep admiration for e silent companion of my working ys.

"Well, you know the result. They let e out, and for six months, I lived, I arched, practised, ate, slept with Jim arnes, and if God ever made a saint man, it's him. He kept me from the vil and in the army. And when we ent into the Valley of the Shadow, we ent together."

Peter paused; Sarah Ann looked up to his face, livid with memory.

"It was a night still as a dream" he ntinued, "Over in the enemy trench me few yards away, we could hear itz singin' and laughin'. Then down r line came the word from headquarrs to advance. Jim Barnes gripped e by the arm and drew me up the rapet.

"'Oh, Peter — fight,' he whispered— 's our chance —stick to me if you n—and fight.'

"In an instant the silent night woke a frenzy of shot and smoke—cries of ony and command were mingled toether. Darkness was banished in the llish red of flame—as back and forth and back and forth—we stumbled—awled—ran—a mass of moving apparon in a world of fury. The enemy, oppose our onslaught, issued fire and me, urging us forward by their deiving cries of agony, driving us back th wild shrieks of triumph. In the ld glare we sweat and cursed and ught, straining like mad men at evything within our grasp, struggling at times with our friends, only to discover our mistakes, laugh hoarsely and strain on again. And then it came....

"'Peter' Jim groaned, clutching at my breast—and falling—'Peter.'

"I fell, too, fell flat on my face beside him.

"'Jim—Jim,' I said softly, clutching at his coat and frightened by the agony that looked at me from his eyes—'Jim don't let them hear us.'

"And there with his gasping breath smiting my face, we talked. The tumult raged above and around us. Somewhere near by we heard the rattling of a machine gun—rattling over the dead and the living. What they were striving to do we could not tell—we could only guess.

"'God' Jim writhed—'Oh God'—then turning suddenly upon me—'Peter, did your woman ever talk to you—tell you about God—and pray sometimes—pray.'

"And I remembered, Sarah Ann, there in the hell of the fight — the heaven we had in those first great days together—

"I may have scorned and mocked at Mary Barnes, but until that hour I never knew the woman soul—never knew a woman's power over her own. I raised his head so he could better see the little picture in his hand—the picture of simple Mary Barnes and the three youngsters. The glare leaped and darted in ruddy lights upon it, but Jim never looked away from that square of cardboard. He breathed easier—his eyes had lost their terror—a tenderness lit up his face, and I wondered if I might—might save him yet.

"And then, like the teeth of the devil biting into the night, came the shell fire, tearing the uplifted hand from the arm and hurling the little picture into the furnace of fury.

"Jim never knew—never realized just what happened. Something mightier than shell shattered me—Jim rolled from my grasp and I rolled over and smothered my face in the dirt of the battlefield. I didn't cry; I couldn't, my body was numb—quivering with an agony. Seeing Jim's *all* snatched away from him like that, made me realize you—want you—call for you. It's coming face to face with Death that makes you realize Life. It's Death that chokes you—sears you—taunts you—until you strain and call for Life—Life. And if it comes," he smiled sadly—"If it comes after that—it's God-bound."

"Life came to me, Sarah Ann, in the realization of others—other fellows like Jim about me—with folks somewhere caring. I left Jim, crawled away from the glory of his face—for glory it was—and somewhere—somehow—I found another—and another—and another. There was straining and grasping and praying to get them to safety—and then victory.

"One of those Jims--for they were all like Jim to me—one of them was our Colonel. It sometimes happens in Life—why we can never know—but the weakest can aid the strong. It was that way with me—and him.

"The rest—I guess you know—the wound in my shoulder—but the eternal hours on the field till dawn—no one can understand but myself and the Almighty."

Peter paused—his eyes closed. A tremor passed through him, shaking him bodily in a storm of silent emotion.

"One can't go through a hell like that" he told her presently, "and not come out hating it. It's coming face to face with Death that makes you realize Life. I guess I know now why, the night Maggie's boy died, you came home and cried all night with the wee Buddy in your arms—rocking—rocking him until dawn. He wasn't sick—he was *yours and well.* I guess I know now, Sarah Ann, why you kissed the others asleep in bed—and they never knew. Life is indeed the revealer of a Divine—the assurance of the Eternal. It's coming face to face with Death——" His voice drifted off into silence.

Sarah Ann stumbled back to her chair—her riven mind repeating over and over again—"It's coming face to face with Death that makes you realize Life." Was it not true—true of her working and living in her sheltered home, bitterness and avarice and greed for her children were clutching and tearing away all those ideals of her youth and her motherhood—killing her heart to its birthright of love and happiness—crushing her God-given soul.

"It's coming face to face with Death that makes you realize Life."

Was it true—true that out of the horror of war—the years of bitterness and remorse—her very soul—her *all* was coming back to her.

Presently Peter arose.

"I'm going now, Sarah Ann. I see how it is with you. I can't stay. But someday I'm coming back when you'll know it's all right—all right."

She followed him through the little front parlour into the cold dark hall. He paused a minute his hand upon the bolt.

"Sarah Ann" he whispered "Will you kiss me once before I go?"

Blindly she stared into space, every muscle of her body numb.

The man waited, and waiting, groaned.

"I see you can't, Sarah Ann—can't yet—but someday—maybe."

He wrenched open the door, a blast of the cold December air smote full upon her face. There was an instant rallying of her senses to a realization.

"Peter—Peter" she whispered stretching out her arms in the dark until her hands rested upon his shoulders. "Oh, Peter—don't go—don't go—it's so cold. I'll make cocoa—in the kitchen," her voice trailed off into long, glad sobs as a something strong and tender drew her close and closer.

Then across the starriness of the night came the joyous ringing of many bells.

It was the Christmas Day!



When cloud-banks blot the sky dull grey, or whistling winds make outdoors disagreeable, how cheery and exhilarating are bright lights and sparkling fires!

And in these soul-trying days, how welcome is the cheery brightness—the soothing caress—the soul-satisfying message—of the music you love.

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Are You Reading "WHO GOES THERE"

The Master Mind of The Movies

(*Continued from page 57.*)

under, I promised to do so, although I had never directed a picture in my life.

"Well, sir, after I had made that rash promise, I went back to the hotel and all that night studied the script, planning out the various scenes, and when I finally went to bed had visualized the scenes for the day's work. That morning when the company assembled I was as nervous as if appearing before a first night audience. I talked the scenes over with Miss Nansen and her support, and after we got into the action of the scene, they were developed in an entirely different manner than I had outlined the night before. I let Miss Nansen have her own way, with just a few dramatic suggestions from myself, and the result was that I finished that day's work in good shape. It came so easy and natural to me that I lost my stage fright and went to it with a vim. From that time on, in addition to supervising pictures, I started in making them for Mr. Fox."

And it may be added that, up to the present time, J. Gordon Edwards has made for the Fox Film Corporation thirty-two feature productions, including the super-features, "Cleopatra" and "Salome." Twenty of these photoplays were with Theda Bara as the star.

A reference was made to Mr. Edwards' modesty in regard to publicity in another part of this article, and to aptly illustrate this phase of his nature it is apropos at this time to give the just credit due this master mind for his share in saving for the world the great spectacular William Fox million-dollar production of the "Daughter of the Gods." When it seemed that the project was doomed to failure, the timely arrival of Mr. Edwards started the wheels going again. It is interesting to note that the star of this picture was Annette Kellerman, an Australian; the director, Herbert Brenon, an Englishman, and the saviour of the picture, J. Gordon Edwards, a Canadian.

Brenon had been sent down to the Island of Jamaica with Miss Kellerman and a company of several thousand to start the filming of this greatest of all sea fantasies. When about halfway through the filming of it, the director got into many difficulties, and it looked as if the great project would be a failure. Several S.O.S.'s were sent to New York, and Mr. Fox sent Mr. Edwards to Jamaica to straighten out the snarl, or, if that was impossible, to disband the company, send them back to New York and call the incident closed, with the possible loss of more than a half million dollars.

On his arrival on the Island, Mr. Edwards found things in a rather chaotic condition. After an investigation, he found that things could perhaps be straightened out, and loath to send the director back to New York with the stigma of a colossal failure on his record, he called a meeting and outlined a plan of action. He bluntly told the director that he had been empowered by Mr. Fox to close up the affairs of the company, and he thought he could devise a way out of the dilemma. In sole charge of the production, Mr. Edwards brought to a successful conclusion what might have been a costly failure. The finished picture was shipped to New York, and subsequent events have proved that Mr. Edwards' foresight and diplomacy saved a great film masterpiece for the world.

A remarkable factor in this great director's work is the fact that he can figure to a day when a picture will be completed; the business office can absolutely rely upon his work, unless, of course, something unforeseen upsets his schedule. There are seldom any costly "re-takes" of scenes, and when there are scenes in which hundreds and at times thousands of people are used, he can handle them all in one day, thereby saving thousands of dollars. It is a known fact that some directors will use tremendous mobs for days at a time, which involves huge expense.

When Mr. Edwards was given the order to film "Cleopatra" he realized at once that he had been given a big contract. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made by independent companies to film some of the great historical masterpieces; they seemed to lack either dramatic force or the spectacular. This Mr. Edwards determined to correct. He spent days and weeks in delving into various historical records, and soon had visualized his conception of the Siren of the Nile and her amours. He had in mind, also, that the public wants, in addition to a great star, a good dramatic story, with a wealth of spectacular effects, and on this theory he proceeded to film the story. It is history now how well he succeeded.

In "Salome" Mr. Edwards had an even more dramatic spectacle to film, and since its showing all over the United States, the master mind and craft of the director who conceived this greatest of all stories has come into his own. In addition to the intensely dramatic episodes with which it abounds he conceived and had embodied in it some of the greatest spectacular lighting effects and ensembles ever filmed.

Months before the actual filming of "Salome" began, and the story had been discussed with Mr. Fox, Mr. Edwards gave his version of the picture and the theme of the entire photoplay to the scenario writer. The director realized in filming the incidents of the Scriptural siren, that he had an entirely different story to deal with to that of "Cleopatra." He also had to keep uppermost in his mind the religious element that entered into this photo

(*Continued on page 62.*)



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The Master Mind of The Movies

(*Continued from page 60.*)

drama, and he had to be more than careful, in working out his story, not to offend the various religions involved in the intrigues of King Herod's Court.

"First of all, there must be a reason for everything you do," said Mr. Edwards, in answer to a question as to how he plans the making of his pictures. "There must be a purpose for every bit of action one sees on the screen, and superfluous bits must be eliminated, for virile action is the life of a film. When one realizes that at times perhaps the last scene of a picture will be taken during the middle of the course of production, and that the director must keep in mind the action of the characters in the preceding scene, so that the action will dovetail, one can see the mental strain involved. A slip in either direction would ruin an entire sequence and make the picture ridiculous.

"In addition, the director must keep in mind the various exits and entrances, so that when the characters appear in the following scenes, the action must be continuous. He must study his sets and see that all these details are attended to. If a character should leave a room from the left side and appear coming out on the right, the audience would immediately recognize the error and comment on it. In 'Salome,' when Miss Bara leaves Herod's palace to meet John the Baptist in the desert, she is seen seating herself comfortably (if that is possible) on the back of a camel, and is next seen dismounting in the wilderness. The first action was taken in the Fox lot in Hollywood, Cal., and the continuation filmed a week later at Palm Springs, two hundred miles distant.

"This meant keeping the costumes intact, the same people in the scene, the same camels, for more than a week, so that the continuation of the action shown on the screen is unbroken. A lapse of memory or any of the details would have cost thousands of dollars and would have necessitated the refilming of the entire sequence."

Mr. Edwards was asked how he maps out the handling of the huge mobs of soldiers and "atmosphere" as revealed both in "Cleopatra" and "Salome," when more than five thousand people are flashed on the screen.

"The day before, or rather the night before," answered Mr. Edwards, "I map out the entire play of action, from the work of the star to the minutest details. In many instances I use the great mass of people in three different episodes, which are scattered, perhaps, in the beginning, in the middle and at the end of the picture. Here is where I find that my early military training stands me in good stead. Of course, any mob of untrained people is difficult to handle, but that is easily overcome if your ideas are clearly outlined before starting to film. It is almost an impossibility to rehearse a great mob over and over again, so I do the next best thing—select captains for each division. I take them aside, explain the action wanted and make them responsible for the success of that particular scene. This system has always worked out well."

"How did you stage that great naval battle of Actium in 'Cleopatra'?" Mr. Edwards was asked.

"I mapped it out with the same principle involved in handling the mobs, taking the additional precaution of minimizing the danger of accidents, such as drowning or being burned. Each ship was manned by expert swimmers, and I had weeded out those who were too old. I then put a man in charge, to whom I had given instructions as to the various signals arranged for the action. Certain ships were to be burned, while others were to remain intact, so that those on the burning ships would have a means of escape. When my signals were given, everything went off with clock-like precision. But it took me the best part of one day to work out all the details, for if anything had gone wrong and the ships had been burned without getting the desired effect, it would have meant a big loss in money and time."

This brought the conversation around to the wonderful lighting and the storm effects used in "Salome"—especially the "miracle" scene, in which a bolt of lightning descends, presumably from the heavens, and smashes the Herodian god, "Jove"—one of the most spectacular scenes ever produced for the screen.

"Of course that was a difficult technical problem to solve," said Mr. Edwards, "but nothing is too difficult for the technical men attached to the William Fox staff. After I explained the effect desired, one of the men evolved a plan so simple in its method that one wondered why it had not been thought of before. I would like to explain the simple mechanism of this contrivance, but it is a secret I cannot divulge. When the 'miracle' was to be performed I had to arrange a set of signals with the men in charge of its workings. A slip meant the nullification of the entire scene—but several rehearsals made it perfect, and the result was most gratifying."

Mr. Edwards also tells how he evolved the great wind storm effects and the flashes of lightning in the scene where "Salome" receives the head of John the Baptist, after her dance of the Seven Veils.

"I always had in mind a terrific, hair-raising finish to the picture, and wanted to get an effect that was seldom, if ever, equalled in a picture production. I ordered the propellers of ten airplanes; they were placed in advantageous positions, and were to begin revolving at a given signal. In addition, huge carbons capable of receiving more than 2,600 volts were placed in the rear and the side of the stage. The result, as shown on the screen, justified all expectations."

In addition to being a director who really "directs," he is a real human being, as many of the thousands of "extras" who have been in Mr. Edwards' pictures can testify to. Always uppermost in his mind is the comfort and well-being of the men and women who are in his big scenes. He always sees to it that they are given every comfort possible, and always insists that the food served them on "location" is as wholesome as that provided for the principals. In big scenes he sees to it that a staff of doctors and nurses are in attendance to give first aid in case of emergency.

Mr. Edwards never uses a manuscript when directing a picture, as he is thoroughly familiar with the story before he starts filming it—something very few directors can boast of.

And just one more sidelight on J. Gordon Edwards. He is not ashamed to acknowledge that he finds his charming little wife a great source of inspiration and a real helpmate. Mrs. Edwards, before her marriage, was Angela McCaull, a well-known *ingenue*, and the daughter of Col. John A. McCaull, who was a famous theatrical manager. She has studied the intricacies of motion picture production in conjunction with her justly famous husband, and during the filming of "Cleopatra" and "Salome" was an ever-present source of inspiration.

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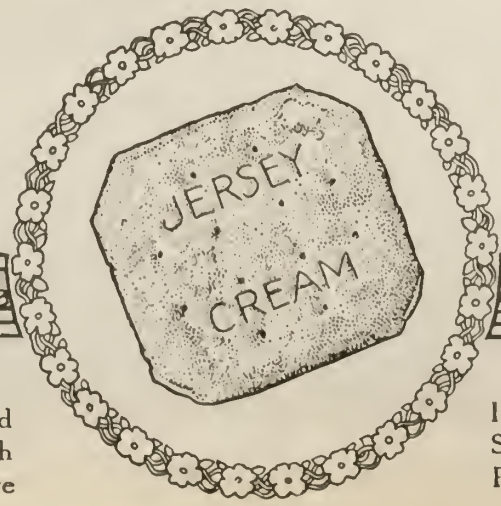
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Vaccine In The Influenza Epidemic

Our representative spent one of the most interesting hours ever devoted to an interview for many years at the Nicholson laboratories, Toronto, where the different organisms causing the present influenza epidemic were shown to the writer both while growing in the incubator and under the microscope.

The Bacteriologist is firmly of the opinion that the short gram negative bacillus which he isolated from the blood of the patient and cultured in the incubator is the one causing the present epidemic. Millions of them were shown to the writer under the microscope. It was also learned that this blood bacillus differs from the Influenza Bacillus found in the sputum inasmuch that it is shorter and of a more fatty appearance.

In the advanced stages of the disease other organisms—in addition to the Influenza Bacillus—were found, all of which differ in appearance, as shown under the microscope. These are known to the profession as Pneumococcus, Streptococcus and Micrococcus Catarrhalis, all of which organisms have to be overcome in the system befor the patient is pronounced cured.

In making the vaccine to counteract the organisms, all were included in the vaccine, which, from the first of the epidemic produced remarkable results, and from enquiries from the scores of physicians using vaccine it has been learned that not a single case proved at all serious where vaccine was administered in the early stages.

It was also ascertained that where factory employees, hospital nurses and families had been inoculated previous to contracting the disease very rarely was the disease contracted at all, and in the few cases reported to have symptoms of the influenza it only appeared in a very slight form.



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Have you ever thought that your skin *can* be changed? Every day your skin changes *of itself*. Old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. It depends on you to keep this new skin clear and colorful.

Just so long as you neglect your skin, it will continue to be dull and colorless. If it is sallow, sluggish, inactive, it needs *stimulating every day*. Free it every night of the tiny dead particles that develop daily. Cleanse the pores thoroughly, bring the blood to the surface, stimulate the tiny muscular fibers. You can do this every night by using the following treatment:

How to rouse a sluggish skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion, until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then in cold water. Then rub your skin for thirty seconds with a lump of ice, and dry carefully.

The very first time you use this treatment, your skin will feel fresher and invigorated. Woodbury's Facial Soap was made especially to meet the needs of the skin. It was formulated by John H. Woodbury after years of experience in treating the skin. Its pure, cleansing, antiseptic lather is just what the skin needs to keep it clear and healthy.

Within a week or ten days, you will notice an improvement in your skin. But do not keep up the treatment for a time and then neglect it. Only the *steady* use of Woodbury's will give you the clear, radiant skin you long for.

Perhaps your skin needs a stronger treatment than the one given here. Then write us for the new steam treatment for pale, sallow skins. You will find the other famous treatments in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get your cake today, and begin at once the treatment your skin needs.

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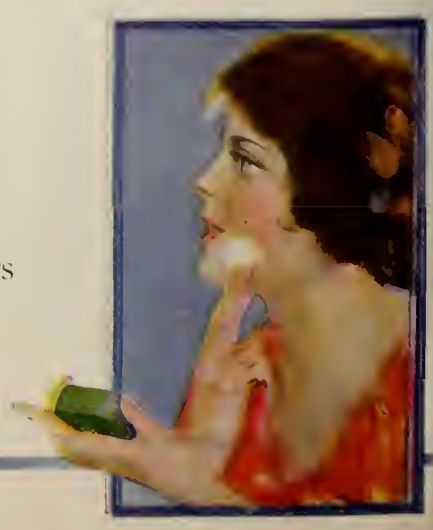
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there is a special Woodbury treatment for the care of it. You will find it in the booklet wrapped around your cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

MADE IN CANADA

BLEMISHES AND UNSIGHTLY SPOTS

can be cleared away by the steady use of the treatment for this purpose given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap



CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



JANUARY
NINETEEN-NINETEEN

PRICE
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Published by THE CANADIAN WOMEN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., Limited



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The Canadian Home Journal

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What You Will Find As You Turn The Pages of The February Number



MABEL BURKHOLDER is the writer of an excellent short story,

"THE PERPETUAL ADORATION,"

in the February number. The setting is in the Chapel of the Franciscan Sisters at Quebec, and the story reveals the human element which lingers amid the mystery and prayers of perpetual adoration.

† †

"FATE CHAPERONES ELEANOR,"

by Georgene H. Wilder. A humorous story of the unexpected doings of a High School girl. Call it luck, fate, or plain persistence, eventually Eleanor won out.

† †

"OTHER MEN'S LUCK"

will be illustrated by Mary Essex of Montreal and published next month.

In addition to these the serial, "Who Goes There" grows in interest and thrills. Pictures showing the code of the Germans will be reproduced, and the plot of the story becomes more interesting in every paragraph.

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MARION HARRIS NEIL, who so efficiently conducts the Cooking Department of "Canadian Home Journal."

Marion Harris Neil is one of the foremost authorities in America on all cookery matters. A graduate of the West End Training School of Cookery, Glasgow, Scotland, she is British through and through, although at present living just outside of New York.

In the February number the following culinary articles will appear:

"Made with the Economical and Appetizing Cranberry."

"Economical Dumpling Recipes"

"Tasty Dishes Made of Rabbit and Hare."

† †

A valuable "Health Talk" by Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton will appear in the February Journal, containing helpful advice and information.

† †

As in this issue, the February number will contain a huge

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE SECTION,

with reports from all parts of Canada.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Owing to labor conditions, the Picture (or Rotogravure) Section announced to begin in the January number, has to be held for the following issue of "Canadian Home Journal." This is as great a disappointment to the Publishers and Editors as to the readers, but we can with assurance look forward to the splendid Picture Section of eight additional pages, printed in a rich sepia tone, appearing in the February number. In this section will be shown pictures of special interest to Canadians, overseas pictures, photographs of homes, and reproductions of famous Canadian paintings.



Children's Shoes *Will* Wear Longer

"Why do the children need so many shoes?" The question looms larger every year in the mind of every mother. If you could cut out one pair of shoes a year for each of the kiddies, what a saving it would mean.

After all, children's shoe-wear is largely a question of sole-wear. If the soles would wear longer and hold the uppers in shape, shoe-bills would come down.

Neolin Soles do these things.

Every day thousands of mothers are proving it. Millions of grown-ups have proved it on their own shoes.

Neolin was produced by science expressly for shoe-soles. Long-wear was the first quality aimed at and attained. And in children's shoes Neolin gives a greater margin of wear over old-style soles.

Other qualities there are that win mothers to Neolin.

Neolin Soles are flexible and help little feet to grow naturally.

Neolin Soles are waterproof, protecting health on wet days.

Neolin Soles are quiet and will not scratch floors or furniture.

For long wear; for the comfort of the kiddies and for the sake of your fine furniture, buy shoes with Neolin Soles. You can get them in many styles at your regular shoe-store. The repair-man has full-soles and half-soles of Neolin for the children's worn shoes.

Just to protect yourself, see that the name "Neolin" is on the bottom of the sole.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada, Limited.

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Canadian Home Journal

EDITORIAL

By JEAN GRAHAM.



OUR AIM

TO publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome, and truthful.

To be a leader in thought, and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To, as far as possible, publish and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature, and their own country, with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.

It may be said for most of us that this is the very newest year we have known. Not since the autumn of 1914, have we felt anything but hesitation over the time-worn salutation, "A Happy New Year!" To-day, in spite of all the havoc and horror of the last four years, the world faces the next twelve months with the confidence sprung from a hard-won peace. Belgium has arisen, to build her waste places; France faces the future with a spirit of gallantry which outdoes the courage of her own Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach.

In Britain, there is the calm fortitude of a race which has stood firm in the day of sternest test and has come out of the conflict scarred, but undaunted. In our Dominion, mingled with profound gratitude for peace, is the pride in what our own men have done to overthrow a brutal tyranny. Canada has proved equal to the hardest task which could confront a young nation, and looks forward, having seen the worst, yet hoping for the best.

"Their name liveth for evermore," the memorial line suggested by Mr. Kipling for the "unreturning brave" who rest in Britain's military cemeteries, is a sentiment in every true Canadian heart as 1919 dawns. Those soldiers of our land, who have given their all for freedom, would have us remember them in deeds that will mean rebuilding a Canada nobly worthy of the spirit which animated the men who laid down their lives for her.

† † † †

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES. There is a work in which we all (especially the women of the land) should be sincerely interested—and that is the welcoming of the alien.

Do not let us have any misunderstanding concerning this question. There has been too much "easiness" in the matter of admitting immigrants. It has been stated more than once that certain would-be settlers, who have been rejected at United States ports, have managed to slip past the Canadian authorities and have ultimately proved a menace and a burden in our cities. The necessity for keeping out the mentally defective is not realized unless the public is made acquainted with the facts, as they are now known to the officials of the Social Service and other authorities in our large centres. The unfit should be turned back from our ports, and the mentally defective, already in our country, should be so protected and guarded that the affliction shall not be laid upon another generation.

When the newcomer, however poor he may be, is considered worthy of citizenship in this new land, which should have a home for every worker, the duty of those who are the native-born is to see that, with thoroughness but without officiousness, the Italian, the Roumanian, the Swede or the Dane is made at home in his adopted country. A teacher from the West told an Eastern audience last year that her first class consisted of thirteen pupils—with seven languages to the baker's dozen of young scholars! With characteristic buoyancy, the teacher proceeded to show what an advantage it was to teach English to such a class and make its use the bi-lingual bond of union. Lucky thirteen, to have such an instructor, who rejoiced in her cosmopolitan pupils and the opportunity for helpful citizen-making they afforded her! She was a genuine moulder of Canada—quite the reverse of the interfering, condescending "Government Lady," who was calmly murdered by Anna Maria Sophia Jones.

THE GIFTS OF THE NEWCOMER. We are unconsciously given to consider the newcomer as an intruder, forgetting that our own pioneer forefathers were immigrants, since the word really means all who come into this country as settlers from another land. The strength of Britain has been her kindness to the other races, though she has often been accused of an insular attitude. For that matter, the population of the British Isles has been a curious blending:

"Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be."

Canada already sees a great mixture in her Provinces, and the problem of turning the "foreigner" into the Canadian citizen is one which will absorb the best energies of those whose grandparents from the British countries found a home here long ago.

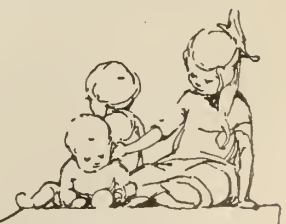
There have been several protests recently from prominent Canadians, against the general use of such terms as "Dago," "Sheeny," "Chink," all of which have more than a flavor of contempt. If we will only see what the children are doing in our schools of the Italian and Hebrew quarters, the cruel folly of disrespect or rudeness will be plain to us. Look at the audiences at our best concerts in Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg, and you will see hundreds of the most attentive listeners, who are plainly of Southern European ancestry. They show a devotion to art and music of which the British or American "tired business man" is seldom capable. The contribution which these newcomers can make to our country's artistic and musical life is a notable one, and let us not forget the Hebrew instinct for the drama which may yet enrich Canadian productions. Resources of wheat and coal are always enthusiastically described when the orator is descanting upon our national wealth. Let us remember, also, the genius for literary, artistic or dramatic expression, which means the blossoming of a community's life.

† † † †

THE DOMINION OF TO-MORROW. It is not the intention of the writer to try to play the ungrateful role of prophetess, for a dire fate usually befalls the one who attempts to foretell events. Years ago, a clerical speaker of Scottish birth, delivering an address in Toronto, said that, while he hoped war would never touch this young country—yet, if such should come, Canada might find in it her unity and strength. The speaker was abused in newspapers from Halifax to Vancouver, by obtuse writers who thought he was preaching militarism—and the Scottish minister left our land, very much bewildered by its ways and manners. Well, the war has come—infinitely more scathing than any of us could have imagined—and the Dominion is free to-day, because her men have fought and died to maintain that heritage.

The women of Canada have not been called upon to endure such harrowing scenes as Belgium has known, but there is hardly a household in our land untouched by war's bereavement. The Dominion of to-morrow will not forget the sacrifice made by the men and women who unselfishly put aside all thought of ease and safety that this country of ours might be preserved from the curse of tyranny. Whatever the Canada to come may be, we are sure that there will be the larger heart and kindlier hand because we have known of Serbia's sacrifice and Belgium's desolation.







The perfect bloom
of a skin so fine, so soft in texture that it seems the outward sign of an exquisite personal fineness —Read below how by proper treatment you can gain this most appealing of all charms

The Magic of a fine, soft skin

ONLY BY THE PROPER CARE CAN YOU GAIN THIS CHARM

IT DOES not "just happen" that some girls retain the loveliness of a fine, soft complexion. Only by really caring, by finding out and faithfully using the right treatment for the skin, have the famous beauties kept this charm.

You, too, when you were a baby had a fresh, fair skin. Gradually, your skin has lost this magic beauty which rightly belongs to it.

It is exposure to cold winds and, most of all, to dust and dirt that makes the skin coarsen. By proper treatment you can offset these harmful influences; you can bring new life to your skin.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. You can make this new skin what you will.

Examine your skin closely. Its pores should be hardly noticeable. If they already begin to show conspicuously, it is a sign that you have not been giving your skin the proper care for its needs.

Begin tonight this treatment for reducing enlarged pores and making the skin fine in texture. Use it persistently. Remember, only by faithfully taking care of your skin can you correct a condition which is the result of years of neglect.

To make your skin fine in texture

Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with *a piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

You can feel the difference the very first time you use this treatment. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

For a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time a 25c cake is sufficient. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.



For pale sallow skins

Do you lack the exquisite color that comes and goes? Write us for directions for the new steam treatment for pale, sallow skins. It will bring to your skin the fresh, glowing color for which you have longed

Conspicuous nose pores

You need not let the attractiveness of your face be marred by conspicuous nose pores. If this is your trouble, start at once the special treatment for it given in the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of special treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial-size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment), together with the booklet of famous treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder

* * *

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MADE IN CANADA



"It was a strange scene McAra's eyes rested on."

The Madness of McAra

By EDITH G. BAYNE.
Illustrated by Mary Essex.

What would you do if you returned from the war and found your wife merrily entertaining in this manner?

ALL through that long journey over sea and land, Captain John McAra had held but one picture in his mind. It was the picture that had been more or less with him, sleeping and waking, during the whole of the past two and a half years and now under the spell of anticipation, when each flashing mile-post diminished the distance between him and the realization, the picture seemed to acquire more definite lines, a fresher charm and a keener attraction. He saw nothing else, had seen nothing else for days. The fields and woods and streams of his native county flitted by and McAra scarcely noticed. His eyes were fixed upon the soft low-lying clouds along the horizon back of which lay—the picture.

He was not the first nor will he be the last to cherish such a vision. For the picture was—Home. To be exact it was the heart of his home, a corner of the old living-room with southern windows that looked out upon an old garden. It was the brightest spot in all the dear old house, the corner he and Kathie loved best. It was there on the broad window seat his fair young wife liked to sit and the sun would turn her hair into a golden halo so that sometimes the eyes were dazzled with the glory of it; and on moonlight evenings the two made of the old corner a dreaming place. It had heard many secrets, that old corner, seen many changes. There had sat in her time his mother while she awaited his father. There his own basket-cradle had rocked and later on that very window-seat he had played with his tin soldiers and dreamed dreams of a glorious future when he should be a captain of real soldiers, and do great deeds and win high honors. At a still later period he had read Stevenson there, and looking out, between chapters, at the old-fashioned flower-garden had made of it a desert island with buried treasure hidden somewhere along the trim gravel-paths or under the great maple in the corner. Of all the well-loved corners in that well-loved old home this held first place in his affections. It had the most memories wrapped up in it, had caught and held captive the greatest number of sunbeams and seemed to have mellowed with the years as great old paintings are said to mellow. To McAra it was a semi-sacred spot and he called it Heart o' Home.

He thought of Kathie there as she would be awaiting him, her bright head bent over a bit of sewing or her slim white fingers busy among the blue willow cups on the little teakwood table. For it would be nearly tea time when he arrived.

He could see her talking to the love-birds in their wicker cage or stroking the rich fur of the big Maltese asleep in the depths of one of the old chintz-covered chairs, and trying the while to pretend she wasn't all a-tremble with excitement. He could see her running to the door every two or three minutes and then returning to kneel on the old window-seat and look down the garden to the cross-roads to watch for him turning the corner. There would be sweetheart roses in his favorite silver vase. The single pot of geranium would be a-bloom, its scarlet flowers making a vivid touch against the cool cream of the plain scrim curtains. Everything would look as he had last seen it. Kathie would make a point of that! She had exquisite taste and a great deal of tact and also a strong sense of dramatic values. She was an "understanding" little person. She wouldn't harass or hurry him but would be content to waive questions till he was rested, to let the gentle and benign influence of Heart o' Home do its healing work first.

"If a man hadn't *this* to come back to," he muttered as the train-whistle sounded for his home town, "what could homecoming mean!"

And he actually began to pity, in a subconscious way, two or three returning men who were getting off at Willowvale too. Their welcome would be vociferous, exclamatory, and genuine, of course, but not like unto that awaiting *him*.

In his telegram—he hadn't had time before sailing for a letter, for his leave had been unexpected—he had told his wife he preferred to have her meet him at home. He had rather regretted that bit of sentiment, for his impatience now almost overwhelmed him. He wished a dozen times in the last half-hour that he had asked her to come with the car. He was hungry for her with an actual physical hunger that gnawed. How could he wait, after all, to come upon her in the Heart o' Home environment, dear as it was?

The faint, unnameable scent from her hair, her warm lips, her voice, the look in her eyes when she was especially proud of him (as in this instance he knew she would be)—the thrill of anticipation was mounting like wine to his head!

And then—he realized that Barron hadn't come with the car! Nobody seemed to recognize or expect him! Ridiculous! What could be wrong? Could his telegram have been delayed?

Then very suddenly a dozen people recognized him at once and when the boisterous and hearty greetings were over he found himself in Dave Warkworth's car proceeding in an all too leisurely fashion up the town's principal street. Warkworth, intensely proud of the honor of driving Willowvale's D.S.O. to his home, stopped the car half a dozen times to enable old friends to shake the hero's hand.

"The place doesn't seem changed in the least," observed McAra, vastly content.

"Maybe not. Still—we *are* a bit tonier I think," said Warkworth, judicially.

"Tonier?"

"Livelier, I should say. More cars. Some new houses. More social life. More git-up-an'-git to the people. We needed it," he added. "Such a bunch of glooms you never saw till Mrs. De Witt Broune and a few others decided to smarten us up! Some people's idea of helping on the war is to go about with a face like a hired mourner."

They turned a corner—the last one—and with a quickened heart-beat McAra saw the dear old home nestling among its maples.

"I was at Mrs. Broune's last dance," Warkworth went on. "Thursday night it was. War economy was strictly observed, of course, in the eatables line, but we had a splendid time. The dresses of the ladies—Oh boy!"

"You always *did* like the ladies," commented McAra, smiling, his hand ready on the catch of the door.

"Always will, too. Do you know that the Willowvale women head the list in this county for Red Cross donations? Yes, it's a fact. We made ninety dollars Thursday night. Some of the men knitted socks between games, and most of the ladies smoked. Talk about the turning of tables, eh?"

"Ladies?" queried McAra, pointedly, a shade of disgust in his tone.

"That's what I said. Well, here we are. What's your hurry?" the other asked, banteringly, as McAra fairly dashed through the little gate and up the walk, hardly remembering to thank his friend for the lift.

About to burst in the same fashion into the house he stopped himself, just in time. He would enter as noiselessly as possible, he decided, partly to avoid startling Kathie, but mainly that he might give himself the pleasure of seeing her before she saw him. He had always loved that quaint little way of hers when surprised, her hand on her heart and her eyes widening, her red lips slightly apart! Other people did these things when surprised, of course, but Kathie's manner of registering astonishment was—just Kathie-like, and therefore entirely charming.

* * * * * * * * *

It was a strange scene McAra's eyes rested upon. Ten or a dozen women occupied the old living-room. Some were knitting more or less industriously, some were frankly idle and gossiping and the remainder played bridge feverishly. All were smoking. Gay knitting-bags hung about on chair-backs and tea apparently had been served. The players, amongst whom was Kathie, were alternately tensely silent and excitedly clamorous. There were no flowers and the great Maltese was nowhere to be seen. Over all hung a wavering blue-grey haze.

And then one of the women looked up and seeing the tall khaki figure framed in the doorway gave a slight scream.

Kathie turned. She had just taken a puff from

(*Continued on page 43.*)

The Story of the Khaki University

By W. S. WALLACE,
Professor of English, Toronto University.

How the Canadian Universities Have Made It Possible for Our Boys Overseas To Continue Their Studies, Even at The Front Line



A class in wireless telegraphy in progress at the Witley Khaki University.

THE announcement recently made by the authorities at Ottawa that the Khaki University of Canada has at last been placed on an official and permanent basis, has called attention anew to what is one of the most interesting and remarkable developments of the Great War. Never before, so far as is known, has an attempt been made to provide for soldiers on active service an education in the arts of peace. Even in wars like the American Civil War, which lasted for five years, no move has ever been made to give the soldiers training along any but purely military lines. Now, however, we have come to a recognition of the principle that the soldier who is giving up the best years of his life to the service of his country is entitled to an opportunity to acquire during those years an education which will fit him to pick up again the threads of civilian life when the war is over.

In this new departure, Canada has led the way. With whom the idea of the Khaki University originated might be a difficult and invidious point to determine. The truth probably is that the idea sprang up independently and spontaneously in several different quarters. But it was among the Canadian troops at Witley Camp in Surrey that the project first took actual shape in the summer of 1917. The ill-fated fifth Canadian Division, which had been mobilized at Witley in the beginning of 1917, had completed its training, and was waiting with impatience for orders to proceed to the front. Most of the units composing the division had been in England for more than a year; and the monotony of life in a reserve camp had staled them. Many who had lived a full and busy life before enlisting found their existence empty and their minds starved. Under these conditions, some of the officers hit upon the device of opening classes for those who wished to attend, in which a variety of subjects, from Greek to mechanical drawing, were taught. In this movement the leading spirit was Capt. Clarence MacKinnon, a chaplain who is in peace time Principal of Pine Hill College, Nova Scotia; but he was heartily supported by other officers, including Lt.-Col. John A. Cooper, formerly editor of the Canadian Courier, and Lt.-Col. F. P. Day, a former Rhodes Scholar, and Professor of English in the University of New Brunswick. The Divisional Commander, Major-Gen. Garnet Hughes, D.S.O., C.M.G., became greatly interested in the movement, and forwarded it in all ways in his power. Through the generous co-operation of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., a library was formed; huts were set aside as class-rooms; and in a short time hundreds of men were enrolled in the classes of what came to be known as the "Khaki College." Conditions at Witley were of course very favourable to the carrying on of educational work among the troops. There was little change in the personnel of the camp, either as regards teachers or pupils; and the men's minds were particularly ripe for the sort of instruction the classes offered. But when all such deductions were made, it was clear that the college was filling a long-felt want in the army, and that the idea on which it was based was capable of development and expansion.

At the same time events were moving in the same direction in another quarter. Some time in 1916, President H. M. Tory, of the University of Alberta, conceived the idea of carrying on educational work among the troops, especially during the period of demobilization. For a civilian, unconnected with the army, to have foreseen the need of such work, amounted to an inspiration. President Tory took up the idea with the other heads of educational institutions in Canada; he got them to make him their accredited representative; and he persuaded the Canadian government to send him over to Great Britain and France to investigate the situation. He reached England in the summer of 1917, and found at Witley the classes of the Khaki College already in operation. He made a thorough survey of the situation, which convinced him of the great opportunities latent in the movement; and in the the autumn of 1917 he returned to Canada to place his proposals before the Canadian government and the Canadian universities.

Meanwhile the success of the Khaki College at Witley had attracted the attention of the General Officer Commanding the Canadians in England, Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., and his General Staff Officer, Brig.-Gen. H. F. McDonald, D.S.O. In November, 1917, General Turner appointed a committee, composed of Lt.-Col. Gerald Birks, of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., Capt. Clarence MacKinnon, and Capt. George MacDonald, of the General Staff, to report upon the extension of the educational work to all Canadian camps in England. This oommittee laid the foundation of the Khaki College in all the larger Canadian centres in Shorncliffe, in Seaford, in Bramshott, in Epsom, in Bexhill, and elsewhere. The general procedure was that the Canadian Y.M.C.A. assumed the financial responsibility; the Chaplains Service co-operated in supplying help in other ways; the General Staff assumed direction so far as the inter-relation of the movement with the army was concerned; and the general educational control was placed temporarily in the hands of a Senate composed mainly of the heads and secretaries of the local colleges.



The King visits Khaki University of Canada at Witley Camp, England.

As soon as the educational committee appointed by General Turner had made its report, it obtained authority to proceed to France, to take up the question of the establishment of educational work in the Canadian Corps. It found the Canadian Corps Commander, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, cordially in favor of this idea. Capt. E. H. Oliver, a chaplain who before the war was on the staff of the University of Saskatchewan, was appointed to direct the work; and in a very short time the "University of Vimy Ridge" was in operation. Within range of the German guns, Canadian soldiers were studying such things as the French verb, the chemistry of the soil, and commercial law. It was not of course possible to conduct classes in the front line; but classes were found feasible in the back areas, in rest billets and in schools of instruction.

In January, 1918, President Tory returned to England, and by virtue of the authority with which he was invested by the Dominion government and the Canadian universities, he immediately took over the direction of the work of the Khaki University as a sort of civilian adviser to the General Staff. It was expected that soon after his arrival the Khaki University would be placed on a definite official basis; but a variety of events, the nature of which it is not necessary to describe here delayed the complete authorization

(*Continued on page* 17.)



Officers of the Khaki College.

Front row, left to right: Major Compton, Major R. W. Brock, Colonel G. W. Birks, Major P. S. Morrissey. Dr. H. M. Tory, Capt. C. Mackinnon, Capt. H. A. Kent, Major W. S. Wallace, Major R G. Armour. Back row, left to right: Lieut. A. G. Sleep, Lieut. W. Dobson, Lieut. G. A. Clarke, Capt. Petrie, Lieut. A. E. Ottewell, Capt. J. M. MacKendrick, Lieut. R. F. Argue, Capt. E. A. Corbett, Capt. C. G. McKenzie, Lieut. Harold T. I. Lee, Capt. H. S. Patton, Lieut. G. H. Cole.

Black Blood and Blue Blood

By F. ARTHUR JACOBSON

Illustrated by Norman Price.

A Story of The Unalterable Barrier

CHARLEY BLAKELEY had been at college for three years before he formed what might be termed a friendship with any of his fellow-students.

It seemed strange for a young and active man to keep aloof from his companions, but an unusually sensitive nature made much of a disfigurement which would have meant little or nothing to a differently constituted person.

He was a tall, muscular, well set up fellow, with a fine head set firmly upon his thick neck, but his features were not prepossessing to the casual observer.

An unfortunate accident in his early youth had inflicted a deep, ugly scar which ran diagonally across his left cheek and his mouth, and had broken his nose leaving it deeply dented in the middle.

But the fine blue eyes, set wide apart under a high forehead beamed good nature and entirely redeemed the twisted smile.

His family was wealthy and Charley felt his disfigurement keenly.

His sister Helen, a budding beauty of nineteen tried with her parents to make him forget the injury and its consequences and by the time his college days started he had begun to outgrow his sensitiveness in the matter.

He could never bring himself, however to seek or accept the society of women.

Their presence always reminded him forcibly of his unlikeness to other men and he devoted most of his time to study.

Among his classmates he soon earned the nickname "Hermit Blakeley."

Up to the time of his meeting with Daniel Bond he had no intimates of either sex, not because he was naturally unsociable, but on account of a gradually formed habit of keeping pretty much to himself.

On one of the first days of his sophomore year he was strolling down the main street of the little college town when a hubbub of voices assailed his ears and an instant later a crowd of his classmen burst around a corner and surrounded him.

A man whose accent proclaimed him to be a Southerner made his way with some difficulty to Blakeley's side.

"See here, Charley, what do you think of this? A nigger Freshie. What shall we do with him?"

The crowd parted for him to see and Blakeley beheld a figure which might have stepped out of the Arabian Nights, except that it was garbed in twentieth century apparel. Standing well up to Blakeley's six foot two, straight as the proverbial ramrod and slender and agile as a panther, Daniel Bond stood and eyed the hazers.

His color was a rich copper hue, his hair was jet black and curled without being kinky.

Not a trace of the negro showed in the perfect profile that he displayed to Blakeley as he slowly turned his head.

Bond's black eyes, like two deep pools, caught Blakeley's blue ones and held them for an instant.

Then a magnificent set of white teeth flashed in a smile that was almost one of recognition.

Blakeley addressed the crowd, "Better let him alone boys, you are too many to one."

The Southerner spoke again at Charley's elbow, "I'll take him alone then. Keep away, fellows."

He seized the unresisting Bond by the arm and dragged him across the street to a boot-black's stand.

"Now Mose," he said, "I want a nice shine. Tony will lend us his stand. Get to work," and he climbed into the chair.

Bond fished out a dime and handed it to the Italian proprietor of the stand, "Give the gentleman a good shine," he said and started away.

In the centre of a gale of laughter the Southerner called him back.

"I said you shine them, Freshie."

"I heard you," Bond was patient.

"Go ahead and do it then, and say 'sir' when you answer a sophomore."

The black eyes flashed another smile at Blakeley, who stood a little apart from the crowd watching.

Then Bond handed another dime to the astonished Tony.

"Give the gentleman two shines," he directed as he started away again.

The Southerner sprang to the ground.

"I won't fight a nigger," he panted, "but I will whip one."

He seized a buggy whip which stood at the curb and slashed the astonished negro across the face with it.

The ring of students widened suddenly and Blakeley started forward.

Bond stopped him with a gesture and turned to



Wrapping Helen in a blanket, he carried her to where the cold air blew directly upon her.

the man who had struck him, wiping a dull red weal on his cheek with a white silk handkerchief..

"You whip me because I am a Freshman who will not obey you?" he queried softly.

The Southerner's temper had quite gotten the best of him and he raised the whip again.

"No," he growled, "because you're a darned, educated nigger."

"I guessed as much," said Daniel Bond without a trace of anger or resentment, "and this is how the *educated* nigger accepts such attentions."

He took a sudden step forward and grasped both of his assailant's wrists, bending them backward and upward as he kicked both feet out from under him.

Then as his victim sat on the ground, Bond pinioned both wrists behind his back in a powerful right hand and with the thumb and middle finger of his left hand pressed on the back of his neck below the ears.

The crowd surged forward. Daniel Bond lifted the man to his feet without a perceptible effort and released him.

"I assure you, gentlemen," he remarked quietly, "I have no desire to injure anyone, but I will not be so easy with the next man who assaults me."

He turned on his heel and disappeared down the street. Blakeley watched the magnificent figure until it turned a corner.

Then he addressed the man who had started the hazing. "Better let him alone, Butler. He is no ordinary negro."

"Every black hide covers a nigger. I'll get him yet for this."

"Well, you are raising a pretty fine point. You started the muss, you know."

With which the meeting broke up without further discussion.

Blakeley was very busy with his work, for the week which followed and the Bond incident had been forgotten.

One very warm Fall evening he had been working late over some difficult problems, and having mastered them he started out for a walk before going to bed.

The night was dark and the streets of the town were deserted. He left his lodgings and strolled, pipe in mouth, along the quiet street and out toward the open country.

It was very peaceful and soothing and he instinctively shortened his usual swinging stride to a gait more in keeping with his mood, and the surroundings.

As he passed the edge of the town, he saw indistinctly in the gloom, a tall figure coming toward him. He was peering at it in an effort to see if it was anyone he knew when he heard an ear-shattering crash and saw a blinding flash of light.

His next sensation was one of intense surprise. Opening his eyes with a painful effort, he discovered himself in a richly furnished room, dimly lighted by a huge, shaded lamp.

Bond was standing beside him with a bowl of cracked ice which he was applying to Blakeley's temples.

"Lie still," said Bond.

His voice was soft and deep. "Lie quiet a bit, you're all right."

Blakeley's head ached fearfully and he was very glad to keep it on the pillow.

"Lightning strike me?" he murmured.

Bond's mouth smiled, but his dark eyes glittered strangely.

"No, a thug struck you with a stick. I saw him step out from behind a tree and hit you across the back of the head. I was coming the other way.

"He knocked you clean out, and it's lucky you haven't a fractured skull.

"Better stay here tonight, there's plenty of room and I'll help you undress."

Within five minutes Charley Blakeley was incased in silken pyjamas and sunk in a profound slumber.

He awoke refreshed and normal except for a very sore spot on the back of his head and for a long time lay taking stock of his surroundings.

The room was evidently a combination of bedroom and study. It was furnished with oriental taste, and glowed with color rich but subdued.

Rugs, hangings and upholstery all fitted into a perfectly planned color scheme which was at once restful to the eye and pleasing to his jarred nerves.

There were no pictures on the walls which were covered with tapestries.

The huge lamp that he had observed the night before, stood on a large study table which was littered with a medley of books, papers and surgical and scientific instruments of various kinds.

While these details still absorbed his attention, a door opened noiselessly and Bond entered.

Blakeley suppressed an ejaculation of surprise at his host's costume, for Bond wore a magnificent silk dressing gown of peacock blue brocaded with heavy designs in green and yellow. He was a regal figure done in bronze, as he stood in the doorway and greeted Blakeley.

"Good morning. How do you feel?"

"Fine as silk," was the prompt answer, "thanks to you. I am rather curious about this room. I thought—"

"Yes," laughed Bond, "I know what you thought. I could not find a place that would board me when I came to town, so I had to rent a house. Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes. You will find razors and hot water in here."

He threw open a door leading into a white tiled bath-room and silently disappeared through the door by which he had entered.

Blakeley found a complete outfit of clean linen laid out for him, and he was ready and refreshed when a Japanese valet knocked at his door and announced breakfast.

Bond was waiting at the door of the breakfast room and stepped aside to allow his guest to enter first.

They sat down at opposite sides of a small table and the thought flashed through Blakeley's mind that the situation might occasion some remark if his family ever heard of it.

He smiled at the thought and Bond paused in the act of breaking his egg.

"You are not a Southerner?" he asked. "No? I thought not! But you are thinking how strange it is for you to be breakfasting with a negro. It is stranger than you can imagine."

Blakeley nodded. "It is a bit odd, but I am not worried at this moment over a mere trifle of color."

His fine eyes smiled and Bond who had been sitting a little tensely in his chair, relaxed with a slight sigh of relief.

"How far did you have to carry me last night?" continued Blakeley, "I am not exactly a lightweight."

Bond's smile vanished and an ugly frown gathered and knotted on his brow.

"Oh, not far, half a mile or so. Can you guess who assaulted you?"

"Haven't the faintest idea."

(Continued on following page.)

Black Blood and Blue Blood

(Continued from preceding page.)

Bond called the valet. "Bring me the stick I brought in last night," he ordered.

When the heavy oak stick had been brought, he handed it across the table.

"Did you ever see that before?"

Blakeley weighed it in his hand; "No, I don't think so."

Bond leaned over and placed his finger on a small silver band around the top of the stick. On it was engraved in thin script, "John T. Butler."

"I took it away from him for a keepsake," said Bond in a hard voice, "he recognized me "

Blakeley interrupted him. "But why on earth did he try to kill me with his club?"

"He didn't. He thought he was hitting me." Bond's lip curled, "and Mr. Butler has a broken right arm to remember me by, so I think our score is even."

Blakeley sat spellbound, regarding his handsome host rather doubtfully.

Bond noticed the look, and his frown relaxed into a smile.

"I think," he continued, "that unless you care to carry the matter further, Butler will not do anything foolish in future. I have been studying medicine for some time, and I can assure you that he did not injure you permanently."

Blakeley rubbed the back of his head, "Well he is pald off, I guess. I warned him to let you alone. Let's forget it. Tell me something about yourself. I am very curious, if you don't mind my saying so."

"That's natural enough," replied Bond, "most people seem afraid to remind me that I am black. I like your being frank about it.

"You could not pronounce the name in English, so I am called Daniel Bond, after the good man who took me out of Africa to be educated.

"My father is King Kasongo in the Congo Free State. He is a very brainy man for an African negro, and he sent me out with the missionary to be educated when I was only ten years old."

"Then you are a negro?" interjected Blakeley.

"I am, but you must remember that there is as much difference between me and the American negroes as there is between you and the poor white who does your housework. My position is a most peculiar one. My color is a definite bar to the society of the whites, and I have yet to find, in this country, any negroes who are my equals in intelligence or education.

"You will have to pardon this long speech, but it is a great relief to talk to a sympathetic listener. I hope you will come again, if I do not bore you to death."

Blakeley laughed. "I certainly will. I can hardly eat a man's salt, sleep in his bed and borrow his clothes, to say nothing of letting him carry me half a mile, without showing some sign of appreciation."

"You don't know what that means to me," said Bond sadly. "This is a peculiar country. Color is a line which none can cross. Education, achievement, may carry one a certain distance in business circles, but the bars are up to the negro. Only last month I was refused service in a New York restaurant where I had no redress."

Blakeley remained silent. He did not feel sure of his own opinion on the subject.

Bond continued in his mellow voice, "My own people are now separated from me by an impassable barrier, civilization. My own father whom I see every summer is an untutored savage. I cannot associate with American negroes without losing all the benefits of these years of study. Man to man, Mr. Blakeley, I wish I could change my skin."

"Well," responded Blakeley cheerfully, "since you can't, we will forget the color of it so long as that is the only drawback."

All through the first half of the college year this strange friendship grew and strengthened.

The two men studied together in Bond's luxurious rooms and frequently dined there, attended by the valet San who always addressed Bond as "your highness" and served him with all the ceremony befitting a king's son.

Just before the Christmas holidays Blakeley made a resolve and put it into instant execution.

"Dear Mother," he wrote, "I am bringing my best friend in college, home for the holidays.

"His name is Daniel Bond, but he is a royal prince in his own country.

"Tell father gently but firmly that Dan is an African and rather 'dark complected,' and try to get him used to the idea. Otherwise he might be shocked into hurting Dan's feelings and I do not want that done.

"He is a splendid fellow. I will tell you all about him later on."

Blakeley had been freely and roughly criticised in college for taking Bond up.

Butler never dared to come into the open, but he did his best to force the feeling against the two men.

Blakeley however, stoutly stood up for the man whose only drawback was the color of his skin, and the other men as they came gradually to know Bond better, liked him immensely, but his social circle was very small.

He demurred at Blakeley's cordial invitation for the holidays and at first refused point-blank. He was extremely sensitive and dreaded courting the possibility of a rebuff at the hands of the Blakeley's or their friends.

"Thanks just the same, old man," he said, "let me stay quietly here. I have a lot of work to do anyway."

Blakeley insisted and finally won his point.

They arrived at the Blakeley mansion with San at their heels just before Christmas, and the family had been so thoroughly prepared that the dreaded introductions were gone through quite as though negroes were frequent and welcome guests at the house.

Helen Blakeley hesitated just an instant before putting out her small white hand to clasp the big brown one.

Then she shook hands impulsively and thanked him for entertaining her big brother so royally.

Later she confided to her mother that Bond was the handsomest man she had ever seen.

He certainly looked every inch a royal prince in his well-fitting evening clothes, and before dinner was over even brusque Mr. Blakeley had thawed before his wonderful smile and engaging manners.

The younger members of the party went off to the theatre, and Mr. and Mrs. Blakeley spent the evening at home.

Mr. Blakeley was plainly worried.

He nervously turned his paper for a few moments and then addressed his wife, "Nellie I am afraid this Bond is a dangerous man. I do not like the idea of having him here."

Mrs. Blakeley was as plump and placid as rich men's wives are apt to be.

She turned a mildly surprised eye on her husband, "Why Will, I think he is charming. Of course his being so dark is a little disconcerting at first, but I am sure Charley would not make the mistake of bringing an ordinary negro home."

"That's just the trouble, he is *not* an ordinary negro, and that very point is what bothers me. I wish you would speak to Helen. It is very difficult for me to make myself clear, but you must warn her to be extremely careful in her treatment of this handsome African."

"Oh, that is absurd," cried Mrs. Blakeley, "Helen is not a child, but I will speak to her tonight if you wish it."

The theatre-goers came home in fine spirits.

Bond had been introduced to several friends of the family and had made a decided impression.

The cordiality of his reception had affected him like a stimulant and he had entirely forgotten his color in the pleasure and excitement of the occasion.

He was chatting and laughing as merrily as any member of the party as the motor stopped at the door.

Helen said good night and went directly to her room. Her mother followed and approached the subject in hand as gently as possible.

Helen was inclined to be indignant, "Papa must be crazy," she pouted. "Mr. Bond is delightful, and Charley is very fond of him, but that is no reason for your worrying about me."

"Well, I told your father that Charley knew what he was about, but I promised him I would speak to you."

Helen laughed and kissed her mother, "Don't fuss, old dear, and tell Papa not to be silly."

The Blakeley home was the regulation city house with bedrooms at either end of a narrow hall on each of the upper floors.

Helen's rooms were at the front of the second floor and Bond shared Charley's quarters at the other end of the same floor.

The two men sat until late, smoking and discussing the play, and when they finally did turn in, both fell soundly and almost instantly asleep.

Several hours later Bond suddenly awoke.

His hearing, keener by birth than any white man's, had caught a sound scarcely loud enough to be called a sound, and the dormant instincts of the born "tracker" instantly sprang into play.

He rose from his bed without making a sound and, clad in his pyjamas, went unerringly in the darkness to the door and out into the hall.

It was even darker there than in the room, but a slight current of cold air bearing an unmistakable odor, made him glance quickly toward Helen's room at the far end of the floor.

A tiny glimmer of light showed the door to be ajar.

Bond took several noiseless strides and peeped cautiously through the opening.

Helen Blakeley was lying across her disordered bed, in her white night-robe.

A folded handkerchief lay across her face, and as Bond looked he caught again the familiar, sweetish odor of chloroform borne on the draught from the room.

A man was leaning over the bed trying to remove a pearl necklace which she wore.

His profile showed, a clear silhouette, against the light of an electric bulls-eye which stood on the bed.

Daniel Bond had metamorphosed into a fighting savage.

He calculated his distance to a nicety and suddenly hurled himself bodily through the doorway, landing beside the burglar.

The intruder turned with a smothered oath as Bond seized both his wrists and bent them upward behind his back. The man struggled desperately and silently as Bond forced him to his knees beside the bed and mercilessly twisted his wrists in an iron grip.

Inside of thirty seconds the man suddenly relaxed in his grasp and sagged heavily forward.

He had fainted from pain.

Bond tore off his victim's belt, and with it tied his hands securely behind his back.

Then lifting him as though he was a child he carried him through the hall and locked him in the bathroom.

Charley's door opened as Bond turned the key on his prisoner and Charley appeared in the opening.

"What's up?" he demanded, "I heard a door slam somewhere."

Bond did not answer. His blood-lust was gone, but he panted like a man spent from running.

He beckoned silently and plunged into Helen's room with Charley at his heels.

Throwing the windows wide open, he dropped the saturated cloth out of one of them, and wrapping Helen in a blanket carried her to where the cool air blew directly upon her.

Charley stood for a moment in open-eyed astonishment. Then he sniffed and a light broke upon him.

"Chloroform! Shall I call a doctor?"

Bond shook his head, "No, I can bring her around. Telephone the police. I locked the fellow in the bathroom."

"Burglar?"

"Yes, he's tied up. Hurry along now before she comes to. Don't alarm your mother."

He busied himself with restoring the unconscious girl.

"Thank heaven the devil knew how to use the stuff! He might easily have killed her. There, she is coming around."

He rapidly and gently replaced her in bed and smoothed the rumpled covers.

His first impulse was to fly to his own room, but the instinct of the physician compelled him to remain.

He suddenly realized that he was clad in his pyjamas and as he turned to leave the room she slowly opened her eyes and stared at him.

Bond hastily leaned over and whispered, "Do not be alarmed. He has gone away. I am Bond "

The mists of unconsciousness still enveloped her, but she heard and smiled faintly.

Charley entered the room, "Is she all right, Dan?"

Bond nodded, "I think so," he said in a low voice, "get me some cold cream. The chloroform has burned her lips."

He applied the cream to the burned face and slipped into the dressing gown that Charley brought.

"Now I will get that devil out of the bathroom." he announced. "Is the officer coming?"

Charley nodded assent and took his place by the bedside.

"I'll sit with her. I told the sergeant to send two men."

The front door bell sounded, muffled in the depths of the basement, and Bond released the now conscious and bewildered prisoner and dragged him down stairs.

Two very much astonished officers of the law received him at the front door.

"Would one of you mind going through the basement?" asked Bond, "I'd like to know how he got in so I can lock up again."

"Don't bother to hunt around," said the prisoner, sullenly, "I got in the basement door. The gate was open."

"Thanks," replied Bond. "We will be around in the morning to make a charge. Good night gentlemen."

(Continued on page 42.)



A Winter Evening

By Louise May Gridley.

Soft bands of white across a sunny sky—
And then the low-toned twilight creeping on.
A neighboring roof deep etched with burdening snow;
Hill, field, and tree beyond
Blending in one wide, gentle blur of gray;
Brown shrubs and withered grasses wave aloft
Their invitation to a passing feathered guest;
While here, and there, and here again
Faint wisps of smoke curl upward,
Telling once more the tale of little homes,
Whither the toil-worn hasten, to sit them down and rest.

So I will spread a table, here beside our hearth;
A joyful feast, for Love broods over it,
Lending the snow-white lustre of his wings.
And now, all things made ready, I will wait,
And listen for the voice I know so well.

—"Good Housekeeping."

The Second Instalment of The New War Romance

WHO GOES THERE

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck.

Synopsis of first instalment will be found on following page.

CHAPTER VI
(*Continued*).

THE man who had thrown his arm around Guild's throat from behind, flung his handcuffed victim aside and whipped out a revolver, but the chauffeur knocked it out of his fist and hit him in the face two heavy, merciless blows, hurling him senseless across the stairs. And all the while the blond young chauffeur was smiling his fixed and murderous smile. And he was like a tiger now in every movement as he knelt, rummaged in the fallen men's pockets, found the key to the handcuffs, leaned over and unlocked them as Guild held out his manacled hands.

"Please watch them, sir," he said cheerfully. "I must find a curtain or something—"

He ran into the living-room, ripped off a long blue curtain, tore it into strips with his powerful blond hands, grinning cheerfully all the while.

"Best to tie them up, sir—this way—allow me, sir—this is the better way—the surer—"

Guild, working hard, he scarcely knew why, felt a touch on his arm.

"Are they dead?" whispered Karen Girard unsteadily.

"No—stunned."

"Are they robbers?"

"I'm not entirely sure what they are," said Guild. "I'll tell you what I think when we're in the car."

The chauffeur completed his work, looked over the results of his efforts critically, rose to his feet, still smiling.

"Now, sir, if you please—and madam—" And he possessed himself of the luggage.

"Take the door-key, if you please, sir. Lock it on the outside. Thank you. This way, if you please, sir. I took it upon myself to bring the car up to the kitchen entrance."



"Kervyn!" she cried, "think what you are doing."

The car stood there; the bags were flung in; Karen Girard stepped into the tonneau; Guild followed. At the same moment a woman appeared, coming along the brick walk.

"My maid of all work," exclaimed Karen. "What shall I say to her?"

"Anything, madam, but send her home," whispered Bush.

The girl leaned from the car and called out: "I have locked the house and am going away for the day, Mrs. Bulger. Please come to-morrow, as usual."

The woman thanked her, turned and went away again down the brick walk. They watched her out of sight.

"Now," said Guild to the chauffeur, "drive to the Holland steamship wharf at——"

"I know, sir," smiled the blond chauffeur.

Which reply troubled the young man exceedingly, for it was evident to him now, if not her-

"I know, sir," smiled the blond chauffeur.

surrounded and protected by German agents of a sinister sort—agents known to her father, in evident communication with him, and thoroughly informed of the fact that he wanted his daughter to leave England at once and under the particular escort of Guild.

Nor had Guild the slightest doubt that the two men who had followed and handcuffed him were British Government agents, and that if this young girl's maid had really been arrested for espionage, and if the Edmeston people, too, were suspected, then suspicion had also been directed toward Miss Girard and naturally also to him, who was her visitor.

Guild's troubled gaze rested once more upon the young girl beside him. At the same moment, as though he had spoken to her she turned and looked at him out of eyes so honest, so fearless that he had responded aloud before he realized it: "It's all right. I know *you* are not deceiving me."

"No," she said, "I am not. But could you tell me what all this means—all this that has happened so swiftly, so terribly——"

"I have a pretty clear idea what it means. . . . It's just as well that those detectives did not arrest me. . . . Tell me, did you ever before see this chauffeur, Bush?"

"Never, Mr. Guild."

He nodded; he was slowly coming to a definite conclusion concerning the episode, but he kept his own counsel. She said in a low, embarrassed voice: "You think me cowardly. I know it. But I really didn't know what to do."

She was very much in earnest, very intent on his expression, and he did not dare smile.

"What *could* you have done, Miss Girard?" he asked, pleasantly.

"I don't know. I—I felt as though we—you and I—were allies—and that I ought to help you. But it all passed too quickly——"

"There was nothing you could have done for me," he smiled.

She said reflectively: "I myself don't quite see how I could have helped matters. But I didn't wish you to believe me afraid to help you."

He looked into her wistful eyes smilingly: "Somehow," he said, "I don't believe you are really very much afraid of anything."

A slight shudder passed over her. "Violence is new to me. I am not very experienced—not very old you know. And I never saw men fight. And when"—she lowered her voice—"when that chauffeur struck them so heavily—so dreadfully—I—I have never seen men fight like that—strike each other in the face as though they—they meant murder——"

"Don't think of it now, Miss Girard. You must keep your nerve." He forced a laugh; "you'll need all your composure, too, because I've got something to tell you which you won't like. Shall I tell you now?"

"Yes, please."

"Then—the man, Gratz, says that you must go aboard that steamer as my wife."

The girl looked at him bewildered. "Somebody," continued Guild, "has taken passage for us as Mr. and Mrs. Kervyn Guild. Gratz warned me. My name is Kervyn. Yours is Karen. Our initials are alike. If there is any suspicion directed towards us there are the initials on your satchel and suit-case—and presumably on your clothing. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind?"

"I mind a little—yes. But I'll do what is necessary," she said, confused.

"I think it is necessary. This man Gratz who seems to know more about my business than I do, tells me so. I believe he is right."

She raised her tragic eyes to his but said nothing.

He leaned nearer to her and spoke in a low voice: "I've been trying to reason it out," he said, "and

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WHO GOES THERE

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

I'll tell you what my conclusion is: A German automobile took me to the British lines under a white flag. No doubt Government agents had been informed by telegraph and they followed me as soon as I landed on English soil.

"At the Berkeley Hotel I felt very sure that I was being watched. Now, it appears that this maid of yours has been arrested, and, from what I suspect in regard to the Edmeston Agency—the agency to which your father directed me—I feel very certain that somehow your maid has been involved in the espionage maintained here by the German Government.

"That chauffeur in front of us is from the Edmeston garage; you see what he did to those two detectives! It's very plain to me now that, innocent as you are, you never will be permitted to leave England, even if they don't arrest you, unless you can get out to-day with me.

"And if you don't leave England it means for me something very serious. It means that I shall have to keep my word and go back alone."

"I know," she nodded, looking up at him very earnestly.

He said without the slightest dramatic emphasis: "It really does mean my death, Miss Girard. I think, knowing your father, that there could be no possible hope for me if I go back there without you. . . . And so, knowing that, I am naturally most anxious to clear out of England while I can do so—get away from here with you—if I can take you with a clear conscience. And"—he looked at her, "I feel that I can do that because you have told me that you have gathered no information for the enemies of England. And"—he smiled—"to look into your face, Miss Girard, is to believe you."

Some of the pretty color faded from her cheeks: she said: "You asked me if I were a spy. I am not. You asked me if, knowingly, I carry any military information which might aid the enemies of England. And I answered you that, knowingly, I do not carry any such information."

"That is sufficient," he concluded, smilingly.

"No, it is not sufficient," she said. "I wish to say a little more. Let me go to Trois Fontaines alone. I am accustomed to travel. There is no need to involve you. As long as I arrive there what difference does it make whether or not you accompany me?"

"I promised to accompany you."

"You promised that I should arrive safely at Trois Fontaines. It doesn't matter whether you accompany me. Please—please don't. I had rather you did not go."

He said, gravely: "I know how you must feel about travelling as my wife—"

"It isn't that."

"What is it then?" he asked, surprised.

"I don't wish you to take the risk of travelling with me."

"What risk? The worst that could happen to you would be your arrest and detention. If you are not a spy, you can not be proven one."

Her blue eyes gazed absently out across the sunny landscape through which they were speeding.

"You are not a spy," he replied; "what risk do you run—or I?"

She said, still gazing into the sunlit distance: "What is done to spies—if they are caught?"

"It usually means death, Miss Girard."

"I have—" she swallowed, caught her breath, breathed deeply; then—"I have heard so. . . . It is possible that I might be suspected and detained. . . . I had rather you did not attempt to go with me. . . . Because—I do not wish you to get into any difficulty—on my—account."

"Nothing serious could happen to either you or me through anything that you have done."

"I am not sure."

"I am," he said. And added in a lower voice: "It is very generous of you—very kind."

Her own voice was lower still: "Please don't go with me, Mr. Guild. Let me go to the wharf alone. Let me take my chances alone. If there is any difficulty they will arrest you, too. And if I—were convicted——"

"You could not be. That is utterly impossible. Don't think of such things, Miss Girard."

"I *must* think of them. Will you tell me something?" She turned and looked at him curiously, almost wistfully.

"I want to ask you something. You—you said to me that if you thought me a spy, you would not help me to escape from England. You said so, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You mean it, don't you?"

"I am afraid I do."

"*Are* you an enemy to Germany?"

"Yes—a bitter one."

"And if I were a spy, trying to escape from England—trying to escape death—you would refuse to help me?"

She had turned entirely toward him on the seat beside him; her child-like hands clasped on the robe over her knees, her child-like face, pale, sweet, wistful, turned to his.

"Would you abandon me?" she asked.

"The situation is impossible——"

"Yes, but tell me."

"I can't tell you," he said, perplexed and impatient. "I can't tell now what I might do."

"Would you feel—sorry?"

"Sorry!" He looked at her; "I should think I would!"

"Sorry enough for me to help me get away?"

"Yes."

"Even if I carried military information to Germany?"

He looked into her eyes searchingly for a moment. "Yes," he said; "I'd do what I could for you to get you out of England."

"Even if I had lied to you?"

"You couldn't lie to anybody."

"But if I could? If I have lied and you found it out, would you still try to help me to get away?"

"You are asking something that——"

"Yes, you can answer it. You can think a while first and then answer. I want you to answer. I want to know what you'd do with me."

"Why do you ask all this? You are over-wrought, unstrung——"

"No."

"You'd help me to leave England?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

There fell a silence between them, and his face slowly reddened.

"I am not sure why," he said slowly.

"I am. Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, tell me," he said, forcing himself to meet her clear gaze.

"Very well. I'll tell you. It is because we are friends. And that is the real truth. I realize it. From the very beginning it was a friendship, without effort, instantly and mutually understood. Is it not true?"

"Yes."

"And that—the instant liking—was the basis for our confidence in each other. Was it not?"

"It must have been. I trusted you without hesitation."

"And I you. . . . And I did tell you the truth. . . . But not all of it."

"What have you left untold?" he asked.

"Enough to—to frighten me—a little. I am beginning to be afraid—just enough afraid to feel troubled—rather deeply troubled about—you."

"About *me!*"

"Because—we are friends. I don't understand how it has happened so quickly. But it has happened to us—hasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "it has. I—I am already—devoted to—our friendship."

"I am, too. It seems odd, doesn't it. I have had no friends among men. This is new to me. I don't know what to do about it. I want to be so loyal about it—I wish to be what a man—such a man as you—desires of a friend—what he requires of friendship. . . . Do you understand? I am really a trifle bewildered—with the surprise and pleasure of friendship—and with its obligations. . . . But I am very sure that unselfishness is one of its obligations and that truth is another."

"Both are part of you."

"They seem to be now. And so—because we are friends—don't go to the wharf with me. Because I think I may be—arrested. And if I am—it may go hard with me."

She said it so gently, and her eyes were so clear and sweet that for a moment he did not grasp the subtler significance of her appeal.

"You *can't* be involved seriously," he insisted.

"I'm afraid it is possible."

"How?"

"I can only guess how. I may be wrong. But I dare not risk involving you."

"Can't you tell me a little more?"

"Please don't ask."

"Very well. But I shall not leave you."

"Please."

"No. You ask too little of friendship."

"I do not wish to ask too much. Let me get clear of this affair if I can. If I can't—let me at least remember that I have not involved you in my—ruin."

'Your ruin?"

"Yes. It may come to that. I don't know. I don't know exactly what all this tangle means—what really threatens me, what I have to dread. But I am afraid—afraid!" Her voice became unsteady for a moment and she stared straight ahead of her at the yellow haze which loomed nearer and nearer above the suburbs of London.

He slipped one arm under hers, quietly, and his hand fell over both of hers, where they rested clasped tightly on her lap.

"This won't do," he said coolly. "You are not to be frightened, whatever happens. We must go through with this affair, you and I. I know you have plenty of courage.

"Within the next few minutes you must regain your composure and self-command. Will you?"

"Yes."

"Because our safety may depend on your coolness."

"I know it."

"Will you remember that we are married?"

"Yes."

"Will it be difficult for you to carry out that role?"

"I—don't know what to do. Could you tell me?"

"Yes. If you speak to me, call me by my first name. Do you remember it?"

"Kervyn," she said.

"You won't forget?"

"No."

"I think you had better say 'no, dear.' Try it."

"No—dear."

"Try it again."

"No, dear."

"Letter perfect," he said, trying to speak lightly. "You see you look about seventeen, and it's plain we couldn't have been married very long. So it's safer to say 'yes, dear,' and 'no, dear,' every time. You won't forget, Karen, will you?"

She flushed a trifle when her name fell from his lips. "No, dear," she said in a low voice.

"And if anybody addresses you as Mrs. Guild—will you try to be prepared?"

"Yes—dear. Yes, I will—Kervyn."

He laughed a trifle excitedly. "You are perfect—and really adorable in the part," he said. And his nervous excitement in the imminence of mutual danger subtly excited her.

"I ought to do it well," she said; "I have studied dramatic art and I have had some stage experience. It's a part, and I *must* do it well. I shall, really—Kervyn, dear."

He laughed; the dangerous game was beginning to exhilarate them both, and a vivid color began to burn in her delicate cheeks.

Suddenly the blond chauffeur pulled the car up along the curb in a crowded street and stopped.

"It is better, sir, to have a hansom from here to the wharf."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, sir. . . . Pardon, sir, here are passports for madam and yourself." And he handed the papers very coolly to Guild.

The young man changed color, realizing instantly that the papers were forged.

"Had I better take these?" he asked under his breath.

"Yes, sir," said Bush, smiling his eternal smile and opening the car door for them.

Guild descended. Bush set the

(*Continued on following page.*)

Who Goes There

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENT

Applauded by men, admired by women is Kervyn Guild—the hero Robert W. Chambers has chosen for his graphic romance of the war, "Who Goes there!"

Guild is an American, but of Belgian ancestry, and is in Belgium when the horde of Huns overruns and devastates that country. With all the chivalry of a typical, clean, high-minded young man, he immediately gets involved in the Belgian resistance and quickly finds himself the centre of a group being backed up against a wall to be shot—but he isn't shot—and how he escapes forms the brilliant opening chapters of the story.

While Guild's life is spared he is not given his freedom because he frankly refuses to equivocate, and proves to the German general who cross-questions him, that honor is not a lost attribute of some nations even in war.

The German general says he has a daughter in England, and whom he is anxious to have returned in safety to his estate in a Rhine province of Germany. Guild, being a neutral, is offered his freedom and safe conduct out of the German line if he succeeds in getting the girl to the safe haven of the general's German home. He undertakes the mission.

While there has been plenty of action up to this point, the moment Guild starts for England things begin to happen with such rapidity that one is tempted to compare the quick succession of events with volleys from a machine gun. Just about this time the English officials, and even the ordinary citizens, are much concerned about all aliens going to and from their country, and Guild discovers that while he has no trouble to get into England and locate the girl, getting out is quite a different matter.

Here comes a contest of wits between the secret services of Great Britain and an amazing light is thrown on the efficiency of the German spy system.

The moment Guild lands in England he becomes aware that the general has paved the way for him; in fact a complete chain of spies connects London with the general's Rhenish home, to aid Guild in his journey. The British secret service gets on the job almost as quickly and the fight between these two forces, both of which are frequently outwitted by the greatest of all factors—chance—forms an absorbing part of the story.

In the background always looms large the great war, but it looms only as a tremendous overpowering shadow—there is nothing horrible or harrowing.

WHO GOES THERE

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

luggage on the curb, touched his cap, and said: "Walk south, sir, until a cabby hails you. Good-bye, sir. A pleasant trip, madam." And he sprang back into the car, started it, and rolled away, grinning from ear to ear.

Guild took the luggage in both hands; Karen walked beside him. At the end of the square the driver of a hansom held up one hand inquiringly, then smiled and drew in to the curb.

"Fresh Wharf, sir?" asked the cabby.

"Yes," said Guild, calmly, red with surprise.

"Thanks, sir. I understand all about it."

CHAPTER VII.

IT was only a short drive to Fresh Wharf by London Bridge. A marching column of kilted Territorials checked them for a while, and they looked on while the advanced guard of civilians surged by, followed by pipers and then by the long leaf-brown column at a smart swinging stride.

When the troops had passed, the hansom moved on very slowly through the human flotsam still eddying in the wake of the regiment; and after a few more minutes it pulled up again and Guild sprang out, lifted the young girl to the sidewalk, and handed the fare to the driver.

The latter leaned over and as he took the coins he thrust a parcel into Guild's hands. "Your change, sir," he said genially, touched his top hat and drove off, looking right and left for another fare.

Guild's surprised eyes fell on the packet. It contained two steamer tickets strapped together by a rubber band.

Pushing through the throng where policemen, wharf officials and soldiers in khaki were as numerous as civilians, Guild finally signalled a porter to take the luggage aboard. Karen retained her satchel. A brief scrutiny of his tickets detained them for a moment, then the porter led them up the gang-plank and aboard and a steward directed them to their stateroom. At the same moment a uniformed official stepped up to Guild.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," he said politely, "but may I have your name?"

"My name is Kervyn Guild."

The official glanced over the steamer list. "You have papers of identification, Mr. Guild?"

Guild handed him his forged passports. The official took them, glanced at Karen, at the luggage which the porter bore.

"Where do you go from Amsterdam, Mr. Guild?"

"Through Holland."

"Naturally. And then?"

"To the Grand Duchy."

"Luxembourg?"

"Yes."

"Where in Luxembourg?"

"I have been invited to visit friends."

"Where?"

"At Lesse Forest."

"Where is that?"

"Partly in the Duchy, partly in Belgium."

"Who are your friends?"

"Mrs. and Miss Courland, of New York, and a Mr. Darrel."

"Madam goes with you?"

"Yes."

The official began to unfold the passports, while he looked sideways at the luggage. Holding the passports partly open in one hand, he pointed to Karen's satchel with the other.

"Please open that," he said, and began to examine the passports. A deadly pallor came over the girl's face; she did not stir. Guild turned to glance at her and was stricken dumb. But she found her speech. "Dear," she said, with white lips, "would you mind stepping ashore and getting me something at a chemist's?" And under her breath, pressing close to him: "Go, for God's sake. I am afraid I shall be arrested." A terrible fear struck through him.

"The satchel!" he motioned with his lips.

"Yes. Go while you can. Go—go—dear."

"I'll be back in a moment, Karen," he said, coolly took the satchel from the porter, turned with it toward the gang-plank.

The official raised his eyes from the passport he was scanning.

"One moment, sir," he said.

"I'll be back directly," returned Guild, continuing on his way.

"Where are you going, Mr. Guild?"

"To a chemist's."

"Be kind enough to leave that satchel and remain here until I have finished," said the official coldly. And to Karen: "Mrs. Guild, will you kindly open that bag?"

"Certainly. I have the key somewhere"—searching in her reticule. And as she searched she lifted her eyes to Guild. Her face was dead white.

"Dearest," she said in a steady voice, "will you go to the chemist's while I am opening my bag. I *must* have something for this headache."

Her agonized eyes said: "Save yourself while you can; I am caught!"

But Guild turned and came back to her, close, standing beside her.

"I'll open the luggage," he said quietly. "You had better step ashore and get what you need." And, in a whisper: "Go straight to the American Ambassador and tell him everything."

She whispered: "No; I beg of you go. I beg of you Kervyn."

He shook his head and they stood there together; he grave and silent, assailed by a terrible premonition; she white as death, mechanically fumbling in her reticule with slim, childish fingers.

The official was deeply immersed in the passports and continued so even when Karen's tremulous fingers held the key. "Give it to me," whispered Guild.

"No—" She beckoned the porter, took the satchel, and at the same moment the official looked up at her, then holding both passports, came over to where they were standing.

"Your papers are in order, Mr. Guild," he said. "Now Mrs. Guild, if you will open your satchel——"

"I'll attend to that, Holden," broke in a careless voice, and the satchel was taken out of Karen's hands by a short, dark young man in uniform. "I want you to go forward and look at a gentleman for The Hague who has no papers. He's listed as Begley. Do you mind?"

"Right," said Holden. "Here Mitchell, these papers are satisfactory. Look over Mr. Guild's luggage and come forward when you're finished. What's his name? Begley?"

"Yes, American. I'll be with you in a moment."

Holden hastened forward; Mitchell looked after him for a moment, then calmly handed back the unopened satchel to Karen and while she held it he made a mark on it with a bit of chalk.

"I pass your luggage," he said in a low voice, stooping and marking the suitcase and Guild's sack. "You have nothing to fear at Amsterdam, but there are spies on this steamer. Best go to your cabin and stay there until the boat docks."

The girl bent her little head in silence; the porter resumed the luggage and piloted them aft through an ill-lighted corridor. When he came to the door of their cabin he called a steward, took his tip from Guild, touched his cap and went away.

The steward opened the stateroom door for them, set the luggage on the lounge, asked if there was anything more he could do, was told that there was not, and took himself off.

Guild locked the door after him, turned and looked down at the girl, who had sunk trembling upon the lounge.

"What is there in that satchel?" he asked coldly.

"I don't know."

"*What!*" he said in a contemptuous voice.

"Kervyn—my friend—I do not know," she stammered.

"You *must* know! You packed it!"

"Yes. But I do not know. Can't you believe me?"

"How can I? You know what you put into that satchel, don't you?"

"I—put in toilet articles—night clothes—money."

"What else? You put in something else, didn't you? Something that has made you horribly afraid!"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Kervyn—I don't *know* what it is. I must not know. It is a matter of honor."

"If you don't know what it is you carry in that satchel you evidently suspect what it might prove to be."

"Yes."

"You have very strong suspicions?"

"Yes, I have."

"Why did you take such a thing?"

"I promised."

"Whom?"

"I can't tell you. It is a matter of honor.I—I didn't want to involve you if things turned badly. I asked you to leave me....Even at the last moment I tried to give you a chance to go ashore and escape. Kervyn, I've tried to be honorable and to be loyal to you at the same time. I've tried—I've tried—" Her childish voice faltered, almost broke, and she turned her head sharply away from him.

He dropped onto the lounge beside her, sick with anxiety, and laid his hand over hers where it lay in her lap.

"I'm afraid that you have papers in that satchel which might mean the end of the world for you." he said under his breath. "God alone knows why you carry them if you suspect their contents.... Well, I won't ask you anything more at present ....if your conscience acquits you, I do. I do anyway. You have given me plenty of chances to escape. You have been very plucky, very generous to me Karen."

"I've tried to be," she said unsteadily. "You have been far too kind to me, Kervyn. I—I don't mean to tremble so. I think I am feeling the reaction."

"Lie down. I am afraid I'll have to stay here——"

"Yes; don't go out on deck. Don't take any more risks....I'll lie down if I may." She rose, looked around with eyes still darkly dilated by fear:

"Oh!" she breathed—"if we were only out of British waters!"

He looked at his watch, and at the same moment a deep blast from the steamer vibrated through the cabin.

"They've cast off," he said calmly.

The girl had flung herself on the bed and buried her face in the pillow. Her brown velvet hat had fallen to the floor, her thick brown hair clustered in glossy disorder over neck and cheek. One slim hand clutched convulsively a tiny handkerchief crushed into a ball.

"We have every chance now," he said gently, bending over the pillow—"barring a wireless to some British guard-ship. "Don't give way yet Karen." He laid a cool, firm hand over hers and tried to speak jestingly. "Wait until there's no danger at all before you go all to pieces," he whispered.

As he bent over her, he became conscious of the warm fragrance of tears. But no sound came, not even a quiver. And after a while he went over to the sofa and sat down, staring at the locked satchel on the floor, vaguely aware that the boat was in steady motion.

"Karen," he said after a moment.

"Yes, dear."

"You know," he said, forcing a laugh, "you needn't say it when we're alone—except for practice."

"Yes, dear, I know."

"May I ask you something?"

"Yes, please."

"Did you know that official named Mitchell?"

"Yes."

"Who was he?"

"Mr. Gratz."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE funnel smoke blew low, burying the after-decks and a hurricane of scud and spindrift swept everything forward, drenching the plunging steamer to the bridge. Stanchions, davits, hatches were all a-dip, decks a-wash, and the Dutch ensign whipping aloft in a thick grey sky that seemed to speed astern as though in chase of the heaving grey waste of waters that fled away beneath.

Here and there a trawler tossed and rocked; lean, melancholy wanderers on the face of the waters; twice the raking stacks of destroyers, smothered in foam, dashed eastward running full speed on some occult trail twixt sky and sea.

The grey world grew duller, duller; one by one the blinding searchlights on coast-guard ships broke out, sweeping sky and ocean as though in desperate appeal to the God above and in menacing warning to the devils that lurked below.

For they said the North Sea was full of them; legions of them tossed broadcast from the black hell of some human mind. And beneath them, deeper, lying as still as death on the Channel's floor, waited the human submarines in unseen watery depths—motionless, patient, awaiting the moment to strike.

Night came; the white level glare of searchlights flooded the steamer, lingered, shifted, tossed their dazzling arms heavenward as though imploring the

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BEAUTY PLEADS THE CAUSE OF BELGIUM.

Mademoiselle Suzanne Silvercruys, the daughter of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Belgium. She lived for many months close to the heart of war. She is wearing the scarlet and gold costume of the Belgian peasant girl.

Who Goes There

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Meet High, then swept unseen horizons where the outermost waters curve with the curving globe.

Only one light burned in the stateroom, but the port was not covered.

Karen lay on the bed, unstirring save for a slight tremor of her shoulders now and then. Her brown hair, half loosened, had fallen in thick burnished curls on the pillow; one hand covered her eyes, palm outward. Under it the vivid lips, scarcely parted rested on each other in a troubled curve.

Guild brooded silently on the lounge under the port. Sometimes his sombre gaze rested on her, sometimes on the locked satchel which had rolled to the side of the bed.

Every time the arrowy beam of light from a warship flooded the cabin with swift white splendor his heart seemed to stop, for the menace of the wireless was always a living dread; and the stopping of a neutral ship and the taking from it of suspects had become a practice too common even to excite comment, let alone protest.

Twice they were stopped; twice Ardoise signals twinkled; but no cutter came alongside, and no officer boarded them. It was an eternity of suspense to Guild, and he stood by the open port, listening, the satchel in his hand ready to fling it out into the turmoil of heaving waters.

The steward came, and Guild ordered something served for them both in the stateroom. Karen had not awakened, but her hand had slipped from her eyes and it lay across the edge of the bed.

On the bridal finger glimmered the plain gold band—his credentials to her from her father.

He went over and looked down into the white, childish face. Faultless, serene, wonderful as a flower it seemed to him. Where the black lashes rested, the curve of the cheek was faintly tinted with color. All else was snowy save for the vivid rose of the scarcely parted lips.

As he stood there he tried to realize that she was German—this young girl with her low and charming English voice and her accentless English speech.

He had listened in vain for any flaw, any indication of her alien birth. Nothing betrayed her as a foreigner, except, possibly, a delightfully quaint formality in accepting any service offered. For when he asked her whether she desired this or that, or if he might do this or that for her, always her answer in the affirmative was "Yes, please," like a little girl who had been carefully taught to respect age. It amused him; for modern English young women are less punctilious with modern youth.

There came a dull clatter of crockery from the passageway: Guild turned and opened the door. The waiter produced a folding table, spread it, and arranged the dishes.

"That will be all," whispered Guild. Don't knock again: I'll set the tray outside."

So the waiter went away and Guild closed the door again and turned back to the bed where Karen lay. Her delicate brows were now slightly knitted and the troubled curve of her lips hinted again of a slumber not wholly undisturbed by subconscious apprehension.

"Karen," he said in a low voice.

The girl opened her eyes. They had that starry freshness that one sees in the eyes of waking children.

"I can't eat," she said.

"Do you feel the sea?"

"No,"—she smiled faintly—"but the excitement of the day—the anxiety——"

"We'll have some tea, anyway," he said.

They ate a little after all, and the hot and rather vile tea stimulated her. Presently he set tray and table outside in the corridor and came slowly back to where she had gathered herself in a corner of the sofa.

"The sea is rather rough," he said. "You seem to be a good sailor."

"Yes, I am. My father had a yacht and my mother and I always went when he cruised."

This slightest glimpse of personal history—the first she had vouchsafed—the first slight lifting of the curtain which had hung between them, aroused his latent curiosity.

What else lay behind that delicate, opaque veil which covered the nineteen years of her? What had been the childhood, the earlier life of this young girl whom he had found living alone with a maid and a single servant at an obscure heath outside of London?

Gently born, gently bred young girls of aristocratic precedents, don't do that sort of thing. Even if they desire to try it, they are not permitted. Also they don't go on the stage, as a rule.

Neither the sign manual, the sign visible of the theatre, nor yet that occult indefinable something characteristic of the footlights appeared to taint her personality.

Talented as she was undoubtedly, cultured and gently nurtured, the sum total of all her experience, her schooling, her development, and her art had resulted only in a charming harmony, not a personality aggressively accented in any single particular. Any drawing-room in any country might have contained this young girl. Homes which possess drawing-rooms breed the self-possession, the serenity, the soft voice, the winsome candor and directness of such girls as she.

She was curled up in the corner of the sofa where he had placed behind her the two pillows from the bed, and her winning blue eyes rested every few minutes upon this young man whom she had known only for a few hours and whom she already, in her heart and in her mind, was calling a friend.

She had never had any among young men—never even among older men had she experienced the quiet security, the untroubled certainty of such a friendship as had begun now—as had suddenly stepped into her life, new, yet strangely familiar—a friendship that seemed instantly fully developed and satisfactory.

There appeared to be no room for doubt about it, no occasion for waiting, no uncertainty in her mind, no inclination and no thought of the lesser conventionalities which must strew elaborately the path of the first acquaintance with the old, old-fashioned garlands—those prim, stiff blossoms of discretion, of propriety, of self-conscious concession to formula and tradition.

No; when her eyes first fell on him her mind and heart seemed to recognize what neither had ever before beheld—a friend. And from that moment the girl had accepted the matter as settled, as far as she herself was concerned. And she had lost very little time in acquainting herself with his views upon the subject.

That he had responded to the friendship she had so naively offered did not surprise her. She seemed to have expected it—perhaps in the peril of the moments when they were nearing London, and doubt and suspicion in her mind concerning the contents of her satchel were becoming an agony to her as they grew more definite—perhaps even then the sudden and deep sense of gratitude for his response had made courage a new necessity and had armored her against panic—for friendship's sake.

All she realized in that moment was that this friendship, so sudden, so vital, was already so strong in her, so real, that even in the terror of that instant she thought of the danger to him, and asked him to let her go on alone.

Perhaps they were both thinking of these things—she curled up in her corner, looking thoughtfully at him; he, knees crossed, gazing restlessly from object to object in the unsteady stateroom, but his eyes always reverting to her.

Then the duet of silence ended for a while. He said: "You must not suppose that I am not keenly alive to the kindness, the fearless generosity you have shown me all through this affair. What you suffered is lodged forever in my mind—and in my heart."

"What you have done for me is in my—heart," she said in her sweetly modulated voice.

"I have done very little——"

"You would not leave me!"

"My own life was forfeit if I did——"

"No! You did not reason that way! Besides, had I managed to get through alone, you should have had your life back again to do as you pleased. No; you did not reason that way. You stood by a friend in peril—at your own peril."

She drew a deep, tremulous breath. "More than that," she said, "you stood by me when you almost believed I had lied to you—lied shamefully."

"I had my plans ready in that event," he said, forcing a laugh.

"You *did* doubt me?"

"Yes."

She bent her head, looking thoughtfully at her hands, which clasped one knee, then, lifting her eyes: "I forgive you," she said gravely.

He flushed: "I did not know you—did not realize—what you are——"

"You were slower than I."

"What?"

"I trusted *you* from the first."

He was silent; she watched him for a few moments, then:

"When you concluded that I had lied to you, what plans had you ready?"

"I had rather not say——"

"Please do."

He bit his lip: "I had decided to take your satchel from you."

"Against my wishes?" she asked, amazed.

"Yes."

There was no resentment, only childish surprise; "Why?"

"I told you that I am an enemy to your country."

"Yes, I know——"

"I told you that I would not knowingly permit you to take out of England anything which might be detrimental to England's interests. And I made up my mind that if you had deceived me—and although I stood by you—because you are only a young girl—and were in danger from those who make no allowance for your youth and sex—nevertheless, as soon as you were in personal safety, I meant to take from you whatever you had concealed from me and which might have been of service to England's enemies."

"Would you have done that?"

"Yes, if you had been untruthful to me."

She bent her head, thoughtfully; then looking up at him: "Yes; that would have been just....But I have not been untruthful."

His perplexed and slightly careworn eyes met hers.

"I can't doubt you," he said. "I know you have been truthful. But—what *is* in that satchel? Forgive me, I *must* ask you. Because there is evidently enough there to terrify you at the thought of British eyes inspecting it."

"Kervyn—can't you believe me when I tell you that I don't *know* what is in that satchel?"

"Are there papers in that satchel?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get them?"

"From—Mr. Gratz."

"You were accustomed to receive papers from Mr. Gratz?"

"Sometimes."

"At certain intervals?"

"I don't know. Whenever Mr. Gratz telephoned, Anna, my maid, went to London and usually brought back the—the plans."

"Plans!"

"Yes. I understood that they were plans of a new automobile which was being designed by the Edmeston Agency for their Berlin branch. Mr.

(*Continued on page* 33.)

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM

By KATHERINE HALE.

So many letters are coming into this department each week that it is only possible to give correspondents the benefit of answers by generalizing as much as possible on a few letters in particular. Private replies are sent as often as possible, but they are necessarily brief. Certain questions are always invariably asked, and they are totally different inquiries from those that the editor expected on opening this little bureau of information. One rather looked for questions about the fundamentals of literature and journalism, questions on foundation-laying, and technique, and poetic metre and the plot of the short story. And letters regarding these somewhat vital points have undoubtedly been received. But—is it characteristic of the time?—the first, the last, the imperative question is: "How soon can I make money out of my writing?"

I hate to answer all this with a quotation. I dislike people who quote. I consider them, with the punsters, as the lowest form of wits. But often I do feel like replying: "In truth, sir, when thou hast the power."

It is an illuminating question this: "How soon can I make money out of my writing?" Illuminating as to the writer's own power of discernment, for the moment must come when the sheer strength that is in us asserts itself, and says: "Now have I come to the place where this thing that I have written *must* be of value—not because it is mine, but because it so obviously belongs to everybody."

And so to answer the exact questions of a correspondent, who voices many similar inquiries.

(1) "Where can I get the kindly criticism necessary to become a successful writer?"

Send your manuscript to the best magazines. Criticism is kindest which is disinterested. If you realize that your material is probably not yet suitable for the magazines, ask the services of a professional reader, which you can obtain for a comparatively small amount by applying to "The Editor," Ridgewood, N.J.

(2) "It is absolutely necessary that I am financially successful from the beginning, as, until then, it is possible for me to devote only a portion of my time to the work. Under these circumstances, what would you advise for a beginning?"

I would advise you to begin by an application for work to the newspaper or magazine nearest you. This letter is dated from a small town in the far West. There must be some way by means of which you can interest an editor in your special point of view as to affairs near you. It is not necessary that a successful writer should devote every moment of his or her time to the work of writing. And no young writer can expect to obtain a position in the world of journalism that is nearly as lucrative as that of an ordinarily accurate stenographer, for instance, unless he or she has had as much practical study and experience in journalism as the stenographer has had in his or her line of business. That is why I am suggesting that you obtain a practical journalistic experience in the first place. A young writer known to me, who is becoming widely recognized, realized the wisdom of this course, and has been content to accept a position as stenographer in a newspaper office, where she edits only one column a week. She is earning her living, getting experience, and in her spare time writing short stories that are becoming popular with the editors. The trouble is that we have schools for every kind of study except important ones. Hundreds of young

(*Continued on page* 46.)



"Her fresh young voice sang on until almost the end, when she faltered, and lost her words."

Rose In The Bud

By MURIEL JOCELYN.

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore.

"Love comes but once---and then, perhaps, too late."

THERE were chestnut trees on each side of the long avenue; trees that were tender green in May, fragrant with blossom in June; trees that in early August formed a leafy canopy overhead.

Dick Delamere hastened his steps. It was still a long way to the house at the end of the avenue. Where would he find her? What would she say? It was five years since he had seen her —five years, three months, and seventeen days. He had counted it that morning on the train, and he laughed a little as his memory swung back into the past.

They had grown up together, Katharine Sheldon and himself, and she had always been the lady of his dreams. He had told her so when they were aged ten and seven respectively, and her acceptance of his heart and hand (there had been toffee in the hand, he remembered), had been gratifyingly prompt. At twenty he had proposed again. That time she had flung her long black braid over her shoulder and told him not to be "silly." "Law students can't marry," she said, "until they're grown up, and you're very far from that," and had turned her attention to a certain youth of brawn and muscle who wore the uniform of a famous Military College. He had never been really able to bear that uniform since. Not long after she had been sent abroad to a finishing school in Paris. During her absence he had taken his degree and hung out his shingle in Duke Street, but briefs had come in slowly. Two old, well-established firms had most of the business of the town, and success looked very far away. Just about that time she returned, and in honor of her coming of age her Aunt had given a large dance.

That night the old grey house had been ablaze with light. The chestnuts and roses were in full bloom. From the garden there had drifted the faint perfume of lilacs. He could see her still standing by her Aunt in the hallway, a slender, radiant figure in gleaming white, her arms full of roses. "Ah, Dick," she had said, "You? How nice," and turned to the next guest with the same careless charm of manner. Later, when the rooms were full and the tide of incoming guests slackening, he had gone back and asked her for a dance. "I'm not dancing to-night," she had answered, "at least not until later. I am going to sing for you, you see." He had murmured something about not knowing she sang. "Then listen to me later," she cried and turned to give a smiling greeting to a newcomer. He had danced a good deal that night, but ever with his eyes on the tall figure in gleaming white. She had all the poise, the charm of manner, the brilliance of an accomplished woman of the world. Europe had done much for her he thought, but would she ever settle down here in this sleepy town again? Could she? His heart had burned at the question.

And then the orchestra had ceased playing, and a couple of men crossed the room together, one of them carrying a violin. They had played a weird, exotic, haunting melody with a tragic note running through it like a thread of silver. Slender, erect, Katharine stood there at the piano. The silver cords swept on; then, leaning forward a little, from her smiling lips had fallen the notes of Butterfly: "One fine day he'll come a-sailing," she sang on through the great love song till at its triumphant cry: "He will come, I know it," her glorious voice broke in a golden flood of ecstasy. He could hear the applause now, and see them crowding about her, eager, praising, questioning. "Yes, she'd been singing for some time, but she and Auntie had not been sure as to whether she would be a success, and so they had kept quiet about it. No, she was not going on the stage. She had promised her Aunt not to." Then she had sung again—"Depuis le Jour," Mimi's Song, and brilliant glittering things chosen to show the beauty of her voice, and at last, stepping back under the light, a simple ballad "Rose in the Bud."

Rose in the bud,
The June air's warm and tender,
Why do you shrink your petals to display?
Are you afraid to bloom in crimson splendor
Lest someone come and steal your heart away?
Rose in the bud,
The evening sun is sinking,
Wait not too long and trifle not with fate;
Life is so short and love is all, I'm thinking,
Love comes but once, and then, perhaps, too late.

She had been like a rose herself that night, a triumphant, glowing rose. Not for her would "love come too late," thought he. Surely her path would be rose-strewn, love garlanded.

In saying good-night, he had added his meed of praise and thanks for the pleasure her music had given him. "But," he added, "it was your last song, the one about the rose, I loved the most."

"Oh, Dickie," she said, "what reprehensible taste. Fancy your liking that sentimental ballad." Glancing down at her flowers, she pulled a loose bud towards her and handed it to him.

"Mr. Delamere is to be congratulated" broke in a smooth voice at his side. "La belle Katharine has given no one else a rose to-night." Turning, he noticed the distinguished foreigner, who had been at her side all evening. "Miss Sheldon does me much honor," he said stifly, and bending kissed Katharine's hand.

The following two years had passed like a dream, but a dream in which Katharine was always the centre. Vivid, beautiful, and brilliant, she flashed in and out of his life, sometimes away for weeks at a time, or entertaining a houseful of guests, brilliant, distinguished people that she had met abroad. Always it was the same. She charmed them, every one. Many men had come often for a time and then had not returned. That foreign chap had been the most persistent, but he too had gone, and, when he had asked about him, she had answered, "I sent him away, Dickie. I don't know why, except that he got on my nerves. At any rate, I couldn't bear the thought of a century of domesticity with him."

And the sweet days sped. They rode, golfed, danced, and laughed together until one night when early spring was stealing across the world, she told him that she was going to London again for the season, that she was to be presented at court, and of the invitations she had already received. The thought of losing her had been too much for him then, and he had pleaded with her to marry him. "Don't be sentimental, Dickie," she had said sharply. "Of course I won't marry you. You've nothing to marry on. Bread and cheese in a cottage isn't in my line and you ought to know that." He had broken in with eager words. His practice was growing; with her at his side, he could achieve anything. But she shook her head. "No, Dick. I'm young, and I'll only be young once. I want something more than mere domesticity. I want travel, opportunity, all the things you can't give me. It is so stupid to talk of marrying yet awhile. Later, perhaps. . . . . ."

"I shall not bother you again," he broke in hotly.

Well he hadn't bothered her. In a week he had been on his way to the Yukon and he had not seen her since.

When her Aunt had died, he had written to her and she had replied immediately. An Uncle had been left The Hall, and she was moving over to the little grey house behind the trees; he would remember it, a house full of old oak and low rooms. "And I've broken loose into the role of Mother," she finished, "a new role for me, but one that serves to pass the time. An orphan niece, aged thirteen, is here and I'm going to bring her up by hand, or whatever one does to infants of that age. At the present moment she is hanging over the cistern in such a suicidal position that I must leave you to effect a rescue."

That had been a year ago. The work in Dawson had been grinding, the remuneration poor, but his brilliant defence in an important law suit had brought him into prominence, and the wealthiest firm in the old town had offered him a partnership with a big salary. The papers were drawn up already. That afternoon he had

(*Continued on page* 46).

Four Footed Monarchs

Yesterday and To-day In The Ranks of The Buffalo

By ETHEL CODY STODDART.



Buffalo in the Wainwright Park.

"Speaking of valuables, just let me show you something," and the Bright Lady disappeared with a gold-glint in her eye.

"There! Isn't that some coat?" as she reappeared a few minutes later. "When I was a girl, I loathed the thing, but Mother made me wear it, and I did so with the worst grace in the world, and because I had nothing else to wear on a cold Manitoba day. But now, even though I still would not prefer to wear it, I have a vast respect for it. A real buffalo coat is worth some money, I'm telling you; can't get them nowadays."

We looked askance at the shaggy thing, but believed all that she said. It was a reminder that with many other wonders, gone are the great buffalo herds of this continent, and of which we have heard and read since we advanced beyond the first primer stage.

To look back on the history of these one-time monarchs of America, it does not seem possible that animals whose number has been estimated from 50,000,000 at the lowest, to 125,000,000 at the highest, could be as extinct as they are to-day. But man seems always to bring destruction as well as creation with him, and the buffaloes have had to go.



A Group of Buffalo in their natural yet protected environment at Wainwright Park.

As far back as 1612 the Spanish explorers reported buffalo in America. Again in 1678, Father Hennepin saw large herds of them in the northern part of Illinois. In 1729 they were reported as being very numerous in Virginia and North Carolina.

We are so accustomed to connecting the buffalo entirely with the western prairies, that to some of us at least it comes as a surprise to know that at one time they ranged this continent from the Nevada deserts to the Atlantic coast, and from Texas and the Gulf States to as far north as they could find food.

Along with man and his firearms, and his transportation facilities, especially in the railroad, came greater opportunities for depletion of the herds than had been made through disease, famine and Indian slaughter. Buffalo hides were called for and markets being easy of access, the immense hordes of wonder-animals became less and less, till in 1886 but a few stragglers were left.

Wholesale slaughter and nothing less was responsible for the passing of the buffalo, and a great deal of it was unjustifiable. Hide hunters left a trail of rotting buffalo carcasses and bleaching bones in their wake. Then, too, the popular sport of those days of the early 60's was buffalo hunting. Again, passengers on trains with any knowledge of firearms, took guns along, and for sheer love of slaughter shot these noble animals from the train. With every hand against them it is no wonder that the 20th century children see the buffalo as a curiosity behind wire fences.

Some conception of the enormous buffalo herds as found by the early travellers, is found in the statement that in 1868 a Kansas Pacific train travelled for 120 miles through a practically solid herd of buffalo which was so densely packed that the train was several times compelled to stop.

The following year a train on the same road travelling between Fort Hay and Fort Harker was delayed for eight hours while a herd of these wonderful animals crossed the track. One traveller in speaking of it said that as far as the eye could see the plains were black with a vast surging mass of frightened buffaloes.

On another occasion a party of travellers in Iowa who were going down the Missouri river, came across a herd of buffaloes that were crossing the river at that point. It took the herd three days to cross and the travellers were compelled to wait that length of time before continuing their journey.

This was all in the 60's and south of the boundary line between Canada and the United States, though north of that, similar conditions prevailed. Yet in the 70's these marvellous herds had practically disappeared from the southern region, and from the north in the early 80's.

The reason for it all? Hide hunters.

In 1850, and from that to 1860, it is estimated that the Indians alone killed 3,500,000 buffalo each year. In 1871 there were about 3,000,000 of these animals ranging from Kansas south. And it was estimated that some 1,780,000 of them were killed during 1872 and 1874. The Santa Fe railroad alone shipped 3,158,780 buffalo hides east in 1871. It is small wonder then that by 1875 the southern herds were practically extinct. It is reported, however, that as late as 1886 some 200 buffalo were seen in Texas.

The herds of the north lasted longer, probably due chiefly to the fact that transportation facilities were more difficult. It was estimated that about a million of this herd were in existence in 1882. But there were at the same time some 5,000 hunters in the field, and the Indians alone were represented to be killing 375,000 a year. The doom of the buffalo was indeed sealed.

Following the hide hunters were the bone collectors. Every valley was a biblical representation of "dry bones" and every hillock had its pathetic pile of bleaching skeletons, all of which were young gold mines for the collectors, who shipped them in enormous quantities to carbon works. A ton weight was made up of one hundred buffalo skeletons, and the price averaged eight dollars.

In Kansas alone during a period of thirteen years, the sum of $2,500,000 was paid out for skeletons, which represented more than 31,000,000 buffaloes. Stacked in huge piles along the railroad tracks, and waiting to be shipped as convenient, the bones of the finest native animals were mute evidence of what man with powder and shot at his command, and the love of gold in his heart can accomplish, no matter who suffers.



Buffalo and calves.

A Cree Indian tale relates how somewhere in the 60's, there came to the Peace River country, a particularly severe winter which left the buffalo practically without food. Starvation came surely, and the noble animals succumbed to it, dropping in ones and twos at first, then in whole groups. When spring came the silent piles of buffaloes told their own tale.

One herd, perhaps more sturdy than the rest, found its way to the Peace river, where apparently more food was to be found. At any rate they were the only survivors in that district. They followed the river into the Cariboo mountains, where even yet it is reported a remnant of them may be found.

So goes the history of one of America's most interesting animals. To-day, the buffalo of practically all America, are to be found in a government-made home in Wainwright, Alberta, where though free, an efficient wire fence secures the last of a great race from—the hunter.

Splendid results have been achieved at this buffalo park, in augmenting the herd and bringing the animals up to a perfect condition.

Back to 1873 goes the history of this park. It was then that one of the Pend d'Orielle Indians captured two bull and two heifer buffalo calves, when a herd stampeded on the Flathead reservation in Montana. True to a peculiarity of their breed, these little animals followed obediently the horses of the men who had killed or driven away their mothers.

The Indians presented the calves to the St. Ignatius Mission where they were treated as pets and became real "family" animals like the cattle. At the age of four years, each of the heifers had a calf. After that the buffalo family gradually increased until there were thirteen in all. This was in 1884. The Indian owner then decided to sell them as they were becoming too many for him.

C. A. Allard and Michel Pablo who were ranching on the reservation bought ten head for $250 apiece. There is, too, no doubt but that a method lurked in their madness since they must have foreseen that such animals, being even then very rare, would eventually become very valuable.

Under their wise care, the buffalo herd increased steadily. Some idea of this increase may be had from the fact that half the cows give birth to calves every year, while twin bisons are not at all uncommon. These little creatures are very hardy too. In many instances they have been known to find their feet in less than a minute after birth, and be ready for fight within half an hour.

The Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, for Canada, in 1906, with a brilliant idea in his head, obtained an option on the Allard-Pablo herd of 600 buffalo, and finally purchased them for $200,000. Thus did a $250 each purchase grow with satisfying results.

Some seventy-five picked cowboys and horsemen from every part of the great Montana ranges, assisted in the "round-up" which lasted two months. They successfully landed the animals after the long railroad journey of 1200 miles to Alberta, with a loss of less than one per cent.

Canada, has to-day, as a result of all this, the only real buffalo park in the world.

In April, 1909, the herd at

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The Khaki University

(*Continued from page* 8.)

of the movement. Among these events was the German offensive of March, 1918, which caused the temporary suspension of work in the University of Vimy Ridge, and which made conditions very difficult in the English camps, where drafts were coming in and going out at a unprecedented rate. The fact is that the Canadian authorities in England were too busy to deal with the question of the establishment of the Khaki University.

The first half of 1918 was, therefore, a trying time for those who had charge of the work of the movement in England. The chief trouble arose from the semi-official basis on which the work was placed. The organization of the army is so rigid that it is difficult to fit into it a new and half-authorized institution such as the Khaki University was at that time. Not only was there a constant shifting of the students in the classes (something which was inevitable, and which was partially met by a system of registration cards that enabled students to transfer from the classes in one camp to the classes in another), but there was not even any permanency in the teaching staff. A teacher, whether his rank was that of lieutenant-colonel or private, was liable to be transferred or drafted elsewhere overnight. There were hardly any teachers who could be regarded as fixtures, since there was no establishment. All teachers were voluntary, and it was a constant struggle to keep the teaching staff up to strength. A similar difficulty was experienced with regard to accommodation. Huts for the library and for classrooms were essential to the satisfactory conduct of the work of the university; yet, in the absence of any official authorization, these were liable to be taken away at a moment's notice, on the arrival of a new draft, or even to suit the whim of the local quartermaster. The mere question of coal was a difficulty. The issue of coal in the army is according to a well-defined schedule. The Khaki University was not contemplated when that schedule was drawn up, and it was only by various subterranean and diverse means that coal could be obtained. Yet coal was an essential, for classes even in the most interesting subjects cannot be conducted in a freezing hut.

Despite these drawbacks, however, the work was carried on, and carried on not unsuccessfully. It was pathetic to see the eagerness with which many of the men availed themselves of the opportunity of attending the classes. The usual procedure was to find out what the men wanted, and then to find teachers who could teach them what they wanted. Business subjects and agriculture were the subjects most frequently asked for, but classes were established in the most unexpected subjects, such as Greek, Spanish, accountancy, gas engines, music, railroading, comparative government. There were classes for men who could neither read nor write, and classes for men who wished to study Elizabethan literature. If there was a demand for a subject, and a teacher could be found, a class was formed; if a teacher could not be found, the class was not formed. But, on the whole, the wealth of qualified teachers in the Canadian army was surprising. Without it, indeed, it would not have been possible to carry on.

An interesting feature of the work was the library. In each teaching centre a hut or room was set aside, and in it was installed a standardized portable library of from 500 to 1,000 volumes, covering a wide range of subjects. These books were supplied by the Y.M.C.A. An attempt was always made, by means of a fire and comfortable seats, to make the library as cosy and attractive as possible; and every night, no matter what the attractions elsewhere, the room was filled with readers. As a sergeant who wore blue shoulder straps once said to the writer in the library in the Garrison Schools at Shorncliffe, "This is just what the boys need; after several years in the army, what your mind wants is something to chew on." I can remember being in the library at Shorncliffe one night in the spring of 1918, when the Gothas were humming overhead and the anti-aircraft guns were thumping away at them. One or two of the men in the library went out to watch the shells bursting, but behind the well-shaded windows the rest went on reading the books they had taken down from the shelves.

The actual proportion of men who have availed themselves of the classes in the Khaki University has not perhaps been large. Five to ten per cent. is all that can be expected in the case of most camps. But even this is not a negligible result in the aggregate. The official figures show that over 8,000 men have paid their registration fee of one shilling in England alone. Of these, 2,350 have registered in commercial subjects, 1,360 in agricultural subjects, 1,500 in engineering subjects, and the remainder in subjects of a general educational character. In addition to this, many hundred lectures have been given in the Y.M.C.A. huts on popular subjects with an educational value, such as Canadian government and history, the practical value of education, popular science, and travel. These lectures have reached literally tens of thousands of men, the approximate total attendance having been 170,000. Even when the conduct of teaching classes has proved impracticable, great results have been achieved merely by these general lectures and by the opportunities of study afforded by the libraries.

The success which, even under the difficult conditions outlined above, has attended the work of the Khaki University of Canada has attracted the attention of the authorities in other countries. The British War Office took early cognizance of the movement, and only a few months after the initiation of the Canadian experiment it encouraged the organization of similar work in the Imperial camps in England. Several months ago, too, Sir Henry Hadow, a prominent British educationist, was appointed Director of Education on the lines of communication in France. The American, Australian and New Zealand authorities have taken up the idea, and it is understood that educational work is now being organized by them in their respective armies. Reports have even reached us that the idea has been put into practice in some form on the German side of No Man's Land, but evidence is lacking to substantiate fully these reports. In any case, it is clear that the idea of the Khaki University has touched the imagination of the peoples at war, and that the possibilities latent in it are being widely recognized.

It is, of course, now that the demobilization period is upon us, that the Khaki University will prove of the greatest value. With the present shortage of shipping, the work of demobilization may well last for years. In the case of Canada, it may be two years before all the Canadian troops can be repatriated and demobilized. During this period it is unthinkable that the soldiers should be kept doing foot-drill on the barrack square. Some comprehensive attempt must be made during this time to re-educate the soldiers, so that they will be better able to pick up again the threads of civilian life, and the Khaki University offers a basis for such an attempt that could hardly be improved on. In view of the fact that it has been placed on a definite establishment, with a Director and Deputy Director of Educational Services, and a permanent teaching staff, it provides ready-made an organization capable of indefinite expansion now that the new conditions created by the armistice are upon us.

One of the lessons that the war has brought home to the people of Europe and America is the value of education. What could be more fitting than that we should inaugurate a new era in education by offering its advantages first to the soldiers who have spent themselves in the defence of the Empire?

Thankful For Little.

"When you gets as old as yo' old auntie" said Aunt Chloe. You is thankful for mighty little. I'se thankful that I ain't got a harelip or one eye, or a floating kidney and thet I has a taste for good tobacco in a corncob pipe. And I'se thankful I'se had the nerve to git married three times. Talk about the boys volunteerin' to go into dem trenches! Tain't nothing on a woman who tries marrying a second and third time. Yes'm, honey, when you'se old as me you'se grateful for little t'ings."



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Victoria as Canada's Winter Resort

By
ROLAND HILL.

Bright Winter Days at the Pacific Coast

WITH triple ranges of mountains standing barrier to the East, and with the warm currents which cross the calm Pacific from the Equator and Japan, Vancouver and Victoria are blessed with a winter climate that knows no zero.

The snow storm is a novelty.

It was the Prairie farmer who really discovered the British Columbia Coast as a winter resort. About ten years ago he began his winter pilgrimages to Vancouver and Victoria. Hard at work from early Spring to late Autumn, he sought some congenial place in which to spend his months of leisure. He searched for a spot where he and his family could enjoy a beautiful balmy climate, where flowers grew in the open air all winter, and he found these wants at the two delightful cities along the shores of the Strait of Georgia. Life was very comfortable there, and the hotels of the coast city were good, even in those days, and every winter they were full of these established pioneers from the Middle West, and who also built themselves houses until their sojourn by the Pacific grew in length so that finally, comfortably fixed by their well-won fight for fortune from the rich lands of the Middle West, they settled in Vancouver and Victoria, to enjoy the "evening of their lives."

And not only the farmer, but the business man from the East, too, found a winter holiday at the coast, just the contrast that was needed. Three or four days of luxurious train travel through the Rockies and the Selkirks viewing nature in her riotous wildness from the comfort of an observation car, until the limit of the Western slope was reached for the run down through the mild temperature of the Fraser Valley was a tonic in itself, and brought him into a land where the sun was shining on wintry green snowless meadows and the tang of the air had a different feeling. The temperate wind that swept through the valley from the mountains brought the bracing smell of fresh pines. There were flowers blooming at Christmastide. Season by season the number of these migratory comfort seekers has increased, and the winter colony from the East has grown to be such a feature that in the great Canadian Pacific hotels at Vancouver and Victoria one meets scores of families from Ontario, Manitoba and Alberta.

Vancouver is an all-the-year round city, unique alike in its beautiful scenic setting and its stragetic commercial situation. It is described as living face to face with the sea, back to back with the hills, and eyes front towards progress. The world traveller stays his trip out of sheer admiration. From the roof garden of the magnificent Vancouver hotel he can gaze at mountain and sea. In the harbor there are the great liners coming and going from the Orient, the Southern trades and Australasia. There are the smart miniature liners of the C.P.R. that ply the inland passage among the green islands of the Archipelago to the ports of Victoria, Seattle and Alaska.

Summer and winter alike Vancouver is the rendevous of sportsmen, motorists and lovers of the open air. For motoring and driving there is Stanley Park right within the city limits, a great natural area left untouched since the days of the pioneer, encircled by perfect roads, with wonderful big trees through which one can glance the stretches of English Bay, and see in the distance the majestic snow-clad peaks of the Lions made famous by Pauline Johnston, the Indian Princess poet. There is the long, well-macadamized Marine Drive, and the fine residential districts of the Shaughnessy Heights and Point Grey. In the long winter evenings of the Coast one can see across the Strait of Georgia, the white tipped mountains of Vancouver Island standing out against the most wonderful sunsets of the continent. Southward the Pacific Highway connects with the main roads of the American Northwest, while across Burrard Inlet there are drives to Capilano Canyon and on to the foothills, through canyons and past dashing mountain streams.

There is variety of winter hunting and fishing for the sporting visitors, and cabined launches can take them Northward among the many islands and salt-water bays that fringe the coast. For the golfer there are three fine courses, and visitors of the hotel have the privileges of Shaughnessy Heights Club with its vistas of seas and mountains. For the visitor's family, Vancouver has the attractive theatres and stores of a metropolis.

Across the Strait of Georgia, a few hours run through unrivalled island scenery, is Victoria, the

(Continued on page 40.)



A typically English portion of our Canadian winter resort, Victoria, B.C.



Where the trees are always green.



Parliament Buildings and Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C.



This is how the residents of Victoria live in winter.



Drive through Uplands, Victoria, B.C. 400 acres bordering on the sea.

Hot Cakes For Frosty Mornings

Tried And Tested Recipes

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "How to Cook in Casserole Dishes."

"Do you ask what I love best of all things to eat?
Let them come every day, or come without warning—
There is nothing in all the wide world so sweet
As sausage and cakes on a cold, frosty morning."

NOTHING is more tempting for breakfast on a cold, wintry morning than hot griddle cakes. When we speak of griddle cakes, we do not mean the heavy, indigestible cakes often found on breakfast tables; but the light, porous kind that melt in one's mouth, and which always create a demand for more.

To bake hot cakes with comfort and success, use a soapstone or aluminum griddle; these will not need greasing, which does away with the disagreeable odor and smoke of burning fat. If an iron griddle is kept clean and smooth, and rubbed with a raw cut turnip or potato between each griddleful of cakes, it will require very little if any grease; but the soapstone needs nothing but heating, and for this reason is the most satisfactory. No matter what kind of a griddle is used, it is necessary that it be smoking hot before beginning to bake the cakes. Have the batter in a pitcher, and pour it out upon the hot griddle, being careful not to get the cakes too large or they will be difficult to turn. As soon as the cakes are full of holes or bubbles, and dry around the edges, turn carefully with a pancake turner or broad-bladed knife. The cakes should be a golden brown on both sides, and served hot. Griddle cakes made of rice, hominy or potatoes are delicious sprinkled with grated maple sugar.

HEALTH GRIDDLE CAKES.—Dissolve one-half of a cake of compressed yeast in one cupful of lukewarm water. Sift together one-third of a cupful each of barley flour, graham flour and corn meal, adding one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix into this the yeast mixture, cover lightly and allow to stand over-night. In the morning, add sufficient milk to make of the right consistency for frying, and fry. Serve hot with the following molasses spread: Boil together for fifteen minutes two cupfuls of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and a pinch of salt.

CORN CRISPS.—Mix together two cupfuls of corn meal, one-half teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of milk and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute. Divide into well greased molds and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Serve hot or cold.

DATE MUFFINS.—Sift into a bowl one-half cupful of barley flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of cornmeal and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, then cut and rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, add one cupful of milk, one beaten egg and one cupful of stoned and chopped dates. Beat well and divide into greased and floured muffin pans, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

POTATO BAKING POWDER BISCUITS.—Sift together twice one cupful each of barley flour and corn flour, one teaspoonful of salt and four tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Cut and rub in three tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, then add one cupful of mashed potatoes and just enough milk or water to make the mass cling together. Do not knead. Turn out on to a floured baking board, roll out until one-half inch thick, and cut into small biscuits. Place on greased baking tins and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Bake all potato breads more slowly than those made with flour alone.

WAR TIME WAFFLES.—Mix and sift one cupful of corn flour, one cupful of oat flour, one teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat two yolks of eggs with one and one-half cupfuls of milk or water, and mix gradually with flour mixture. Add four tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute, and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour into the centre of a hot, well-greased waffle iron. Serve hot with the following chocolate spread: Melt one tablespoonful of butter substitute in a saucepan over the fire, add one and one-half squares of unsweetened chocolate, stir until the chocolate is melted, then add one cupful of honey or corn syrup, a pinch of salt and one-third cupful of boiling water. Boil until thick like syrup, then remove from the fire and flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Or serve with grated maple sugar or maple syrup.

RICE PANCAKES.—Put into a bowl two cupfuls of boiled rice, add two cupfuls of milk, one cupful of water, the beaten yolks of two eggs, one cupful of corn flour and one cupful of flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake slowly, and serve with fruit sauce. About now it is time to commence to use up the preserves and jams, for it will be soon time to start a new lot. The pancakes may be buttered in the kitchen as they come from the griddle and a light layer of jam spread between; then when ten are thus prepared send to table and serve by cutting in wedges like pie. Or butter, spread with preserves and roll up as fast as cooked, this giving a very fair form of French pancakes. The preserves may be thinned with a little warm water and rubbed through a sieve to remove any seeds, then thickened with a little cornstarch and served. Quince, apple, peach or pear preserve may be served as it is, and no one will raise any objections.

RAISIN GRIDDLE CAKES—Sift one cupful each of corn flour and barley flour and one-half teaspoonful of salt into a bowl, add one teaspoonful of baking soda and sift again, then add two cupfuls of sour cream or milk, two well-beaten eggs and one cupful of seeded raisins. Beat well, and bake in small cakes.

GRAHAM SCONES.—Mix and sift one and one-half cupfuls of graham flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful each of oat flour and flour, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, cut and rub in one-half cupful of butter substitute, then add one-fourth cupful of maple or corn syrup, one beaten egg and three-fourths cupful of milk or water. Knead the dough lightly on a floured baking board and divide it into two pieces. Make each piece into a smooth round, roll out and cut into six pieces. Lay on greased tins, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

BRAN MUFFINS.—Mix and sift one cupful of bran, one teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half cupful of corn flour, add one cupful of milk, three tablespoonfuls of chopped nuts or raisins, one tablespoonful of melted butter substitute and three-fourths cupful of milk or water. Divide into greased and floured muffin pans, and bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

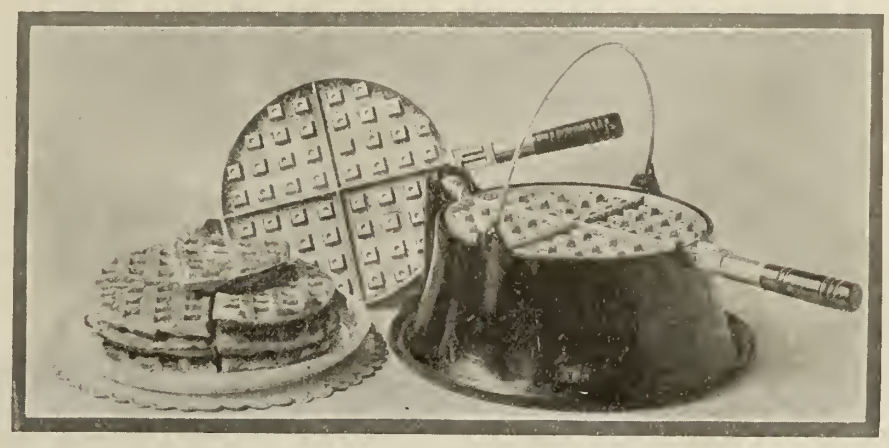
BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Mix and sift one-half cupful of rice flour, one and one-half cupfuls of barley flour, one teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, then add one-fourth cupful of corn syrup, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute and three-fourths cupful of milk or water. Roll out to one-half inch thick, cut with a round cutter, brush over with melted butter substitute, turn over one-half, making a roll, let rise for fifteen minutes and bake in a hot oven. Brush over with a little hot milk when nearly baked.

SYRUP PUFFS.—Mix one-half cupful of corn or maple syrup with one-fourth cupful of boiling water, stir well, then add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute, and one cupful of barley flour, one-half cupful of oat flour sifted with one-half teaspoonful of baking soda, one-fourth teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg and ginger and salt. Beat well and add one-fourth cupful of seedless raisins. Bake in small, well greased tins in a hot oven. Serve hot.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of brown or grated maple sugar and one-half yeast cake in two cupfuls of lukewarm water, then add two teaspoonfuls of salt and one cupful of scalded milk which should be cooled to lukewarm. Mix one cupful each of buckwheat flour, one cupful of corn meal and one cupful of oat flour together and stir in gradually the yeast mixture. Beat until very smooth, cover and allow to rise over-night. Then bake. If liked, one and one-half cupfuls of buckwheat flour may be used and only one-half cupful of corn meal.

QUICK SALLY LUNN.—Beat up one egg, add one tablespoonful of melted butter substitute, then sift in one cupful each of corn flour and barley flour, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg. Add two cupfuls of milk and mix well together. Divide into two greased and floured rings and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Serve hot with the following sauce: Make a syrup of two cupfuls of grated maple sugar and one-half cupful of water, cooking until the desired consistency which should be about the same as maple syrup, then add two teaspoonfuls of butter substitute, and flavor with maple, lemon or vanilla extracts. If chocolate or cocoa is liked, one tablespoonful will give the desired flavor, or the addition of left-over half-glasses of currant, grape, apple or quince jam will make the sauce novel and delicious.

OATMEAL GEMS.—Sift into a bowl one cupful of corn flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of barley flour and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cut and rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, add one cupful of cooked oatmeal, two tablespoonfuls of syrup or honey, one-half cupful of milk and one well-beaten egg. Beat thoroughly and divide into greased and floured gem pans and bake in a hot oven. Sufficient to make twelve gems.



War-time Waffles.



Health Griddle Cakes with Syrup.



Potato Baking Powder Biscuits.

Do You Know How To Use Oatmeal

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes."

Oats Contain All The Constituents Necessary For The Maintenance of High Bodily Vigor

Oatmeal is one of the foods, especially with the addition of milk, capable of supporting life for an indefinite period. The cooking and manner of eating make a difference in its digestibility. Good oatmeal is a highly nutritious food, and its assimilating properties are unsurpassed. Oatmeal should be taken often in place of meat and potatoes at breakfast.

Oatmeal Soup. Put four cupfuls of water or stock into a large saucepan and bring it to the boil. Sprinkle in one-half cupful of oatmeal, in the same way as for porridge, and simmer for thirty minutes, stirring occasionally. Now add one onion sliced or three leeks cut in small lengths, one diced stalk of celery and one tablespoonful of butter substitute. Allow the soup to simmer for one hour longer, then add one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper and one cupful of milk. Serve hot.

Another Method.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan over the fire, then add one chopped onion and let it cook slowly for five minutes without browning, add two cupfuls of cooked oatmeal porridge, four cupfuls of milk or water, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper, and stir occasionally until boiling. Simmer for thirty minutes and then rub through a sieve. Reheat the soup and pour into a hot soup tureen over the beaten yolk of one egg. Serve hot. Or, boil two and one-half quarts of water, add one and one-half cupfuls of rolled oats, six potatoes cut in dice, one carrot sliced, one onion sliced, one turnip sliced, two teaspoonfuls of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper and cook for forty minutes. Brown three tablespoonfuls of corn flour in two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute and add to the soup and cook until thick and serve. One cupful of tomato adds to the flavor.

Oatmeal Griddle Cakes.—Add one cupful of milk to two cupfuls of cooked oatmeal and beat well, then add one-half teasponful of salt, one cupful of boiling water, one beaten egg, one cupful each of barley flour and flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mix well and bake on a griddle. Serve hot with maple syrup.

Oatmeal Cookies.—Cream together one cupful of butter substitute with one and one-fourth cupfuls of grated maple sugar, add two well beaten eggs, three cupfuls of uncooked oatmeal, one cupful of seeded raisins or stoned and chopped dates, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of powdered ginger and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of baking soda, one cupful each of barley flour and flour and one-half cupful of sour milk. Mix and drop from spoon on to a greased tin and bake for twelve minutes in a moderate oven. This makes four dozen cookies, which keep well in a jar, and are excellent for luncheon.

Oatmeal Bread.—Add two cupfuls of boiling water to one cupful of rolled oats and allow to stand for one hour, then add one cupful of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of salt, three tablespoonfuls of butter substitute melted, one yeast cake dissolved in one-half cupful of lukewarm water and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Knead well, allow to rise, then knead a little and divide into two greased tins, let rise again and bake for one hour in a moderate oven. Or form into long rolls and bake for twenty-five minutes.

Oatmeal Jelly.—Cover five tablespoonfuls of oatmeal with cold water. Let it soak for forty minutes, then add one cupful of lukewarm water. Stir and let it settle for five minutes; then stir again and strain into a clean saucepan. Put on the fire and stir briskly until it boils. Lift to the side of the fire and allow to simmer for half an hour. Add salt to taste and one tablespoonful of cream and a pinch of sugar, and serve.

Baked Oatmeal.—Mix two cupfuls of cooked oatmeal with one-half cupful milk, add one cupful of chopped nut meats or peanuts, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and one teaspoonful of vinegar. Bake in a greased pan for twenty minutes. Use in place of meat.

Oatmeal Crisps.—Pour one cupful of boiling water over one cupful of oatmeal and allow to stand until cool. Then add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and knead in one cupful of Graham flour thoroughly. Roll thin, cut into strips and bake in a moderate oven. These will keep well for some time. They are liked especially by children for their lunches.



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Make Housekeeping A Profession

By KATHLEEN DESMOND.

Demobilization is in the air. Is it not the psychological moment to provide one ready-made line of business for our girls to step into if they feel so disposed—a line where the demand is widely over the mark of the supply?

Is it not a reasonable supposition that our girls would be glad to find provided for them a place where a training awaited them along old familiar lines leading to a dignified profession, either inside a permanent home, or the surroundings of a home for so many hours a day?

"Over there" they have become accustomed to a uniform, to discipline, to order—as far as possible and cannot these splendid qualities be used at home? To a thinking mind, these three questions are very significant. There are two words very much misunderstood, and they are "Domestic Science." National Service is dignified, so it ought to be. Red Cross service is on its own pinnacle—whoever thought that attending to the wounded no matter under what conditions, was anything else but honorable? Army, Navy, Air Service posts filled by men, have now the accompanying service of women, and apparently many of these people in these services are about to be demobilized, as well as the great army of munitions workers. What are the women going to take up as a life work?

Some who went to serve the Nation in the war work went in high hope that perchance their hands in the Hospital ward or guiding the Red Cross ambulance would succor the beloved ones they were following should they need it, who doing their bit fell near the front lines, and needed no more the willing help; and now having gone on with a dimmed eye and heavier tread but still ministering, the time is coming for the return, but not to the expected Home. Where then shall these women take their places in the scheme of reconstruction?

"Who will up and with us ride"? to have a clearing house, a bureau, a hostel, what you will, where mothers of families who are driven to distraction and nervous prostration for want of real help can meet the women who need a home?

The "flu" and the Victory Loan are done with, demobilization is the next big job. Who will offer a house to start our hostel? Who will come along and offer to be the first house orderly?

The name of "orderly" has been objected to because a soldier who is an orderly is supposed to do a great deal of serving. Now when are we going to get the right angle to look at this serving question?

There was One who was amongst us as He who serves. This point is almost obliterated when the angle of house serving is approached. Let a cultured woman go into the home of another cultured woman, and take some of the burden from the oppressed and overworked mother, and "do" for her, in fact be a great deal more than the "Daily Delight who does the dishes," being a lady of quality she is entitled to capitals. Can this cultured woman be a pioneer of a great army of intelligent women who are going to take up this question of "Service" and place it in its own high order before the public eye?

We have used the word "discipline" in connection with uniform and order, all military terms, and perhaps the only one that might be a difficulty is the word discipline. Immediately there is antagonism. "I would not be ordered about by any woman who thought she could lord it over me"! Why this totally wrong conception of the word?

Discipline was found to be absolutely necessary to success in the various armies of the world from pre-historic days. It is not fundamentallly an ordering or lording over any particular person—it is meant to create and keep order paramount.

Men who apparently were "ne'er do wells" have become splendid soldiers in this war by wise discipline; it drew out the dormant good in them, the highest order of discipline is not a suppression, but a leading forth into a larger expression, and when we get this true idea of discipline perhaps we will come to a clearer understanding of the dignity of service, and those we serve will have a lesson impressed upon them by our bearing in service that causes them to recognize its nobility, and regulate themselves accordingly. Thus we may be able to start our Hostels for House Orderlies, and our Hostel subscribers as regular supporters.

Eat Oranges If You Would Be Healthy

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Economical Cookery."

"Oranges and Lemons, Say the Bells of St. Clemens."



Orange Holiday Punches.

The Orange is one of the best liver stimulants we have. It is also gently laxative and contains a goodly supply of phosphates, which are splendid nerve foods. So you see its value and importance as a food can scarcely be overestimated.

An orange always quenches the thirst and is a boon to every traveller. The juice of an orange is a wonderful tonic, beneficial in many ways; it promotes digestion and is a counter-irritant to acidity of the stomach. If the stomach be weak, the juice of an orange before breakfast will nourish and stimulate. Squeeze the juice of a large orange into a glass and add a tablespoonful of finely shaved ice. Then shake it well, and drink it without the addition of water or sugar.

As a breakfast fruit, cut the orange in half crosswise and loosen the pulp around the edge and the membrane between the sections, using a thin, sharp knife for the purpose. Sometimes one may serve the fruit for breakfast by cutting the skin like a band round the entire fruit. Then remove the skin above and below the band, cut through the band and open it so that the sections are spread out in a straight line.

Plain sliced oranges are nice for luncheon, if sugared and served with the juice from canned pineapple poured over them.

Try serving oranges in sections that are free from any trace of white membrane. This is done by paring the orange with a sharp knife as if it were an apple, removing the white membrane with the yellow rind, thus leaving the juicy pulp exposed. With a small sharp knife cut close to the membrane on both sides of a section and and remove it, leaving the membrane clean and attached to the core. Repeat this process until each section is free, when the membrane will be left with the core of the orange. Oranges separated in this way are especially attractive in jellies, puddings, salads, etc.

A hot orangeade, taken at bedtime, warms the entire body, soothes the nervous system, and may break up a cold, if taken in time.

Many dishes may be made with these "golden balls of health" to tempt the appetite.

Orange salads are refreshing and delicious, especially for a dinner where game or heavy roasts are served. Walnuts and celery combined with sliced oranges and served with a French dressing make a very unusual and tasty salad.

To serve with roast lamb, try a salad of oranges, celery and mint with French dressing. Oranges, apples and cress make another good combination. Oranges, with celery and grapes are also very good as a salad.



Orange Jellies.

HOLIDAY ORANGE PUNCH.—Pour one cupful of fresh hot tea over one cupful of grated maple sugar and allow to stand until the sugar is dissolved and the syrup cold. Pour into a punch bowl together with two cupfuls of strained orange juice, one-half cupful of strained lemon juice and one cupful of ginger ale. Chill, and just before serving add thin slices of oranges. If liked, a few slices of bananas may be added.

ORANGE COCKTAIL SAUCE.—For each oyster cocktail take two tablespoonfuls of the diced pulp of one orange, one tablespoonful of tomato catsup, one teaspoonful of grated horseradish, one saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of grated orange peel, and a few drops of lemon juice. Serve very cold in cups made of the peel of one orange.

ORANGE CAKE.—Beat two eggs with three-fourths cupful of maple syrup, add one-half cupful of milk or water, one cupful of flour, one-half cupful of corn flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat until smooth, then add the grated rind of one orange, the strained juice of one orange and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute. Bake in a greased tin in a moderate oven.

ORANGE PIE.—Line a pie tin with plain pastry. Beat the yolks of two eggs with one cupful of grated maple sugar, add one cupful of milk with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch stirred smooth into it, the grated rind and strained juice of one orange and two teaspoonfuls of butter substitute. When smooth, add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and pour into the prepared tin. Bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes. Serve hot or cold.

ORANGE JELLY.—Place one cupful of hot water in a clean saucepan, add one envelope or three-fourths of an ounce of gelatine and one cupful of grated maple sugar. Dissolve over the fire, then add two cupfuls of strained orange juice and the strained juice of half a lemon. Pour through cheesecloth into a wet mold. When cool place in the refrigerator, and when firm turn out and decorate with orange slices. Or pour into wet individual molds and when firm turn out, and fill the centres with whipped evaporated milk or whipped cream, and decorate with nut meats.

ORANGE OMELETTE.—Beat the yolks of three eggs until light, add two tablespoonfuls of milk, and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Melt one tablespoonful of butter substitute in an omelette pan or small frying pan, pour in the mixture and cook until firm, then brown in the oven. Spread one-half of the omelette with orange marmalade, fold over the other half, and serve hot.

ORANGE DAINTY.—Put one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine into a clean saucepan, add one-half cupful of water, one-fourth cupful of grated maple sugar, and thinly pared rinds of two oranges, and stir them over a slow fire until the gelatine and sugar is dissolved. Whisk the white of one egg until it is frothy, then strain on to it the gelatine and water, also the juice of four oranges and one lemon. Then whisk it until it is very thick. Pile roughly in the centre of a serving dish, and decorate with small pieces of orange.

ORANGE BISCUITS.—Put four tablespoonfuls of grated maple sugar into a bowl, add to it the grated rind of one orange and mix well together, then add one-half cupful each of barley flour and flour, and cut and rub in eight tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, add one tablespoonful of orange juice and enough beaten egg to bind all together. Roll out rather thinly and cut out in rounds or fancy shapes. Place on greased tins, brush over with milk, sprinkle over with chopped nut meats, and bake in a moderate oven from fifteen to twenty minutes, or until nicely browned and firm to the touch.

ORANGE AND CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Put two cupfuls of milk into a saucepan and bring to boiling point, add three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed smoothly with one-half cupful of cold milk, and stir and cook for fifteen minutes. Grate or shred two squares of chocolate, and dissolve it in a small saucepan with one-half cupful of milk. Add this to the cornstarch mixture and mix until smooth. Then remove the saucepan from the fire, add the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of grated maple sugar, and let the mixture cool. Remove the skin from four oranges, also the white pith. Slice them thinly, removing any seeds, and lay them in a glass dish. Pour the chocolate mixture over. Whip up the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, add one tablespoonful of sugar and whip again and pile on the top of the custard. Serve as cold as possible. Sufficient for five persons.

ORANGE SAUCE, SAVORY.—Into a saucepan put one cupful of water or stock, add the grated rinds of two oranges, and three tablespoonfuls of chopped celery, and if procurable, add one bay leaf and one blade of mace. Bring to the boil, and then simmer for twenty minutes and strain. Return to the saucepan and add the strained juice of the oranges, bring to the boil again, then draw the saucepan to the side of the range and add the beaten yolks of two eggs and one tablespoonful of milk or cream. Make hot, but do not boil again, and stir in one teaspoonful of butter substitute just before serving.

ORANGE SAUCE, SWEET.—Grate the rind off one large orange. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan, mix in two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, add one-half cupful of water and stir until boiling. Then add one tablespoonful of maple syrup and the strained juice of the orange, and cook for five minutes, stirring all the time. Now remove the saucepan from the fire, and when the sauce is off the boil stir in the yolks of two eggs quickly, and pour at once into a hot sauceboat or tureen.

ORANGE SOUFFLES.—Cut circular slice off the top of six oranges, scoop out the pulp carefully, so as not to break the skins, rub the pulp through a sieve, add one cupful of orange juice to it. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add six tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, stir in the orange pulp and juice, boil until thick, stirring all the time; then remove from the fire, and let the mixture cool. Add one-half cupful of grated maple sugar and the yolks of three eggs, one at a time; then add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Fill the orange skins with this preparation, place them on a baking tin, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Serve hot.

ORANGE AND BANANA SALAD.—Peel four oranges, carefully removing all the white pith, and cut them in very thin slices with a sharp knife. Remove the skin from three bananas and cut them also in slices, using a silver knife to prevent discoloration. Arrange the fruit in a salad dish, sprinkle over each layer a little chopped cocoanut. Put one cupful of water and one cupful of maple or corn syrup into a saucepan, and boil them for fifteen minutes, then allow to cool, and pour over the fruit, and place in a very cool place until wanted. Other kinds of nuts, finely chopped, may be used instead of the cocoanut, or they may be omitted altogether.

Another Method.—Arrange thinly sliced oranges on crisp lettuce leaves, sprinkle over a few chopped nut meats, and serve with mayonnaise dressing made without mustard, or with French dressing made with lemon juice. A little finely chopped celery may be added.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Grate finely one cupful of stale bread and soak in one-half cupful of water or milk until soft, then beat lightly with a fork and add the grated rinds and strained juice of two oranges. Sweeten to taste (as the acidity of the fruit may vary), add a pinch of salt, one-half cupful of boiling milk and two beaten eggs, and pour into greased custard cups. Be careful that the cups are not filled too full. Set them in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve hot.

Another Method.—Line a pudding dish with plain pastry, and then prepare the following mixture: Wipe three oranges with a damp cloth, and grate off the yellow rinds. Mix the rinds with one-fourth cupful of corn syrup or honey, add one-half cupful of bread or cake crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute, one-half cupful of scalded milk, the beaten yolks of two eggs, the strained

(*Continued on page* 40.)



Grandmother used BAKER'S COCOA and she Knew

Cocoa and Chocolate are particularly valuable at the present time as they are the only popular beverages containing fat; more than one-quarter of

BAKER'S COCOA



and more than one-half of

Baker's Chocolate

is a pure, nutritious, and easily digested fat.

Registered Trade-Mark

Delicious and Wholesome

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780

Montreal, Can. Dorchester, Mass.

Canada Food Board License No. 11-690



For Table Use For Baking

KLIM

THOSE war-time foods which you take so much patriotic pride in making can be greatly improved in flavor and food value by the addition of milk. And milk adds little to the cost if you use it in its most economical form—KLIM.

KLIM is simply pasteurized, separated milk with the water removed. It is a soluble powder that you can mix dry with such ingredients as flour and sugar. KLIM makes breads, cakes and pastry a trifle shorter and very much richer and more nutritious.

Try KLIM next baking day and you'll decide to use it regularly in place of liquid milk. Use it on the table regularly for drinking, because it is pure, good, and nutritious. KLIM is cheaper and more convenient, and means no waste—you use it as needed until the last bit is gone. Your grocer has KLIM in 1 lb. and 10 lb. tins.

KLIM is genuine—the flavor proves it—Drink it.

Canada Food Board License No. 14-242

More Money We will tell you how you may convert your spare hours into money if you will write us. Canadian Home Journal, 71-81 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Ont.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

By BETTY O'HARA.

Although the armistice has been signed, Canada will have more women workers in her military hospitals in two months than she has had in the history of the war.

AT last those great and glorious days have come, the days of "Peace." At three o'clock on the eleventh of November we were awakened from our slumbers by the wild, glad ringing of bells and the sirens screaming in their excited haste to tell the world peace had come at last. Then the newsboys chimed in with "Armistice signed! Extry! War'sover!" and all, with happy smile, rose and dressed with never a murmur, regardless of the fact that the hour was much too early for a celebration under any other conditions. We who had the good fortune to be in the centre of activities, took no rest until the "wee sma' hours" of the next morning, when from sheer exhaustion we somehow dragged ourselves to bed, with a happy feeling that the black cloud which had for so long hung over civilization had at last been lifted almost as suddenly as it had come upon us. It was on that day that we cast off all our troubles, and we have kept them far from us ever since.

The boys are coming home, and this has entailed a tremendous amount of speculation and wonder, and even now we are not much wiser than we were before. But still they will come; it may be a month earlier or a month later than we had calculated, but they will be our most honored guests whenever they return.

I wonder how many girls had planned to do this or that war work, to visit the hospitals or invite some of the returned soldiers to their homes, or enter a military hospital in some capacity, but now are folding their hands, and sitting back with complacent ease and a clear conscience, and telling themselves that now the war is over there is no more work to be done. If these girls could only have a glimpse of the military hospitals or any of the other institutions which in one way or another look after the interests of returned soldiers, they would realize, as do all of us who are in the army, that Canada's work for returned soldiers is not much beyond the starting point. Hospitals are being erected with lightning-like rapidity, and the girls are being trained in curative work, to take their places in them, as fast as is humanly possible. The Army Medical Corps was never as busy in the history of its existence.

When you think that there are 48,000 wounded Canadian soldiers overseas, who are to be sent home as soon as accommodation can be procured for them, while at present there are only 7,000 wounded soldiers in Canada who are receiving treatment, you will have some idea of the gigantic task before us. Three months', six months' or twelve months' medical treatment will not cure these men, whose hospital life, from the time they are wounded until they are discharged, often extends over a period of a year or a year and a half, that is, not taking into consideration the fact that if their ailment returns they must still have more treatment. This has occurred before, and will occur again, and we must be prepared for it. Although after discharge these men are treated and their welfare looked after by the Invalided Soldiers' Commission, and although they have put aside their khaki, it does not alter the fact that they are returned soldiers and have fought the same battle as the khaki-clad hero who limps on his crutches.

Already the Invalided Soldiers' Commission are preparing to take over various large public buildings throughout this country and equip them as hospitals. One in Guelph, containing 750 beds, is just a start of the tremendous activity that is now beginning to stir in the interests of our returned heroes. Their methods and means of treatment are along the same lines as that being employed by the Army Medical Corps, and these hospitals must also be equipped as skilfully and thoroughly as any military hospital.

Up to date, this war has cost Canada $1,046,844,000 in money, and in lives, 55,000 men, with a list of wounded that reaches 154,361, making all casualties a total, including prisoners of war, of 213,268. This is what the men of Canada has done to save their country from disaster. It is true we have given our brothers and sweethearts, and often I think those days of anxious waiting were even more laden with sacrifice than the days of fighting and weary marching which our boys have endured. But be that as it may, in the face of facts and figures, we should not now sit back with hands folded and fool ourselves that war work is over, and there is nothing more to accomplish.

Just to show you the importance some people give to sentiment, I must tell you of an incident which occurred in a hospital which has charge of the treatment of many soldiers. Many of these men are driven to the hospital by ladies who have much spare time and a motor at their disposal, but the day after the armistice was signed a couple of motors failed to appear. Consequently the crippled patients attempted to walk. As a result, they arrived fifteen minutes late for their treatment, and so absolutely tired out that the treatment had to be cancelled for that day. Strange, one day's hilarity should so change the attitude of some of us toward what we should consider to be our duty. As a consequence of this falling off of so-called patriotism, the authorities themselves have taken up the question and will be compelled to provide transportation for the crippled patients to and from their treatments. Truly our "patriotism" has taken some sudden twists and curves since the armistice was signed.

From now on it is upon the women of Canada that the future of our country depends. The encouragement we give our boys to override their disabilities and strive to reach a higher plane in all their walks of life. A bodily injury is a drawback insomuch as the person who possesses it allows it to become so, and when we read of blind millionaire editors and a legless financier of international fame, we are forced to believe it. This is the spirit we must try to encourage in our boys. Although they do not talk much about their disabilities, they feel them keenly, and if we as girls pledge ourselves to encourage and help in any possible way the soldiers with whom we come in personal contact, we can have no idea of the difference in outlook it will give them. When a girl believes in a man, well, he won't disappoint her if he can help it; and girls, believe me when I tell you that they think more about what a girl's idea on a subject is than we give them credit for.

Anyhow, we are going to "carry on" and do war work just as long as there is any to do, and that is going to be for a long, long time yet, I am thinking. And we are going to keep on with the work our boys have so bravely sacrificed so much for, and make this grand, wonderful country so they will know the sacrifice has not been in vain.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I wish to take the course in Occupational Therapy. Could you tell me if there would be any use to apply, as I have been in doubt about the training classes being continued since the armistice was signed?

Doubtful.

To be sure, all the classes for hospital work are being continued, and with renewed vigor, as there are more patients now returning than they have workers to handle them. I am sending you the address in the stamped and addressed envelope you sent.

We are a club of girls who have been studying art. We would like to entertain some returned soldiers as a club, but are not sure as to the way we should go about it. We would like very much if you could give us the information.

Super Six.

I am sending you the address of some Y.M.C.A. men whose work is with the returned soldiers. I am sure they will be only too glad to give some soldiers your invitation. Sunday evening always seems the most dull and lonesome of the whole week, and I think if you asked them for tea on a Sunday afternoon, they would appreciate it more than you can guess.

Would you please send me the names of a few good hospitals where girls are trained for nurses? Do you know of any that give a two years' course? Do you think it would be foolish of me to go in training now, as there will be so many nurses released now the war is over?

R. T., St. Thomas.

I am sending you by mail the names of a few of the best hospitals for training. You may be able to take a two years' course in a small hospital or a private one, but the graduates of these cannot in any way compete with those of the three years' course in a good hospital. I certainly do not think it would be foolish for you to take the course, as there is always lots of work to do for the girl who is determined to get to the top.

Could you tell me about the War Saving Stamps which are being issued to the public? What is the rate of interest?

B. D. Thrift.

I could not do better than to quote from the Bureau of Public Information, which says:—

"The Stamps are to be redeemable in 1924. They are to be sold by the Government at a price which works out to an interest rate somewhat better than four and a half per cent. compounded semi-annually, or five per cent. simple interest if computed at the end of the period. Thus in December, 1918, or January, 1919, a five-dollar War Savings Stamp may be bought for four dollars. After January the purchase price of a War Savings Stamp will be increased at the rate of a cent a month. At the end of five years from December, 1918, all Stamps will be redeemed at $5.00 cash. In order that people may accumulate the sum in small amounts, the Government has issued Thrift Stamps, which are sold at twenty-five cents each. Sixteen of these redeem a War Savings Stamp. The Thrift Stamps themselves bear no interest, but are only the means towards purchasing War Savings Stamps."

My brother, who is a returned soldier, has had a recurrence of trouble with his wound. Is it necessary for him to have attendance of our own doctor, or what method would you suggest?

Mary B.

I am sending you the address of the Invalid Soldiers' Commission, which has charge of returned discharged soldiers. Soldiers do not pay for illness as the result of war injuries.

We are having an entertainment for returned soldiers, but we are at a loss as to how we could best give the boys a good time. We are having a musical programme.

Stratford.

The other day a soldier was telling me of a party given for the soldiers. Everyone had a good time, "for everyone had a girl." Nice girls and good eats form a basis for a soldier's good time. The better way to obtain partners for the men would be for each man to be given a card with a number on it and give the girls corresponding numbers; these should be matched. In this way everyone becomes acquainted with everybody else, and there is an atmosphere of freedom created, which is enviable for public entertainments.

Was He Really Stupid?

A young foreigner was being tried in court and the questioning by the lawyers on the opposite side began.

"Now, Laszky, what do you do?"

"Ven?" asked Laszky.

"When you work, of course," said the lawyer.

"Vy, work——"

"I know," said the lawyer, "but what at?"

"At a bench."

"Oh!" groaned the lawyer. "Where do you work at a bench?"

"In a factory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"Brick."

"You make bricks?"

"No, de factory is made of bricks."

"Now, Laszky, listen. What do you make in that factory?"

"Eight dollars a week."

"No, no! What does the factory make?"

"I dunno; a lot of money, I think."

"Now listen! What kind of goods does the factory produce?"

"Oh," said Laszky, "good goods."

"I know, but what kind of good goods?"

"The best."

"The best of what?"

"The best there is."

"Of what?"

"Of dose goods."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "I give up."

AROUND THE HEARTH

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast; for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free.

THE WAR IS OVER.

With gladdening peals the bells ring in a bright New Year—a year abounding with possibilities and opportunities such as the world has never known—this year of our Lord 1919. Greetings to you all, readers of "Around the Hearth"!

The herald of this wonderful year rang in with wild acclaim on that never-to-be-forgotten November day when the nations were aroused to music that thrilled to the innermost soul.

Slowly our senses awoke to the unusual sounds that, at an early hour, insistently penetrated through the walls of our homes, and our eyes and ears were quickly alert to perceive that there must be a particular cause for so much tumult.

News! It *must* be news—war news! Yes, the early stir and the excitement abroad must betoken good tidings. Nothing else could cause such a commotion. It must mean the signing of the armistice. Sleep vanished when that thought took definite form.

It was as an awakening from a hideous nightmare that had lasted for four years and more—a dark, gruesome dream of tragedy and murder that had haunted the mind until it was paralyzed with the misery and wretchedness of it.

As the relief one experiences from the nightmare of a few seconds' duration when we realize that it was only a dream, so accordingly did the release from the shadow of that long-prevailing cloud of war activities overwhelm us with its magnitude.

The truth seemed too massive to grasp at once. The fact had been so appalling, so far-reaching, so subduing—had left us so "all broken, and heaten, and scarred," that we could not with one effort shake off the ghastly grip of a merciless depression.

We lay back upon our pillow and tried to take in the meaning that echoed from the jubilant voices on the street. What mattered that our slumbers had been disturbed by the incessant clanging of bells and raucous blowing of whistles? Who would begrudge the boys the tin horn procession and hilarious shouting, or cared to dampen the delirious joy that found vent in mad capers and licentious fun?

* * * * *

The war is over—words fraught with intense rapture, with joyful anticipation, with apprehensive misgiving, with deep humiliation.

They arouse gratitude from thankful hearts, hope of reunion with loved ones, the fear that something may yet intervene to blight the fond expectations, and the mortification of defeat.

Who can estimate the weight of those four words? In every hamlet and village, town and city, they are being announced, weighed in the balance, and found bubbling over with exuberant joyfulness that had a contagion equal to nothing ever known before.

Our thoughts flew to the battle-fields, and in imagination we heard the news rippling along the serried lines of marching soldiers, or carried through the trenches, shouted into the dugouts, or hailed to the sentry or sniper at his lone post of duty.

We heard the last boom of cannon, the guns become silent, the rifles laid down, the tense look in the set faces relax, and a great relief take its place.

"Is it all over?" timidly asked a mud-bespattered man of an officer in his automobile, who had brought the glad message.

"All over, my man!" and the tiredness dropped from him as he sped to tell his comrades.

Then on the wings of thought I was with the interned men, some of them prisoners since the earliest days of the war. Can anyone doubt how the news would affect them as they quit the hated task of working for the enemy, and faced freedom? How the prospect of leaving behind the servile bondage of an overbearing autocrat lent strength to the half-clad, poorly-fed captives as they hastened to their release! With faces toward their own lines, they knew that "home" would be their objective ere long—home, and friends, and comforts.

That brought my mind back with a thrill. Coming home! The boys coming back to us from overseas! Our bonny, brave lads who left us such mere striplings in their 'teens returning to us with a manliness that only cold, cruel war could inspire, for

"They have lived in the pit of hell—
They have looked in the face of God."

These are the boys who have stood between us and the enemy, who have helped in the deliverance that enables us to sing "Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free!"

These are the boys who left home, sacrificed financial advantages and scholastic attainments, who let nothing interfere in what looked to be a straight path of duty. They have served their country; they have won laurels of fame as noble defenders; they have preserved civilization for future generations; and now their faces are turning homeward to gather up the scattered threads of a half-learned trade, an incipient training, or an interrupted educational course.

* * * * *

Suddenly the scene was changed, and there passed before my vision a great army of weak, maimed and disabled men, numbers of whom will never again take the place they held in the old life. Some of them will come home to be dependent upon the parents they had hoped to support in their declining years. Some will be helpless charges upon long-suffering friends for the remainder of their lives, and some will be able to eke out a living in a small way.

And these boys and men had bright prospects ahead, boys of brain and muscle, whose future before 1914 had loomed up fair and promising, who had hoped to do great things, but the clever mind and strength of body had been offered in service to the Empire, and only the broken, battered ghost of a man will return.

For the rest of our days we will constantly encounter these veterans of this great war now ended; our hearts will be moved to compassion as we witness the lame, and halt, and blind, who went forth strong of limb and able-bodied and came back mutilated with the scars of great battle.

And yet another multitude arise before me—over fifty thousand strong. These will not return in body, for they have paid the supreme sacrifice.

Think of *fifty thousand* Canadian soldiers, our very own flesh and blood, going to their death in that struggle for freedom which has lost to the world many of its noblest and best.

They have given their lives. We shall see them no more; but they will live in our memories, and in that of ages to come—heroes who offered themselves a living sacrifice even as the Divine Christ who thought not of Himself.

These are the men whose message was wafted to us in those imperishable lines by one of our own Ontario boys, Captain McRae, who gave his life after rousing the world's patriotism with his challenge:

"Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you, from falling hands, we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders field."

* * * * *

Another innumerable throng now appears, and they are not marching past, but standing still with earnest, yearning faces. These are the wives and mothers, sisters and sweethearts of all the men in all the warring countries—the women who have served in unwavering patience ever since the outbreak of the war.

While they dumbly awaited the outcome, they were busy knitting and sewing, baking and packing boxes, writing letters and nursing the wounded, suffering agonies of heart meanwhile.

These are they who have given their loved ones, who have "Kept the home fires burning," who have longed, yet

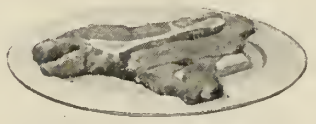
(Continued on page 42.)



Don't Buy Food Blindly



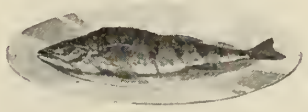
This Costs 5½c Per 1000 Calories



This Costs 57c Per 1000 Calories



This Costs 54c Per 1000 Calories



This Costs 60c Per 1000 Calories

Know What Energy You Get

The Government standard for measuring foods is the calory.

We measure food needs by calories. The average man needs 3,000 calories daily. The average woman needs 2,500.

This is what some common foods yield in calories per pound.

Calories Per Pound	
Quaker Oats	1810
Round Steak	890
Leg of Lamb	860
Salt Codfish	325
Perch	275
Oysters	225
Canned Peas	235
Potatoes	295

Comparing cost on the calory basis you find this:

The average cost of meats and fish at this writing is ten times Quaker Oats.

The average mixed diet costs five times Quaker Oats.

Yet Quaker Oats is much the greatest of these foods. It is almost a complete food—almost the ideal diet. Foods which cost ten times as much cannot compare with oats.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

Without extra price, you get super-flavor when you ask for Quaker Oats. This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the richest, plumpest oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. No puny and insipid oats are ever mixed in this grade.

Two Sizes: 35c and 15c Per Package, Except in Far West

Peterborough, Canada. **The Quaker Oats Company** Saskatoon, Canada.

Quaker Oats Bread.

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked),
2 teaspoons salt,
½ cup sugar,
2 cups boiling water,
1 cake yeast,
¼ cup lukewarm water,
5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins.

⅔ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Cookies.

Mix dry 2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard.

Put 1 level teaspoon soda in a small cup of sour milk. Add this to sugar and lard, then add dry ingredients, roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Raisins—2 cups—make an excellent addition.

(2074)



Gray Hair Restored



In From 4 to 8 Days

A Great Discovery

GRAY haired women need not be handicapped by their whitening locks, either in business or socially. The natural color can be restored in from 4 to 8 days with a clear, colorless liquid applied by combing through the hair

This great discovery is of vital importance now, when so many home women must become bread winners. Now, today, before you start on your new work, bring back the natural color of your hair with

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

Not a crude dye, naturally repulsive to fastidious women, but a pure, clean preparation which doesn't interfere with shampooing or curling. Its use is as permissible as that of the powder which every woman knows she needs.

But—no one need know you use it—even your best friends. When the first gray threads appear it is time to get your first bottle.

Then no one will suspect that your hair even started to turn gray.

Go To Your Dealer

Ask him for Mary T. Goldman's—be sure you see the name on the bottle. Don't accept a substitute. If he can't supply you write direct to us and we will supply you by return mail. Price $1.25 a bottle, sent duty free.

MARY T. GOLDMAN, 983 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

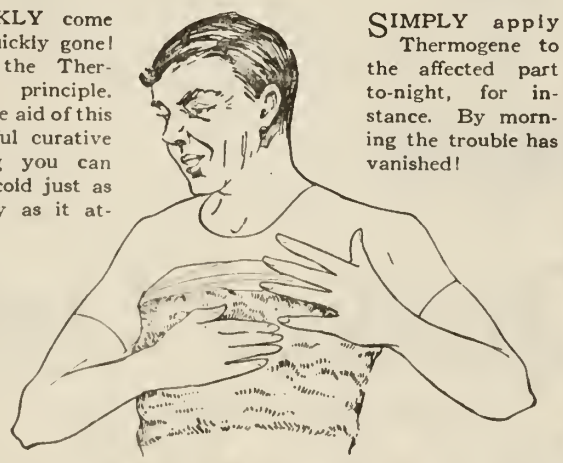
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(199)

Good-bye, Cold on the Chest! Here's Thermogene!!

QUICKLY come—quickly gone! That's the Thermogene principle. With the aid of this wonderful curative wadding you can rout a cold just as suddenly as it attacks.



SIMPLY apply Thermogene to the affected part to-night, for instance. By morning the trouble has vanished!

THERMOGENE
CURATIVE WADDING
(Vandenbroeck's Process)

Its potential heat in dry, convenient form. The moment it is applied, chemical action turns this into active energy—a soothing, comforting warmth that goes straight to the source of the pain—gives instant relief—and continues its good work till a cure is complete. It's a wonderful advance over the old-fashioned, messy, uncomfortable poultice or plaster. Ready as it comes from the box—full directions enclosed. Used by British Red Cross, Royal Navy, Army and Hospitals.

At All Druggists'—50 Cents per Box

Invented by Vandenbroeck, the famous Belgian Chemist. British-made by the Thermogene Co., Ltd., Hayward's Heath, England. 48

Sales Agents for Canada:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul St., Toronto

My Best Idea

Contributed by Our Readers.

In this Department we will publish the best original items of general interest to housekeepers which are sent in by our readers. For each of the accepted items we shall pay the one sending it fifty cents.

If the description is not clear, we would suggest that the contributor send a rough sketch, making the idea plain, which can be used as a guide to the artist who will illustrate this page.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL *cannot return the items submitted, therefore it is advisable to keep copies of matter sent for consideration.*

Address "My Best Idea," care of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. *Give your name and address.*

Keeping Hubby's Dinner Warm.

Putting a person's dinner in the oven to keep it warm, generally dries it up, if it does not actually burn it, in addition to consuming a great deal of gas.

To obviate these drawbacks, almost fill the frying-pan with boiling water. Cover the dinner plate with a pie plate and place it on the frying-pan over a small jet of gas. This method serves just as well to heat up a meal that has become cold. It is economical, because it wastes neither food nor gas. It is effective, because the frying-pan offers a large heating surface that is entirely covered by the dinner plate.

MRS. J. L. LOVE,
15 Charles St., W.,
Toronto.

When Cooling Pies.

When cooling pies, place two small strips of lath on the table or shelf and set the plate upon them so the air can get under. The result being no more soggy crusts on the bottom.

A READER.

Removing Gum Spots.

A short time ago a silk dress I had became ruined (as I thought), when a large piece of gum got on it while I was on a train. All my efforts to remove it proved futile, till at a neighbor's suggestion I tried the following, which was quite successful:

I placed the silk on a clean, white cloth and covered the damaged part thickly with powdered French chalk. On this I placed a sheet of blotting paper, and over all a hot iron. The gum disappeared almost at once.

SUGGESTION.

Salt Extracted.

It is an easy matter to put too much salt in potatoes, peas, etc. To remove salt, place a clean cloth over vessel and sprinkle a tablespoonful or two of flour on it and allow contents to steam. The flour will absorb some of the salt in a short time.

AUNTIE.

No Odor From Cabbage.

If a crust slice of bread is placed on top of cabbage when put in to cook, there will be no odor. This can easily be removed when cabbage is done.

P., Toronto.

Best Idea.

When using only the white or a part of the white of an egg, pour the part to be used from a small opening made in the end; cover the hole with a bit of white paper moistened with the egg and it will keep fresh in a cool place for days.

N. L. MCKNIGHT,
215 Central Ave.,
London, Ont.

A Gift Box.

It saves many an hour and some worry, especially to people in rural districts, to keep a gift box. It may contain inexpensive but dainty articles that do not go out of style, such as collars, pins, cushion-covers, handkerchiefs, doylies, small towels, etc., made in spare moment from left-overs, or picked up at bazaars or when on shopping tours. Little birthday gifts, tokens of esteem for kind friends, contributions for "showers" are always ready upon short notice, and the time spent in collecting them is never missed.

N. L. MCKNIGHT,
215 Central Ave.,
London, Ont.

A Cent Birthday Present.

On each of my children's birthdays I bank for them $3.65—a cent for each day in the year. Who of us would miss this cent each day, and yet by the time the child is eighteen, this one cent a day, each year, will amount to over sixty-five dollars, with interest besides.

THRIFT.

To Clean Crepe Blouses.

Put the blouse in a basin of gasoline. Squeeze it gently (never rub) until all the dirt has been removed. Take it out and sprinkle blouse thoroughly with cornstarch. Squeeze the blouse in your hands until the starch has all been taken into the material. Then shake out blouse and dip it up and down in clean gasoline until all traces of starch have disappeared. I have seen the finest crepe blouses cleaned beautifully this way.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Any Shade of Slipper.

To color soiled white satin slippers any shade to match your evening dress, take ordinary water-colors used in the public school. Choose the desired shade or combine several to get the exact shade (i.e., blue and red to get violet), and make a paste of them. Have a bowl of clean gasoline at hand. Dip a cloth first into the gasoline, then into the color, and apply to the slippers as you would ordinary shoe polish. This has been done with perfect success.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Brass Tacks.

On the place where your dishpan sits, hammer in a few brass tacks, and you always have a place to set your dishpan or any other hot pan, without bothering to get a pad each time. These are scarcely noticed, and are always there to save your oilcloth. This same thing can be done if you have linoleum on your floor. Put a row or two just in front of the door, just where you must step always and just where the wear is greatest.

THRIFT.

Handy Baby Box.

A pretty and handy baby box can be made by getting a cheese-box from your grocer, making four legs (two old broom handles cut in two will make just the right-sized legs). These can be fastened on by an amateur carpenter with small shingle nails driven in from the box side. Then paint it white. The box is then covered with sateen, any shade desired. Small pockets and pin cushions should be sewn in the lining before it is tacked in. This box will stand in a corner or under the table when not in use, and will hold all baby's toilet articles and any articles of clothing to be kept at hand. After it has served its use for baby, it may be covered with cretonne, and makes an admirable sewing box.

MRS. J. N. C.

Baby's Sweater Suits.

To make warm and pretty little sweater suits for wee boys from one to three years of age, take old wool toques or buy new for 75c. or $1.00—the kind which are double and lining is woven like the outside. First, cut off a piece the length of a sleeve, divide it and cut slightly, tapering from elbow to wrist: either face or crochet around the wrist. For body, cut two slits four inches long for armholes; sew shoulder seams, each two and one-half inches; cut very narrow crescent for neck, and cut slit three inches from neck down front; face opening and fasten with loops and buttons or dome fasteners. Two pairs of pants may be made from a toque matching sweater. Take a piece 12 inches long, cut up centre six inches for the legs, and put in a gusset three inches by three inches. Face around waist and legs and run elastic through. One can also make the little pants from stocking-tops or partly-worn jerseys or boys' sweaters. One can also make little silk sweaters from gentlemen's (or ladies', too) silk scarfs.

M. K., Alberta.

How He Would Improve It

"What do you think of the scheme for the Christmas decorations?" she inquired. "It is holly over laurel leaves."

"Very good," he replied, "but personally I should prefer mistletoe over yew."

The Journal Puzzle For January

By TOM WOOD.

Each of the following eight squares represents a well-known Proverb. In the first four, each word of the proverb is illustrated, but in numbers 5, 6, 7 and 8 the one picture represents the proverb.

Can you guess them?

Two prizes will be given, first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received by January 26th to be included.



CORRECT SOLUTION OF NOVEMBER PUZZLE.

1. "Many hands make light work."
2. "It's a long lane that has no turning."
3. "First catch your hare, then cook it."
4. "Walls have ears."
5. "Love laughs at locksmiths."
6. "A burnt child dreads the fire."
7. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."
8. "All's well that ends well."

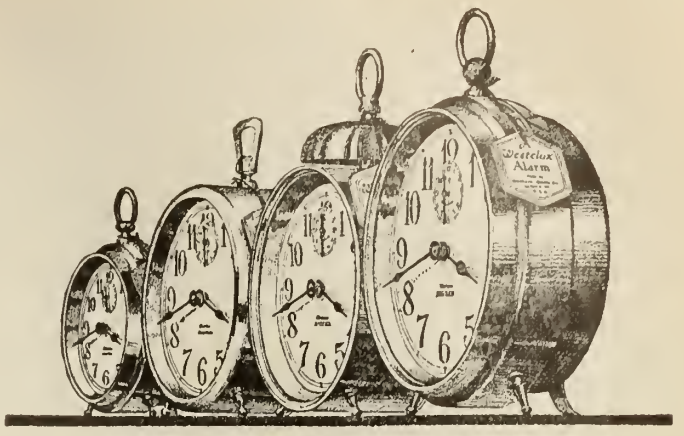
The first prize is won by Miss J. E. Gordon, Newton, Ont., and the second by Miss Jean Laurie, Box 85, St. Mary's, Ont.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Away from India comes the following puzzle:

Two British soldiers went into a restaurant in Salonica and asked for (1)———— with (2)————. "I am sorry, sirs," said the waiter, "but I can't (3)————." "Then," said the soldiers, "bring the (4)————." When he (the manager) came, he said "I'm sorry, sirs, I don't want to (5)————, but you can't (6)————." So they had to go away (7)————.

Fill in names of (the late) belligerent countries. One name only —No. 4—is the name of a place, not a country.



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Westclox alarm

GOOD alarm clocks are not as easy to get as they used to be. The war has made them scarce. Yet they are more in demand today, as household timekeepers, than ever before.

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We have prepared a booklet that tells you more about your clock. Since July, 1918 this booklet has been packed with every Westclox alarm. If you bought your clock before that time you may have one of these booklets by mail. A postal card from you will bring it.

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La Salle, Ill U S A — Factories at Peru, Ill

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100 Rooms, Private Bath, $3.50-$5.00 Single, $4.50 Up Double.
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Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms. New Unique Cafe and Cabaret Excellente.

The Journal Juniors' Club

A Story for the Twilight Hour—A Family of Carpenters

By ETHEL BAIN.

My Dear Home Journal Children:—

Such excellent letters, stories and photographs were sent in that it has been difficult to award the prizes.

Several competitors were disqualified as they forgot to state their age. Always write your name, age and address on every contribution, as this is very important.

In the Nature story contest for children of twelve years and under, no prize was awarded, because the stories sent in were not suitable. However, if the younger members will read the prize story for the twelve to sixteen girls and boys, I think that they will do better next time.

When space permits, the second best letters will be printed. These will be marked "Honorable Mention." The girl or boy winning this title highest number of times, during twelve months, dating from November, 1918, contests, will be awarded a special prize.

Your sincere friend,
ETHEL BAIN.

A FAMILY OF CARPENTERS.

Down through the snow-muffled silence of the forest came the harsh scream of a brilliant-coated Blue Jay as he flashed hither and thither teasing the sparkling frost fairies. His cousin, Black Crow, laughed as he watched the tormenter being snowballed by the sprites, whilst from afar came the constant hammering of a busy Woodpecker, securing for himself a meal of larvae from out of the crevices of the bark.

A Northern Shrike passed through the merry party and headed for the hammering. "Hello Downy," he called.

"Hello Butcher Bird," replied Downy, between hard knocks with his beak which served him both for hammer and chisel.

"Say Downy," went on the Northern Shrike. "Do you know what I think you are?"

"No."

"Well, I think you are the best insurance policy a farmer can take out."

"I don't know anything about insurance policies," replied the Woodpecker. "But, I do know this, that if the fruit farmer will protect me and be my friend, I'll clear his trees of boring beetles, timber ants, moth eggs and every insect that other birds cannot find."

"Well, that's as good as any insurance, for don't you see that the farmer doesn't lose anything in the end."

"Too deep for me," replied Downy. "Go away, I'm busy. You made me lose that borer." He bent his head to listen, then lightly tapping the tree, listened again. Suddenly he began to drill a hole. His head moved so quickly, that it looked but a blur above his shoulders. Quicker and quicker he went and, as he had reckoned, headed off the boring beetle. The next moment the tree pest was speared by the worker's tongue and swallowed. Round and round the tree went Downy, working upwards, for he always started at the bottom of the trunk and besides holding on to the bark with his strong toes, his stiff tail feathers helped to support him.

The Northern Shrike spoke the truth when he called the Woodpecker a good insurance policy, for his valuable work cannot be talked about too much and those people who boast of having shot this bird, will certainly suffer by the loss of fruit in their orchards.

The grubs and larvae had thought themselves safe from any enemy, but they had reckoned without their hosts, the hardy winter birds, whose strong sharp beaks dug deep into every tiny crack of the silent sentinels of the woodlands and orchards. Of course all the insects that died when the frost came, had made sure that next spring their children would be ready to take their places. Carefully and tirelessly had they laid their eggs in the darkest corners of the scaly bark, even boring holes into the trees and at the end of the wonderful little tunnels, they had deposited their eggs, leaving them as they thought, in perfect safety. They knew no better. They had only instinctively obeyed the great Mother, for Nature gave them but one idea, to produce life, and then die at the close of the summer months.

But their chief enemies, the Woodpeckers were also taught by the great Mother that their work was to keep down the number of these same insects, so she gave them the strong beak that would not break, however hard they knocked at the trees. Keen eyes were also given them and keen hearing, so that they might not miss the faintest sound made by a borer under the bark. Again Mother Nature gave the Woodpecker family a curious foot, for their toes are arranged in a strange manner—two in front and two behind. Now this is very useful, indeed, for the birds can hold on to the bark in somewhat the same fashion that the iceman grapples a block of ice with his iron tongs. Last of all, Nature gave the Woodpeckers a very strange tongue. Such a tongue, equalled only by that of the humming-birds, and like nothing else but a barbed spear. It is so long that when not in use it is coiled up under the head, and the tip of this spearlike tongue is covered with a sticky saliva, so that the insect cannot escape when caught by its enemy.



Prize Photograph taken by Gladys Shorey, Sudbury, Ont.

In Canada, we have nine different kinds of Woodpeckers. The "Cock of the Woods," whose real name is the Pileated Woodpecker, is a very beautiful bird, but you will rarely see him in your neighborhood. He lives in the woods, and wears a dull black coat with a white stripe down each side of his neck. It is his fine crested head that betrays him, for the top of his head is a brilliant scarlet. Look out for him when you go camping out in the woods during the summer months. You can't miss seeing him, for he is seventeen inches long from the tip of his tail to his beak.

The Arctic Three-toed and the American Three-toed Woodpeckers are also true birds of the forest. The first named wears a black and white coat, and a beautiful yellow cap on the top of his head. I think I'd rather call him Yellow Cap, for that would suit him better.

His cousin, the American Three-toed Woodpecker is very much like him; only the slightest difference in the markings of his coat tells us that he is not an Arctic Three-toed.

Then come the Hairy Woodpecker and the Downy Woodpecker. These two are very much alike, but the Hairy Woodpecker is nine inches in length, whilst Downy is only six inches.

Surely you know friend Downy. True, he loves to stay in the woodlands all summer, but the autumn, winter and spring seasons find him in the orchards, gardens and city parks. With his smart black and white striped coat and scarlet patch on the back of his neck, he is a familiar sight to all bird lovers, who welcome him and often provide him with a free lunch. He will come to your window-sill if you invite him, for in the hard weather it is difficult for Downy to find the food he likes the best, which, as you know, consists of grubs, insects and larvae.

Now comes the Yellow-bellied Woodpecker, or, as he is generally called, the Sapsucker. This poor Woodpecker, who is eight and one-half inches long, gets a bad name everywhere. Few people like him, because in the springtime he has a habit of boring small holes in the bark of various trees, just to obtain the sap, of which he is very fond. That a tree is ever killed by such a practice on the bird's part I do not believe, for we know that maple trees are tapped year after year for their sap, and the annual tapping never kills the trees. It is more likely that the insect pests that live on the tree enter the holes made by the Sapsucker and soon destroy the living parts laid bare by this unwise bird, for I think this Woodpecker must be extra fond of sweetstuffs, just like some children. Think of his good points. He is not a grain or fruit eater, but in the fall loves to feast on wild berries. If only one could count the number of ants this scarlet-throated and red-capped bird destroys, I am sure that the majority of people would protect it.

Next on our list must come the Flicker, who is really the Golden-winged Woodpecker. Very smart he looks in his black and white coat and gold inner wing feathers. He wears no kingly crown, but has a vivid scarlet band across the back of his neck, the top of his head being an ashy grey. He is not popular, for he loves cherries, and helps himself, thus turning the fruit farmer into an enemy instead of a friend. If he could only speak our language, he would tell us of the numberless ants he destroys, and besides ants he kills grasshoppers, moths and beetles. This Woodpecker is eleven inches in length, and does not have such a strong beak as the other members of his family, as he lives close to the ground like the Meadowlark.

Such a noisy, quarrelling lot are the handsome Red-head Woodpeckers. But handsome is as handsome does, for these birds are the ruffians or robbers of the family. One of their worst habits is eating the eggs and babies of other birds. They eat a good deal of fruit, and although they try to make up by eating insects and grubs, they should not be encouraged to your garden or orchard. It is better for them to remain in the forests.

Only the Pileated Woodpecker rivals the Red-head, whose underparts are white, tinged with red. His coat is mostly black, the tail and wing feathers touched with white, but it is his head that tells you his name, for the entire head, neck and upper breast are of a beautiful deep crimson color.

The last of our nine is the Red-bellied Woodpecker, who wears a neat black and white coat, with breast and front of neck white, and underparts white tinged with red. I think this bird should be called the Red-eyed Woodpecker, for both he and his mate have red eyes, and so differ from the rest of the family. The whole top of his head and back of neck is a bright red, whilst his wife wears a gray cap, but the back of her neck and forehead are red.

Now you know the nine carpenters in feathers that visit Canada. Out of these, the Hairy Woodpecker and his cousin Downy stay with us all the year round, and will welcome your invitation to live in nesting boxes.

The Woodpecker family are special enemies of all the boring insects that, in turn, are deadly pests of trees, and no other bird is more useful in protecting our forests than the Woodpecker.

Watch one in springtime when he sets to work to make a new home, then you'll understand why he is called a carpenter. He chooses the sunny side of a tree and builds his home looking towards the south. Draughts he does not like, so chisels his home deep enough. Can you draw a freehand circle better than Downy Woodpecker? Try, and see if you can make such a perfect ring as he does. When Downy has made his circle of dots, he starts to chisel out the opening, which need only be one and one-half inches across, whereas the Flicker must have a door four inches in width or he could never get into his home.

Mrs. Downy helps her husband, and takes her turn at chiselling out the chips, which fly in all directions. The house plans start with the entrance running straight in for a few inches, then Downy works downward and chisels out a quaint room, almost pear-shaped. This is the nursery, and the chips are left on the floor, for no Woodpeckers believe in spoiling their babies at all. When the five glossy white eggs are hatched, the baby Woodpeckers have a nice, healthy nursery to play in, and not at all stuffy, like some nests that are lined with bits of wool, feathers and fur.

Downy Woodpecker is living somewhere in your district. Won't you find him and tell him that you would like him to come and live in your garden, so that you can see him every day? There are plenty of Downy Woodpeckers in Canada. Do you know your own particular one?

CONTESTS FOR JANUARY, 1919.

1. Prize of two dollars for best letter on "My Work for the Red Cross." Children from twelve to sixteen years.

2. Prize for best letter on "My Christmas Treat for the Birds." All children under sixteen years.

3. Prize for best letter on "My Work for the Red Cross." This is for the youngest members, as it would not be fair to judge their efforts with the older boys and girls. We know full well that our younger readers have been doing their bit, so they must not be overlooked. Children under twelve years.

4. Prize for the best scrap book to be sent to a convalescing soldier. All children under sixteen years.

5. Prize for best photograph taken by any child under twelve years.

PRIZE LIST, NOVEMBER CONTESTS.

Letter Contest—"What I Am Doing to Help Win the War"—Awarded to Madeleine Taylor, age 14, R.R. No. 5, Rockwood, Ont.

Camera Contest—Awarded to Gladys Shorey, age 12, Box 1483, Sudbury, Ont.

Story Contest—Children of 12 years and under.—No award has been made in this contest, as the two stories entered were not suitable.

Story Contest—For girls and boys from 12 to 16 years—Awarded to Imogene Secord, age 15, Irfield, Alberta.

Prize for Scrap Book—Awarded to Alice Read, R.R. No. 2, Gormley, Ont., and Ethel McMullin, R.R. No. 3, Amherstburg, Ont.

Prize for Soldiers' Housewife—Awarded to Kathleen Wallace, Box 216, Oxbow, Sask.

Honorable Mention.

Letter Contest — William Goddard, Bradford, Ont.; Mary E. Jackson, Malton, Ont.

Camera Contest—Leslie McDonald, Brussels, Ont.; Kingsley Hughes, Paquette Sta., Ont.

Story Contest—Clara Findly, Welland, Ont.

PRIZE LETTER

What I Am Doing to Help Win the War.

By Madeleine Taylor.

As I am a girl and not old enough to be a nurse, I decided that I must do my "bit" at home. I live on a two-

(*Continued on page* 49.)

Music After The War

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

Its Important Place In Our Lives

Now that the war is to all intents and purposes over it scems apropos to discourse briefly on the status of music in relation to peace—to that peace which we hope will endure so long as anyone now alive on this earth shall survive. Assuredly music has "done its bit" in the war just ended. Those who have done any thinking on the psychological aspects of the war universally admit that music has not only played a tremendous part in stimulating patriotic emotion and martial effort, but has also been of incalculable value as a sedative to those whose minds have been overwrought by grief and anxiety. No longer will it be possible for those who have in the past affected an attitude of contempt toward music to dismiss it as a non-essential, and indeed, useless luxury. It is important to remember that music had to prove its case in the times of stress that we have come through. Though opposition to it never took the form of actual legislation, it is a fact, known to those interested in the art from either a business or professional standpoint, that there were times when proposals to restrict music and to place it in the same wasteful category as the liquor traffic, for instance, were seriously entertained in many quarters on this side of the Atlantic. Fortunately these efforts failed: and it is the sincere conviction of the writer that the community is the gainer in mental and moral health thereby. Its operations are, of course, subtle and unobtrusive, like the influence of fresh air and sunlight, but they are nevertheless positive.

During the controversies alluded to some very wise words were uttered by Thomas A. Edison, a man whom the most case-hardened utilitarian would hardly dismiss as an idle dreamer and dilettante. One of the sentences he coined—"The 'Marseillaise' is worth a million men to France"—impressed everyone with its truth. During the late war music was the finest recruiting officer; and Edison's view of its future function in times of peace was expressed in these words: "The time is not far distant when music will be known as a greater essential than books." During the latter stages of the war this assertion was in part applicable to the immediate present, for it is probable that music had a more potent though indirect influence in maintaining the public morale than all the countless written appeals for steadfastness, patience and optimism.

The truth is that those who profess that they are not musical seldom stop to think how great a part the art has played in their daily lives; or how great a deprivation is experienced by those entirely cut off from it. It would be but repeating what one has said many times in these columns to dilate on the social and intellectual poverty of the home which has no music in it. In reality few such homes exist, and where they do, gloom and unhappiness is the prevailing atmosphere, no matter how wealthy it may be in other creature comforts. Even the individual who thinks he would willingly part with music as an element in his daily life, would change his view if he were actually put to the test. If he is a churchgoer he would rebel at any proposal to banish music utterly from his conventicle. He would realize at once that it is an aid to religious devotion. If he is a politician he would denounce as tyranny any proposal to prohibit music in connection with political meetings and campaigns; for he would discern the value of melody as a promoter of enthusiasm.

In passing, let us note how marked a part music played in the recent Victory Loan campaign in Canada. It entered definitely into the calculations of the statesmen and financiers who proposed to raise by popular subscription an amount that seems incredible for so limited a population as that of Canada. These men gave music the greatest certificate of utility that it has ever had, when they correctly prognosticated that music could be a potential influence in raising millions for national effort. For this reason the largest and finest band that was ever heard in this country was brought to Toronto under John Philip Sousa, as one item in a very elaborate programme extending throughout Canada. Everywhere local committees were advised to use music to the limit of available material; and the suggestion yielded dividends incalculable. Without the aid of music the Victory Loan would have fallen short by many score millions of its actual subscriptions.

This fact is merely cited as an illustration of the tremendously important part music, the gentlest and most stimulating of arts, plays in the civic life of this country. Its full recognition as an essential would only come if there were a definite proposal to do without it. It plays a part in nearly everyone's existence, almost as certain as the seasons of the year.

The war brought a definite recognition of this in many quarters where the fact had gone unheeded before, and therefore one feels justified in thinking that it will hereafter play a more intimate part in education, and in all branches of that complex element we call civilization, than ever in the past. Of course, anything one may say as to the future is necessarily speculative. Prophets of ill-omen, who are sometimes right—as they were when they forecast the late world-war for instance—have for a year or more been predicting an extended period of social unrest before humanity gets back to its normal temperature. In assisting recovery music should continue to be a certain but pervading influence for good. In the home, and outside the home it operates for the promotion of social content, just as it has during the war, for heroic effort and moral strength.

One American statistician has even been at pains to gather figures to prove that the pursuit of music actually keeps people out of jail. It is the sociological fact that most of our criminals spring from surroundings where opportunities for decent enjoyment are nil. Many educationists are firmly convinced that by familiarity with music young people become better citizens, more sociable and kindly in temperament, and more efficient generally in meeting those problems of life which are distinct from the mere practice of money-getting. The statistician alluded to has been examining the records of the nine largest American penitentiaries and he finds that out of something like 150,000 professional musicians in the United States only 15 are in confinement. Of course it is a known fact that the vast majority of criminals are not merely illiterate, to all intents and purposes, but without practical callings of any kind. But among the modicum of educated law-breakers the musical community makes the best showing of all; for the investigator found 39 out of an estimated population of 57,000 bankers; 33 out of 115,000 lawyers; 22 out of 150,000 physicians; and 6 out of 35,000 painters and artists. The comment on these figures by one publication is that "it begins to look as if music keeps you out of jail or helps to."

Of course, one has no intention of drawing any serious deductions from these figures; but the idea that music does make for better living, because it makes life a richer thing for its votaries has an unquestionable basis in fact.

During the late war musicians as a class did not hesitate to offer their lives in the cause of liberty or to aid war effort in manifold ways, at personal sacrifice. One of them was Albert Spalding, one of the greatest of living violinists, who became a lieutenant in the American aviation service and was sent to the Piave front in Italy. The fact that he had to temporarily abandon his cherished art did not prevent him from thinking of it,—more perhaps than ever before, he said. In the face of the terrible disaster that lay all around men with actual experience in the fighting line, he came to the conclusion that music in the abstract was more than ever a necessity of humanity, if they were to be brought back to more spiritual planes of thought. Speaking particularly of his own country, he said:

"Even before the war there was an awakening throughout America to the great need for artistic expression by the artist himself and artistic experience by the layman. And now more than ever with the sacrifice and trials and with the purification that comes by fire, men and women will turn to

(*Continued on page* 40.)

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INSTITUTE WORK FROM COAST TO COAST

Regarding the Postponed Convention.

The postponed Provincial Convention for the Ontario Women's Institutes has been set for February 4th, 5th and 6th, during the week set apart for a number of conventions in which farmers are interested. It is expected that the sessions will be held in the new Central Technical School, and the programme will be very much the same as outlined for the convention at first planned for November 19th, 20th and 21st, and announced in the November number of the HOME JOURNAL. Emphasis will, of course, be placed upon the work which may be undertaken when the call for patriotic work is not so insistent.

All Institutes will receive final announcements in due time.

WONDERFUL OUTPUT OF CANNING CENTRE.

The canning centres at Parkhill, Stratford, Guelph, Mapleton, Niagara-on-the-Lake and Barrie, which have rendered such splendid service in putting up fruits, pickles and canned chicken for the military hospitals overseas, have closed for the season. The total output will be something over sixty tons. Some of the canned chicken was sent with the first contingent to Siberia.

Several of the centres rendered a splendid service to their respective communities during the epidemic of influenza by furnishing broth, light desserts and also meals. Stratford canning centre sent out over 6,337 meals altogether.

LECTURES ON NEW LINES OF WORK FOR INSTITUTES.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture has received a large number of outline special features of work which the Institutes will take up during the coming season. Those Institutes which are anxious to have speakers to outline possible lines of work of interest and value to the women and girls in the rural districts should make application not later than the middle of January.

In this connection we quote from a correspondent:

"Respecting lines of help in reconstruction work, I would suggest more active interest in education, and in our schools, to arouse interest of teachers and pupils in the peace problems and true patriotism; also that our Institutes at meetings, and in the homes continue their interest in farm and garden; that we study and urge the promotion of better drainage, sheep-raising, better culture and economy of our orchards and fruit. We trust the work of our young women will continue to increase in efficiency, and that the pupils of our schools will be preparing to carry on for home and country."

THE STORY OF THE QUEENSTON BRANCH RETOLD.

Hot School Lunches to be a Feature of Their Work.

When our branch was first formed, several years ago, we met from home to home, but all longed for an Institute home; so we started collecting money, hoping to build a hall. Just at that time our school trustees decided to put up a new school building, and we asked to be allowed to have rooms in their building. This being finally allowed by the Government, we arranged to finish off space for a large hall for concerts, etc., also a room for Institute work with a kitchen adjoining. This school building being a memorial to Laura Secord, and is known as the Laura Secord Memorial School. This has all been accomplished, it costing our Institute three thousand dollars, besides much time and energy. The money was raised by solicitation among other schools, by subscription, holding concerts, teas, etc., a provincial grant of five hundred dollars, and a township grant of two hundred dollars.

Our kitchen is fully equipped with a four-burner Perfection oil stove, cooking utensils, and all necessary silver, dishes, and table linen to set tables for fifty people—this part all being donated by the merchants of our district upon the solicitation of one of the husbands, who constituted himself a "Begging Committee of One" to help us furnish our kitchen and dining tables. Later he also secured for us a sewing machine and two cutting tables for our Red Cross work.

As a house warming for our rooms we held a very successful bazaar and chicken supper, which netted us two hundred dollars. This building was completed just as the war began, so the furnishing of our Institute room has been delayed, and all our energy has been turned to Red Cross work.

We are not a large membership, only twenty-two members, but since our Institute took up the Red Cross work we have opened our Institute room every Thursday for an all-day meeting. Ours being a rural branch, most of our members live some distance; so our Thursday luncheons became something of a social affair, our teachers usually joining us for the luncheon hour. All of this has proven helpful in fostering the community spirit and interest in the Institute. Many times, only five or six would attend luncheon, others dropping in during the afternoon to leave finished work done at home and to take away garments to make.

Money for Red Cross work has been granted throughout Lincoln County by the County Council to all properly organized societies, so all our time and energy has been spent in sewing, rather than raising money. We purchased our materials and cut out all the garments ourselves. When completed all was sent to the Red Cross branch, St. Catharines.

Many of our Institute members are doing Red Cross work with their church units, consequently our sum total is not as large in comparison as some other Institutes; still we feel our few workers have done well.

During the past year we have sent to St. Catharines 146 suits of pyjamas, 162 pairs socks, 19 blue flannel dressing gowns, 234 miscellaneous articles, 64 wash cloths, 53 towels and 55 treasure bags. During September one of our members held a soldiers' shower, from which we were enabled to send to the Davisville Military Hospital 5 pairs of socks, 2 dozen handkerchiefs, a bandage roller and $70.00 in cash. Another member sold roses from her garden and realized $17.75 for the Red Cross work. We all contributed fruit for the canning kitchen at Niagara-on-the-Lake during the fruit season, and are now helping with the chicken campaign.

We have a girls' battalion, who meet in our Institute room one afternoon each week for work. They undertook the chicken collection for us. Also, they collected $90.75 in this district for the soldiers' Christmas boxes, one of which was sent to all the boys from our district. Just now we are making a collection for the Belgian relief. We usually make this collection each year at the Christmas season.

Our regular Institute work is conducted one afternoon each month, at which meeting we always try to have some interesting speaker, or a paper prepared and read by one of our members on some subject of particular interest. Whenever possible the girls furnish the music.

The Lincoln County District Institute has talked medical school inspection for several years, it being discussed at each meeting as to ways and means, and only last year succeeded in having it put through for this county. Our County Council first allowed a grant of $200.00 to cover expenses, and later gave us a further grant of $80.00. Dr. Culver, of Simcoe, came through this section, making a very thorough inspection. In our local school, at least, it produced some good results, several children having since had their adenoids and tonsils removed. During the inspection one bright little girl could hear perfectly with one ear, and not at all with the other, so Dr. Culver investigated more closely and discovered the obstruction. With what few instruments she had with her, she proceeded to hold a clinic, and finally removing what appeared to be a berry, black, round, filled with seeds, which had swollen to completely fill the passage. Just giving that child back her hearing amply repaid us for the work we put into medical inspection. We are hoping for further work along this line in the near future.

In October we had the good fortune to have with us Mr. Leake, chief inspector of Domestic Science for the Province. Niagara-on-the-Lake Institute had been invited for the meeting, and sent a goodly delegation. The teachers from Queenston and St. Davids were present, and Mr. Carefoot, our county school inspector, also came, and our work for this coming year will be in the interests of the school children, seeing if we cannot work out a scheme whereby they may have one hot dish for luncheon during the winter months. Mr. Leake was very patient in explaining just how it might be done, and we are hoping for very good results from his visit. We also have personal supervision at the noon hour.

In connection with our school we have a fair sized library, the books having been contributed by members of the Institute and the village people. This will be added to from time to time.

MRS. HUDSON USHER,
President.
MRS. HOWARD FISHER,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Queenston Branch,

GARDEN SEEDS AT SPECIAL RATE.

The Women's Institutes Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture has made arrangements for a supply of garden seeds at a special rate to Institute members. It would be well for the officers and members to decide at an early date as to the number of packages required. The collection includes: Onion seed, parsnips, beets, carrots, beans, corn, peas, cabbage, cucumber, Swiss chard, spinach, radish, lettuce, squash and field beans. The charge is $1.00 per package, with express or postage charges prepaid. The districts which took advantage of this offer last year were much pleased with the results.

THE PORT DOVER BRANCH APPRECIATES THE COURSE IN COOKING.

In replying to an enquiry as to the value of the lecture course in cooking, the secretary at Port Dover writes:

"Advertising was really the means of getting the class together. Announcements were made in our town paper asking all the ladies in the town and vicinity that were at all interested in domestic science, to meet in the Red Cross room on a certain afternoon, at the close of the Red Cross meeting, to meet Miss Gertrude Gray, the demonstrator, before the commencement of the course. In that manner a goodly number of the ladies became interested, and a class of about forty-four was organized.

"The morning lessons from ten until eleven were always very interesting, so much so that those who could not attend were always sorry, as each and every lesson and lecture given was so good.

" 'Conservation' and 'Economy' were the two lessons most strongly emphasized, and the uses of substitutes, which before the war were very seldom spoken of, only along the line of breakfast foods, were fully explained and demonstrated. Meat substitutes was one of the best lessons learned, whereby we could produce a very tasty and satisfying meal at reasonable cost, and yet have the strength-producing quality so very essential to us all, more especially the bread-winner.

"The meat lecture was one of great interest to all. How often we have heard it said: 'Oh! I don't know one thing about meats. I just have to take the butcher's word.' Miss Gray demonstrated fully, by chart, just where all different cuts of meat are; also gave instruction as to the color and care of meats; and I must say that, to my mind, the demonstrations and lectures were of the best.

"The young girls were always at the class, ever ready for every new idea or form of conserving or substituting. Simplicity and daintiness, yet appetizing, was the keynote of all food lectures and demonstrations.

"At the close of the short course our Women's Institute was organized, and since that time we have been trying to do "our bit" for home and country, and we feel that we were greatly benefited by the short course demonstrations and lectures in domestic science. As our Red Cross and I.O.D.E. were looking after the patriotic work, we as an Institute felt free to give our attention to what we considered the best interests of the community."

PRESENT PATRIOTIC NEEDS.

The recent Allied victories in all parts of the world have resulted in the return of hundreds of persons—women, children, old men and cripples—to their homes in countries recently occupied and devastated by the Germans, Austrians and Turks. These people are in great need of suitable clothing, and it is extremely difficult to secure it in Britain or France, because it is both scarce and expensive, and for that reason it is very essential that we assist the various organizations in supplying clothing to these people.

The department feels, that for the present at least, it would be well for the Institutes to send their shipments to the Belgian Relief or Secours National. These societies have been doing splendid work during the war, even under unfavorable conditions, owing to the fact that we all felt that the Canadian Red Cross Society should receive first consideration, but now, even the Red Cross Society has been turning its attention wholly to this feature of work for a certain period. We feel quite sure that the Red Cross Society will not feel in any way antagonistic to the Institutes for turning their interests at the present time to the Belgian Relief and Secours National.

Clothes for Belgium.

Urgent appeals have been received from Belgium, newly freed from the enemy, for supplies of all sorts. Will you help?

Everything is needed—this coming winter will be very hard.

For women and girls—Chemises, petticoats and drawers.

For children—Dresses and undergarments.

For men and boys—Shirts, socks and stockings.

Infants' layettes.

New garments should be made of strong, warm materials—factory cotton, flannel or flannelette, plain styles and cut more loosely than for Canadian wear. Worn garments, if clean and in good repair, will be accepted.

Quilts, blankets and shawls, towels and bed linen are much in demand.

Boots and shoes badly needed. Second-hand boots and coats may be sent if in good repair.

Enclose list of contents, with estimated value in each box.

Pack in strong cartons or wooden cases, and send by express, charges collect, to Belgian Relief Fund, 95 King Street West, Toronto.

(*Continued on following page.*)

Canadian Women's Institutes

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

For the Secours National.

The following list will give an idea of what is required: Pillow slips and sheets are in the greatest demand; also boots and shoes in good repair; nightgowns, women's dresses, sacques, aprons, bloomers and other garments for children.

Information regarding patterns to be used will be sent on application.

Shipment for Secours National should be sent to 14 King Street East, Toronto.

PRIZE-WINNING SUGGESTIONS FOR INSTITUTE WORKERS.

The following letters and articles were awarded prizes in recent contest:

The first prize, in Class one, goes to Mrs. Robert Flatt, R.R. No. 2, Hamilton, Ont.

The Way in Which Our Institute Raised Money Successfully.

Our institute has held many successful garden parties, lawn socials and bazaars for the purpose of raising money for patriotic purposes, but as there is always so much expense in connection with these, and a considerable amount of work, too, our ladies decided to try something new, when at the June meeting a discussion arose as to some method of raising money. Some one proposed holding an auction sale on the 12th of July.

We had all heard of rummage sales, where everybody brought some old article for which they had no longer any use, and which they were heartily glad to get rid of, and where everybody bought some old thing because they thought they were "getting a bargain," not because they had any real use for it. But now this was to be a real sale of real fresh goods. Perhaps this would meet with more favor. At any rate we decided to try it. Accordingly there were various committees appointed to prepare for the "sale."

The canvassers were to visit every home in the village and surrounding district asking for contributions.

Nothing was to be considered too small, and nothing too large. Anything from a pound of butter to a load of hay, as they said. Each lady was also to be asked to bake a cake, a couple of pies, or some sandwiches—which ever she liked.

A crowd was expected—and surely some would require a lunch. It was decided to hold a game of indoor ball between our home team and a neighboring one to help draw the crowd, especially the young people—so an ice-cream booth seemed a necessity. As a place for the sale a patriotic gentleman kindly loaned two tents, which were attractively decorated, and presided over by the "fair sex" members and friends of the Women's Institute.

Another attraction was an orchestra, which rendered several selections from time to time, aiding considerably in putting people in a happy mood. And now at 5 o'clock the sale began.

A couple of well-known and competent auctioneers had offered their services free, and as the sale had been well advertised, there was a good crowd assembled, and a jollier crowd it would be hard to find.

The sale was held in the school grounds, the entrance to the schoolhouse serving well as a stand for the auctioneer. The articles to be sold had been arranged around it, and the number and variety of these proved the generosity of the people around and the success that attended the canvassers.

There were bags of grain, bags of potatoes, baskets of vegetables, baskets of cherries, crates of berries, one calf, two or three pigs, several pair of fowls, one pair of rabbits—even one little white kitten with a red ribbon tied around its neck.

There were also baskets of good fresh butter, loaves of home-made bread, boxes of eggs, one hand-painted picture, one pair of vases, plain and fancy aprons, towels of every description, crocheted boudoir caps, yokes, collar and cuff sets, bags, etc., jars of fruit, bottles of pickles, empty jars, lanterns, etc. One local dealer had donated one ton of coal, another a couple of cords of good hardwood, and still another a couple of dozen of twelve-quart baskets. In fact, articles too numerous to mention, as all sale bills read.

The selling was brisk. The auctioneers were courteous, and in some cases explained who the donors were, as in butter or eggs, etc.

There were many little out-of-the-ordinary things said and done to keep the attention of the crowd and put them in an expectant mood. For instance, one man had given a one-dollar bill—in a few minutes the auctioneer raised two dollars on it.

Another novel feature was a number of young ladies, members of an organized S.S. class, putting their services on sale for one day, the president of the class explaining that they wanted to do something to help; and as many of the farmers and gardeners around needed help so badly they decided they would go in pairs for one day to whoever needed them the most, taking it for granted whoever needed them the most would be willing to give the highest wages.

The brothers, fathers and sweethearts of the young ladies soon made it apparent, that whoever succeeded in securing the services of such good-looking-help should pay well for the same.

It really seemed as if nothing sold as well as the service of the "willing young ladies." The selling was brisker than ever and many men went home happy in the thought of having procured "good labour" for at least one day, and not thinking $15 a day a bit too much. And now everything was sold excepting a few cakes. The ladies had responded so well to the request for baking that they were not all needed for the lunch, but in a few minutes they were disposed of, and at good prices too. After singing "God Save the King." everybody went home happy. The proceeds of the sale amounted to nearly $300.00, which we all considered a splendid return. The only expense was the sale bills. Every one voted the Auction Sale a very successful way of raising money.

The following suggestions in this class were so good that it was decided to extend the prize list and include them:

Lectures After Church.

Our Institute has raised money successfully by holding lectures, and having celebrated people speak in the church after the Sunday evening service. The hour is early, and interested people from all congregations gather in the church appointed, which is already lighted and heated.

Mrs. E. G. Graham, Brampton.

A Veteran Dress Social.

Each lady and gentleman wore the oldest garment he or she possessed, and each article whether, gloves, hat, ribbon or coat or dress bore a badge with a stripe for every year of its age.

The girls vied with each other in ransacking attics, drawers and closets, for antique ornaments, or trimmings, and renovated many cast off articles of apparel. The banner awarded to the highest number of veteran stripes went to the oldest lady, in whose home the gathering was held, and who surprised the company by telling them it was the sixtieth anniversary of her marriage, and she wore the beautiful well-preserved silk dress, that as a Glasgow bride she donned, so long past. Each gentleman paid into the funds as many cents as the number of stripes worn by his partner.

Mrs. M. Bolton, Wiarton.

Unique Methods of Raising Money.

In the above section, the first prize goes to Miss Lena Schrag of Brampton, Ont.

In a town where there is a newspaper, the members might get up the paper for one issue. There is always one literary woman available, and she could confer with the manager, and have him tell her what workers would be necessary.

Then they could appoint from among their number, an advertising manager, an advertising solicitor, a circulation manager, and so on, through the different departments of the paper. The editor would glady hand over the work to the ladies, on seeing that they would get out a big paper, full of advertisements, of which of course, he would get a percentage.

On the day of issue, which would follow about four weeks after the women had advertised their scheme, the ladies would take charge of the office, the manager, assisting in the actual work of getting out the paper.

Placards throughout the town would call attention to what was being done, and I will guarantee that there would be a large and interested crowd thronging the vicinity of the office.

When it came to the matter of getting the paper around, there are always lots of small boys who would undertake the work. They would wear distinctive bands on their caps. "Women's Paper," or something of the kind to draw attention.

The price of the paper could be doubled, and with the publicity given the venture, there should be a nice sum to put in the treasury. The ladies would have had a lot of fun out of it, and would have added the honor of being literary to their reputations—a thing every woman yearns for in her secret heart.

The village institute might run a shop for the supplies that cannot be purchased in the average village store. There is in most cities, a place where remnants may be purchased, all wholesale houses have odds and ends that they will sell at greatly reduced prices.

If a committee were appointed to visit such places and make certain purchases, they could open a room in the village, say on one afternoon a week. Women at a distance from the city would be glad to get a chance to pick up odds and ends of lace, bits of silk, pieces of cotton, that would help in these times of high prices, to piece out the income of the average village woman.

The members of the institute could take it in turn to attend the room, and could set such prices on the goods as would insure a profit for the treasurer.

Opening the salesroom on one afternoon a week would free the institute from any accusation that they were interfering with the local merchants.

An institute right in the open country could make money by inserting an advertisement in a city paper that the members would take children from the city and care for them. There are many women in the city who are engaged in business, who want their little one to have the best care and attention, getting their education, at the same time in the best surroundings.

The same thing would work out with regard to those women who would like to get to the country for a rest and change. I know what the average city woman expects when she goes to the country. But I have in mind another class, the class of women who work hard at their city businesses, and are willing to take their rest in the country by assisting with the work, as it comes to hand, and thus proving the old saying,—"That a change is as good as a rest."

Country women have a good opportunity for community canning, for there are always some surplus products on the farm. The members might make a frolic of gathering the apples, and spending an afternoon making some delicious apple relish, to be sold to a city grocer who finds most ready sale among his customers for something that has the tang of the country and the taste that can be given only by the hands of God's best economists, the women of Ontario.

All these methods of raising money call for ingenuity on the part of the institutes. The women must be willing to get out of a rut, and to do something that has the very evident stamp of "never having been done before."

Then there must be work, for nothing of any worth is accomplished by sitting and listening to someone talking.

The members must attack the different propositions with the idea of getting lots of fun out of the work. Nothing falls so flat as the scheme that is carried through as a duty. It must have the ginger of the sporting good time that flavors everything.

Back of all these schemes, I have tried to set the "other fellow." The world to-day is full of the idea of the "other fellow." When members of institutes get to work to make money, they should try to calculate how much the "other fellow" is going to get out of it. It is poor sport to take money for which you are not giving adequate value.

In every institute, I have found a woman who says, "Come on in, fellows, the water's fine!" And if her laugh rings heartily enough, and if she lets her associates see what a grand time she is having, soon she will be surrounded by a crowd, all having as good a time as she is. And the finale is that the treasurers will be busy counting the money.

The following contributions also receive secondary prizes:

Socks for Lumbermen.

An Institute could buy a knitting

(*Continued on following page.*)

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Autographic Kodak, Jr.

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Price with Single Lens, $17.50

Here is a Kodak stripped for action. With the emphasis placed on simplicity of operation, nothing remains to confuse the beginner. Every essential for good picture-making is there—nothing else.

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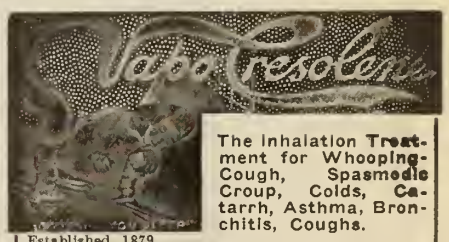
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The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Established 1879.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., N.Y. or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

machine and local hand-spun wool, knit stockings (which could be guaranteed to keep the wet out) and sell to lumberjacks for $4 (four dollars) thus allowing a large margin of profits, and both salesman and purchaser would be equally pleased at the bargain.

This we hope to try in our Institute before long.

Mrs. H. Colhoun,
Tappen, B.C.

A Dress Parade.

"Make more money!" That is the slogan of every live organization of the present day. It is easy enough to say: "We must make more money," but then the question of how. Tea meetings and feeds will still draw their crowds in the rural districts. But in these times when the interests of our country are or should be uppermost in every true Canadians' mind, the ban is placed on all unnecessary use of foodstuffs. A concert does not now prove so remunerative as it did but three years ago. The local soprano, in the 'flapper' stage and the untrained elocutionist have not the attractions which they held for us before we could sit in our homes and listen to Caruso, Harry Lauder, Melba and many others. These forms of amusement 'have had their day.' Something new and, as yet untried must take their places.

What awakened interest there would be if, some evening there appeared in the evening paper, an advertisement to this effect:

A Dress Parade.

Will Be Held
In
WEST HALL,
On
Wednesday, Oct., 2nd, 1918.
8 *p.m. Admission* 30 *cents.*

What surmising, what running to the telephone there would be! Ha! I wonder if anything has ever given woman more worry, pride and pleasure than her gowns, since Eve fashioned her first one from fig leaves. Some women are just good advertisements for their husband's earning capacity. The first step in an undertaking of this kind would be to get together a class of fifteen girls or women or both who could meet at some place, preferably the concert hall of the village, ten afternoons, five each week for instruction in sewing.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

Then the next step is to apply to Mr. Putnam for an Instructress. Each member is required to bring a table for cutting, a sewing machine, scissors, thread, thimble, needles and pins, and dress material. The instructress will cut a standard pattern for each member of the class. Then with the help of that pattern she cuts whatever dress the member may choose. An industrious worker can make one house dress, one fancy dress, and one tailored skirt, most only make two dresses. The hours of the class are from two till five p.m., although the instructress is generally so good-natured and so much interested in her class that she will often come early and stay late and even give three or four morning lessons extra and free of charge. The fees for this class are $1.50 for those who are not members of the Institute and $1.25 for those who are. Fifteen dollars is sent in to the department, and the balance, minus the price of the paper used in the patterns, is turned in to the Institute.

The Parade or Review should be held on the evening of the last day, while the instructress is still there. A dark, but not black screen should be placed across the back of the stage and a large spot light could be used to advantage. A piano in one corner of the stage, well and softly played and accompanied by a good violinist, would add much to the atmosphere of the performance. A Victrola would work in well too. Each member of the class should display her own handiwork. It would be well to show the house dresses first. The members should wear the dresses and should move across the stage easily and gracefully—if possible. A tea table and a few chairs would make things appear more natural. The girls might appear in groups or singly, moving about the stage for a few minutes. After showing the house dresses, have a five minute address by the President of the Institute or the instructress. Then should come the skirts, and then the climax of the evening, the fancy dresses. The girls should be careful to wear the correct details to go with these dresses. If it is an afternoon dress, hat and bag or parasol, and oxfords with hose to match the gown, would appear best. If it is an evening dress a scarf and fan with fine kid or satin pumps and hose to match the dress, would appear best. Then as a finale, all the girls should appear on the stage and give a new dance or a chorus. A few words of praise by some prominent citizen and God Save Our King and God Save Our Splendid Men, should wind up a very pleasant and instructive evening.

The sewing class will prove a boon to its members for the rest of life.

NOTE.—If the writer of this will send name and address we shall forward prize money.

How the Canadian Home Journal Could Still Further Help Institute Members.

The First Prize is Won by Mrs. H. Calhoun, Tappen, B.C.

1. By encouraging members to send more reports for publication—especially from the Western Provinces.

2. By devoting a corner of the magazine to Current Events. A brief summary each month would help to keep us "up-to-date" and broaden our sympathy, besides being of use in preparing papers on "Current Events."

3. By publishing still more articles of domestic interest, such as:

(a) Music.

(b) Cooking—especially by M. H. Neil who knows so well how to teach economy and eliminate waste in the kitchen.

(c) Fashions—giving hints on *renovating,* rather than enumerating the latest fancies.

(d) Knitting.

(e) Home gardening.

(f) Labor savers, such as those mentioned in the Women's Institute advt. in the Oct. No. "C.H.J."

(g) How to systematise house-work.

And lastly—*War-time Recipes* suitable for *use on the farm.* So many recipes published nowadays give menus containing articles of diet which would be most extravagant, if not impossible to procure, in the average farm home, that articles like "wholesome foods at reasonable cost" are very welcome.

4. Practical suggestions on methods of raising money would be very helpful.

5. By giving more sermonettes on how to be healthy, such as "The Care of the Eyes" which appeared in the Oct. number.

6. By continuing to interest readers in Child Welfare with:

(a) News of Baby Clinics.

(b) By continually emphasizing the importance of suitable diet, regular hours and fresh air for infants and children. It is the custom in a large majority of farm homes to give children (!) over six months of age a little of everything on the table, and to keep them up all hours of the night, while the parents frequent public dances, etc., in poorly ventilated surroundings.

(c) By conducting another baby contest.

(d) By discussing child training and its problems, how to develop character, with suggestions for work and play for everyday, the making of home-made toys, simple entertainments at home, and elementary education at home. All the above subjects are of live interest to Institute members who have the health and happiness of the home at heart and where no help can be had from lectures or public libraries, articles on such matters would fill a long felt want, and give us material for papers and discussions at our meetings.

Lastly. Encourage use of your splendid question department, possibly by publishing some of the questions and answers received. This would arouse interest and often answer questions of country readers who are diffident about writing themselves.

When the Journal Comes.

Mail-day away back here in New Brunswick woods, where daily mail, and free delivery are still unknown. And the Canadian Home Journal has come. Eager hands tear off the wrapper, and the family have a look all together, at the cover design. Mail generally arrives during the critical ten minutes before dinner is served, so the Institute Member is too busy to lay claims to her own property. Dad is searching the semi-weekly for the least ancient war news, and the competition is between Mothers' Girl, Big Boy and the Wee One. Mother's Girl wins out, and scans the Journal pages in frantic haste to see if "A King in Babylon" is finished, and what the short stories are. "I do love the stories," she says "but there are so few of them." Big Boy wants to get at the puzzle, having inherited perhaps, his Mother's love for getting to the bottom of anything that looks like a mystery, but dinner is getting cold. "Aw, nothin' but women's stuff;" he scoffs, but after dinner he enjoys quite evidently, "A Woodland Sketch" and looks the whole thing over carefully to be sure he has not missed "another like that."

Dad here reminds Big Boy of his unfinished chores, with an eye on the Journal as well, I'm afraid, for he wastes no time in getting at it. He reads the editorial, anything relating to the war, and every blessed advertisement from cover to cover. Too much else to read now-a-days to bother with stories, is Dad's verdict.

At bed-time the Wee One has his story about Bushy and his migrating friends, listening with big solemn eyes to the very last word. "Is that all?" "Yes dear, and a good share isn't it for one small boy to have all for himself in a book just so thick through?" "I s'pose so mummy, but I wish they could biggen it, and make room for one more."

The Institute member reads it all—Fairy Stories and Medical Advice. Institute Doings and China's Religion, all so interesting, amusing or instructive, and wondering how it could be made of more service to her, which after all means mostly of more good to the home, can only echo the Wee One's plaint. So please, please, just "biggen it" a little.

MRS. ALEX. OGILVY.
South Tilley, Victoria, N.B.

If each member of the Women's Institute would pay her dollar to get the Canadian Home Journal and read it during her idle moments it would be of more service to the Institute members. They would then understand what our Institute means.

ELVA HEIS,
Sheguiandah, Ontario.

This letter is by way of a suggestion which should prove of use not only to Institute members but to all readers who have young children to look after.

Most of the Women's magazines just now are specializing in advice re the care of babies. Then some of them publish stories, puzzles, etc., which interest children of about eight years of age. These things are excellent too, but there is a period between babyhood and school age when the little tots who haven't the privilege of going to kindergarten are quite a problem for the busy mother.

Don't you think it would be possible to feature a "kindergarten department," in your magazine? If every month you could publish a simple little story, the details of some kindergarten game and directions for making the little paper mats, etc., (also where materials for the same may be obtained) it would prove a boon to many. The winter in the country when the small children must do most of their playing indoors is a very difficult time. My own babies aged two, four and five years are a lively crew and I would like to be able to turn their activities into the right channels.

ELSIE M. CAMPBELL.
Willowmede Farm,
Delhi, R. R. No. 3. Ont.

BRIGHT SENTENCES FROM THE ONTARIO INSTITUTES.

Ontario.

Ancaster Inst., with Mrs. R. Stevenson as President, reports its workers are interested in medical inspection and betterment of schools, as well as Red Cross and work for the prisoners of war.

Miss Laelia Shaw, reports that Antrim Inst., is interested in raising money for Red Cross and Patriotic work by entertainments, tag days and house to house collections.

"Acton Inst. has packed 25 boxes for friendless soldiers in France, in addition to making soldiers' comforts and clothing for refugees," reports the President, Mrs. Geo. Havill.

The Summerstown Inst. is taking an active stand for temperance, and as a body expressing a wish that prohibition in its present form will be maintained.

Mrs. Robert Cronk, President of the Pickering Inst., reports a large amount of Red Cross work done. Interest is well sustained in the monthly meetings and program, and in addition to soldiers' work, the Institute has given support to Oshawa Children's Shelter.

Moira Inst., with Mrs. Herbert Trimble as President has sent a number of Christmas boxes to the soldiers, and its members are still knitting and sewing.

During the latter part of September the Parkhead Inst. had the school medi-

(Continued on following page.)

Remember Our Boys At The Front

To them the cigarette is the panacea for all ills. I have seen men die with a cigarette between their lips, the last favor they had requested on earth. If the soldier is in pain, he smokes for comfort, if he is restless he smokes for solace; when he receives good news he smokes for joy; if the news is bad, he smokes for consolation; if he is well he smokes, when he is ill, he smokes. But good news or bad, sick or well, he always smokes.

"The First Canadians in France"
by F. McKelvey Bell.

Canadian Magazine, February issue 1917.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

cally inspected. Their President, Mrs. S. Smith, reports also that they have donated $30 to Salvation Army War work and $30 to local Red Cross.

Mrs. W. L. Siebert of the Zurich Inst., reports that they have presented the school with a large flag, believing that the children have not been taught to reverence the flag as they should. This institute chooses for discussion educational topics of vital interest to women.

Fingal Inst. has been active in helping the Byron Sanitarium of London, and expect to send money and clothing to Belgian Relief Association. Twenty-two Christmas boxes were sent overseas by this active Institute, with Mrs. M. Anderson as President.

From the sale of a quilt at the Fall Fair, Silverwater Inst., was able to send eighteen boxes overseas. This institute with Mrs. O. M. Thomson as President, is also interested in the schools.

Smithville, with Mrs. E. V. Armstrong as President, discussed the following subject at the November meeting, "A Square Deal for the Boys and Girls," from a physical, mental, spiritual and social standpoint. Prizes were given to the school children having the best gardens.

Mrs. John Tann, President of Carnarvon Inst., reports that the members are busy with knitting, packing boxes and writing letters to the soldiers.

Sparrow Lake has sent 88 pounds of huckleberries, $60 in cash and 52 chickens to the canning centre at Barrie, in addition to their war work and knitting, and efforts in school improvements. Mrs. William Clipsham is the President of this splendid institute.

Mrs. D. Marshall, President of the Agincourt Inst., reports that they have been supporting two prisoners of war. At a recent meeting the program was provided by the teacher of a rural school, and some of her pupils. Papers were given by the teacher and one pupil, and musical selections by the others.

Belwood Inst., is making a special point of visting the sick, and calling on all soldiers' wives, and all who are not actively engaged in church work. Mrs. James Bellamy, the President, reports that they are already studying the question of reconstruction.

Mrs. Weatherell, President of the Seymour Inst., reports the society in a thriving condition, each member doing her bit, in Red Cross and patriotic work.

Picnic Grove Inst., with Miss Isabel McIntosh as President, has been helping neighboring hospitals by sending vegetables, fruit and old cotton. They served meals at the school fair, and at a ploughing match, and expect to hold a sewing class early in the year.

Mrs. J. M. Real, President of the Greenbank Inst., reports that they are busily engaged in doing knitting and Red Cross work.

Varency Inst., with Mrs. Parkinson as President, has raised $300 since May, and sent 48 boxes overseas, also flowers to the sick and bereaved of the community.

Better methods of house work and better health were the chief topics of discussion at the Narva Inst., with Miss Florence Webb, as President. Though not large, this Institute is an enthusiastic band of workers.

Helping in the erection of a hospital in the town of Picton is the excellent aim of the Women's Institute of East and West Lake. With a membership of 105, they have been able to keep three prisoners of war in Germany, in addition to their work for Red Cross and Belgian Relief. Mrs. William Jackson is the President of this Institute.

Already the Spry Institute led by the President, Mrs. William Walpole. is considering changes, which will be necessary when the boys come home. School matters are also receiving their attention and a prize given to the child writing the best essay on "How I Can Best Help Win the War."

Mrs. C. Macoun, President of the Seymour West Inst., reports that they are conducting a regular study of standard authors, and live topics of the day, especially of schools, and are striving to interest the community in school and institute work.

The town of Norwich is supplied with a ladies' rest room by the Women's Inst., with Mrs. J. P. Stephens as President, who expresses a wish that throughout the coming year all Women's Institutes will have plenty of money to carry on their work.

The Colbeck and Monticelli Inst., has a membership of 40, all actively engaged in Red Cross and Patriotic work. Mrs. W. B. Brown is President.

Miss Mary Turnbull of Glen Morris reports a progressive Institute, busy with community work and plans to improve the village. Medical inspection of the school has already taken place.

Mrs. R. Thompson, President of the St. Augustine Inst., reports that the members of that society have made eight quilts and sent them to the Children's Aid in Goderich. They are also providing a washing machine for this Institution.

Mrs. Clement Haight, President of the Melrose Inst., reports that they are holding interesting meetings and doing Red Cross work.

Bonne Chere Valley Inst., with Mrs. R. B. Leitch as President donates weekly to the Children's Shelter, also gives prizes to young girls for sewing and cooking, in order that they may become interested in Institute work.

"Red Cross Work is occupying all the time of the Minto Inst.," reports the President Mrs. Ernest Sarles.

Fifty boxes and a shipment of socks, for overseas and a barrel of fruit sent to the Byron Sanitarium is the splendid record of the Clinton Inst., with Mrs. E. C. Munro as President.

Mrs. Walford of the Locksley Inst., reports that they are principally doing Red Cross and Patriotic work.

In the Queen Mary Hospital, there is a cot supported by the Pine Orchard Inst., and over in Belgium and France several little children are made happy because of the clothing made and donated by this active institute, with Mrs. Walter Hall as President.

Mrs. Anthony Deans of the Paris Inst., reports that helping each other in good housekeeping is their aim at present. A shower of fruit, vegetables and clothing was sent to the Children's Aid of Brant county.

"Can anyone suggest how to impress upon the minds of women the necessity of becoming members of Institutes?" asks the President of Invermay, Mrs. F. S. Ferguson. This Institute is doing splendid Y.M.C.A. and Red Cross work.

Snelgrove Inst., with Mrs. W. J. Lowe as President, has been specializing on pyjamas and socks for the Red Cross.

The Castleton Inst., with Mrs. Geo. H. Campbell as President, put on an excellent concert, the main feature of which was a play, thereby realizing $289. So good was this considered that the Institute has been requested to repeat the concert at several other places.

Mrs. Wm. Kincaid, President of Roslin Institute, states that this Institute is at present busy with Red Cross knitting and sewing, and providing soldiers' comforts.

Barwick Inst., with Mrs. Wm. J. Westover as President, reports that the members are taking an interest in the children of the school and have held one clinic for throat diseases. They are also providing comforts for the soldiers and trying to interest the girls in the Institute.

Preparation for the home-coming of the soldiers has already been begun by the Shenstone branch with Mrs. M. A. Dolph as President. On Nov. 4, their school was medically inspected.

Mrs. J. D. Healey, President of the Powassan Inst., reports that in addition to their Red Cross work they are assisting the Public Library and Agricultural Society.

The Omagh Inst., with Mrs. Alexander Porter as President, has taken preliminary steps for medical inspection of schools.

With a membership of 41, the Delhi Inst., held a successful school fair, and had medical inspection in their schools. Miss Minnie Kent, President, reports that they are busily engaged in Red Cross work.

Mrs. Thos. W. Meek of the Alton Inst., reports that this Institute is particularly interested in the work of the navy.

Mrs. E. G. Graham, President of the Brampton Inst., reports that medical inspection of schools and relief for "Flu" sufferers have occupied the attention of this Institute recently, but they are "interested in everything under the sun that is good."

Mrs. John Ward, President of the Kemble Inst., reports that with the Bide-a-Wee Girls Club they have raised $1,700 in the past 4 years. The Owen Sound Hospital and the Children's Shelter have been helped in addition to Red Cross and Patriotic work.

Bobcaygeon Inst., is helping to support a Victorian Order nurse, and sending supplies to the Davisville Military Hospital. The President, Mrs. C. H. Thurston also reports interest in civic improvement and patriotic work.

Child Welfare is the principal interest of the Port Dover Institute with Mrs. Maud Bell as President. This Institute placed a first aid outfit in the school, and was able to help the Public Library from the funds received at a masquerade dance.

Mrs. W. Evans reports that the Nantichoke Inst., is starting a campaign for the medical inspection of schools.

The Damascus Inst., is introducing a new and excellent feature—music in their rural schools. "At the same time Red Cross and Patriotic work is not being neglected," reports their President, Mary Hummel.

Soldiers' Comforts have been given first place in the Attercliffe Station Inst., with Mrs. Wm. Troughton as President. Since June they have raised $133 for this purpose.

Claybank Inst., with Mrs. Wm. Young as President, has succeeded in addition to their regular Red Cross work, in conducting a most successful physical culture class. It was organized last year under the auspices of the Institute for the young people of the village. This year the class starts with a larger enrolment and even brighter prospects than before.

Mrs. Edw. Bearey, President of the Walsh Inst., reports that for two years they have been working only for the soldiers' comforts.

The Manilla Inst., with Mrs. J. R. Sonley as President, raised $223.75 from a garden party held in August. Rev. D. McQueen of New York gave a lecture on his work with the soldiers and sailors in Mexico.

On July 5th, the Wabash Inst., with Mrs. Fred Kelley as President succeeded in having school inspection.

Between 500 and 800 dollars a year has been raised for Red Cross and Patriotic work by the Norwood Inst., with Mrs. Robt. Fennell as President.

Niagara-on-the-Lake Inst., with Mrs. Chas. Brown as President, has been chiefly interested in Red Cross work and medical school inspection. During the summer a committee from the Institute was formed to provide hostesses for the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House, and the House proved itself invaluable in caring for friends of the soldiers.

Mrs. S. A. Bowman, President of the Palermo Inst., reports that her society is chiefly interested in sending boxes and socks to the soldiers and money to the Y.M.C.A. and sailors' fund.

Gravenhurst Inst., with Mrs. Abbey as President, succeeded in having a clinic a year ago for throat and eyes, 22 children being operated on. This year they are striving to have a dental clinic.

Miss A. Barber, President of the Paisley Block Inst., reports that her society has been helping the Children's Shelter and improving rural school conditions, in addition to their Red Cross work.

Mrs. Wm. Buchanan, President of the Camilla Inst., reports a thriving condition in that Institute, all in their power being done to help the community and uplift humanity.

Malton Inst., with Mrs. D. J. Lammy as President is arranging a class to take a special nursing course. They are also planning to have the nurse visit as many of the schools as possible in the mornings, the class meeting in the afternoon. This Institute is also busy raising money for Red Cross and prisoners of war.

Portland Inst., although newly organized, has already commenced work on village improvement, and a decision has been made to form a class to study home nursing and first aid.

Mrs. Frank E. Pond, President of the Jarvis Inst., reports that all their work is along Red Cross lines.

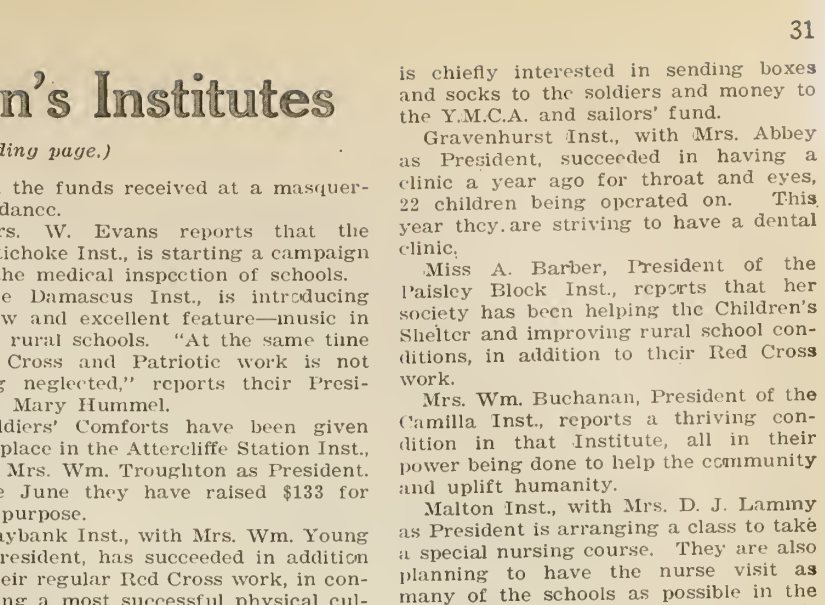
Mount Pleasant Inst., reports relief work for Belgians and French. The school fair work receives assistance from the Institute and they expect to take up medical inspection with rest of District. Mrs. James Eadie is President.

Very practical indeed is the praiseworthy work of the Chatsworth Inst., with Mrs. Thos. Collins as President. In addition to their war work, they have been helping two unfortunate families.

The canning centre at Stratford has received much assistance from the Sebringville Inst., with Mrs. P. L. Kastner as President. This wide-awake Institute gives a great deal of attention to the monthly programs, roll call often being answered to by a silver collection.

Mrs. Irvine Graves, President of Scarboro Junc. Inst., reports that as

(Continued on following page.)



What Everywoman Knows

Every year, dress fabrics are becoming sheerer and sheerer—the colors more dainty. The ordeal of trusting the delicate garments to "soap and water", however, is done away with by the use of Lux.

You may feel quite free to buy the daintiest blouse or underwear your purse can afford—without a bit of worry about the washing of them. You keep them fresh and new the Lux way—simply dipping them up and down in the creamy, copious Lux suds with never a bit of rubbing to injure them.

Lux won't hurt anything that pure water itself may touch.

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LUX



Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

yet they have not decided on their future line of work. Up to the present it has been been entirely patriotic.

Singhampton Inst., led by the President, Mrs. G. G. Ewing, sends monthly 26 boxes overseas. This month 20 gallons of milk, 10 chickens and 10 dozen eggs were given to Collingwood "Flu" sufferers.

Tuteia Inst., held a vegetable and fruit shower for the Children's Shelter of Brantford. Mrs. A. Hird the President, also reports that they are aiding greater production and helping to care for the orphans as a result of the epidemic.

Mrs. W. J. Markham, President of the Dunchurch Inst., reports that her society is interested in Red Cross Overseas, Y.M.C.A., Sailors' Fund and Belgian Relief. Prizes were given at the fall fair, and needy families helped, by this Institute.

Weybridge Inst., led by the President, Mrs. Agnes Rankin, has been devoting its interests along the line of literature, in addition to Red Cross work.

Mrs. James Moorey, President of the Solina Inst., reports relief and Red Cross work in October $50 being collected for socks.

Kingsmill and Mapleton Inst., with Mrs. M. Dray as President has accomplished wonderful results during the past season. A canning centre for the Red Cross was established in which 4333 quarts of fruit, jelly, vegetables and pickles were canned.

Mrs. Harold Mann, President of the Westover Inst., reports that they are considering medical school inspection and continuing Red Cross and Patriotic work.

"We hope soon to resume our regular Institute work." writes Mrs. Martin McEachern, President of the Cotswold and Teviotdale Inst. "Up to the present time we have been devoting all our time to patriotic work."

Several changes in the village have already been decided upon after a discussion of the question of reconstruction in the Boston Inst., led by President Mrs. Snively.

Miss Jean McKnight, President of the Kirkwall and Valens Inst., reports that their work meetings during the year proved more interesting than formerly, when members contributed to a rather lengthy program.

To win the young women is the special aim of the Aylmer Inst., with Mrs A. S. Rogers as President. This Institute is keeping up its regular work and doubling shipments for field comforts.

Sunniedale Corners Inst., with Mrs. Peter Giffen as President, has been busy making quilts for the Barrie Children's Shelter. Coal was also donated for this Institution. The Barrie Canning Kitchen received 36 chickens from this Institute.

Sixty boxes of Christmas cheer went overseas from the Tiverton Institute, with Mrs. J. M. Bowie as President.

Mrs. W. H. Tuke, President of the Dundas Inst., reports as follows:—"We have run a Diet Kitchen to aid in fighting the epidemic. We supplied the hospital with all the cooked food used there by both nurses and patients, and 200 baskets containing broth, gruel, custards, jellies and fruit to private homes."

Red Cross and Patriotic work is being continued by the Orrville Inst., led by the President, Mrs. J. Nelson.

Eggs in answer to roll call was the practical experiment tried by the Woodhouse Inst., led by the President, Mrs. Ward. As a result, four crates were shipped away, one to Burlington Military Hospital, one to the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, and two to the Emergency Hospital, Simcoe. Medical Inspection of schools is being considered by this Institute.

Mrs. Fred Stafford, President of the Dornoch Inst., reports that they are doing principally patriotic work.

Dr. McKenzie Smith is inspecting the schools as a result of the interest and work of the Conmee Inst., led by the President, Mrs. Arnold.

Seventy dollars was raised at a Fall supper held by the Tehkummah and Sanfield Inst. The President, Mrs. James McCutcheon reports that this will be used for buying yarn and packing overseas boxes.

"We have been taking care of our cemetery,—cleaning and mending the broken tombstones," reports Miss Clara Anderson, President of the Rednersville Inst. "In addition to this, Red Cross and patriotic work has received much of our attention. One member has knit 240 pair of socks."

"The Wingham Inst.," reports the President, Priscilla Powell, "expects to meet the needs after the war as it has during the war. We are women of action."

Mrs. J. Shaffer, President of the Barnhart Inst., writes that they send 12 boxes overseas every month, beside helping to improve the school and repair the hall.

Emo Inst., is much interested in the welfare of the school and library. Last year, Dr. McKenzie Smith inspected the schools, and after an examination again this year, she reports a decided improvement in the children operated on last year. Mrs. John Durand is the President of this Institute.

The Milverton Inst., with Mrs. R. J. Tanner as President, is now discussing plans for work when Patriotic and Red Cross needs have been met.

Mrs. John Lothian, President of the Monteith Inst., writes that they are raising funds for building a town hall, which they expect to have for use by Christmas.

Victoria Harbor Inst., led by Mrs. T. Lumsden, the President, never scored a bigger success than in helping the school fair this fall. It was a community affair and every one far and near helped. The Barrie Canning centre was not forgotten by this Institute.

"Patriotic work is the chief interest of the Raymond Institute," writes the President, Mrs. D. Quinton.

Relieving the suffering of the little children as a result of the recent epidemic in Brantford, and the children of the shelter is the present work of the Alford Park and Governors Road Inst., with Mrs. Turnbull as President. Fifty dollars in money, clothes and bedding were given to meet this great need.

Berwick Inst., with Mrs. W. J. Stark as President is still continuing war work.

Mrs. H. McLaren, President of the Port Elgin Inst., reports as follows:—"The Red Cross Society under the auspices of the Women's Inst., in a contest of a month's duration knitted 737 pair of socks, the highest record for one individual was 20 pair."

A cot is being kept in the Queen Mary Hospital by the Aurora Women's Inst., with Mrs. Ongle as President.

Haliburton Inst., is interested in greater production and conservation of food, led by the President, Mrs. G. Potts, Sr. They have held demonstrations on war bread, biscuits and cakes.

Queensville Inst., led by the President, Mrs. W. G. Hill, is thoroughly alive and has taken a very advanced step in the way of community improvement. They are interested in a skating rink and socials for the young people, and are striving to get the town lighted with electricity and a Hall built.

The Millbrook Inst., with Miss E. F. Gillett as President, has been supporting a Belgian orphan for one year and sending boxes of clothing and quilts for Belgian Relief.

Mrs. A. J. Barrie, President of the Port Arthur Inst., reports that they are striving to have the government provide a place for the feeble minded and insane persons in the district, other than the county jail. They are also helping the Children's Shelter at Port Arthur.

At their November meeting the Ravenscliffe Inst., met at the home of the President, Mrs. James Richards, and put together a Patriotic quilt.

East Northumberland Inst., has conducted successively a concert and auction sale of donated goods, the money going to Belgian Relief. The President Miss M. Rogers reports splendid Red Cross and Patriotic work done during the year.

During the war Newtonville Inst., led by the President Mrs. R. Johnston, has donated $1329.20 for patriotic work.

A bazaar enabled the members of the Windermere Inst., with Mrs. F. Forge as President, to send 18 big Christmas boxes overseas.

Medical school inspection, the care of the cemetery and public library are the chief interest of the Rodney Inst. The President, Mrs. A. Bisnett, is striving to form a horticultural society.

Miss M. Elliott, President of the Woodbridge Inst., reports that they are assisting the Children's Shelter, Toronto.

St. Mary's Inst., had an interesting evening meeting recently when Dr. J. Mackay of Woodstock, gave an address on "Flowers from the Trenches."

The Dundalk Women's Inst., sent 75 boxes overseas, each valued at $5. This Institute held an interesting basket picnic last summer at the home of one of its country members. The ladies were taken to the picnic in autos and six new members joined the Institute that day.

Mrs. Geo. N. Olive, President of the Carp Inst., reports that her society keeps a vigilant eye on the rural schools in regard to light, ventilation and sanitary conditions. They are also interested in woman suffrage.

Mrs. T. Mann, President of the Sheffield Inst., reports that they are at present conducting a house to house canvas for the Red Cross. Their December meeting will be conducted by the young girls.

Thistletown Inst., led by the President Mrs. F. Cooke, is busy making a quilt for the Children's Shelter, and donating fruit, vegetables and clothing for this Institution.

A fruit shower was held recently in aid of the Hospital for Invalid soldiers by the Mt. Forest Inst., with Mrs. J. J. Cooke as President. In addition to Red Cross and Patriotic work, this Institute finds time to care for a small park in the town.

Child welfare work is the chief interest of the Charlton Inst., of which Mrs. Ennis is President.

Red Cross and Patriotic work are being continued in the Sandford Inst., whose President is Mrs. Wm. Killen; Cornwall Centre, led by the President, Mrs. L. A. Groves, Glen Brook Inst., of which Mrs. Wm. Kennedy is President, Bluevale Inst., President Mrs. Jos. Breckenridge; and Bala Inst., whose President is Mrs. J. W. Wilson.

Winona, led by the President, Mrs. E. E. Martin, Howland Inst., with Mrs. G. Collins, President; and Magnetewan Inst., with Mrs. J. S. Freeborn as President are doing principally Red Cross and Patriotic work.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Seaview Inst., was organized in September 1917 with 15 members. Since that time, they have been interested in Red Cross and patriotic work, improvements were put in the school, and excellent work done. The President is Mrs. C. Donald.

Mrs. Wm. Robertson, President of Kingsborough Inst., reports that this society is steadily gaining favor, and the membership is larger than ever. They are concentrating at present on war work.

QUEBEC.

Mrs. John L. Robinson, President of the Ascot Homemakers Club, reports that they are co-operating with the Local Farmers Club, in whatever elevates and uplifts the community. They aid the needy in the community, and serve hot cocoa at the consolidated school No. 1, to the children to drink with lunches at noon hour. Mrs. Robinson expresses the hope that each club in this country will feel the responsibility of having one new club formed before the close of this club year.

Argenteuil Homemakers Club, with Mrs. David Todd as President, is interested in the children's school fair, and in all subjects that will help the farm work.

Clarendon Club with Mrs. Wilson as President, has raised money to buy organs for two schools, in addition to their Red Cross work.

The Dundee Club, with Miss Mary McGibbon as President is doing principally Red Cross work.

MANITOBA.

"Not to have one dull, uninteresting meeting in the coming year," is the ambition of the Fort River Society. Led by the President, Mrs. A. Rowe, they are studying community, housekeeping and school problems.

In addition to Red Cross work, the Roland Society, with Mrs. F. Reid, as President, has conducted demonstrations of millinery, cooking, canning and dressmaking.

Keen interest has been taken in the courses given by the Extension department in canning, dressmaking and millinery by the Eden Home Economic Society, with Mrs. T. F. Heeney as President. School gardens were encouraged and prizes for the best plots and samples of products raised.

Mrs. Paul Wood, President of the Sifton Society, reports that they are busy with patriotic work.

Mrs. John Hunter, President of the Moline Society reports that they have been busy raising money for Red Cross and Patriotic work. In September the members held a canning exhibit. Prizes were given for the best collection, and the event proved a decided success.

Town and home improvement is the aim of the Killarney Society, with Mrs. Howard Cross as President. They are erecting a rest room, which will prove of great value to the community.

A demonstration on home cheese-making was given at the Edwin Home Economic Society. Mrs. L. W. Crewson, the President reports they are very much interested in boys and girls club work.

SASKATCHEWAN.

The Mair Homemakers Club, led by Mrs. E. D. Hoff, the President, is particularly interested in social welfare, better babies, health contests and children's school fairs. Instead of sending Christmas boxes to the soldiers, $2.00 was sent to each.

"Red Cross work and assisting the returned soldiers are occupying the attention of the members of the Park Homemakers' Clubs," writes Mrs. A. G. Hawkes, the President.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Silver Creek Inst., led by the President, Mrs. B. L. Brown, at the November meeting discussed the subject "Canadian Women of Note." Pretty and useful hand-made articles were on display as suggestion for Xmas gifts. This Institute in addition to Red Cross and Patriotic work is furnishing a community hall and improving the school grounds.

Red Cross and Navy League work, looking after local charities, and doing all in their power for the betterment of homes in the community is the praiseworthy object of the Strawberry Hill Inst., led by the President, Mrs. A. Jack.

Mrs. C. D. Ogilvie, President of the Harrop Inst., reports that they are interested in Red Cross work and better laws for women and children in the Province of British Columbia.

West Saanich Inst., with Mrs. J. Osborne as President has raised and disbursed during the year $1345.27, and is working energetically toward greater production and canning.

The Tillicum Inst., led by Mrs. Livingstone, President held a Home Exhibit at Victoria Fair, showing women's work, Red Cross work and pants and shirts "made from Daddy's," also a spinning wheel made in Victoria. This Institute has a Preventative Disease committee, Teachers and Parents committee, and hopes to form a canning committee.

Ought To Be Genuine.

Sam, the choreman, returned from the city with a scarfpin that contained a "diamond" of an unusual size. It was the pride of his heart and the envy of his village companions. He treated all inquiries from them as to its value and its authenticity with high scorn.

His employer, after a week of basking in its radiance, asked Sam about its history.

"Sam," he said, "is it a real diamond?"

"Well," said Sam, "if it ain't, I've been skun out of a half-dollar."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The Poetry of Advertising.

An advertising man who has returned recently from the Orient says the Japanese merchants and manufacturers who have occasion to make use of printer's ink are not disposed to limit themselves to dull, prosaic statements concerning the excellence of their wares. Among the entertaining bits that the traveller noticed in his study of Japanese advertising are these:

"Goods dispatched expeditiously as a cannon-ball."

"Parcels done up with such loving care as a wife bestows upon her husband."

"The print of our books is clear as crystal; the matter charming as a singing girl."

"Customers are treated as politely as by rival steamship companies."

"Our silks and satins are as smooth as a lady's cheeks and colored like a rainbow."

It ought to be possible to get advertisements read in Japan without scattering them around next to "pure reading matter."—*Dayton News.*

Serious Predicament.

Eager Lady—"But what if your engine stops in the air—what happens? Can't you get down?"

Aviator—"That's just what 'appens, mum. There's two Germans up over in France now with their engines stopped. They can't get down, so they're starving to death."

Who Goes There

(Continued from page 14.)

Gratz mentioned it as the Bauer-Schroeder car."

"To whom were these plans to go, ultimately?"

"I sent them to New York."

"To whom?"

"To Schimmel and Company, Broadway."

"Have you any idea where Schimmel and Company sent those plans?"

"Yes. I never thought much about it then, but to-day I realized that sooner or later the plans were sent to General von Reiter—in Berlin."

"You are sure?"

"Yes. I saw them when I was there last April. He said that those were the plans which I had sent to Schimmel and Company."

"You *saw* the plans?"

"Yes."

"Were they plans of an automobile?"

"I thought so then. They were on very thin paper. I supposed them to be drawings of detached machinery in sections. They looked to me like fragments of something."

"And now—in the light of what happened to-day—what do you believe those drawings represented?"

"I have no idea—really I haven't. Only—" She hesitated, troubled, twisting her fingers on her knees.

"Only—" he prompted her.

She said, with a tremulous intake of breath: "I think I had better tell you, Kervyn. This is what frightened me—what the experience of to-day seemed to suddenly make plain to me—I mean your coming to Westheath, Mr. Gratz telephoning about obeying you, and informing me of the arrest of my maid—these things, and the war, and what I have read about German spies in England—all this flashed up in my mind at the same time when you turned from the telephone and asked me such terrible questions.

"It made clear to me, or seemed to, something else that I had not understood at the time—" She hesitated, her gaze concentrated as though in an effort to recollect and visualize some scene—

"It was last April, in Berlin. . . . General Baron von Reiter said something to me as I was waiting for his car to take me to the station—I was departing for England again—and he said—he said——"

"Yes, Karen?"

"He said something about war—the possibility of it. And he said that in case war ever came while I was in England, and if, when it came, I had in my possession any automobile plans from the Edmeston Agency—from Mr. Gratz—that I was to bring them with me to Germany—not to show them to anybody, not to send them by mail, but to bring them back and deliver them to him."

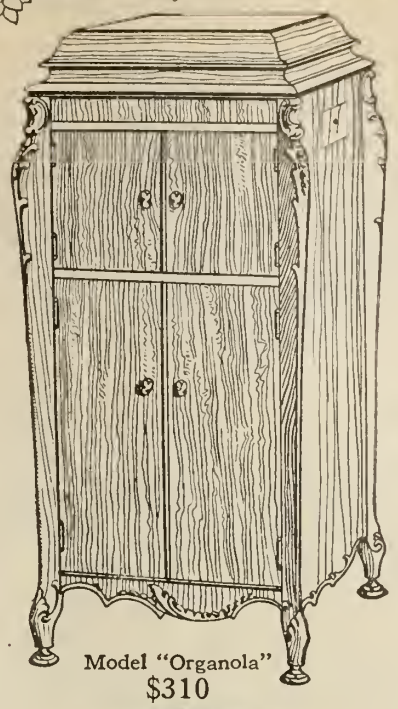
"Yes, Karen."

"I promised. . . . He made me promise again. He was very serious. He said that on my obedience in this matter might depend the lives of many people. I had no idea what he meant by that—until to-day. . . . And what I fear has happened is that Anna, who went yesterday to London because Mr. Gratz telephoned, was arrested while in possession of papers delivered to her by Mr. Gratz. . . . And that these papers were *not* what I had always supposed. And that is why I was suddenly afraid—afraid—Oh, Kervyn!—I cannot describe the fear that leaped up and seized me when you asked me those dreadful questions! Suddenly everything, every detail in the entire matter seemed to grow clear and terrible to me. . . . I—I went into my dressing-room—and steadied myself against the wall—feeling faint for a moment.

"Then I took from my dressing-table the papers which I had from Anna's last visit to Mr. Gratz. They had remained there in the drawer because I had been told not to mail them, and no word had come for me to go back to Berlin. So I had them on my hands. But until you came I gave them no thought—merely conscious that I had promised to take them back with me.

"But—in that terrible moment when I stood there leaning against the wall, I remembered what was said to me about the lives of many people depending upon my keeping my promise. It was a hideous thing to remember at such a time. . . . But I could not break my word—for the sake of these imperilled people also—could I, Kervyn? . . . So I took the papers and locked them in my satchel. And afterward I—I *asked* you to leave—" Her voice quivered;

(Continued on following page.)



Model "Organola"
$310



Hear Them

There's a new list of selections each month. They are played with a sapphire point. No needles to change. Beautiful, clear, "Phonola" records that are practically indestructible.

The Only One With Organ Pipes

In all the wide world, there is only one make of phonograph that has taken advantage of the principle of the pipe organ and installed inside of its case a set of tone control pipes which include every note in the scale. That phonograph is the

"Phonola" REGISTERED

And the tone control pipes are used in our magnificent "Organola" model—the utmost that has so far been achieved in phonograph construction.

Records played on this "Organola" Model are given a really wonderful reproduction. Play a "sextette" record on the "Organola" Model, and you will have a real idea of the value of the tone control pipes. There is none of that confused blurring as when played on ordinary makes of phonograph, the tone control pipes of the "Organola" Model separating the different voices and notes, giving a pure, clear, lifelike rendition.

Try a record of a violin, a piano, a soprano, or anything else you know the ordinary phonograph does not quite reproduce faithfully, and you will find that the "Organola" Model renders the selection perfectly and with a surprising volume.

If you are going to invest upwards of $250 in a phonograph, you will, of course, want to procure the finest that is built. So, if you cannot see and hear the "Organola" Mode of the "Phonola" at a dealer's in your locality, write direct to us.

Other "Phonolas" from $25 up. All makes of disc records can be played.

DEALERS: The "Phonola" line comprises 10 models—a "Phonola" for every requirement. The "Phonola" agency is the most valuable asset you can add to your business today. Write for particulars.

The Phonola Co. of Canada, Limited 40
Kitchener, Canada

MADE AT OLD BRANTFORD MILLS

Barber-Ellis,
FRENCH ORGANDIE
Stationery

THOSE desirous of the same exclusiveness enjoyed in other things insist on French Organdie Stationery.

Obtainable in papeterie, note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.

Ask your stationer for it.

31-7-18

ARE YOU READING
WHO GOES THERE
The new serial by Robert W. Chambers

The first chapters appeared in the December number, but if you missed them you will find a complete synopsis on page 12 of this issue.

The BALLANTYNE GLOVE
"Scotch Knit"

"Price" means something.
"Wear" means more.
"Comfort" means most of all.

Ballantyne's Scotch Knit Gloves for men will suit you in all three particulars.

Ask for Ballantyne's.

R. M. Ballantyne, Limited
Stratford, Ont.

EE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE EE



THE DOCTOR: "Ah! yes, restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right"

EE STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS Contain no Poison EE



Healthy Parent Stock

The best insurance of a good hatch of sturdy, vigorous chicks is to give your breeding stock

Pratts Poultry Regulator

in their feed. "Pratts" keeps the breeding birds in prime condition. Produces more eggs and eggs that are fertile. Chicks will be sturdy and develop quickly. At your dealer's in pkgs., also 25-lb. pails and 100-lb. bags.

Money Back if Not Satisfied.

Write for new book on care of Poultry. It's FREE.

Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Limited, P-22
328E Carlaw Ave., Toronto.

Pratts

The large Picture Section will start in

Canadian Home Journal

next month. Send us photographs of unusual interest and we shall pay for all we use.

Address "Picture Section," "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Who Goes There

(Continued from preceding page.)

she bent her head and sat twisting her slim fingers on her lap.

"That's all I know," she faltered—"all I know about it. I have tried to be true to my word, and loyal to—you."

Her emotion was reflected in his own face; he bent forward, laid his hand over her restless fingers.

"Karen," he said, "you are the pluckiest, straightest, whitest woman I ever knew."

"I'm only—honest," she whispered. . . . "And I want you to think me so."

"I do!—Karen, dearest, sincerest, most fearless of women!"

"Do you believe me—that?"

"Karen, I——"

A sharp knocking at the door cut him short. They looked at each other, startled. At the same moment he realized that the ship had stopped.

"Could it be the stewardess?" she whispered.

"I don't know."

He rose, picked up the satchel and went to the open port.

"If a British guard-ship has stopped us to search us, we can't have this thing found," he said.

She stared at him in frightened silence.

"They may have found those men we tied up and left in your house at Westheath!" he whispered. "A wireless would set a score of warships ready to intercept us. If they board us they must not find that satchel."

The sharp, loud rapping came again.

Guild went to the open port, pushed the satchel through it, leaned out himself. As he did so something brushed his head, and, looking up, he saw a rope's end dangling there.

In an instant he had tied it to the handle of the satchel, stepped back, screwed the heavy glass fast, and then, motioning Karen to fling herself on the bed, he went to the door, opened it, and stood yawning in the face of a ship's officer.

"Don't wake my wife," he said drowsily. "What is the trouble?"

"The trouble is," replied the officer coldly, "that a British cruiser has signalled us to stop, and has asked whether an American named Guild is aboard."

CHAPTER IX.

"WELL," said Guild coolly, "have you any idea what a casual British cruiser might want of *me*?"

"I have not," said the officer, "so perhaps you had better tell *me* what is wanted of yourself and your wife by the captain of that warship. It might save some argument between him and our own captain. We are due in Amsterdam at noon to-morrow," he added meaningly.

"Do you mean to say that the officer in command of this British ship desires to speak to my wife?"

"His signals stopped us and his wireless told us to detain you and your wife."

"What ship is it?" demanded the young man, so nervous now that he scarcely knew what he was saying.

The Dutch officer remained icy and precise: "The ship is the light cruiser *Wyvern*, of the 'Monster' class. Her consorts yonder are the *Hippogriff* and *Basalisk*—if this information enlightens you, Mr. Guild."

"It does not. But I know this much: You can't detain an American! Neither can that British captain take a neutral from a neutral ship! And that settles the matter."

"Be good enough to come on deck," said the Hollander in his correct and fluent English. "The captain desires to speak with you."

"Very well. I'll follow you in a moment"—and turning to Karen: "Dearest, are you awake?"

"Yes, dear."

"The captain wishes to see me. I'll be back directly." He stepped out into the corridor, hesitated, excused himself to the officer, and returned to Karen, closing the door and locking it.

She was sitting up on the bed, very still and white, and when he came over to her she instinctively laid both chilled hands in his. He held them in a firm and reassuring clasp; but he was terribly disconcerted.

"Listen, dear. I think a British officer is coming aboard for us. I don't know whether he has any right to take us off this ship, but I'm afraid that the law in the matter won't worry him.

"Now listen to me, dear. If I come back and knock and [illegible] to you by name, open. If somebody knocks, and there is no voice—or if it is not my voice, go to that port, open it, untie your satchel, which is hanging outside at a rope's end, take out the papers, and drop them into the sea. And not until you have done this shall you open the door to anybody."

"Yes, Kervyn."

"Then," he said, "if we've got to go back to England on a warship, we'll go clean-handed."

"Yes."

"And you had better take these passports, too." He drew them from his breast pocket. "They're forged. Throw them out with the other papers."

"Yes, I will."

"Then—I'm going. . . . Don't worry—dear. Don't tremble so, Karen—dear Karen——"

"I'll try not to. I'll not be cowardly. It—it has been a long—day. . . . I'm thinking of Anna, too. You know, if she had any papers, she was bringing them to me. That will be against me."

"I forgot that," he said, appalled. Then he squared his shoulders and forced a smile: "Anyway, whatever faces you faces us *both!* . . . Dear—keep every atom of courage you have. I shall stand by you, always. But I must go now. Do you promise me to keep up courage?"

"Yes—dear——"

They were excited, their every nerve now stretched to the breaking, yet both were striving for self-control in the instant menace of this new peril confronting them. Neither knew just what they said or did; he bent over her; she lifted her face to his, closing her eyes as his lips touched her forehead. Then he went away swiftly, and she sprang to the floor and locked the stateroom door. The next moment the awful flare of a searchlight turned the room to a pit of silvery fire, and she cringed against the bed under the fierce white glory, covering her bloodless face with both hands.

On deck, the Dutch captain, who was awaiting Guild at the companionway, came forward hastily and drew him aside.

"They've boarded us already," he said; "there comes their lieutenant over the side. Tell me, Mr. Guild, are your papers in order and your conscience clear? Can I make a fight over this affair?"

"I have no papers, but my conscience is in order. Don't let them take us if you can help it."

"You have no papers?"

"None that can help me or my wife."

"Then it's no use fighting."

"Fight all the same!" whispered Guild, as they both turned to meet the young naval officer who had just stepped aboard. He and the Dutch captain exchanged civilities stiffly, then Guild stepped forward into the lantern light.

"Kervyn Guild!" exclaimed the slim young officer in surprise. "Is it *you!*"

"Jamison!" ejaculated Guild, astonished. "Well, this *is* lucky! I'm tremendously glad! I am indeed!"

They exchanged a warm, impulsive hand-clasp, smiled at each other—then the quick smile on the youthful lieutenant's features altered, and his face fell.

"Guild," he said soberly, "I am afraid I shall have to inconvenience you and—your wife. I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to come aboard the *Wyvern* with me. I'm sorry; I know it must inconvenience you fearfully——"

"Jamison! We *can't* go aboard your ship! What on earth are you thinking of?"

"Orders," returned the young fellow gravely. "I've no discretion, you see."

As by common consent, they had stepped aside from the group of ships' officers, and, standing in the shadow of a lifeboat, they now gazed at each other very seriously.

Guild said: "There must be some mistake about this. I have no wife on board this boat."

"Did you not board this boat in company with your wife?" asked Jamison in a low voice.

"No."

"Our information is otherwise."

"Jamison, you know whether I am likely to lie to you. And I say to you on my word of honor that I did not come aboard this boat with my wife."

"Is she not on board?"

"She is not."

Jamison said regretfully: "No good, old fellow. We know she is not your wife. But we want her. I think you had better prepare her to come with us."

"Jamison, will you listen to me and believe me?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then, on my word of honor, the woman you have come to take from this ship is absolutely innocent of any—intentional—crime."

"I take your word for it, Guild."

"You can guess *my* sentiments in regard to this war, can't you?" insisted Guild.

"I think I can."

"Then listen, Jamison. I pledge you my word that through this young girl, and through me, nothing shall ever happen that could in any manner be detrimental to your country or its allies. Don't press this matter, for God's sake!"

"Guild," he said quietly, "I believe you absolutely. But—both you and this young lady must come aboard the *Wyvern* with me. Those are my orders, old fellow. I can't go back on them; I have no discretion in this matter. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes."

After a silence, Guild linked his arm in the gold-laced arm of his old-time friend and walked back to where the captain stood fidgeting.

"I won't go, Jamison," he said, loudly but pleasantly. "I am not obliged to go aboard your ship. Captain Vandervelde, I claim the protection of your flag for myself and for my wife."

"Captain Vandervelde knows that it means only trouble for him," said Jamison, forcing a smile. "He is not likely to defy the *Wyvern*, I think."

They all turned in the sudden glitter of the *Wyvern's* searchlight and gazed across the darkness where the unseen cruiser was playing on them from stem to stern.

"Will you come with me, Guild?" asked Jamison quietly.

"No, Jamison, I'm hanged if I do . . . And that's too close to the truth to be very funny," he added, laughingly.

"The *Wyvern* will merely send a guard for you. It's no good bluffing, Guild. You know it yourself."

"International law is no bluff!"

"International law is merely in process of evolution just now. It's in the making. And we are making it."

"That remark is very British."

"Yes, I'm afraid it is. I'm sorry."

"Well, I won't go aboard the *Wyvern*, I tell you. I've *got* to stay on this ship! I—" he leaned over and said under his breath—"it may mean death to me, Jamison, to go aboard your ship. Not because of anything I have to fear from *your* people. On the contrary. But they'll shoot me in Germany. Can't you tell your captain I'm trustworthy?"

"What is the use, Guild?" said the young man gently. "I have my orders."

Only a miracle could save Karen. He knew that as he stood there, silent, with death in his heart.

And the miracle happened. For, as he stood staring at the heavenward beam of the unseen cruiser's searchlight, all at once the ship herself became grotesquely visible, tilted up oddly out of the sea in the centre of a dull reddish glow. The next instant a deadened boom sounded across the night as though from infinite depths; a shaft of fire two hundred feet high streamed skyward.

"That ship has been torpedoed! Oh my God!" said a voice.

"The *Wyvern* has hit a mine!" roared the Dutch captain. "I'm going to get out of this *now*."

Jamison's youthful face was marble; he swayed slightly where he stood. The next instant he was over the side like a cat, and Guild heard him hailing his boat in an agonized voice which broke with a dry, boyish sob.

From everywhere out of the blackness searchlights stretched out tremulous phantom arms towards the *Wyvern*, and their slender white beams crossed and recrossed each other, focusing on the stricken warship, which was already down by the stern, her after deck awash, and that infernal red glow surrounding her like the glow of hell around a soul in torment.

Passengers, seamen, stewards crowded and crushed him to the rail, shouting, struggling, crying out in terror and pity.

Guild caught an officer by his gold sleeve. "We ought to stand by her," he said mechanically. "Her magazine is afire!"

"There are boats a-plenty to look after her," returned the officer; "the British destroyers are all around her."

(Continued on page 41.)

Soldiers Home THE SALVATION ARMY Coming Campaign

The WAR WORK and the AFTER-WAR WORK of the

SALVATION ARMY

"FIRST TO SERVE — LAST TO APPEAL"

If one institution in the Empire was prepared for war, it was the Salvation Army. For 53 years, it has been practising the relief of distress wherever and whenever the need arose.

And when the War came, intensifying human suffering and the need for bodily and spiritual help in a thousand ways, the Salvation Army was *Ready*.

The entire Salvation Army has always been organized on a military basis—inured to hardship, sacrifice and service. It is always in action, day and night.

And so the twelfth day of the War found the Salvation Army at work behind the lines in Belgium. Since then, it has maintained 197 Huts, 96 Hostels and 40 Rest Rooms, 1,200 uniformed workers and 46 ambulances at the front—in addition to taking care of the problems which arose here in Canada, as a result of the departure of our soldiers.

Hostilities have ceased, leaving vast and complex problems—human problems—that call expressly for the sympathetic and ardent workers trained by and organized into the Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army Million Dollar Fund

JANUARY 19th to 25th

The war work of the Salvation Army has been conducted without any general appeal to the public for funds. While it could "carry on" without appealing, it did so. Now a crisis has arisen. The budget has been prepared for essential work during the coming year, and it has been found that a million dollars must be raised to continue the after-the-war activities, including:

Hostels for Soldiers

For our troops "consolidating" the Victory in Europe; for soldiers in France or England awaiting transportation; and for returned men landing in Canada, the Salvation Army Hostels provide good food, clean beds, wholesome entertainment at a price the soldier can afford to pay. The service of the Salvation Army, founded on sacrifice, demonstrates the true spirit of the Master and is directed to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

Care of the Wives, Widows, Dependents and Orphans of Soldiers

The Salvation Army operates Emergency Receiving and Maternity Homes for the care of those whom the soldier leaves behind him. The widows and orphans alone present a vast and complex problem that needs the human touch of the Salvation Army.

Visitation of War Families

The misery endured by helpless families of our soldiers by reason of debt, sickness, and misfortune is alleviated by the relief work of the Salvation Army workers, who realize that immediate action is necessary to provide for the *present* need and to prepare for *future* need.

Demobilization

Through its Hostels maintained throughout Canada, the Salvation Army is already assisting vitally in the repatriation of our soldiers, especially those who have returned with no homes to go to, and those who are looking for a new start in civil life. The discharged soldier must not be turned adrift, and the Salvation Army has already proven indispensable in dealing with phases of the situation not provided for by the Government or any other organization.

Your earnest co-operation is needed. For two generations the Salvation Army has stood out and out for God. It approaches practical problems in a practical way and achieves *Results*

"LET YOUR GRATITUDE FIND EXPRESSION IN SERVICE."

THE SALVATION ARMY MILLION DOLLAR FUND COMMITTEE

Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto

Simple Lines and Little Trimming Mark the Latest Styles



Coat 8042

Jacket 8040
Skirt 7928

Dress 8093

8040—Ladies' Jacket. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch serge—4¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining. No. 7928—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The combination of this jacket and skirt makes a very good-looking tailored suit which may be fashioned of serge, gabardine, or tricotine. The severely simple lines are unbroken by any suggestion of trimming, and the note of severity is further emphasized by the high choker collar of self-material which crosses in surplice style. The jacket shows the new modish length, and the short peplum sections at the sides may be omitted. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model with two-inch raised waist-line closing at left side seam.

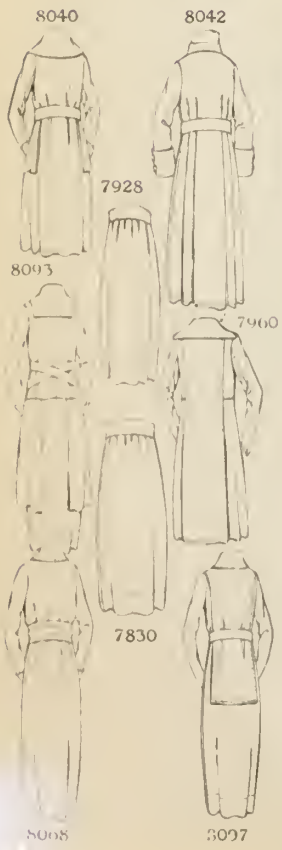
8042—Ladies' Coat. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch plush—⅜ yard fur fabric for collar—4⅜ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Length at center-back 47½ inches. The straight simple lines of this coat which may be fashioned of Bolivia cloth, plush, Silvertone, or velvet, are typical of the newest models of the season, and a very convenient feature is the convertible collar which may be worn high to the throat, or rolled with the fronts forming revers. The fulness at the waist-line is held in by a straight belt which fastens with two buttons in front. There are button-trimmed patch pockets applied each side of the center-front, and deep turn-back cuffs, also trimmed with buttons, finish the plain one-piece sleeves.

7960—Ladies' Jacket. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch check material—4⅛ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Length at center-back 43 inches. No. 7830—Ladies' Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch check material. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. This practical suit displays one of the new long jackets so much in vogue. The neck finish illustrated is a square collar, but a shawl collar is provided in the pattern should this be preferred. There are separate underarm sections with applied pieces having belt extensions. The sleeves are in plain two-piece style with deep turn-back cuffs open at the back, and the fronts of the jacket are slashed each side of the center for inserted pockets. The skirt is a plain two-piece gathered model.

Jacket 7960
Skirt 7830

Dress 8068

Dress 8097



8093—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch gabardine—2½ yards braid to trim. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Paris approves of all sorts of braid, and wide black silk braid forms a very effective and distinctive trimming for this smart frock of gabardine which closes on the left shoulder and underarm. The neck-line may be V-shaped or square finished with a large square collar. The side panels are perforated for shorter length or they may be omitted altogether. The two-piece skirt is attached to the lower edge of the waist, and the long one-piece sleeves may be made with or without the pointed turn-back cuffs.

8068—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch velours—⅜ yard white satin for vest—6½ yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Simplicity is a prominent feature of the newest models, and it is attractively exploited in this smart street dress suitable for velours, serge, gabardine, or tricotine. There is an inset vest of white satin cut square at the top, and braid is used as a finish on the revers which are extensions of the collar, on the turn-back cuffs, as a hem finish on the skirt, and also on the belt. The modish long revers which extend below the belt are perforated to be cut off to form a small pointed collar. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model with one-inch raised waist-line closing at the left side seam. Without the long revers using the small collar as a neck finish this frock is just the thing for a simple house-dress, and for this development the short sleeves with turn-back cuffs are ideal, as they permit the housewife perfect freedom of movement. For house wear it may be fashioned of ginghain, chambray, or percale.

8097—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—3¼ yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Nothing could be smarter for the indispensable tailored dress than this charming model of Poiret twill. The very simple in line, it has decided style, and displays the fashionable apron panel front and back. These panels may be full-length if desired, or perforated for the shorter length illustrated, or they may be slashed in front below the waist-line forming two panels. Like most of the new season's models, this frock makes use of the exceedingly chic braid trimming, innumerable rows of which give a smart tailored finish and form the only decorative note. The neck shows the fashionable collarless outline, but if desired, it may be in V-shaping finished with a round collar. The long plain one-piece sleeves are perforated to be cut off and lengthened with flowing sections. The dress is made without lining, closing in front, and the skirt is a plain three-piece model. In its plainest form without the panels this frock is decidedly attractive also. This accentuates the long-waisted effect that is so fashionable. It is fitted by a dart on the shoulders in front, and the narrow string belt may have ends that are crossed in front and buttoned onto the dress.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

The Newest Models in Blouses, Skirts, and House-Dresses



8086—Ladies' Tailored Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard grosgrain ribbon for bow. Here is one of the fashionable new tailored blouses that may button to the top of the standing collar, or if preferred, the collar being convertible, may be rolled low. The blouse is gathered in front below a yoke effect formed by extending the back over the shoulders.

8110—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. A rolling collar finishes the open neck, and a yoke effect is formed by extending the back over the shoulders. Below this the fronts are gathered. Quite simple in style are the one-piece sleeves which are gathered to deep cuffs with turn-back sections. They are perforated for shorter length.

8089—Ladies' Tailored Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch striped crêpe de Chine—¼ yard white satin for collar and cuffs. White crêpe de Chine striped in blue, rose, orchid, or primrose yellow makes up attractively in these tailored blouses. The convertible collar may be rolled high or low.

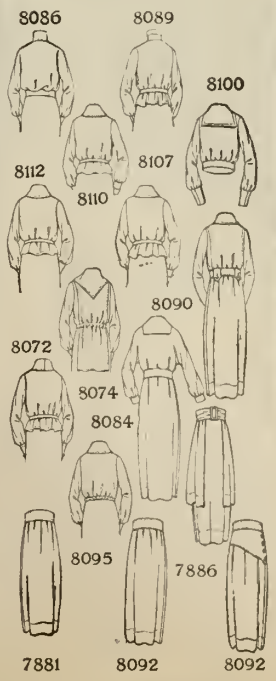
8100—Ladies' Panel Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch voile. Braiding No. 12424, blue or yellow transfer pattern. The front panel which descends below the belt gives distinctive style to this otherwise simple blouse.

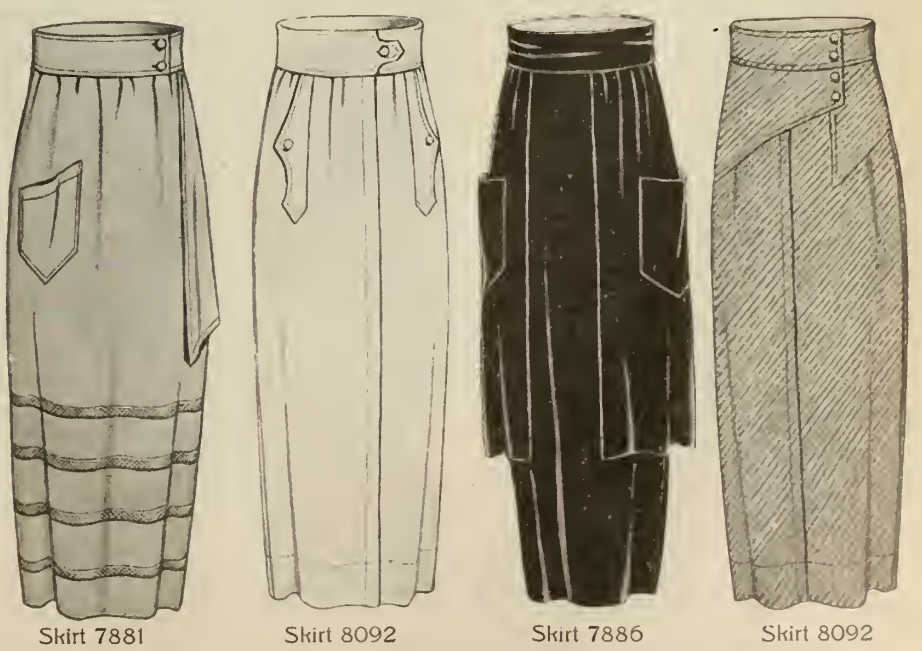
8112—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch bisque Georgette crêpe—½ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest. Braiding No. 12426, blue or yellow transfer pattern. A braided vest of white Georgette crêpe affords charming contrast to this blouse of delicate biscuit-color. The closing is at left side-front.

8107—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard navy blue Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard white Georgette crêpe. Among the most popular blouses are those that combine two shades of Georgette crêpe. Navy blue and white are attractively combined in this model, but brown and bisque would combine equally well.









8074—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The closing is at left side-front under a tuck, and the front and back of the blouse are in panel style and extend to form a peplum. The collar forms a point at the back.

8092—Ladies' Three-piece Gathered Skirt. Nine sizes, 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Two views of this skirt are illustrated.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

Sensible War-Time Fashions for the Girl in Her Teens

8075—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor for foundation dress—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for tunic blouse—1⅝ yard fringe—3¼ yards filet lace banding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. For afternoon wear Georgette crêpe combined with one of the satin-surfaced fabrics is very popular. In this model the sheer fabric forms the long overblouse, and the satin is used for the foundation. The overblouse slips on over the head, and the neck is finished with shirred tucks. Long kimono sleeves are cut in one with the side-front and side-back of the waist.

8082—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for sash. Beading No. 11506, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The popular back panel is introduced, looped up under the tunic.

8098 — Juniors' One-piece Dress. Three sizes, 13, 15, and 17 years. Size 17 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch velveteen—14½ yards braid—⅜ yard fringe. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. For the all-day frock which may be worn indoors and outdoors, nothing is so fashionable as velveteen in black, dark blue, burgundy, and seal brown. Braid is the favored trimming. This model is in panel style, the front and back panels fastening on the left shoulder. The neck is finished with a square collar and the panel is perforated for two shorter lengths, the longest length illustrated.

8038 — Misses' Double-breasted Coat. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth — 4½ yards 36-inch satin for lining. For cold weather the collar is very comfortable buttoned high as illustrated, but, if desired, it may be rolled flat at will



7982 — Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch velveteen — 3¼ yards 36-inch satin—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge 1½ yard. The irregular tunic is attached diagonally.



7913—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 36-inch satin—4⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading No. 12348, blue or yellow transfer pattern. This is an excellent model for Georgette crêpe, satin, or any of the soft fabrics. The blouse shows the fashionable round collarless neck and back closing. Lower-edge width 2 yards.

7906—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The panel blouse, kimono sleeves, and tunic mark this frock as in the very latest mode. It is charming in Georgette.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Around the Hearth

(*Continued from page* 23.)

dreaded, to see the postman, who have tremhled at the sight of a telegram, and yet have been brave in the face of heart-breaking sorrow.

Back of this great concourse comes another vast crowd of faces, glad with new courage, set with strong purpose. They have stood beside the women in this affray; they have helped to finance their projects; and rohbed their business of funds to contrihute largely to the Victory Loans to help "Carry on." They have given their sons — their right-hand helpers — to do the work they fain would do themselves for King and country. They have buried their griefs and become old and grey in a few months, because the lad they had counted on to fill father's place in the business at home, would never return.

The war is over, but we know that many eyes that now reflect the sudden relief will be suffused with tears before the last casualty list is published. A bitter fate will reveal some sadness in those last days before the armistice was signed. "*Just* one week before — one day—one hour!" Ah, yes!

* * * * *

The war is over, and now the judgment. The nations with their records stand up in array before me, for just as individual character has shone out during the fifty-two months of dark days, so has the quality of nations been revealed.

First, that aggressive country responsible for the war, passes by, humiliated by defeat, but still charged with deadly hatred towards certain of her opponents. Written plainly on her chart is *failure*. Might against right had proved a losing game. Her future is dark, and pregnant with internal strife, which, if carried on with the same inhuman practices adopted in other countries will mean a terrible reckoning.

Sharing her doom are her allies, who staked their all on the prowess of a mighty army with years of preparation, but who found that "Chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave" of a mighty rebellion against tyranny and brutality.

Then out of a pit of horrors rose that brave little kingdom who first opposed the progress of a giant host who disregarded all the laws of morality and national rights. *Honor* in large letters is written upon her banners of righteous warefare.

Next in line behold the land of gay and happy people, who in this war have suffered intensely. Her records from the beginning has been that of self-sacrifice and heroism. For almost fifty years she has heen under the cloud of a heavy suspense, and so her battle-cry seemed to be—"To the last man; to the last dollar, the last drop of blood."

The smaller nations, one by one, presented themselves in this early morning review, each fulfilling its part by bravely meeting the advances of the destroying hordes of invaders. "Conquering heroes" was emblazoned on the flags they carried.

The Stars and Stripes lead an immense army loaded down with food and ammunition, which seemed to be endless. Her resources of men and money, energy and enthusiasm, were opportune and acceptable, and was munificently granted.

* * * * *

Out of a mist of anarchy and revolution loomed up that great country who struck out so nobly in the beginning, but because of treachery and intrigue, became unbalanced and dropped out. Miserable old Russia, the only country where arms where not laid down that glorious day of world-wide celebration! (On that eleventh day of the eleventh month, our Canadian artillery were engaged in battle with the Bolsheviki.)

Lastly came the Empire of which we form a part—staunch old Britain. Her part in the war cannot be estimated at present. The future will reveal that story. Though unprepared for such a gigantic conflict, she entered it with a dogged determination characteristic of her race and country.

There was no letting go after she quietly and steadfastly gripped the situation. No one faltered in that grand old Motherland. This flag bore the words—"England expects every man to do his duty."

The war is ended, and now the world is watching intently for the verdict. The enemy demands a "peace of justice." This can only be determined by the perfect understanding, the concentrated wisdom, and Divine inspira-

(*Continued on page* 44.)

Chic Frocks that Express the Very Spirit of Youth



Dress 8096
Embroidery
12469

8096—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 44-inch serge—2 yards 36-inch satin—¼ yard 27-inch white satin for collar—⅞ yard fringe for view shown at upper left of page. Embroidery No. 12469, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. In its original form this dress displays one of the new long swinging panels front and back, and this view is illustrated at the center of the page (right), but perforations permit of shortening and slashing the panels. For the view at center size 16 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch tricotine. Braiding No. 12474, blue or yellow transfer pattern. In the upper view the dress combines satin with serge, the serge attached at the fashionable low waist-line.



Dress 8036

8036—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch velveteen—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar—12 yards braid—¼ yard 36-inch satin for girdle—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. This frock is illustrated here in its plainest form without the swinging panels which are part of the pattern. Rows of silk braid form the trimming. The neck instead of being in V-shaping with collar of white Georgette crêpe, may show the new oval collarless neck-line. The waist is closed on left shoulder and under the left arm, and the underbody at center-front.



Dress 8105

Dress 8101
Braiding
12469

Dress 8096
Braiding 12474

Dress 8055

8055—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch velveteen. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. A large collar that extends into broad revers forms an attractive finish for the surplice blouse of this chic frock of black velveteen. Below the girdle there are peplum sections at the side with a looped-under panel at the back. If the dress is made of satin or any of the soft fabrics, an accordion-plaited skirt may be selected instead of the gathered one, and plain sleeves are provided in addition to the flowing sleeves illustrated.



Dress 7904
Braiding 12427



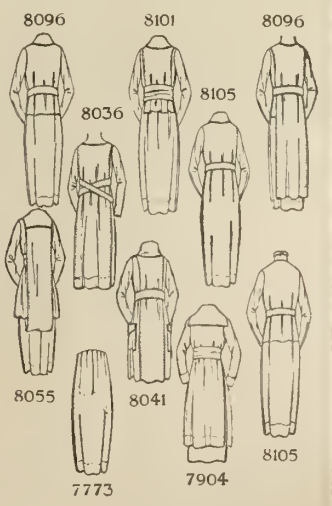
Jacket 8041
Skirt 7773



Dress 8105

8101—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 48-inch broadcloth—1¼ yard 36-inch velvet for panels—⅜ yard 27-inch white taffeta for collar—⅝ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Braiding No. 12469, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 24 motifs. Fringe-trimmed panels of velvet are applied effectively on the plain broadcloth frock. The deep girdle is elaborately braided.

7904—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 44-inch serge—½ yard 36-inch satin for collar and vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Braiding No. 12427, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Featured on this dress is the fashionable apron tunic front and back. The dress closes at left side-front.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

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8079—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1¼ yard 42-inch serge for panels and belt—2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for dress—⅜ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and cuffs. Panels are by no means the exclusive property of mother and big sister. Little sister has calmly appropriated them to use on her frocks as well, and they are especially popular in navy serge over a foundation of black satin. A new effect is gained by slashing the panels through the center from the lower edge almost to the waist-line.

8085—Infants' Set. One size only, requiring for nightgown 1¼ yard 36-inch cambric or 1¾ yard 27-inch flannel—either style band ⅜ yard flannel or stockinet—upper diaper drawers ½ yard 27-inch rubber sheeting or stockinet—lower diaper drawers ⅝ yard 27-inch stockinet. The nightgown may be drawn in to cover the feet, as illustrated, or the lower edge may be left open.

8103—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch serge—½ yard 27-inch fancy silk for collar and cuffs. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3½ yards of 2- and 3¾-inch borders. Attached to the separate underarm sections of this smart serge frock are the popular panels which are embroidered at the bottom. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves.

8087—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 44-inch serge—6¾ yards braid—¼ yard 27-inch white satin for collar. From Lanvin comes the fashion of trimming serge and velveteen frocks with rows and rows of wide braid. The simple waist of this frock closes on the left shoulder and left side-front.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

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Victoria, Canada's Winter Resort

(*Continued from page* 18.)

Garden City of Canada. Like Vancouver, its winter is tempered by the Japan current; and all the year round its gardens are filled with roses and other flowers. Snow is a stranger here, too, and causes as much excitement as it does in England, and disappears as readily.

Not only do Victorians enjoy golfing all through the winter, but there are scores of motor drives both long and short. through mountain and valley scenery that even in the winter can hardly be surpassed. One can drive comfortably across the Island to Alberni where you can look out on the broad Pacific. There is the Malahat Drive which winds through majestic Douglas furs, high above an inlet of the sea, on into the dense virgin forest where the foliage is almost semi-tropical. For the fishermen, the interior of the island is a paradise all the year round, and for the huntsmen big game shooting in season and scores of varieties in game birds.

Victoria is more of a residential city than is Vancouver, and has been the Mecca for many years of the retired business men of Eastern Canada and for the service men of England, whose duty to their Motherland has been done. Its homes are striking and picturesque. It is a busy city in many ways, but business never protrudes on the calm comfort of the men who have chosen this Pacific wonderland for their resting days.

Music After The War

(*Continued from page* 27.)

music for consolation and for the expression of their thoughts and ideals."

Recognizing music as the language of the ideal and higher emotions, Mr. Spalding holds that it is also the natural language of liberty. He thinks that if the German people had been true to the message of their older composers, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann and Brahms; all of whom spoke in tones of divine tenderness and serenity they would never have become the monsters that they are in the minds of the rest of the world to-day. On the other hand, the peoples who took up arms for liberty, good faith and humane ideals, are the natural inheritors of the message of the masters which a people dazzled by the gross material glitter of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg ambitions, cast aside. There is nothing fantastic in this philosophic conclusion; it has the ring of truth.

In the era of better thinking that we hope has begun, based on a less material view of things, and a higher appreciation of spiritual values, music should be more than ever an active agent for the welfare of mankind.

Eat Oranges If You Would Be Healthy

(*Continued from page* 21.)

juice of the oranges, and lastly the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Mix lightly, and pour all into the prepared dish. Bake in a moderate oven until set and of a light brown color. Sprinkle over with grated maple sugar, and serve hot.

ORANGE MARMALADE WITH HONEY.—Cut twelve large oranges in quarters, remove the rinds, seeds and all the white pith, but be careful to save all the juice. Put the pulp and the juice into a preserving saucepan with an equal weight of honey, and one-third as much sugar as honey, then add the strained juice of two lemons. Boil until very thick and clear, then bottle and seal.

ORANGE AND RHUBARB MARMALADE.—String and cut in one-half-inch pieces five pounds of rhubarb. Divide fourteen oranges in sections, removing the seeds and the tough part of the skin. Put into a preserving kettle, heat slowly to boiling point, and simmer slowly for forty minutes. Then add two pounds of sugar, two pounds of corn syrup or maple syrup, cook for two hours, then pour into glasses and seal.

Who Goes There

(*Continued from page 34.*)

like chicks about a dying hen. She's their parent ship; and there go their boats, pulling hell for sweeps! God! If it was a mine, I wish we were at Amsterdam, I do!"

The steamer was already under way; electric signals sparkled from her; signals were sparkling everywhere in the darkness around them. And all the while the cruiser with her mortal wound, enveloped in her red aura, agonized there in the horrible sombre radiance of her own burning vitals.

Far away in the black void a ship began to fire star shells.

As the awed throng on the moving liner's decks gazed out across the night, the doomed cruiser split slowly amidships, visibly, showing the vivid crack of her scarlet, jagged wound. For a second or two she fairly vomited hell-fire; lay there spouting it out in great crimson gouts; then she crashed skyward into incandescent fragments like a single gigantic bomb, and thunderous blackness blotted out sea and sky once more.

CHAPTER X.

HE knocked sharply at the stateroom door and called "Karen! It is I! Open!"

She flung open the door, satchel in hand, and he entered, closing the door, relocked it, and dropped down on the lounge, staring at space.

"Kervyn! What is it?" she asked faintly, one hand against her breast.

"It is all right," he said—"as far as we are concerned—for the present anyway. God! I can't realize it—I can't get over it——"

"What, Kervyn?" she faltered, kneeling on the lounge beside the half dazed man. "What happened? Why are you so ghastly pale? Are we really quite safe? Or are you trying to make it easier for me——"

"No; you and I are safe enough for the moment," he said. "But men are dying out yonder. The sea is full of dead men, Karen. And I saw it all."

"I heard guns. What has happened?"

"I don't know. It was a mine perhaps, perhaps a torpedo. A ship has been blown up." He lifted his head and turned to her: "But you are not to say such a thing to anybody—after I leave you at Trois Fontaines."

"No, Kervyn."

"Not to anybody. Not even to your father. Do you understand me, Karen?"

"No. But I won't tell anybody."

"Because," he explained wearily, "the Admiralty might have reasons for concealing it. If they mean to conceal it, this ship of ours will be stopped again and held for a while in some French or British Port."

"Why?"

"So that the passengers cannot talk about what they saw to-night."

His haunted glance fell on the satchel at their feet. "As for that," he said, "I've had enough of it, and I'll take no further chances. Where are our passports?"

"Locked in with the other papers. I was ready to throw them out of the port when you knocked."

"Unlock the bag now. I'll get rid of the whole business," he said bluntly.

"Kervyn—I can't do that."

"What?" he exclaimed.

"I can't destroy those papers if there is a chance of getting through with them. I gave my promise you know."

The dull surprise in his eyes changed gradually to impatience.

"If another ship stops us, they'll have to go overboard, anyway."

"We may not be stopped again. If we are, we have time."

"Karen."

"Yes—dear?"

A slight flush came into his haggard face; he hesitated, looked up at her where she was kneeling on the sofa beside him. "Dear," he said gently," "I have never intended that you should carry those papers to your father, or to anybody else."

"I don't quite understand you."

"Try to understand. I am a friend to England—even a closer friend to —Belgium."

"I know. But you are *my* friend, too."

"Devotedly, Karen." He took hold of her hand; she slipped down to the sofa and settled there beside him with a little air of confidence which touched and troubled him.

"I *am* your friend," he said. "But there is another friendship that demands first of all the settlement of prior obligations. And if these obligations conflict with any others, the others must give way, Karen."

"What do you mean?"

"The obligations of friendship—of—of affection—these must give way before a duty more imperative."

"What duty?"

"Allegiance."

"To—whom?"

"To the country in which my race had its origin."

"Yes....but America is neutral, Kervyn."

"I mean—Belgium," he said in a low voice.

"Belgium! Are you then Belgian?" she asked, amazed.

"When Belgium is in trouble—yes."

"How can you be loyal to two countries?"

"By being loyal to my own manhood —and to the God who made me," he answered in a low voice.

"You feel so deeply about this war?"

"Nothing on earth could stir me so deeply, Karen.

"I can't understand."

"Let me help you. My family was Belgian. For many years we have been good and loyal Americans. America means home. But, nevertheless, we inherit obligations toward the country of our origin, which, so far, time has not extinguished....When I became of military age I went to Belgium and served my time in the Belgian army. Then I went—home. My father did it before me. My grandfather before him. My younger brother will do it, God willing. It is our custom to fulfil our obligations," he added with a faint smile, "even when those obligations seem to others a trifle fanciful and old-fashioned."

She bent her head in silence, considering for a space, her hand resting rather lifelessly in his. And, after a few moments: "But how does all this interfere with our friendship?" she asked innocently.

"It does not....Only I could not let you take those papers to Germany, Karen."

"But I've promised."

"You promised to do it if it were possible." He lifted her hand to his lips. "But it has become impossible, Karen."

"Another ship may not interfere."

"No. But I must—interfere."

"You! *Kervyn!*"

"Dear—I *must.*"

"*Betray* me?"

"Karen! Karen! What are you saying?

"If you take my papers away you betray our friendship!"

"I have told you that there is a higher obligation than friendship. Even *your* friendship, Karen."

"You—you mean to take my papers from me?"

"Yes, dear."

"By—by *violence?*"

"Karen! Look at me!"

She gave him a white, breathless glance, wrenched her hand from his, stooped suddenly, seized the satchel, and gathering it against her breast, clasped both arms around it. Then she looked him straight in the eyes.

"Yes," he said, "that is the only way. You must keep your word to the last and do your best. Only—remember that what I do now has no bearing whatever on our friendship. I—I care for you—at this moment—more than I ever did. So—forgive me—Karen——"

"I never shall! Kervyn! Kervyn—think what you are doing!——"

He encircled her with his left arm, and with his right hand he gathered both her slender wrists in his grasp and held them. The satchel rolled from her knees to the floor.

"Kervyn!" she cried, "think what you are doing!" She looked up into his set face where he held her crushed against his shoulder. "I am your friend. Think what you are doing! I —I—care—so much—for you!"

"And I care for you, Karen....Is that the key around your neck on that blue ribbon?"

"You shall not have it. Oh, Kervyn! Kervyn!" she gasped—"what are you doing to our friendship! What are you doing!"

(To be continued.)



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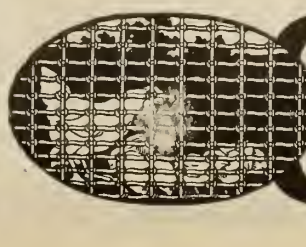
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Starting with the January issue, MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE comes out in a new size—11 x 14¼—same size as *The Saturday Evening Post*. This change will enable us to give readers more entertaining articles and stories, and a very much enlarged "Review of Reviews" Section. You will find this January issue of MACLEAN'S more pleasing and instructive than the great majority of magazines you find displayed on news-stands—and

contents are carefully censored—no sex stories—you can take it into your home with the utmost confidence.

A word about the contents—

"Why Laurier Will Wait"

In discussing the policy of the Liberal leader during the coming session of Parliament, J. K. Munro predicts, in January MACLEAN'S, that Laurier will allow Union Government a free hand. In this policy of inactivity "he sees the way open to the accomplishment of all his purposes. If he is half the politician his friends believe he is, he will sit and smile and wait—yet a little longer."

All Canada is interested in what is going to happen in Ottawa. J. K. Munro, veteran press gallery man, is a shrewd observer, and his political articles in MACLEAN'S have stirred up more comment than anything else appearing in the press of the country. He knows politics from the inside. "Why Laurier Will Wait" is a forecast of the near future that bristles with interesting points.

A few of the other "head-liners" in this issue:

Bolsheviks at Work in Canada

A sensational article on activities in subterranean circles. There are foreigners in Canada ready to wave the red flag.

Achievements of the Canadian Army

Since the Canadian Division was formed, they have not retired a foot nor lost a gun—a marvellous record. An inside story of how this great army was handled and controlled is told by H. F. Gadsby, who spent a month at Headquarters during the last great offensive.

The Grave Dangers of Peace

An article by Agnes C. Laut on the insidious new propaganda being launched by the Germans to split the Allies.

Jock in a Juggernaut

The most interesting war article in a long while, because it is new—it deals with experiences in the tanks.

AND THESE AS WELL

The Dance Halls of Dawson - - By E. Ward Smith
My Hour - - - - - - By Robert W. Service
The Strange Adventure of a Rialto Rainstorm - - - By Arthur Stringer
Old Times in Canada - - - - By Walt Mason
The Minx Goes to the Front - By C. N. and A. M. Williamson
The Three Sapphires - - - - By W. A. Fraser
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C. H. J.

The large Picture Section, printed in sepia, will start in the February number of "Canadian Home Journal." In this will be shown typical Canadian scenes, interesting military pictures, and a page reproduction of a famous Canadian artist's masterpiece.

Black Blood and Blue Blood

(*Continued from page* 10.)

He found Charley sitting beside Helen's bed. She was holding his hand tightly.

Bond beckoned him to the door.

"Sit with her until morning," he whispered. "Call me if you need me."

His one desire at that moment was to get away from the Blakeleys, but knowing that to be out of the question, he returned to his room and sank into a chair before the fire.

The air of an almost forgotten African love song stole through his brain, and he began to rock back and forth, crooning softly to himself while great tears rolled down his cheeks.

Charley came in at daybreak and found him asleep in his chair, his features drawn and lined.

But Charley thought it was fatigue and let him sleep until breakfast time.

The morning brought new tortures for Bond.

He was obliged to listen to the thanks and congratulations of the whole family, including Helen herself.

She was weak and shaken, but appeared at the breakfast table and bravely sat through the meal.

Bond was silent through the meal. Never had he seemed so alone.

He was among friends, showered with compliments, and for a time at least, quite the social equal of the Blakeleys, but the old gnawing hunger for real equality beset him on this particular morning to such an extent that his usually robust appetite dwindled to a mere pecking.

Charley sensed something wrong with Bond, but the true situation never occurred to him.

Helen noticed the change in his demeanor, but thought nothing of it, except that Bond was tired out by his exertions the night before.

After breakfast Charley asked him if he was ill or in trouble of any kind.

Bond smiled and shook his head: "Nothing at all, old man," he said, "I am a little tired, that's all. Another night's sleep will set me up."

The morning was spent in visiting police headquarters and entering a complaint against the burglar, who turned out to be a thoroughly hardened person, perfectly indifferent as to his fate at the hands of justice.

There was another theatre party that night, and Helen, who had recovered from her experience, made a particular effort to be agreeable to Bond.

To all disinterested observers, he was the gayest of the merry little party, but the strained look never left his eyes, and Charley watched him with hawk-like intensity, searching for a clue to his odd demeanor.

It was not until they started for home that his vigilance was rewarded.

The motor was a small town-car, and the five people of the party made a tight fit.

Bond and Charley sat on small folding seats, facing the others. Helen was directly opposite Bond, and during the ride home her small handkerchief slipped to the floor.

Before Charley had a chance to lean forward and pick it up, Bond cautiously placed his foot on it and kept it there until the car drew up at the door.

Allowing the others to alight first, he picked up the bit of linen and lace and put it in his pocket.

Charley saw, but said nothing.

A wave of anger swept over him, and late that night he got up and searched Bond's pockets.

He did not find the handkerchief, however, and went back to bed feeling rather guilty.

* * * *

Bond's dreams were fantastic in the extreme.

He saw himself in Africa, crowned King of Kasongo, with a white Queen sitting beside him.

He looked at her closely, and was amazed to see that she was weeping.

Each tear that fell was a magnificent pearl, and a man whose face was in shadow was picking them up and stringing them into a necklace.

Through it all, plainly heard, yet visible to the eye like vapor, floated the love song that had come back to him the night before, plaintive and appealing, chanted by hundreds of his black tribesmen.

He took her hand gently in his, and the chanting instantly died away.

Bond awoke to find himself clutching Helen Blakeley's tiny handkerchief, which hung about his neck on a silken cord.

* * * *

Very early in the morning he received a telegram and came down to breakfast, looking so worn and haggard that Mrs. Blakeley asked him if he was ill.

He pulled himself together with a tremendous effort, and laughed lightly as he replied to her anxious questions: "No, indeed. Charley was worrying about me yesterday. I am not used to so much gayety, that's all—that and the late hours."

Immediately after breakfast, however, he excused himself for a few hours and did not return until nearly dinner time, carrying a large box under his arm.

It was Christmas Eve, and Charley's curiosity got the better of him.

He followed Bond upstairs. "Been shopping?" he asked.

Bond shook his head and opened the box, displaying a magnificent fan of ivory and ebony, beautifully carved and ornamented, with feathers of wonderful length and color.

Charley whistled his admiration. "Say! That is a beauty! Where did you pick it up?"

"I'll tell you all about it after dinner," answered Bond, closing the box carefully.

They were sitting before the fire in Charley's room late that night.

The fan lay on the table between them, and for a time they smoked in after-dinner content.

Charley broke the silence.

"What's on your mind, Dan? Something has been riding you ever since the burglar episode."

Bond rose to his feet and laid his pipe on the mantel-shelf. He picked up the fan and opened it slowly to its full width, fanning it gently to and fro.

A sharp, aromatic odor, pungent and incense-like, floated from it, and the gorgeous feathers made a rainbow blur as they moved.

"You asked about the fan," he said, "so I will begin there. It happens to be the beginning of this story, anyway. I did not buy the fan. It could not be bought. I went back to college after it. It belonged to my mother until she died. Our people are not polygamous, and my father never took another wife. This fan is the official insignia of the Queen of Kasongo. I inherited it when I came of age. Early this morning I received a cable that my father is dead. I am King."

He paced up and down, waving the fan and sniffing the peculiar perfume which floated from it.

Charley sat and regarded him wonderingly, his pipe in one hand, out and forgotten.

The thin cloak of civilization which Bond had worn so easily seemed to be as easily slipping from him.

He halted in front of the fire and stood at ease, with one foot slightly advanced, resting easily on the other leg.

"You are going back?"

"I think so."

"And waste all your years of study and work?"

Bond laughed, a hard, ugly laugh, and Charley felt the impending answer before it came.

"My dear fellow, I waked up last night to the fact that a black man is a black man, and that nothing can change his condition. The other night I carried your sister in my arms to the window to restore her to consciousness. She lay against me like a child. As she was coming back to life she smiled at me, not realizing who it was. My heart melted, and so it will remain."

Charley sprang to his feet. "Good heavens, Dan," he ejaculated, "are you mad?"

Bond nodded gravely. "I imagine so. I don't seem to act like other black men. I must be mad."

"But why did you allow this to happen? You must realize how hopeless it is!"

"Well, I propose to put it to the test. I will ask her."

Charley's body stiffened, but his voice was dangerously cool as he asked: "Do you intend to insult my sister under her own roof?"

"No, I mean to ask her to marry me. I have been entertained here as your equal, and—"

Charley hurled himself bodily across

(*Continued on page* 44.)

The Madness of McAra

(*Continued from page 7.*)

her cigarette and she idly let the smoke ooze in a double jet from the corners of her lips before she rose with an inquiring expression and advanced to the newcomer. For at least half a minute she failed to recognize the tall, somewhat gaunt man with the lean, brown face who stood quietly observing them. His blue eyes were grave, his lips set in a grim line and he seemed almost as though he didn't see her, the fair young hostess who approached.

After that first swift glance, a glance that gathered in so many conflicting impressions, McAra's eyes passed beyond the groups of women and rested on the corner he had called Heart o' Home. Several sandwich-trays were piled one above the other on the window-seat, the two old chairs had disappeared and been replaced with smart wicker ones, a small typewriter and stand stood under the cage of love-birds and the teakwood table was littered with cigarette-butts.

Kathie gave a quick, rapturous little squeal and darted forward.

"John, John!" she cried, and flung her arms about his neck.

* * * * * * * *

It was not until the others had gone —an eternity of waiting in ill-concealed impatience on the part of both McAra and his young wife—not until the last chatterer's voice had melted into silence after a "Don't forget my bridge on Friday!" that Kathie realized that her husband had not yet kissed her. He had merely taken her caresses in unbending silence.

She turned to him again, searching his face.

"John! Oh, John—what is it?" She asked in consternation. "Have you bad news? . . . . . But how silly of me! What could be bad news now I have you safe home again! But—aren't you going to say you're glad to see me? What—what is wrong, John?"

"Wrong?" he echoed, with a short laugh.

"You seem so—you're so *unresponsive!* Won't you kiss your little wife?" she faltered.

He flung her slight clutch of his arm off.

"*Kiss* you?" he said, shortly. "Not —not *those* lips!"

She fell back a step and the pleading in her eyes changed to distress and —yes, guilt. Quickly she had a defence ready.

"You mean, of course—" she began, awkwardly.

"I mean you have been smoking," he cut in sternly.

Never before had she known his eyes so steely.

"But John! How ridiculous you are! Why, everybody does it. It's considered quite the thing. There isn't a woman in our set——"

"Then you'll leave that particular set."

"And—and we've done just heaps and heaps of war work. I've learned to knit, John, and I'm secretary of our Red Cross. See my typewriter over there?"

He was silent.

"One can't knit *all* the time. One must relax occasionally," she went on. "And besides, John, *you* smoke. You know the smokes we've sent to you, parcel after parcel—"

"I'm a man," he broke in, impatiently.

His mouth still set in that implacable line! A strange husband indeed! This lean, solemn, cold-eyed man her loving genial husband? Was *this* what war did to men? Kathie having been twice repulsed did not venture to him again but stood leaning against the card-table nearest the door, her face white, her blue eyes wide with anxiety and a vague sort of fear.

"Why didn't you send word you were coming?" she asked, suddenly. "Had I known you were coming ——"

"You wouldn't have let me catch you as I did. Is that what you mean?"

"John!"

"Don't lie, now!" he said, breathing rapidly.

She stiffened. Never, never had he used such a tone, such words to her before! Anger—hot, resentful, quick—filled her whole being. She fairly trembled with it. He stood over her, his breath coming short, his lips working, his hands clenched and unclenched at his sides. But her momentary fear had gone.

"You shan't treat me like a child!" she blazed. "And I'll smoke if I please."

"You won't!"

"I will. I refuse to be bullied—"

"You're a nice looking wreck for a man to come back to!" he taunted. "How many of these things do you get away with in a day?"

He picked up a stub of a cigarette from the floor and flung it into a huge brass bowl that stood by the door. She refused to answer his question.

"You white faced, shaking little simpleton!" he said, and reached for her.

But she eluded him and placed the table between them. He followed her and at the library door caught her by one silken shoulder.

"You'll stop this folly *now*. See?" he said, swinging her around none too gently, so that she faced him.

"John! You hurt!"

"I telegraphed you from Montreal this morning. You probably got it but this nicotine poison so befuddled your brain ——"

"I received no telegram."

"It makes little difference now at any rate. The point is I caught you ——"

But she had jerked away and now stood straight, mutinous—and adorably lovely—before him. Her eyes flashed and two red spots stood out sharply on her white cheeks.

"That's twice you've insinuated that I am a sneak," she said, excitedly. "Do you think I smoke only at home behind drawn blinds and in the company of my own sex?"

"I don't care a ——!"

"Well, you're wrong if you do! I smoked two boxes the other night at the Brounc's. We had a betting-match on to see who could ——"

"Good God!"

"—— to see who could stand the most. I won! I was fearfully ill afterward, but I won! And that brought in one hundred dollars for our side. It went to the Red Cross ——"

"Damn the Red Cross!"

"John!"

"Heaven alone knows what other foolishness has been committed in the name of that—that splendid organiza-

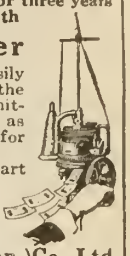
(*Continued on page 46.*)



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Don't Miss
THE MADNESS OF McARA
on page 7 of this issue

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W.-S. S. are on sale at Money-Order Post Offices, Banks, and other places displaying the W.-S. S. sign shown at the top of this announcement.

LOOK FOR THE SIGN

Black Blood and Blue Blood

(*Continued from page 12.*)

the light table which separated them.

It went over with a crash and the men clinched, Charley reaching for a hold on Bond's throat, the latter trying only to avoid it.

The floor was heavily carpeted, and no sound of the struggle penetrated beyond the closed door.

Backward and forward they wrestled, silently and furiously, the white striving to choke, the black trying to avoid being choked.

They were very evenly matched in strength and skill, and Bond had taken several vicious blows without attempting to return them, when Blakeley's fingers closed on the heavy iron poker which stood beside the fireplace.

He raised it to strike, and Bond instinctively threw up his hand to guard his face, receiving the full force of the blow across the knuckles.

As the blow fell, there was a light knock on the door. Neither of the men heard it, nor did they hear the door softly open and then close again.

Bond, with two fingers broken, was fighting back desperately with his left hand as Charley came at him again with the poker.

He had just picked up a small marble bust of Shakespeare and was about to throw it at his antagonist when a clear voice startled them both into temporary immovability. "Stop it!"

Charley whirled around. "Get out of here, Helen. How did you get in? I thought the door was locked!"

"I knocked, and walked in and found you fighting like beasts. What is it all about?"

"Never mind. I will settle this."

She turned to Bond, who stood with his broken fingers clasped in his uninjured hand.

"Will you explain this scene, or shall I call my father?"

"Sorry, Miss Blakeley," he smiled.

She turned like a flash and was gone.

"You'd better get out of here quick," snapped Charley, "she's gone to call the pater. If he hears of this there will be the dickens to pay! I'll call it off if you will duck right now."

Bond laughed outright, but stood warily on his guard. "Do you realize," he said, "that you assaulted me? See here, your poker has broken my operating hand."

Charley's face was knotted with anger, but he spoke coolly. "Dan, you are a fool. What could you hope to gain by speaking to Helen? If I had had a gun a few moments ago I would certainly have shot you. Now beat it, quick!"

Before Bond could reply, the door was opened without ceremony, and Mr. Blakeley entered, followed closely by Helen.

The old gentleman stood on the threshold and looked inquiringly from one face to the other.

He guessed what had happened, and was plainly relieved to find no one mortally injured.

"Well," he said, after a very awkward pause, "don't you think one of you had better say something?"

Bond stepped forward and placed a chair for Helen.

"Please sit down," he said. "If you will excuse me for a few minutes, I will run out to the doctor's office. I have hurt my hand quite badly."

As the door closed behind him, Mr. Blakeley turned to Charley. "Well," he snapped, "what have you got to say? This is a fine situation."

Helen had seated herself quietly in the chair Bond placed for her.

Charley stood beside her, still panting from his exertions. He held the poker grasped tightly in his hand, and suddenly realizing this fact, stooped to lay it down before answering his father's angry query.

"Send Helen out, dad, and I will talk to you."

"I won't go!"

"She might as well stay," said his father. "I imagine it concerns her, and I want it settled without your mother's hearing of it."

"All right!" Charley made a gesture of despair, "but she spoiled a good job well done when she came in a few minutes ago. Dan said he was going to propose to her, and I started out to kill him. He has been my best friend, but that settled it. I suppose it is all my fault, but I thought he had more sense than to try a trick like that, and I told him so a little while ago."

Mr. Blakeley glanced rather helplessly from one to the other as he said: "I do not know just how to deal with this. I feared some such trouble as this, but I am particularly helpless now on account of the service this man rendered us the other night."

Charley scowled. "Service or no service, he can't go beyond a certain point, and I would not be surprised if he never came back to face us."

Helen rose abruptly. "I think I had better go to mother before she begins to wonder where we all are. Settle the matter as you will," and she slipped quietly out of the room.

She found placid Mrs. Blakeley very busy in her own room with various household affairs, and very unwilling to be disturbed.

After a few moments of conversation Helen started downstairs again.

In the half-light of the lower hall she came face to face with Bond.

His right hand was swathed in bandages and suspended in a sling made of a silk handkerchief.

His face was drawn with pain, and showed a ghastly, bluish tint under the low light of the hallway.

Helen hesitated and swayed slightly to one side, putting out her hand to steady herself against the wall.

Bond's eyes glowed like coals. "Charley told you?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes; have you gone quite mad?"

Bond frowned in a puzzled way. "Charley asked me that same question. I don't understand exactly what either of you mean."

"I cannot argue the point here," she said shortly, and started to pass him.

Bond seemed to go suddenly out of his senses. He clasped her around the waist with his sound arm and whispered fiercely: "Do you know that I am a king's son? I am King of Kasongo! If I were an ordinary black you might call me mad, but I am not an ordinary black! I am of royal blood!"

But before he had finished speaking, Helen had fainted away and hung lifeless on his arm.

Bond looked down at her and the madness passed. He laid her gently on the floor with a muttered ejaculation of pity.

Flight, sudden, ignominious flight, was all that was left for him.

He turned and started down the stairs, but before he reached the bottom of the flight, the door of Charley's room opened, and Charley, followed by his father, came out into the hall.

Helen's unconscious form lay before them.

A startled oath escaped from Charley's lips, and he re-entered the room, emerging a moment later with an automatic revolver in the palm of his hand.

A glance over the banisters showed the fugitive Bond almost at the front door. "Stop where you are and wait for me," said Charley in a level voice. Put on your hat and wait for me."

He glanced at his father, who was bending over Helen. "Look after her, dad," he whispered, and sped down the stairs, taking his hat from the rack as he passed.

Bond was waiting at the door.

He had caught a glimpse of the pistol half hidden in Charley's hand.

"Go out ahead of me," was the curt order, "I will give you one chance to prove yourself a man."

Snow was falling lightly, and belated shoppers were hurrying homeward, laden with packages and holly.

None of the passers-by noticed the two men, and for a time they walked rapidly and in silence, Bond a little in the lead and Charley close at his heels, with the pistol in his hand.

They had traversed a number of blocks when Charley spoke shortly. "Walk straight ahead to the end of this block and turn to the right."

Nothing further was said, and in a few moments they came suddenly upon a bridge and started across it.

Bond's broken hand pained him fearfully, and he stumbled every few steps, a growing paleness under his dark skin showed as they passed under the arc lights.

"Are you going much further?" he asked, as they neared the centre of the span.

Charley stopped. "This will do. Get up there on the railing!"

Bond hesitated and glanced up and down the bridge for help. The place was deserted, and the snow, which had increased in force, enveloped them like a white curtain.

"Are you going to murder me in cold blood?"

"Certainly not. I said I would give you a chance to prove yourself a man. You may jump from the rail, or I will shoot you. I do not consider it murder."

The whole place seemed to be revolving in an awful nightmarish way as Bond slowly and painfully climbed the railing and balanced himself on the top. He made up his mind to ask no mercy. After all this was the best solution of the difficulty.

The lights along the river far below showed yellow through the whirling snow.

A distant clock struck two.

Charley's voice sounded close behind him, cold and hard. "I will give you until I count three—one, two—"

Bond uttered a sob of mortal anguish and stepped off the rail into space.

He seemed to turn very slowly in the air, and instead of striking the water, floated softly on his back with a strange ringing in his ears.

His good hand sought the handkerchief which hung about his neck, and he opened his eyes slowly and painfully.

Charley lay asleep in his own bed. There was no ivory fan on the table, and Bond now fully awake became aware that he was clutching a little handkerchief which hung on a silken cord about his neck.

Getting up very quietly he went to the fireplace and laid it on the glowing coals.

It flared for an instant and then died down to a heap of gray fluff.

"The end of a dream," murmured Bond.

He stretched both arms over his head and turned to find Charley watching him, the ghost of a smile curling his lips. "What's up, Dan? Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, but I had a horrible nightmare. Got up to scare it away. Guess it is gone for good now."

He glanced at the heap of fluff, already dissolving into nothing.

"The end of a dream. Good-night."

Four Footed Monarchs

(*Continued from page 16.*)

Wainright, Alberta, numbered 402. Since then the gradual increase per annum has been about 200. Up to 1913, some 338 head were imported at different times from other herds, but the main increase has been from breeding. At the last report there were 2,397 buffalo in the park, and the report of the superintendent states that the young stock gives every reason to believe that the future herd will be made up of much better type of animal than many of the original herd.

The park covers an area of 160 square miles, and in this there are many clean-bottomed lakes, many sheltered valleys and no end of hay-swamps. The entire park is enclosed with a high wire fence, sustained by tamarac posts.

Some 70 elk, 17 Moose, 3 Antelope, about 100 Mule Deer and 20 Cattelo are also in the park, so the buffalo are well supplied with a variety of animal companions.

Situated conveniently on the main line of the G.T.P. from Winnipeg to Edmonton, this park at Wainwright, is fast becoming a popular place for the tourist to pause and become acquainted with the premier animals of America—or what has been saved of them from the marauder's hands. Everyone likes to look at wild animals, but to observe them in practically unfettered spaces, where they can be perfectly natural and at home, is an opportunity few people will allow to pass. Canada's buffalo park is becoming widely known and appreciated, and is decidedly a credit to the government, and the energy of the men who originated the idea.

The Scotch of It.

Two old Scotsmen sat by the roadside, talking and puffing away merrily at their pipes.

"There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald.

"Hoo dae ye mak' that oot?" questioned Sandy.

"Weel," said Donald, "ye see, if ye're smokin' yer ain bacca ye're thinkin' o' the awful expense, an' if ye're smokin' some ither body's yer pipe's ramm't sae tight it winna draw."—*Tit-Bits.*

What About The New Thrift and War Savings Stamps?

UP to the present it has been the privilege of only those who could purchase Fifty Dollar Bonds, to loan their money to the Dominion of Canada and feel that they were directly helping in this way to win the war and assist in the enormous schemes of reconstruction. With the coming of this new year, however, the barriers have been removed, and there is not a man or woman, boy or girl, who cannot participate in the splendid new system of saving, which is being introduced. It is thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the times; all are united in the great bond of "service." Rich and poor have stood side by side in the trenches; it is only fair that some plan should be evolved by which every one might share together in the glorious task of assisting financially in the reconstruction here.

Very soon everywhere will be seen triangles with the letters WSS inside and the picture of a beaver on top. This means that wherever this sign appears, thrift and war-savings stamps are to be had. Twenty-five cents is enough to buy a thrift stamp, at which time a small folder is given the purchaser with squares on it numbered to sixteen, each to have a thrift stamp affixed to it. The name of the purchaser will be written on the cover, also the address, but if this folder is lost a dishonest finder may retain it. The warning is therefore very evident—take good care of your stamp book. When the final thrift stamp is affixed to this little folder, it should be taken to the post office where a Canadian war-savings certificate is given the one who presents it, and one war-savings stamp placed on the first square. This folder has ten squares in all to be filled each representing sixteen thrift stamps. That is, a folder full of thrift stamps, or $4.00 must be presented to receive one war-savings stamp. This war-savings certificate or folder may be fully registered, and if lost the money can be recovered. Then on January, 1924, the Canadian Government will pay $5.00 for every war-savings stamp.

The plan is very simple indeed, and should meet with the heartiest support of Canadian people everywhere. There is no one who cannot save quarters, and watching these gradually grow into dollars will prove most fascinating for many a young investor. It is quite safe to predict that many a fortune will be started in this small way, and parents should encourage their children to buy their first thrift stamp at the earliest opportunity. The principles of saving are best established in childhood—and with this plan of investment there is the added glamor of patriotism, and the feeling that one is backing up the "boys over there." Not only the children but the older people will find thrift stamps a very simple and effective form of saving. The Government has shown excellent judgment in introducing this method of saving, and every loyal Canadian should recognize the privilege of participating in a campaign which will put our nation safely "over the top."

Around The Hearth

(*Continued from page 38.*)

tion of men who are capable of rendering a just and fitting sentence of penal retribution.

Victory means duties and responsibilities almost beyond reckoning. In the settlement of so many obligations, and the reconstruction of so many shattered countries, there is bound to be wide diversity of opinion, saying nothing of the untold labor of such adjustment, hence the necessity of sterling qualities in the men who sit in judgment at the Peace Conference.

The work cannot be accomplished by these men alone. Old foundations are tottering, new standards are being raised. There is a clarion call to each individual—

"The Torch—be yours to hold it high."

My early morning reverie ended, I faced the glad day with renewed hope and bright outlook. When darkness closed down I watched the blaze of the huge bonfire only half a block away. At intervals I wrote to our soldier boy. There was a thorn in the rose of my happiness—the letter was addressed to *Siberia.*

What shall we do — now that the War has been won?

We must be Prepared to "Carry On" where Our Boys have Left Off

CANADA is great not because of her mines, her forests and her fisheries, but because of the character of her people. Shall Future Canada be worthy of the great sacrifices her present men and women have made and are making? Surely—That is the ideal before every right thinking man and woman in Canada, to-day. The Great Question is—How is it to be accomplished?

We know that no nation is greater than the homes. That no nation is greater than the individuals which make it up. That the home is the foundation upon which the more complex structure is built.

The Home is producing the future men and women—the greatest crop of all.

We must be ready to "carry on," where our boys have left off. Ready to do something for the home, for the community, for the school, etc. Something, perhaps, we have never understood before.

We break faith if we do not help to make the country a better place to live in. Let us never forget that every child has a right to the very best that we can give it.

There must be a *training* of the *Head,* the *Hand,* the *Heart* and the *Health.* But a child, to be mentally and morally strong, must be *physically* strong.

Health Problems therefore, will be one of the most important problems for women during the Reconstruction period.

It is a broad subject and it includes a careful study of many problems.

Home Conditions Must Be Studied.

The *Sanitation* of the Home—The ventilation and Heating of the Home, Household Conveniences and Labor Saving devices which will save strength, energy, time and health should receive attention. A careful study should be made of those *foods* most suitable for the *growing child* Care and feeding and training of children are of vital importance to the future of the race.



Sample Equipment for School Use—Mid-day Lunches and Domestic Science Work.

School Conditions Must Be Studied.

There are little things that require constant attention if the child's health is not to be impaired. The School must be properly heated, *early in the morning;* it must be properly ventilated, lighted, cleaned, etc.

Are you interested in the "Hot Lunch" for the children in the rural schools? It has many advantages:—

1. Digestion is aided and the mid-day meal is better balanced.
2. Pupils are enabled to do better work in the afternoon.
3. Interest is added to school work.
4. Practical training is afforded in household management.
5. Pupils are encouraged to take sufficient time to eat.
6. The relationship between home and school is strengthened.
7. The introduction of definite instruction in Household Science is rendered much easier.

The Department of Education is making provision for a small and complete equipment for rural schools whereby the child may receive one hot dish for the noon lunch. See that your trustees get full information and encourage them to secure the necessary equipment. Arouse community interest in this most important question.

Public Playgrounds Are Important.

Is there sufficient playground space for the children of your community? Are there any games and appliances provided?

Play is a necessary part in every useful, healthy life, and just in proportion as any section of the country fulfills this need will the young people of that part be happy and contented in their community. It is one good way to check the "drift to the cities."

Education Will be the Vital Factor

in solving the problems which are now confronting us. In the rural districts it will be necessary for us to get together for the purpose of study. Perhaps, a Reading Club, or a Literary or Dramatic Society, could be formed. Special lines of study could be followed. Outside speakers could be brought in, occasionally, and even debating could be carried on with a nearby community

A Library is Needed.

But, it is very necessary to have a library to which you can have access at any time. If you have not a library secure a Travelling Library for 3 or 6 months until you can establish a permanent one. Women's Institutes wishing to obtain Travelling Libraries should write to the Inspector of Public Libraries, Department of Education, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, asking for an application form and stating the class of books desired. These books may be lent to all people in the community who wish to borrow.

The Inspector of Public Libraries will be pleased to inform Women's Institutes on the best means of establishing small public libraries.

Lecture Courses.

In addition to the assistance which the Women's Institute Branch of the Department of Agriculture has offered in previous advertisements, it is prepared to send Instructors to conduct Demonstration Lecture Courses in Household Science, Home Nursing and First Aid, or Sewing to any Institute desirous of taking advantage of the same.



Equipment Used by Women's Institute Lecturers

A charge of 25c will be made to the Institute members and 50c to non-members for each of the courses, while one dollar additional will be charged each person taking the Sewing course. An outline of the Courses will be furnished by writing to the Institutes Branch, Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. They include:

Domestic Science.

Treats of the cooking and preparation of vegetables, fruits, milk, cereals and cheese, eggs, meat, bread, cakes, salads etc., etc.

Home Nursing and First Aid.

Takes up the study of the human body and its structure; care and ordering of the sick room; Bed-making for various forms of sickness; the Bath, kinds and effect; Emergencies—hemorrhages, drowning, burns, etc., etc; Bandaging; Contagious and infectious diseases; administration of Food and Medicine; Baby Hygiene.

Sewing Courses.

Ten lecture course on handsewing, measurements, plain and fancy stitches, button holes and eyelet, drafting and cutting, machine finishing, plackets, tailoring skirt, making one piece dress, plain and fancy, etc.

Start an Institute.

Every community should have an organization representative of all classes in the locality. Get your people together to consider the needs and possibilities of the Reconstruction period, and if you have not a Women's Institute, write to the Department of Agriculture for full particulars as to aims and objects and methods of organization. The Institutes will be furnished, at an early date, with suggestions as to lines of effort during the Reconstruction period for members who have been so active in patriotic work during the past four years.

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

Hon. Geo. S. Henry, Minister of Agriculture

ONTARIO

The old order changeth—giving place to new

The Madness of McAra

(*Continued from page* 43.)

tion," said McAra, hotly, "but *this* is going to end here and now!"

As he spoke he reached up suddenly to the wall behind him and took down his old riding-whip. The act was dispassionate and very deliberate. He seemed all at once to have made a stern resolve.

"Come here," he said, peremptorily.

Then as she didn't obey but shrank backward, watching him in a kind of fascinated horror, he repeated his command.

"John! What on earth ——"

"Come here, I say!"

"Are you *mad?*"

"Yes. I think I am," he returned, with a kind of terrible quietness.

He seized her then and half-dragged her into the middle of the room.

"John! You—you wouldn't—oh, you wouldn't *dare!*" she whispered, shutting her eyes.

"Your breath! Faugh! . . . . Turn away your head!" he cried.

He swung the whip backward and brought it down over her back. With a muffled scream she tried to break loose from that terrible grip, but failed. Again the whip descended with its hissing cut.

"John! Oh John!" she whimpered.

Again that stinging lash and with a wail of pain she sank to her knees. But he roughly jerked her up, and shaking her, flung her from him. She staggered across the room and brought up against the big oak table.

It was that terrible trench madness she had read about! Thoroughly terrified she leaned pantingly against the table and gazed at the coldly enraged man who was her husband. Her husband? Oh no, surely! This was all but a horrible nightmare from which she would emerge presently——"

He seemed to read her thoughts.

"Mad? Yes. But not in the way you think perhaps," he said, throwing the whip down and then turning to the door.

Then he had meant it!

"You—you Whitechapel wife-beater!" she flung at him, her voice weak and shaking with the passion that surged through all her slender being. "You—you brute!"

The berserker rage had spent itself. The flame in his eyes had died out. He wheeled slowly and became aware, dazedly, that she was weeping. He had never been able to stand Kathie's tears. With a sudden, blind movement he made as though to reach her side but she screamed and retreated from him. Perplexed, he stopped, and drawing one trembling hand across his forehead as if to clear away the mists in his brain, he stared at her half-stupidly. Through a jagged tear in her dress her white shoulder gleamed. With a start he saw that two great blue bruises marred the flesh. Closing his eyes he turned aside his head.

"Kathie ——," he began and gulped.

"Don't Kathie *me!*" she sobbed. "Go back to—to wherever you learned wife-beating. This is *Canada.* Men don't beat their wives *here.*"

"Kathie, if you could know the sickening horror that filled me when I saw a cigarette between your lips! I went mad, I tell you! I—I wasn't accountable ——"

"You Cockney Sergeant!"

"None of the McAra women ever—why we McAras have reverenced our women always. My mother, the purest among women, my ideal in womankind ——"

He broke off with a dry sob. All his fine strength had deserted him. Had Kathie but known it he couldn't just then have hurt a kitten. Dropping into a chair he sunk his head into his arms on the table and great sobs shook him.

But Kathie was still very angry—and more than a little frightened. Biting her lips she stood watching him and wondering how she could get to the hall door without passing close to him. She ought to summon help. He might fall upon her and kill her next! She remembered with a throb, half of dismay and half of thankfulness, that she had given her little maid permission to go downtown at four o'clock. They two were alone in the house.

Well, thank heaven there had been nobody to overhear them, to witness the disgraceful scene just past! And ——and—if he killed her——

A groan and a sob mingled came from that hunched-up khaki form. Kathie took a tentative step forward, and stopped, uncertain what to do. She had never known John to give way to his emotions in this way before. The sight was startling, to say the least, and when he looked up and she saw that his eyes were wet she melted perceptibly. He rose.

"John," she began, timidly.

"Kathie, come here," said McAra, gently.

"No! I ——"

"Then let me have your hand. I don't blame you for standing off. . . . I was a brute . . . ."

The fear yet lurking in her face hurt him. She refused to advance further and his own hand dropped to his side.

"Kathie, back there where I've spent the past two years and more I have seen some terrible things," he began, abruptly. "But I hadn't meant to tell you about them. I would have spared you——"

"Are you trying to make excuses for——"

"Heaven forbid!" and he sighed.

Presently he went on, brokenly:

"I want to tell you about this one occurrence. It may not impress you as—it did me. . . . . When I've done you may pass judgment, decide whether or not you should try to forgive me."

She had turned half away and he now saw, with a great start, that a long red welt extended across her back where the lace of her bodice was torn. The sight almost unmanned him. That he—*he* had done this awful thing! He felt like a murderer, and in the agony of remorse he groaned aloud. A silence ensued.

"Go on. I will listen," said Kathie, patiently.

"It is this, then: One day a Hun 'plane was brought down in a field near our billet and I and three others extricated from the wreckage—a woman pilot. She was quite unhurt but had been pinned down so that she hadn't been able to move hand or foot. She immediately sat up and—spat in our faces. Then she coolly pulled out matches and a box of cigarettes and began to smoke. That sight maddened us for she was well known by reputation amongst us as the pilot who had dropped poisoned candy in the villages all along the line. I myself had witnessed the death agonies of two lovely little children who had eaten some of the candy, and I had promised myself that if ever I had the luck to be in the vicinity of a captured enemy 'plane I should treat the aviator to a long-drawn-out process of torture. . . . . But this was a woman. Some of the men were for shooting her on the spot. We stood around looking at her and unable to decide just what to do. We had 'the goods' on her as they say—some of her poisoned candy lay on the ground at her feet—and one of the men suggested that we forcibly feed her with some of her own stuff. It seemed too good a death. So did shooting. I was standing nearest to her and suddenly she blew a breathful of smoke right into my face and said: 'Kanadien Schweinhund!' with all the vitriolic force she was capable of. My gorge rose and I saw red. 'Don't take *that* from her Captain!' said one of the men and he rushed forward and seized her by the neck with both hands. Probably he would have strangled her. I don't know. All I know is I pulled him off and at that moment she drew a revolver and fired. The shot grazed my ear. Then all the men went for her at once. They disarmed her and pinioned her and the Sergeant, who had found a whip somewhere near at hand, began to beat her. She screamed at every lash and between lashes. When he seemed tired I took the whip myself. I thought only of the two little children I had watched die. The blows rained upon that squirming form until the woman-fiend fainted away. We carried her, then, into the billet. She was shot at dawn the next morning."

Kathie had listened in silence to this tale. She had moved nearer to him and now with a little sigh she put a hand on his arm and stood gazing past him out of the window in a trance-like state, her eyes widened with horror.

"John," she said at last, bringing her glance back from the horrible scene his words had conjured up. "John, I think I understand."

He did not reply at once, did not stir. Perhaps he was half afraid she might withdraw that sympathetic hand.

"Afterward I had a revulsion of feeling," he said, presently. "I had never laid violent hands on a woman. The whole instinct of my nature, all the British tradition that is in me is against such a thing. But while the anger was on me I was a veritable wild man, with no more compunction than I should have in hitting at a cobra."

McAra spoke slowly, earnestly, almost sadly.

"And forever more, when I see a woman with a cigarette between her lips I'll see that German—devil in woman's form. I'll see red. I cannot stand it, Kathie. I *cannot.* Some men may be able to tolerate the habit in their wives but I cannot. . . . . And if you feel that you can't forgive me. . . . . ."

With a broken little cry she crept into his arms.

"And now," she whispered, after a while lifting a shining face to his, "*now* you'll kiss me, John? Just once? And I'll run right upstairs and wash out my mouth!"

Literature and Journalism

(*Continued from page* 14.)

men and women want to write for a living, and have no idea how to go about it. The literature course of the public and high school is useless, and the only resource is some American Correspondence School of Journalism, which may be better than nothing, but really gives one no actual experience. This, and the more important work of home-keeping, that beautiful and exact science, are realms in which apparently one must enter blindly, with no guide save reason, and no technique other than that which a stray School of Journalism in some large centre, unavailable to the student who needs it most, can afford. To say that the real school of journalism is life is only a half truth. All the training in the world will avail nothing if one has not gone to the school of life, but training is also necessary. In the meantime, I would repeat that a good school is the nearest newspaper office. If this is not available, there are other newspapers and magazines to be assailed with material as fresh and brief and to the point as you can make it.

(3) "What are the qualities necessary in any article before a publisher will consider it worthy of acceptance?"

Obviously, the first quality is interest, and the second is human interest, and the third is very human interest.

* * *

Another correspondent asks: "What do you consider the requisites of a poet?"

Well, one can take that question several ways. I do feel deeply that the first requisite is a comfortable income, for it is hard to write poetry and live in Canada! And another requisite is common sense enough to prevent one reading one's own poetry aloud to friends. And a third requisite is a ruthless desire to revise one's own work. But if you mean the equipment of a poet, I should say that it is usually based on a long past, either of "thinking" forebears or by some process of education which has sharpened a brain so sensitive and a hand so true that the thing felt, divined or experienced flows under the pencil like a song. This equipment implies work. It is no easier to write a good sonnet than to play a difficult sonata. It is amazing how much good poetry and how much bad poetry is being written to-day. Do you know an American—really a Canadian for she was born in our own North-West,—one Mary Carolyn Davies? If not, I would advise you to send for a little book of hers published in Canada by the MacMillan Company, called "Drums in Our Street." It is an example of a certain phase of the best modern poetry. The writer takes the impression of the war as it has come to the people in any street, yours or mine. The poems are very simple, yet they constitute in themselves a practical text book on the effect of restrained emotion that sees every-day things and people in the clear light of what, for want of a better word, we call genius. This thing is not always imagination—sometimes it is just a straight relation of the truth. For instance, this is the way Miss Davies begins one of her poems called "Evan":

"The war is not in Europe. No. It's here
In our parlor, underneath the chandelier,
Where Evan used to sit, and hold his head
Within his hands, a problem there before him.
He couldn't make the thing come right, he said.
It was natural to watch him studying there."

When one can instantly summon an atmosphere like that in six very simple English lines without using one "poetical" phrase, he or she has obtained that mastery over material things which is the conquest of art.

* * *

From an Ontario writer comes another letter: "Do you know where I could obtain subjects upon which to write articles pertaining to farm life, and should one send articles to the editors, asking their value?"

Write to the Agricultural Department of the Ontario Government, Toronto, and the Dominion Government at Ottawa, for recent blue books and pamphlets pertaining to farm life, where you can get any amount of data and subjects. You might submit manuscript to the "Farmers' Advocate," of London, Ontario.

* * *

From Vancouver comes the question: "How does one obtain an interview with a celebrity, with a view to making an article, if the writer is not connected with any special newspaper?"

Under these circumstances, an interview might be difficult to obtain, as the standing of the journal has much to do with the welcome of its representative, but as an usual thing celebrities are very human. They like to be written up—it all means advertising—and if you communicate with the manager of your celebrity, introducing yourself, and asking, ahead of time, for an interview, you will probably receive a favorable reply. I have interviewed a good many "stars," and found them as a usual thing very companionable and kindly. Semi-occasionally I have myself been interviewed, notably once in extreme youth when touring Canada with a concert company. Arriving in an Eastern city, a grimy card was handed to me by the hotel clerk on arrival. It read: "Dear Miss, I heard you sing last night, and liked it. Willing to write you up in this city, but I warn you beforehand it will cost you the price of my dinner. I was a writer once; am a drummer now. Yours truly."

Never warn them! That is one of the first rules of interviewing.

Katherine Hale

Rose In The Bud

(*Continued from page* 15.)

seen the different members of the firm, and to-morrow the articles would be signed. To-night. Ah, to-night, he would come into his own. He had everything to offer her now, the things that belonged to every woman. Opening the gate he went up the tiled walk.

Somewhere music was heard. Across the lawn he sped and through the open French windows saw her at the piano, candles shedding a soft glow over neck and arms. "Katharine!" "Ah, Dick." She came forward quickly, a little breathless and with a softness in her eyes he had not seen since the night of her debut when she had given him the rose. She was still the same, he thought, a little more gracious, gentler perhaps, and the black frock suited her perfectly. He had not thought it possible that she could be more beautiful. But the woman was all eager questioning. When had he come? How long was he going to stay? He must tell her everything. Sitting there in the open window, he told the tale of the struggle it had been and of how his chance had come at last and then of his reward, of how to-morrow he would sign the papers that would ensure his future.

"And now, Katharine," he said, "I swore I'd never ask any woman to marry me again until I could offer her the things that are every woman's right. These things are now mine to offer,"—he laughed a little—"that is along with myself." Rising, he bent over her.

"Auntie," a voice broke in, "there's a great round moon in the sky, just like a silver bubble. Do you think it

(*Continued on page* 48.)

FASHIONS

(*Continued from page* 37.)

8072—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch white voile—¾ yard striped voile for vest. The rolling collar is prolonged to form revers which roll back from the inset vest. These revers extend below the waist-line and are finished with trimming sections. There are perforations for shortening the sleeves.

8095—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe, ½ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs. Beading No. 12469, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 24 motifs. The inset vest of this blouse extends below the waist-line in panel style, but it is perforated to be made without this extension. The large collar extends into long narrow revers.

8090 — Ladies' House-dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch percale—¼ yard white linen for collar. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Neat and trim is this house-dress to be fashioned of percale, chambray, or gingham. The closing is at centre-front, and the waist is tucked on the shoulders front and back. Turn-back cuffs finish the long plain sleeves which are perforated for the shorter length, and the three-piece gathered skirt is attached at one-inch raised waist-line.

8084 — Ladies' House-dress. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 3½ yards 36-inch striped gingham or percale—⅝ yard 36-inch white rep for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The simplest thing in the world to make is this house-dress, the sleeves of which are cut in one with the dress. They are in full-length, but are perforated for the shorter length illustrated.

7881—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch serge—8¾ yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Included in the pattern is a jumper attachment which is not illustrated. The skirt has three-inch raised waist-line, and closes at left side seam.

7886—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch velveteen. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The tunic of the skirt is in four sections, but only two are illustrated; one applied at each side. The pattern provides a box plaited tunic section for the front and back. The waist-line is raised three inches, and the closing is at left side seam.

(*Continued from page* 38.)

7938—Misses' and Juniors' Single-breasted Coat. Eight sizes, 13 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tweed—3⅞ yards 36-inch lining. The large collar rolling high at the neck may be worn flat with the fronts turned back to form revers.

8103—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅛ yards 44-inch serge—1⅛ yard 36-inch satin—1⅛ yard fringe —¼ yard white organdy for collar. A rolling collar finishes the V neck, but instead of this a removable shield and round collar may be worn.

(*Continued from page* 39.)

8105—Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Two illustrations of this frock are given, the one at the foot of the page showing how the dress may achieve the fashionable long-waisted effect. In this view it is composed of velveteen and satin, the upper part of the dress of satin, and the lower part of velveteen. The velveteen is applied along a line of perforations given for this purpose. For this view 2¼ yards 36-inch satin—2⅜ yards 36-inch velveteen are required. At the center of the page the dress is shown fashioned of one material, for which size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 44-inch check serge—¼ yard white satin for collar. The dress may close at center-front or side-front, and may have high or low neck, both are illustrated.

8041—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch tricotine—3½ yards 36-inch lining. No. 7773—Misses' Two-piece Skirt with Suspender Attachment. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires with jumper 2⅝ yards 44-inch tricotine Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A large crushed collar buttoning in surplice style is a smart feature of the jacket of this suit. This is comfortable for cold weather wear, but for warmer days the collar, being convertible, may be rolled low and the fronts of the jacket turned back in revers. The front and back are in panel style. The skirt is gathered at the top and may have a jumper-like section in front with suspender straps at the back, or if preferred, the skirt may be worn without this attachment.

(*Continued from page* 40.)

8109—Boys' and Youths' Blouse. Five sizes, 8 to 16 years, Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch madras.

8046—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch velours—½ yard 36-inch plush for collar and trimming—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

8104—Boys' Double-breasted Coat. Six sizes, 3 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch cheviot—2⅜ yards 36-inch lining.

8113—Boys' Blouse. Three sizes, 4, 5, and 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch percale. A box plait is applied to the front of the blouse, and the neck is finished with a collar-band, and turn-down collar.

7985—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 40-inch lawn or batiste—5½ yards 3-inch eyelet embroidered banding—8¾ yards edging. Round neck and long sleeves may be substituted for the square neck outline and short puff sleeves illustrated.

7972—Child's Dress. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch check challis—⅝ yard plain challis. This frock closes at the back, and is gathered below a square yoke. The sleeves may be long or short, and the novel collar is especially attractive.

7931—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crepe—2½ yards velvet ribbon. The waist is cut in one with the sleeves which are perforated for shorter length, and it is joined to a straight gathered skirt.

7945—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yard 27-inch dotted swiss—2½ yards 40-inch organdy—4½ yards ribbon for sash. Featherstitch borders No. 12363, in blue only. Plain and dotted swiss or organdy may be combined attractively in this frock which displays a new fashion note in the overblouse or jumper in peplum style.

7914—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch organdy—2⅝ yards Valenciennes insertion—9½ yards edging. Embroidery No. 12367, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 38 motifs. Flesh-color, orchid, or jonquil yellow organdy may be selected for this dainty party frock with embroidered jumper.

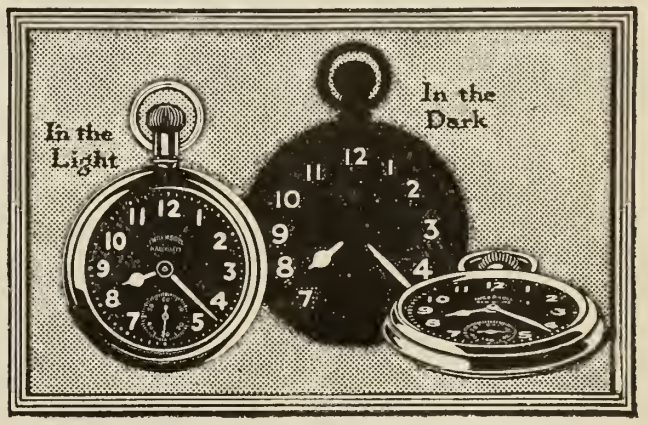
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Agents Wanted.

ROSE IN THE BUD

(Continued from page 46.)

would break if I leaned out and touched it with my fingers?" A child of fifteen came into the room, awkward, dishevelled, and untidy. "My niece Rosita," Katharine made the introduction a little breathlessly, and then "Why aren't you in bed, dear?" "No one could go to bed on a night like this," said Rosita calmly, and turned to the impatient man: "So you're Dick Delamere of the Yukon. Have you got any nuggets in your pockets?" The prosaic curiosity of the child broke the tension, and Katharine laughed a little and sent her away with a warning against speculating with the moon. But the child had hardly reached the door, when she ran back. "Here's Uncle John," she cried. "What's he coming over for and in such a hurry?"

Across the lawn they saw the figure of an elderly man approaching In his hand he held an open telegram. "Katharine," he said, "It's come at last. It's war. Look," and then catching sight of the man, "Dick," he said, "You! This *is* good news." The two men shook hands heartily. The elder man had watched him grow up, and there was a real affection between them.

"But, war, Uncle, what do you mean?" John Chelcote read the telegram. It was in code and from an old friend high up in military affairs, advising him to sell out certain stocks immediately, as it was only a question of hours before Great Britain would declare war with Germany.

"War," said Dick, "then all this talk about Serbia wasn't bunkum?"

"War," said John Chelcote. "I was through South Africa, but this . . . We cannot think what this will be," and while the elder man talked, Dick Delamere's swift brain pictured what war would mean for him. Every man would be needed in Europe, and he too must go. The papers were not signed, there would be no need now for a new member of the firm, people would have more to think about than petty knots of law. War. It meant waiting longer for Katharine. She couldn't live on a soldier's pay. Through the open window came Mrs. Chelcote and her sister, all old friends, and it was midnight before they left and he with them.

"I shall see you again to-morrow," he said at parting, and Katharine smiled back. She could wait another night for her happiness she thought, as she and Rosita went up the stairs together. She had never realized how much she had missed him, how much she had cared, until she saw him standing there to-night.

The fourth of August dawned clear and cool. In Europe troops were being mobilized on every frontier. In England the standing army was entrained for Dover en route for France. In Ottawa there was already the nucleus of the great Canadian Expeditionary Force. Dick Delamere was sent for that morning. He had been a Captain in a Militia Regiment in earlier days and the great chief remembered him. Experienced men were needed. Would he start training at once?

Six weeks later he said good-bye. He had not seen her since the night war was declared.

"Katharine," he said, "the night I came here first, I had planned to say things that now I have no right to say, but when the war is over, may I come back?"

"You will find me waiting, Dick," she answered.

* * * * *

"I suppose the 'Ladies Walk' must have looked like this before Hell broke loose across it," he mused as he walked up the avenue. Above him the chestnuts hung their scented boughs and a little wind brought the perfume of lilacs. At the gateway he paused. A rose bush laden with heavy pink blossoms broke the path across the lawn. Out there amongst the mud and stench and beastliness, he had not thought to hold them in his hands again. Roses. They brought back the memory of the London flower girls and of the fragrant blooms they had thrown in upon them as the ambulance passed. Breaking off a bud, he thrust it into the lapel of his coat, and crossed the lawn.

In a little ingled window of the drawing room Katharine sat looking out across the garden. She was tired, more tired than she liked to confess. "It is the end of the long strain," she thought, "that has left me like this," or, she laughed a little, "my advancing years." When his note had arrived saying that he would be with her that night, she had gone to her wardrobe and lifted out a frock of ivory white. "He always liked me best in white," she remembered. "I'll wear it to-night." But when she slipped it on and stood before her mirror, she shook her head. "So I am no longer young," she said and took down a filmy mass of black lace that brought out the fairness of her skin and intensified the brilliance of her eyes. Sitting at the window, she went over the past since that night three years ago. They had corresponded regularly, and she had followed his promotion with a pride that only equalled her agony of heart when he was reported dangerously wounded. But she had filled her days with war work, giving her time and voice generously wherever her services were needed, and Rosita was a success. All her time and trouble with the child had been rewarded. She was as sweet as any debutante could hope to be, as gracious as if the planned-for years in the French finishing school had been an accomplished fact. Would he never come? She moved restlessly.

And then she saw him standing in the window. Afterwards she wondered how long he had been watching her. "Ah, Katharine," he said easily, "It's good to see you again."

"He has changed," she thought. "He has more poise, more charm."

"She is no longer young," thought the man.

Swiftly the woman in her sensed his disappointment, and she strove desperately to recover her poise. "You must tell me all about it, Dick," she said, "what you thought of my beloved France, what the King said when he pinned on your medal, what you felt like when he pinned it on."

"I felt like a bally ass," he said and laughed. The tension was broken. For the moment her tact had saved the day, but she was worn out; the strain of waiting had been too long and she could not keep it up.

"Her brilliance is gone," thought the man.

"He no longer cares," thought she.

The door opened and the slender figure of a girl stood silhouetted against the light. A white frock enhanced the glory of her red gold hair, creamy skin, and deep blue eyes.

"It's Colonel Delamere," she said coming forward, "and I am Rosita. You are welcome home again." All the tragedy, the horror of the past three years seemed to vanish as he looked at her exquisite freshness.

"Katharine," he said, "I congratulate you. She is perfect." The girl flushed with pleasure and dropped a half-mocking courtesy. "Auntie," she pleaded, "just once before I go. If he's heard cannon, he can stand me." Katharine rose and went to the piano.

"It is Rosita's first concert to-night," she explained," and she is anxious to go through her song once more" She lit the tall candles on the piano and the soft notes of the prelude filled the room. The girl lifted her voice.

"Rose in the bud, the June air's warm and tender." Her fresh young voice sang on until almost the end, when suddenly conscious of the man's intense interest, she faltered, lost her words, and turned to her Aunt. Katharine's mellow voice swept in and steadied her, "Love comes but once, and then, perhaps, too late."

"Bravo," cried Dick and taking the rose from his coat he came forward and presented it to her. She bowed gravely, and then looking at the blossom, "You have given me my first bouquet," she said, "and I'm glad it's a rose." She is like one herself, he thought as he slipped the cloak across her shoulders. "Dick," said Katharine, "shall we go across the lawn and see Uncle John? He knows you are here."

How the following weeks passed she never knew. From the very first she understood. All that youth and joy and belief could do to heal his shattered nerves Rosita did, and Katharine was helpless against the appealing softness of her youth. Day after day, she filled her house with people. There were luncheons, drives, teas, rides in the early morning and informal dinners and dances at night. The charming deference of his manner towards her never faltered, yet he did not speak.

One night as he sat telling tales of his men, the girl burst in with the news that Uncle John was giving a formal dance for a visiting foreign celebrity and had invited her.

"You are not out yet, Rosita," Katharine said coolly.

"I'm eighteen," said Rosita.

"You are not out yet."

"But——Oh, please!"

Katharine raised a slender hand. The girl hurried from the room, but the man saw that her eyes were full of tears. Yet angry and disappointed as he was, there was something about Katharine that forbade him to plead for Rosita.

"At least," said Katharine to herself, "that one night shall be mine," and the next day she ordered a frock of tulle and lace, a floating, clinging thing such as he loved.

Two days before the ball she and Rosita were hunting for some lost music that the visiting celebrity had heard her sing in the old Paris days. From one of the rolls there dropped a photograph. The girl picked it up and as she did so, Katharine heard her sob. She looked up, Rosita stood with a little old-fashioned photograph of Dick Delamere in her hands. "Oh, Auntie," she cried, "Let me go, let me go. Don't you see? Can't you understand?"

"What is there to understand?" asked Katharine. Sobbing, the girl vanished down the stairs.

That night Katharine sat for a long time at her window. Again the moon hung low in the sky—"a great silver bubble" Rosita had called it on that night three years ago when she had broken in upon them. What was it she had asked? "Would it break if I leant out and touched it with my fingers?" Well, it was all broken now and by her fingers.

In the morning she called Rosita to her. "I have changed my mind," she said, "you are to go to the dance, provided you tell no one, not even Dick, you are going." Eagerly the girl promised, and the next two days were spent in a whirl of preparation. That night Katharine dressed the girl herself and then stood back and looked at her. In a drifting cloud of white tulle, with green leaves in her sunny hair, a great white fan in her slender fingers, she was flower-like, exquisite.

(Continued on following page.)

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PURITY FLOUR

(Government Standard)

REMEMBER THE NAME

Purity Oats are given the same exacting care

51

The Journal Juniors' Club

(*Continued from page* 26.)

hundred-acre farm in Ontario. On a farm I found there was plenty of work. We have a large garden, and I helped plant and hoe the vegetables, pick the berries and currants.

We had fifteen cows milking all summer, so I helped with these. Although I was rather slow at first, I soon "got up speed." I took the cows to pasture, and brought them back at night. We have seven little calves, which I cared for.

When harvest time came I took my part. I pitched and placed sheaves in the mow, and took water to the barn for the men to drink. I also tried my skill at cutting weeds.

We raised over one hundred chickens and some ducks. I gathered the eggs, and although this may seem to some city folks a very easy task, it certainly proved quite puzzling when the hens had the run of yards, lanes, sheds and fields.

Potato planting and harvesting found me right there. There was a good crop of apples this year in this vicinity, and I found apple-picking great fun. Afterwards came the turnips and mangolds, which I helped top and draw in.

As mother is the only one in the house, I also helped her with the housework. I can bake, and though my brother says it is not as good as mother's, I notice that it disappears very quickly. Then there were other household duties, such as sweeping, dusting, washing dishes, cleaning cutlery, tending to lamps, washing, ironing, canning vegetables and fruits, preparing the meals, and many, many other tasks found in every farm home. All my time, though, was not spent at work. Time was found for music, crocheting, knitting, sewing, reading and games. Another way I am aiding is by being the proud possessor of Victory Bonds. I am going to school again now to educate myself to be a good citizen of Canada.

Now, when summer is over, I can look back with pride at my work. Although I sometimes felt like giving up, I directed my thoughts to the boys "over there," and somehow I just seemed to forget about myself.

I helped production, which is so essential now when all Europe is depending on Canada for food.

Peace has dawned at last, and when the boys come home I shall be able to look them bravely in the face, knowing that I have done my "bit" to support them and bring liberty to the world.

STORY CONTEST FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

12-16.

Prize Story

By Imogene Secord, Age 15.

As I strolled one day among the trees that border our little creek, my heart throbbed when I came unexpectedly upon a nest at the foot of an old stump, overlooking the water. One—two—three—four—twelve warm, blue-green eggs were cradled in a downy bed of feathers.

It was with a feeling of awe that I realized the wonderful things Nature had taught this little mother duck—taught her to build her nest near to water, sheltered from enemies by bushes, grasses and trees.

Two weeks later, I returned, and although I remembered the location of the nest well, I could not find it. After walking around among the leaves and hushes for a little time, I was startled by a slight flapping of wings, not two feet from me. The frightened duck flew from the nest a short distance, and then began to flap her wings and pretend she was wounded. She was trying to draw me away from her nest. It was then that I noticed how similar she was in color to the shrubbery where her nest was built. The eggs were not yet hatched, and not wishing to alarm the mother duck any more, I left the nest.

A few days later, I returned. The mother duck, on seeing me, flew swiftly away and alighted not far distant. I bent over just in time to see little brown balls of down scampering into the grass to hide. They did not go two feet from the nest, but they were so similar in color to their surroundings that I had trouble in finding them, and when I did get them all together in the nest, I had a hard time to keep them there.

A few days later, I went again. This time I found the nest deserted, but chancing to glance over the bank of the creek, I saw them disappear around a bend in the stream—the mother sailing proudly and majestically in the lead.

As those little objects of interesting study disappeared, I whispered softly, "O Lord, how wonderful are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

Honorable Mention in Story Contest.

By Clara Findly, Age 15.

One day, as I walked through the forest, I noticed a small red squirrel skip rapidly away over the rustling leaves and leap into a tree, where it perched on a high limb, and looked saucily down at me.

I hid behind a bush, and thought I would watch it and see where it lived and how it worked. As it thought I was gone, it came down and ran away in another direction, but soon returned with another squirrel larger than itself.

In the distance were some beech and hickory nut trees. This is where they were going. I still watched, and each took up a nut and looked at it to see if it was sound. Quickly they discarded this one and picked up another, which was sound and good. Both having secured one, they hurried away to a small crevice at the foot of a tree. Here they were laying up their winter provision of nuts and a few grains of corn. Having left them there, they returned for more. They continued this for several hours, never complaining or stopping for rest.

I went home that night thinking next day I would return and see if they still worked at their tedious work. This I did, and found them busy as ever. I looked into their cupboard, and found it had several handfuls of nuts stored for winter.

I hope no cruel boys or girls will take these nuts for their own pleasure, thinking it was not hard for Nature's creatures to lay by their store of food.

List of Members.

Brown, Agnes I., Millbrook, Ont.; Borthwick, Lottie, Thedforth, Ont.; Coombes, Frances, Portage la Prairie, Man.; Donard, Eleanor St. Mary's, Ont.; Earle, Elsie, Sudbury, Ont.; Findly, Clara E., Welland, Ont.; Goddard, William, Bradford, Ont.; Grieve, Winnie, Brantford, Ont.; Graham, Roy W., Haysville, Ont.; Hughes, Kingsley, Paquette Sta., Ont.; Jewett, Mae, Cannington, Ont.; Jamieson, Andrew D., Thornbury, Ont.; Jackson, May E., Malton, Ont.; Jones, Nita T., Claresholm, Alberta; Kellner, Anna Belle, Tofield, Alberta; Mills, Elizabeth, Blyth, Ont.; McCredie, May, St. Thomas, Ont.; McDonald, Leslie, Brussels, Ont.; McMullin, Ethel, Amherstburg, Ont.; MacKnight, Agnes, Sintatuta, Sask.; Perry, Marian C., Port Arthur, Ont.; Plumridge, Isabel, Dunnville, Ont.; Read, Alice, Gormley, Ont.; Shorey, Gladys, Sudbury, Ont.; Secord, Imogene, Irfield, Alberta; Thompson, Annie, Oakville, Man.; Trayes, Mary, Williamstown, Ont.; Taylor, Madeleine, Rockwood, Ont.; Thomson, Charlotte, Weston, Ont.; Wilson, Bessie J., Centre Napan, N.B.; Wall, Aileen, Bothwell, Ont.; Wallace, Kathleen, Oxbow, Sask.

Rose In The Bud

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

"Remember, dear," she said, "you are not to come down until he is here."

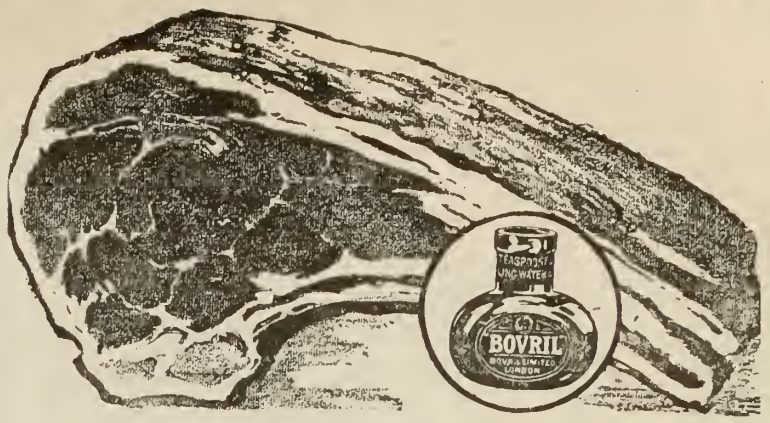
Below in the shadowy drawing room she waited, her new frock trailing about her in soft folds, pearls around her slender throat. "Ah, Dick, you are a little early."

"Yes," he replied, "but I came on. I thought I'd spend the extra time here."

He looked around anxiously and she knew it was for Rosita. The door opened. Bride-like, ethereal, in her white tulle, she came into the room. Straight to him she went and he to her, until Katharine's voice broke the spell. "Dick," she said, "I do not feel well enough to go to the dance tonight and so Rosita is going in my place." She put her hand on the girl's arm and made a little gesture, as if offering a gift. "I give Rosita to you. Will you take great care of her—always?" The man looked up. In her eyes he read her message. "Always," he said, and bent and kissed her hand.

From the window she watched them cross the lawn together. Hours later through the trees came the faint echo of the violins—"Rose in the bud, the June air's warm and tender"

On the piano the candles burnt out one by one.



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The Work of The Salvation Army

A CAMPAIGN for the continuance of the work of the Salvation Army at the front and its work in the Army hostels in Canada will be put on during the week of January 19-26, 1919, with one million dollars as the objective. This organization, first in the field at the front, is making its first appeal to the people of Canada, and should receive a hearty response from the Canadian people, as every person should be aware of the disinterested purposes and noble aims of the Salvation Army; and the plans in view for the distribution of the funds should win the approbation of all donors. This million-dollar, Dominion-wide demobilization and reconstruction campaign of the Salvation Army has been personally endorsed by the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Wm. Hearst, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Robert Borden and many other influential people. A number of the most prominent business men in Toronto and other large centres have already formed executive committees to carry the campaign through to success.

The Salvation Army, realizing the immense problem facing the Government at this critical time, desires to co-operate with every department of the Government to the utmost extent in meeting the urgent needs of the returned soldiers, their families, and the working classes during the reconstruction period, and especially during the coming winter.

The purposes of the campaign are threefold:—

(1) To establish hostels for returned soldiers who are discharged and in need, until re-absorbed into industrial life.

(2) To provide emergency receiving and maternity homes for soldiers' wives, widows and dependent children in need.

(3) To continue, during the demobilization period in England and France, the equipments and comforts already provided by the Salvation Army for the Canadian soldiers overseas.

The peace and war record of the Salvation Army is sufficient justification for this appeal. Their peace record covers a 53-year world-wide service in 60 different countries, and speaking 40 different languages; also a 37-year record of service in Canada. Through its 300 different departments of service there is no kind of distress into which a poor man, woman or child of any creed or color can get, but the Salvation Army is equipped to take care of them. Their war record includes service with the soldiers on the Canadian and all Allied fronts during the entire period of the war; their officers and members have worn in action the uniforms of all Allied Governments; in Canada they have helped all other organizations in their war campaigns, including all Government Victory Loans. By this peace and war record, the Salvation Army has the confidence of the whole Canadian public, including municipal, provincial and Dominion Government officials, business men, the returned soldiers, the working classes and the churches.

The business men who are behind this campaign feel that no other agency can get equal results among the soldiers and working classes in need, with as little expense, as the Salvation Army, and in the judgment of these men, this campaign will be one of the greatest and most popular auxiliaries to all the Government plans for demobilization and reconstruction.

Among the first voluntary helpers to commence operations for our men in the early days of the war were Salvation Army workers, and the first Salvation Army ambulances, manned by Salvationists, arrived in France at a time when they were urgently required. Later on, other ambulances were given by the Army—all being supplied with a Salvationist driver. The Salvation Army huts, situated along the battle lines wherever there was opportunity to aid the boys, were wonderfully helpful during war time. One soldier said: "I found them always willing to accommodate, and glad to give, free of charge, many things of real value to the boys." At all Salvation Army institutes at the front, every soldier who entered received a hearty welcome. Chances were given them to purchase at a counter sundry little trifles to send home to mothers, wives, or sweethearts, all of which were carefully parcelled, addressed and sent to the boys' friends by the Army workers. At the hospitals of the Army the boys who were wounded or ill were made happy by the home-like surroundings and sympathy extended to them by those in charge.

Humble, but useful and most appreciated, was the work of one devoted woman, a Salvation worker, who repaired the torn or ripped uniforms of the boys, and even acted as tailor, refitting with deft fingers the new uniforms as they came in. For this unique service no charge was made, and this special worker was kept continuously at her task, using as a workroom the corner of a house, once spacious, but now wrecked by war.

Since its opening, one Salvation hostel has provided sleeping accommodation for 105,000 service men. In one night 570 men slept beneath its roof and the Brigadier in charge estimates that in 48 weeks a quarter of a million men have been provided with meals and shelter.

Recently a conference of the heads of departments and divisional commanders at Salvation Army headquarters was called concerning what should be done to meet conditions which would arise were peace to be established, and a programme was drawn up, with a special view to the period of reconstruction, as well as the present needs of our boys overseas.

1. It was considered imperative that all present huts be maintained, to provide comforts and safeguards against temptation for the men while they are still overseas.

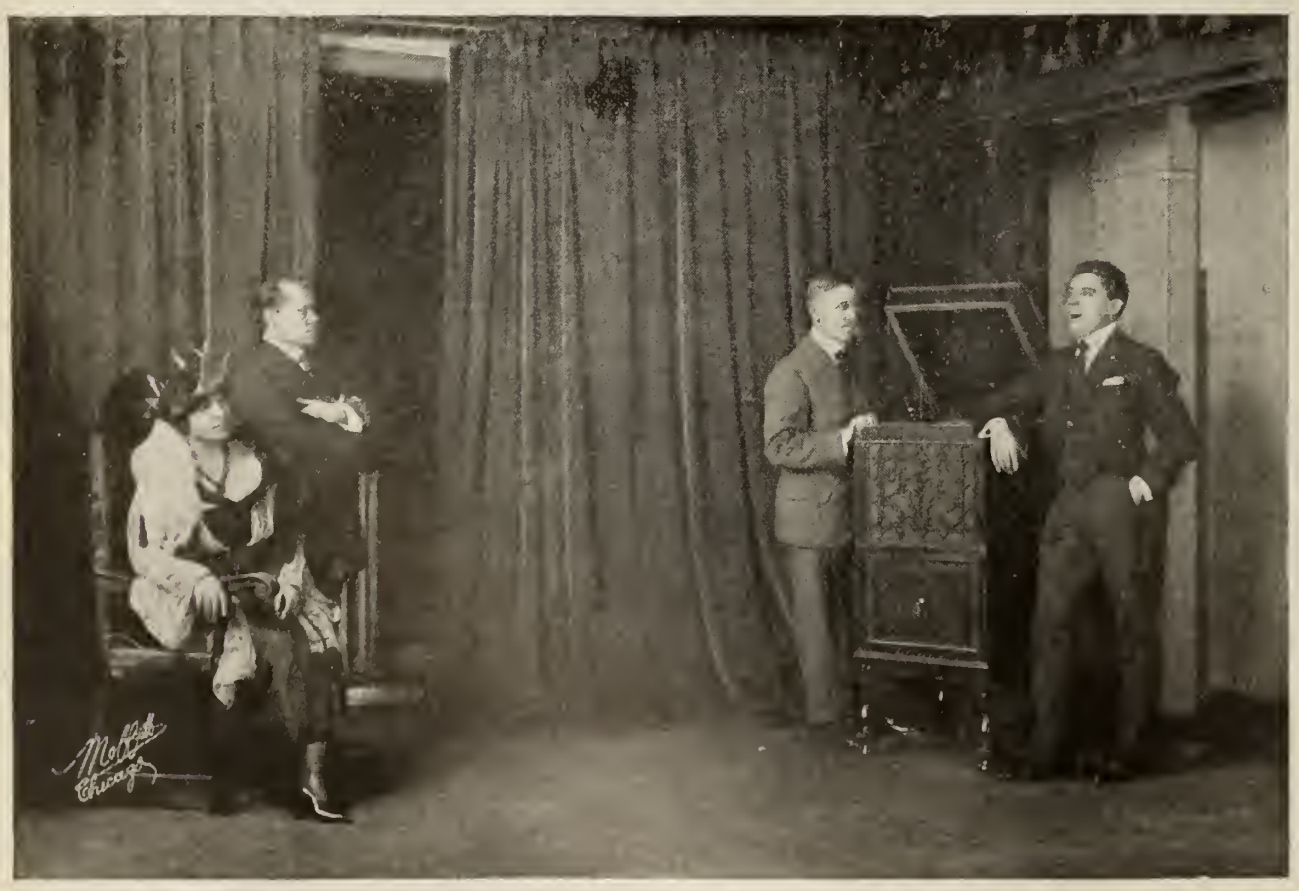
2. That the establishment of Convalescent Homes for Canadian soldiers be continued.

3. That accommodation of a nature which would show proper appreciation of the returning men to Canada be provided. Immediate action was decided upon, the objective being the provision of hostels, where practicable, similar to those already established at various cities.

4. With the assistance of several leagues and societies, in touch with thousands of homes, to endeavor to ensure the warmest welcome being given the men on their return to civilian life, and to help them in any difficulties they may meet with.

5. That homes for soldiers' children needing guardianship be provided at once.

6. That, in view of the appeals which are reaching the Salvation Army from the men themselves for the Army work to be continued during the demobilization and reconstruction period, every possible effort, workers and equipment should be devoted to making provision to meet the needs that are already in view, or which may be disclosed as events develop.



CHICAGO OPERA STARS HEAR CICCOLINI TEST EDISON'S $3,000,000.00 PHONOGRAPH

GUIDO CICCOLINI scored a great triumph as Alfredo in "Traviata" at the opening performance of the Chicago Opera season. Scarcely less happy than he, over his success, were Carolina Lazzari, leading contralto, and Virgilio Lazzari, the brilliant basso, of the world famed Chicago Opera Association. To them, on the following day, Ciccolini said: "Last night two thousand people heard me on the stage of the Auditorium. Every day two hundred thousand hear me on the New Edison. It is the same voice—listen and tell me if you observe even the slightest difference."

As shown in the photograph, Ciccolini stood beside the New Edison and sang for his friends in comparison with its RE-CREATION of his voice. Their critical ears could discover no quality in Ciccolini's wonderful voice that was not also present in the RE-CREATION.

Similar tests have been made by thirty different artists before audiences aggregating two million people. The results of these astounding comparisons are described in the news columns of America's principal newspapers. May we send you the booklet "What the Critics Say"?

Mr. Edison spent more than three million dollars in research work to develop

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

He did this so that you may have in your own home all the ear can give you of the art of the world's greatest artists. You owe it to the music loving side of your nature to hear this wonderful instrument.

Let us send you a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

Real Yankee Language.

A French soldier who came proudly up to an American in a certain headquarters town the other day asked:

"You spik French?"

"Nope," answered the American, "not yet."

The Frenchman smiled complacently. "Aye spik Eengleesh," he said. The American grinned and the Frenchman looked about for some means to show his prowess in the foreign tongue. At that moment a French girl, very neat and trim in her peaked hat, long coat, and high laced boots, came along. The Frenchman jerked his head toward her, looked knowingly at the American, and said triumphantly: "Chicken."

The American roared.

"Shake," he said, extending his hand. "You don't speak English; you speak American."

Flatly Impossible.

"Yes," said Simpkins, "I want to do my bit, of course, so I thought I'd raise some potatoes."

"Well, I thought I would do that," said Smith, "but when I looked up the way to do it I found that potatoes have to be planted in hills, and our yard is perfectly flat.

If I Was Paw.

If I was paw and paw was me,
Gee! what a great thing that 'ud be!
I wouldn't whip him just 'cause he
Went sneakin' off sometimes to fish;
And if he'd ruther play than go
To school I'd say "All right," and oh,
But wouldn't he have good times
though,
With everything for which he'd wish!
I'd let him stay up late at night,
And then I'd go ahead and light
The gas for him, because he might
Bump into chairs or things, you see;
I'll bet he'd be that glad all day,
With not a thing to do but play,
He'd haft to yell, he'd feel so gay.
If I was paw and paw was me.

How She Got It.

At the Christmas dinner the little girl had eaten freely of turkey, of which she was particularly fond. And after two generous helpings she asked for more.

"You've had all that's good for you, Margery," said her mother.

"I want some more."

"You can't have any more, dear. But here's the wishbone for you and Mamma to pull. That will be fun. You pull on one end and Mamma will pull on the other, and the one who gets the longer will get her wish. Why Margery! You got the big end! Now what did you wish for?"

"More turkey," said Margery.

She got it.

Try This.

The captain of the s.s. Piffle listened patiently to a passenger's account of his shooting abilities, then he quietly remarked:

"I don't think you could hit this bottle at twenty yards, placed on the taffrail, while the ship is heaving like this."

"It would be only child's play," said the passenger.

"Well, I'll bet you a guinea you don't hit it three times out of six."

"It's a wager. Come along."

The bottle was placed in position. Crack! The passenger hit it, and it disappeared in fragments into the sea.

"Trot out another one," said the marksman.

"Not at all. The conditions were that you hit that one three times out of six. Five shots more."—*Chicago News.*

Carnation

-adds flavor to Potatoes



Try This Delicious Dish!

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There is lots of food value in potatoes — proteins, carbohydrates, mineral salts, but only a trace of "fats." Add Carnation Milk to potato dishes and you not only get "fats" in quantity about twice as rich as ordinary milk, but you give the potato a delicious taste.

There's *real* baked potato goodness when you pour Carnation right into the hot, mealy potato and season it as usual. Carnation makes the potato rich and creamy in flavor. Try it also with mashed and creamed potatoes, potato souffle, potato au gratin. Every one at your table will enjoy the dish.

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The economy of Carnation is more than worth while. It "stays sweet" until opened and for several days thereafter, if kept in a cool, dry place. It is the "wasteless milk supply."

If you are not a user of Carnation Milk, write for our booklet, "The Story of Carnation," telling how it is received and handled in our sanitary condenseries, and also giving 100 choice, practical, tested recipes, including "The Carnation Way of Creaming Vegetables."

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AYLMER, ONT.

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CHICAGO and SEATTLE, U.S.A.

Remember—your Grocer has Carnation



Carnation Milk





Great Scot! Do I Look Like That?

Guess I better change some of my habits among them tea and coffee, and try

INSTANT POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



FEBRUARY
NINETEEN-NINETEEN

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The Canadian Home Journal

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NEXT COMES THE SPRING FASHION NUMBER OF "CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL"

The Largest and Best From a Pictorial Standpoint in the History of This Publication

Distinctive dress depends more upon proper selection than unlimited means. The woman who always looks smartly dressed is the one who knows the trend of the styles, who buys when a certain feature is coming in, not going out, and knows how and what to combine. This knowledge does not cost money, but is gained by careful study of a reliable Fashion guide, and this is what the March Number of "Canadian Home Journal" will be to our readers—a Fashion Guide,—a simple and easy course whereby smart Spring costumes showing the newest features and bearing the unmistakable stamp of good taste may be correctly planned.



KATHERINE HALE,
Author of "Pine Clad Woodstock," in this issue.

Katherine Hale has prepared a most valuable article for March, "The Qualifications of a Newspaper Reporter," as an answer to the numerous letters received from young aspirants throughout Canada.

Canadian celebrities who have lived in old Quebec city will be the subject of Katherine Hale's article in April.

YOUR GARDEN

Under their blanket of beautiful snow those thousands of last year garden plots are waiting. Does this start like a fairy tale? It is rather a very practical and important warning to everyone to start at once to plan those this-year gardens. For the March number George Baldwin, F.R.H.S., has prepared three well illustrated articles to help you:

"Possibilities of the Hot Bed,"

"Starting Vegetables and Flowers Indoors,"

"The Herbaceous Border and Vegetable Garden."

Make March your garden-planning month.

SHORT STORIES

"The Trail of the Blonde Beast." A dramatic story of German treachery, by W. H. Pabke. Illustrated by Norman Price.

"At the Sign of the Coal Scuttle." A pretty tale with real heart interest, by Blanche G. Robbins. Illustrated by Hamilton Williams.

"Oh, What a Tangled Web," by Nan O'Reilly. Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore.

This is the fiction which will appear in the March "Canadian Home Journal" in addition to a large instalment of the serial "Who Goes There" by Robert W. Chambers, illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck.

"Where Our Oranges Come From—How they are Grown, Packed and Shipped," makes an intensely interesting story in the March number. Photographs show the fruit in its various stages—one of special interest will appear which shows one of the two parent or first trees brought into California.

"What Has Joan of Arc to do with Modern Times?" by Edith Halstead Lorway. "Around the Hearth" by Jennie Allen Moore, and "Journal Juniors' Club" by Ethel Bain are but a few of the many features of the March number—the best issue ever published of "Canadian Home Journal."

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Specially Good for Children's Shoes in Winter

The same Neōlin Soles that have given satisfaction to millions of grown-ups, you can get on shoes for children.

And they are specially good during the winter and spring months.

Specially good because through snow and slush and rain Neōlin Soles keep the kiddies' feet dry. They defend against colds and sore throats.

And when shoe uppers become soaked, Neōlin Soles hold them in shape. They keep shoes good looking.

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You'll find there, too, shoes for the grown-up members of the family which are better because of Neōlin Soles.

For the shoes you are now wearing, the repairman has full-soles or half-soles of Neōlin.

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada, Limited

Neōlin Soles

Canadian Home Journal

EDITORIAL

What Canada Is Doing For Her Returning Soldiers

Nothing's too good for the soldier. Canada is thrilled with pride over the deeds of her gallant army, and now that the tide has turned homeward and there is an opportunity to give expression to this appreciation, the Government is resolved that at least it will not be found unprepared in the matter of plans for their comfort and future welfare. A half-dozen or more organizations have been formed to take up the different phases of work in this connection, and each is doing its utmost to make the path as smooth as possible for the soldiers when they again take up civilian occupations.

The public has but a hazy idea of the tremendous task which confronts those planning this work, and in the great undertaking to restore Canada to a steady state of industrial activity in the period of demobilization, the Government can be greatly helped by public opinion. The change from war service to productive industry can be made in an orderly way, provided there is an informed and patriotic public opinion behind this national work.

Shortly after the signing of the armistice the Re-Establishment Department sent a representative officer overseas to secure information and to impart information to the men, with regard to the plans of the Government to help them on their return from overseas. Each man is asked to fill in a questionnaire card, including questions with regard to his previous experience, the employment he will now prefer to take up, and the locality in which he intends to settle. In addition a special representative of the Re-Establishment Department is appointed to each transport, to impart information and advice as the men may desire it on their voyage home.

DISPERSAL STATIONS. There will be a dispersal station at each of the following Canadian cities: Charlottetown, Halifax, St. John, Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Edmonton, Revelstoke, Vancouver and Victoria. The dispersal station is going to be a point of tremendous interest; it is there that the returning Canadian soldier will officially become a civilian again.

Where the responsibility of the Department of Militia ends, at the dispersal station, the responsibility of the Re-Establishment Department is just beginning. It is the duty of Sir James Lougheed, Minister of Civil Re-Establishment, to see that every discharged man is served by the Department until he is properly settled back to civilian life, with opportunities of employment under satisfactory conditions. The Repatriation Committee of the Cabinet, under the chairmanship of the Hon. J. A. Calder, Minister of Immigration and Colonization, is for the purpose of co-ordinating the activities of all organizations, helping the returned men to find employment.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICES ESTABLISHED. There will be employment offices probably in every city of 10,000 or more population, and in smaller towns if the need warrants it, to serve the unemployed of every class in the community, first attention being given to the returned soldier. This special preference could not be shown if the employment offices were only for the soldiers, and there would be much overlapping of work.

The Government may properly bespeak public interest in its policy of establishing employment offices under national and provincial control throughout Canada. The employment offices are for the purpose of fulfilling an obligation contracted by the nation in the recruiting offices. The men who left their work, sacrificing wages, prospects, the comforts of home life, to give their lives if needs be in defence of Canada, are entitled to employment again on their return. The nation can do no less than see that every man is restored to work, whereby he can support himself and his dependents in modestly comfortable circumstances. Many patriotic citizens gave their time, and employed much eloquence, in exhorting men to enlist. The same spirit of patriotic service by private citizens, in striving to find opportunities for the returned men through the employment offices, is likely to be necessary in the period of demobilization ahead. Public support of the employment offices, in their endeavours to find work for the men back from overseas, is due; it is the natural and just sequel to public support of the recruiting offices.

The general labor situation in each Province will be kept under survey by a provincial clearing house, where daily reports will be sent by each local office telling of the activities of the day. A record can thus be kept of the requests for men, the number of vacancies filled, etc., and it will be possible to arrange for the transfer of men from places where work is scarce to where there is a demand for workers.

The Dominion Government is similarly arranging for clearing houses to arrange for the transfer of labor from province to province. The men will know before they go whether there is employment awaiting them, and what the nature of the employment will be, what wages are offered, and what the working conditions are.

COURSE IN AGRICULTURE IS PLANNED FOR RETURNING SOLDIERS. Anticipating the desire on the part of a large number of the soldiers returning to Canada to take up farm work and agriculture in its different branches, a short course has been planned by the Soldier Settlement Board for the soldiers to take while still in Great Britain, awaiting their return orders. This instruction is for men who know nothing of farming, and while it cannot provide a complete training in this line, it gives a general working knowledge of farming operations. Farms have been secured in England, equipped with Canadian machinery and appliances, and will be conducted according to Canadian methods. The soldiers will be given an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the every-day pursuits of farm life, and in a few weeks' time will know whether they care for this kind of work and are physically strong enough to continue the course.

Such a plan should prove an excellent means of testing the ability of the soldiers for farm work, and saving many disappointments and much financial loss later. Not all the soldiers who think they would like farming will find themselves fitted for it, and it is much better to have a sifting out process before they have gone extensively into the work and invested money in farms, stock and farm equipment. Canada needs sincere, well-trained men, who will make farming a success.

The Soldiers' Settlement Board is also prepared to assist the returned soldier to buy his farm; $2,500 will be loaned by the Government with interest at 5 per cent. to any qualified returned man in order that he may make a payment on his land, erect buildings and purchase some live stock. The Board also advises the soldier regarding the plans and erection of buildings, the kind of machinery and equipment to purchase, as well as helping him to select a piece of land which will be productive.

The Director of Repatriation, Mr. H. J. Daly, is doing everything possible to enlist the constructive aid of all the public bodies in Canada, and the friendly societies, and the community-spirited people and associations to join in the work of finding places for an army of men in home life. It is Canada's task. We asked these men to go; now it is for us to see that they get a square deal, and some sort of appreciation for their sacrifice and suffering.





Before shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers (not the finger nails). Do not let the fingers slip along the scalp, but make the scalp itself move in little circles. This stimulates the blood that feeds the roots of the hair, and loosens the particles of dust and dandruff that clog up the pores.



Now dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a toothbrush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well and then rinse it out thoroughly.



Next apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes.



Clear off with fresh, warm water. Wash all the soap out carefully and finish by rinsing in tepid water.



Dry very thoroughly. To make the hair fluff out prettily around the face, dry it hanging over the face instead of down the back.

The Right Way To Shampoo

HOW THIS TREATMENT HELPS YOUR HAIR

DO you think your hair grows from the head like a plant? No, indeed. There is a fundamental difference.

For your hair does not breathe as does a plant. No vital fluid circulates through it as does the sap in the plant. Except at the very tips of its roots, hair has no more life than a silken thread.

The whole beauty and lustre of your hair depend upon your *scalp*. Here the hair forms. Here a network of blood vessels feed and nourish the roots. Here lie the color-supply pigment cells. Here thousands of tiny fat-glands supply oil to give your hair its glossy, life-like appearance.

This is why caring for the hair is, in reality, exactly the same as caring for your skin.

To keep your hair lovely and abundant, you must, by the proper treatment, keep your *scalp* healthy and vigorous, on the same principle as you give your skin the proper care and treatment in order to have a lovely complexion.

Which of these is your hair trouble?

Is your hair dull and lifeless? It can be made rich and lustrous.

Is it greasy, oily? Or dry and brittle? You can correct the condition which prevents the tiny oil glands from emitting just the right amount of oil to keep your hair soft and silky.

Is it constantly powdered with dandruff? Or does it come out in combfuls? Begin at once to keep the pores of the scalp as free and clear as you keep the pores of your face.

Keep your scalp healthy

To keep your scalp healthy and vigorous, use persistently Woodbury's Facial Soap, formulated after years of study by John H. Woodbury, the famous skin specialist.

Use the soap treatment given on this page as a regular shampoo. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the improvement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

For ten or twelve shampoos, or for a month or six weeks of any of the famous facial treatments, you will find the 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient. Around it is wrapped the booklet of famous Woodbury skin and scalp treatments. Get a cake to-day. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

SEND 6 cents for a sample cake (enough for a shampoo or for a week of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you, in addition to these, a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 5202 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

MADE IN CANADA

Other Men's Luck



By BEATRICE REDPATH.

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX.

In which Morrison sees his wife as others see her. A very human story of married life.

MORRISON realized that he had been evolving it in his mind for some time, that he had been preparing and making his arrangements without definitely pronouncing even to himself what was his intention. It had been a plant of slow growth, fostered by his continual discontent, and now it was coming to flower.

He had put his affairs in order, he had straightened out everything, and now this morning it was as if something had snapped within him that bound him to the old life, the psychological moment had in fact arrived for which he had waited.

At breakfast there had been only the usual noise and disturbance of the children getting ready for school. It had been perhaps a trifle accentuated by a loud outcry from their youngest son about wearing his rubbers. Carrie's voice had risen shrilly above the hubbub in a manner which always intensified his irritation. Carrie never seemed to understand that she could enforce obedience just as well if she spoke quietly. Finally, with a sense of complete exasperation, he had retreated behind the damp sheets of his paper in protest against the babble of voices. He detested noise, and yet he never escaped from it, least of all in his own home. It was a subject that was worn thin between Carrie and himself, and he was conscious that she was aware of his extreme irritation this morning as he sat shrouded in the morning paper.

She showed her consciousness of it in her voice when she sat down finally to her tepid coffee after the children had slammed the door for the last time that morning. It was in her manner as she asked him with exaggerated politeness for some eggs and bacon from the covered dish before him. Her whole attitude was a reproach that he should show irritation about something that could not be avoided. He was not sure, but he thought that it was in the moment when she asked him if he had remembered to send a cheque to the butcher, that something snapped within him which set him free. Then it was that he rose with a sense of finality and looked at her with an eye that did not miss the slightest detail of face, figure or attire. She was wearing a blouse with narrow blue stripes cut on masculine lines that displeased him. He liked soft, feminine clothes, and saw no reason why she could not please him in this instance. He noticed the few gray threads in her black hair, coiled with no unnecessary elaboration, and he noticed the lines about her eyes. He recognized that she was a good-looking woman, but there was a note of efficiency about her, a certain masterfulness that gave a hard tone to her voice and to her appearance. He supposed that she had been so used to giving orders to servants and children that it had caused her to become like this. She was undoubtedly admirable as a mother, she was an excellent housekeeper, a good wife in every sense, but he could have dispensed with it all if in place of it she could have offered him the sympathy he craved.

He looked at her curiously in that moment as he stood folding his paper, wondering if he would miss her out of his life. He was secretly amused at her complete unconsciousness of all that was going on within his mind. How little we know of those with whom we live, he thought to himself. It struck him as quite absurd that she should continue to eat her eggs and bacon while her whole existence tottered on the brink of something so decisive, so final.

She looked up from her plate as he passed from the room with a repetition of the same question which he had omitted to answer.

"Yes, yes; I have sent the cheque," he responded, with a curious smile which, however, she did not appear to notice. She was occupied in buttering a piece of toast as he left the room.

He felt a momentary regret as he passed down the path and noticed that his rose bushes were almost ready to bud, and he wondered how many blossoms they would bear this year. Last year they had done well, but this year he expected the blooms to be much larger and more varied to repay him for all the care he had expended upon them. There was a tea rose which he particularly valued, and he felt sorry that he would not be there to see it flower. In all probability, the children would destroy it with a cricket ball, for Carrie encouraged them to play cricket on the lawn, in spite of his frequent protests that it destroyed his flowers. She had never taken his hobby very seriously, she was completely absorbed in the children. The children were all right in their way, but they were noisy and alien to him. Somehow he felt that he had never got into touch with them. It may have been his own fault entirely that he could not interest himself in their lessons or amusements. He knew that they regarded him as a silent ruling sovereign whom it was well to propitiate in view of future requests for money. He had so often heard Carrie hold him over their heads in a manner which annoyed him excessively and seemed to form barriers between himself and the children.

"I will tell your father," was frequently upon her lips, and it seemed somehow to have the effect desired, although it never went further than the threat. She had taken the entire reins of government into her hands, with only this reference to his authority. No, the children belonged to Carrie; he was only a figurehead, and would not be missed.

The entire day was spent in saying a mental farewell to all that had been his life for so long. The office, where he had always fretted at the stale routine, that yet managed to bring him in a fair salary each month, without much increase. He could very well estimate just how much more he would be getting in five years, in ten years, and thus it lost all the charm of the unexpected. But, then, he had sufficient, more money would not have helped him; no, it was not money which was at the root of it all. It was just the terrible monotony, the repetition year in and year out of the same thing, at home and in the office, and never what he desired. It was stale, flat, and utterly alien to all that he would have wished his life to be.

After a solitary lunch at his usual restaurant, he went to a steamship office and bought a ticket for a steamer sailing that night for the East. Even the posters of the Orient nailed up in the office, vivid things of palms, a stretch of golden sand and a girl in white being wheeled in a jinrikisha gave him a thrill which he had not known was possible any longer for him to feel. How he had always longed for the East—all the colour, the mystery and romance! He could imagine himself dressed in white, smoking a long cigar, visiting the bazaars and tea houses, where wonderful dark-skinned girls would come to wait on one. Pictures he had seen of Japan, China, India and the South Sea Islands raced through his mind in pleasant confusion, giving him a delicious sense of colour and romance, and all for the price of the small ticket which he had put away in his pocket with care.

He went next to a large departmental store and bought himself a bag and outfit that he would require on the steamer. He was glad that he had not brought his old bag that had gone with him every year on his trips to the seaside with Carrie and the children. The new things pleased him; he fingered some hair brushes that the clerk was fitting into the bag with pleasure. He had put away the old life, everything must be new and different; a new existence was before him, and he would fill it full of all that he desired.

(*Continued on page 43.*)

Pine Clad Woodstock

By KATHERINE HALE.

With Its Long Past and Its Busy Present It Has Been the Home of at Least Three Canadian Artists of Distinction in Their Various Lines of Work



Florence Carlyle's Home in Woodstock.

"IT is a pretty place. It has broad streets, quiet and tree-lined. It has sunny empty lots where children play. No one is crowded or shut in. The houses stand in their own green lawns and are comfortable and even picturesque. The roads are like country roads, soft and yellowish; green grass grows along the sides of many of them and board sidewalks are still to be found, springy and easy to tread. There is a main street with macadamized roadway and stone pavements. There is a post-office with a tower and a clock, a courtyard with a fountain and a cannon, a park with a band-stand and a baseball diamond, a town hall with a belfry and no bell, an exhaustive array of churches, an Imperial hotel and the market."



"Burnside," where George R. Pattullo lived.

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay in her description of "Coombe" in "Up The Hill And Over" has faithfully portrayed her native Woodstock, and many another tranquil Ontario town.

Furthermore she makes the stray traveller set down in such a community experience "a sense of north in the air, a light freshness very invigorating." "He liked," she says, "the quiet shaded streets; the cannon by the court-house amused him; the number of church steeples left him amazed. He felt as if he had stumbled into a dream-town and must walk carefully lest he stumble out."

Let us concede that Travellers' impressions are often true and that the last folk who realize that they are under a spell are the Enchanted. Therefore I am afraid that Woodstock would smile, Woodstock, Industrial City—oh! most uninteresting word city, why cannot all places remain villages or towns? Woodstock with its manufactories and its munition plant, its bustling market, its enterprising shops, I know Woodstock would smile at the faintest allusion to Enchantment

And yet that is just the spell under which it seems to lie, or so it appears to the Traveller; especially if the Traveller is Canadian-born of another of these sleeping cities.

It is only those who have escaped that realize the Enchantment.

Some day a Canadian may penetrate this singular spell that has lain about our land, and that hovers miasma-like over the lovely villages and towns. No one has touched it yet. It is as impalpable as it is actual.

For the colour of Canada in spite of her brilliant skies, wide distances and flaming atmospheric effects has been, psychologically, rather hazy, of a faint gray-blue.

The call-to-arms stirring the whole country in 1914 produced the first definite scarlet note of national purpose and high endeavour, and I believe that more color will be added to the fabric of this country from now on. For it is the soul of the people that weaves these colors, and the soul of Canada has been awakened.

We are always hearing that this is a young country. No statement could be more misleading. Young indeed we are by Oriental or European comparison, but not by new-world measurement. Indeed, from the point of view of time, there should be mellow and beautiful colors overhanging some at least of our towns and cities. Woodstock is distinctly a place of tradition.

Her fine College, for instance, was one of the first residential schools for boys in Ontario. It was founded in 1857 under the name Canadian Literary Institute, with Dr. Fyfe, then Pastor of the Jarvis St. Baptist Church of Toronto, as its first Principal. On the organization of McMaster University the Literary Institute became the Academic Department of McMaster for boys, under the name of Woodstoek College. Thousands of boys have received training here since its inception. Among the many students two names stand out—Bernard Trotter, the poet, who was killed at the Somme and who has left verse of singular beauty and delicaey, and Wilson MacDonald, also a poet of distinction.

If you wander in and about that quaint little English church, St. Paul's. you will see by the many tablets within, and the old yellowing tombstones set here and there in the picturesque graveyard surrounding the church, some interesting histories of aristocrats of a century or more ago, who tried to found here a really old-world village.

Speaking of this time a resident of Woodstock says: "From about the year 1830 until late in the Seventies we had a number of naval, military, and civil officials of more or less high rank from England. They formed a society by themselves, and were the elite at the time in Woodstock. They built good houses, had their carriages, rode their horses, had periodical dances, were in fact the society of the day, with butlers, coachmen, servants and all the paraphernalia of society. But, alas, they are all gone. Not a solitary representative of any of these families is in the County at the present day. The descendants of their grooms, carpenters and butlers are among our respected yeomanry, but withal they left their impress on the town and county. Apart from the fact that they spent all their money at a time when the settlers needed it, the community entertains a pleasant recollection of their presence."

I wondered about them as I stood in that picturesque church that they had built, with its old wooden pews each with its own door, antique stained glass and the testimony of those impressive tablets. Here is one to the memory of a naval officer drowned at Constantinople long and long ago. Another is to the memory of a son of the Stipendary of the Presidency of Madras and Paymaster-General of India. There lies a naval officer of high distinction, and again an Esquire of Degree is chronicled by the dismal legend:

As the tree falls so shall he lie,
As a man lives so shall he die,
As a man dies so shall he be,
All through the days of Eternity.

Whispers and doings of the great world surround them still though they lie so quietly in the small and apparently deserted graveyard of this little church of England. They have left one or two beautiful country places behind them, this half forgotten generation, a handful of British aristocrats and apparently no other heritage.

Perhaps it was the intermediate decades between these first settlers, who must have been people of imperious mould, that the sleepy spell set in.

Farm land about

(*Continued on page 47.*)



Old St. Paul's Church.

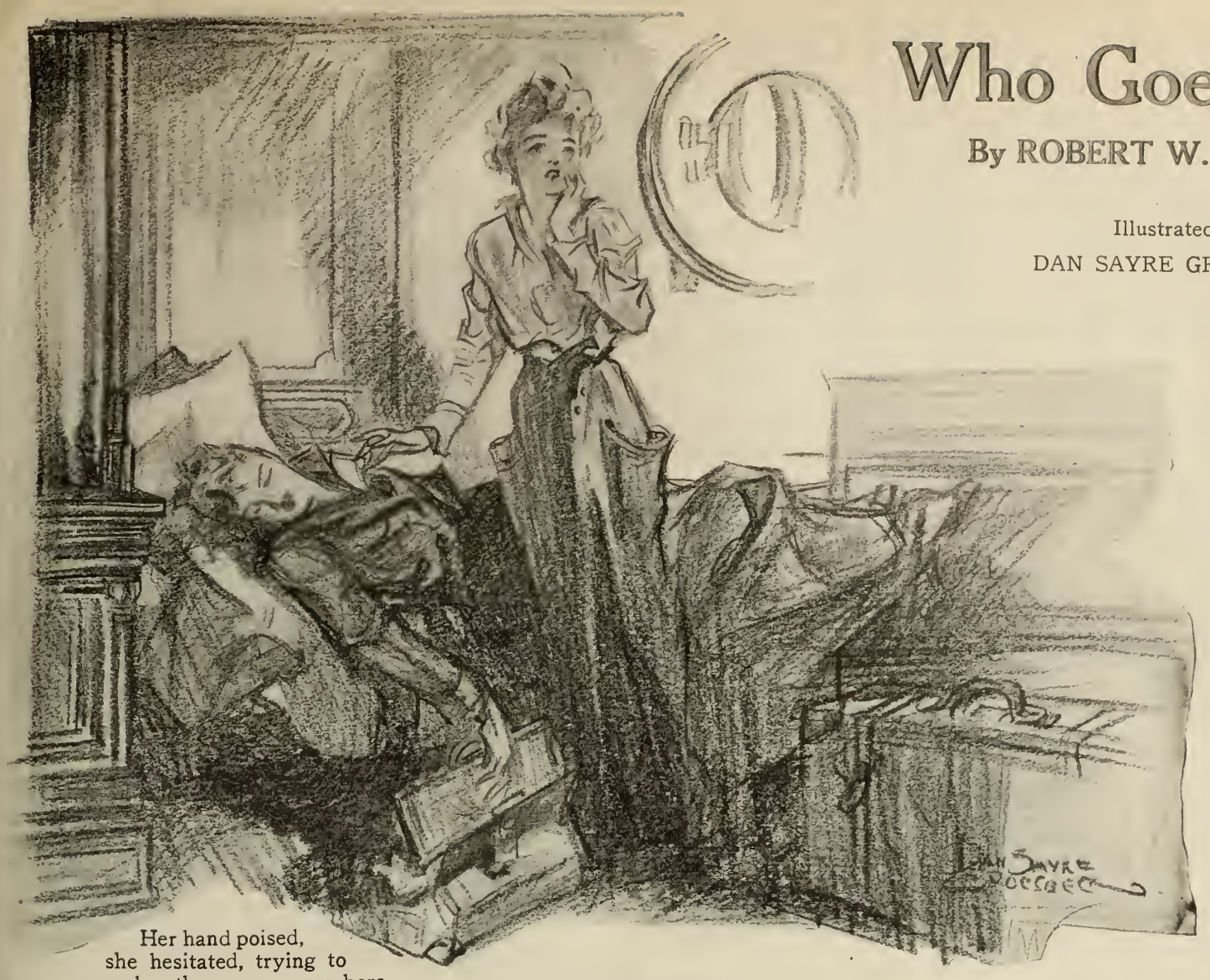


One of the first Residential Schools for Boys in Ontario, Woodstock College.

Who Goes There

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrated by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK.



Her hand poised, she hesitated, trying to remember the papers were hers.

THIRD INSTALMENT

In which the valuable papers again come into the possession of the German General's daughter Karen.

Synopsis of previous chapters will be found on page 12.

CHAPTER X (*Continued*).

THE struggle was already over; with his left arm he held both of her arms pinned tightly to the supple body which lay panting against him, while with his other hand he untied the narrow blue bow-knot at her throat and freed the tiny key. Then he released her. They both were deadly pale. She dropped back among the pillows and lay there staring at him. There was in the white calm of her face an expression almost pleasant.

"So—you have done it," she said in a curiously altered voice, but her lips scarcely moved when she spoke.

He did not answer, but in her level eyes he saw blue lightning glimmer.

"You did your best." he said. "Your conscience is clear. Nobody can reproach you."

"Do you understand," she said in a low, expressionless voice, "that I am your enemy?"

"Do you reason that way, Karen?"

"Reason?"

"Yes. Reason it out, Karen, before you come to such a conclusion."

She said, very quietly: "A woman takes a shorter cut to her conclusions than by reasoning. As I did with you . . . when I gave you my friendship . . . unasked—" She turned her head swiftly, and sat for a moment while the starting tears dried in her eyes, unshed.

"I must end what I have begun," he said gently.

"Does it matter, now?"

"I don't know, Karen. I have no choice—even when your hatred threatens me. . . . I suppose it will be that, when I unlock your satchel."

He picked it up and fitted the key to the lock. As he opened it, a faint fresh fragrance came from it, as though he was violating the delicate intimacy of this young girl herself.

But he set his jaws; she saw the cheek muscles tighten; and he drew from the satchel two flat envelopes. One contained the forged passports, and he placed these in his breast pocket, then looked steadily at her.

"Our friendship breaks with those seals," she said unsteadily.

"Karen—I cannot help it."

"Yes, you can help it. . . . Kervyn! . . . Wait! I will—will say—that it is more than friendship that breaks—" She caught her breath and her lip quivered—"I—I have the courage to say it—if it means anything to you—if it will help——"

His face reddened, then it grew pallid and expressionless.

"Even that," he said, "must stand aside. . . .Karen, from the moment I saw you I have been—in love with you."

And, looking her steadily in the eyes, he broke the seals.

When the last seal broke she gave a little cry, turned and covered her eyes with both hands.

As for Guild, he stood with a sheet of paper in his hands, staring at the tracery which covered it and which meant absolutely nothing to him. Then he looked at the remaining sheets of paper. None had any significance to him. There were three sheets of thin translucent paper. These sheets were numbered from one to three.

The first seemed to be a hasty study from some artist's sketch book. It appeared to be a roughly executed and hasty sketch of several rather oddly shaped trees—a mere note jotted down to record the impression of the moment—trees, a foreland, a flight of little hedge birds.

On it, in English, the artist had written "Sunset" Indeed the declining and somewhat archaic sun of the horizon and the obviously evening flight of the birds seemed to render the label unnecessary.

For a long while Guild stood studying it in the light of the stateroom ceiling lamp. And what continually arrested his attention and perplexed him was the unusual shapes of the trees and the unbirdlike flight of the birds. Also artists don't sketch on such paper.

Now and then he looked across at Karen with an inscrutable expression, and each time he looked at her his face seemed to grow more rigid and his set jaws more inflexible.

The girl crouched in the corner of the lounge, her face covered by both hands and pressed against the pillows.

He did not speak to her. Presently he turned to the next paper. It bore the rough sketch of a fish, and was numbered 2.

It was a wretched drawing, intended, evidently, to resemble an old pike and three young ones. What it meant he had no idea. He passed to the third and last sheet of paper, and it instantly held his attention.

On it was depicted a figure, which he supposed was the artist's idea of a Japanese dancing girl. She held a fan in her left hand. Over her extended right hand a butterfly hovered.

But what interested and concentrated Guild's attention was not the very amateurish drawing, but the series of silly decorations on the paper above her head—a number of quartered circles inclosed in squares and oblongs.

As decorations they meant nothing, indicated nothing, except that the intellect responsible for them must be a meagre one.

But as a cipher message these doubly bisected circles promised anything.

This is what Guild saw and what caused him to seat himself on the sofa beside the girl who still lay huddled over her pillows, her face hidden in her hands.

Seated, he drew out the portfolio containing his letters and a notebook. Then, slipping a lead-pencil from the leather socket and tearing out a sheet of paper, he started work—using the leather-backed book for a support—on a cipher which looked to be impossible. Yet, all ciphers are solved by the same method. And he knew it.



The first thing he did was to find his "numbers" in the mass of quartered circles. And, working steadily, swiftly, but intelligently, he had, in the course of an hour, discovered, separated and jotted down, nine of the quartered disks which he believed to represent numbers; and one extra disk which he supposed to be zero. And he numbered each symbol accordingly; merely eliminating all lines except those bisecting the smaller circles.

The next thing to do was to find what letters those numbers, or combinations of numbers, represented.

For a while he tried English, but arrived at no convincing result. So he tried German, first making a list of the letters which were likely to occur most frequently in the written language and then trying them with the symbols which occurred most frequently in the manuscript before him.

He found that the first symbol represented the figures 21.



The twenty-first letter of the alphabet is *u*. He wrote it.

The next symbol was



(*Continued on following page.*)

WHO GOES THERE

(Continued from preceding page.)

for which he substituted the figures 14. The fourteenth letter of the alphabet is *n*. He had, so far two letters, *u* and *n*, to experiment with.

He had sat for several minutes gazing absently at these two letters when, like a shot, it struck him that the French word for the number, one, was spelled *un*. Could the key of the cipher be French? He separated and jotted down the next combination of disks



which gave him the numbers 19. The nineteenth letter of the alphabet is *s*. He wrote it.

The next symbol was



or the figure 9. The ninth letter of the alphabet is *i*

The next symbol was



which, translated, gave him 24. The twenty-fourth letter of the alphabet is *x*.

He now had the letters *s-i-x*. And no sooner had he written them in order than the word *six* stared him in the face, and he flushed with pure excitement.

He had now two words, *un* and *six*. The chances were that he was somewhere on the right track, and he fell to work with a concentration and ardor which left him oblivious to everything else—to time and place, and to the silent, motionless little figure huddled over the pillows beside him.

At the end of an hour—checked twice—but finally overcoming apparent defeat, and always following the same method of deduction, he came to an end of his symbols, and he found the leaf from his notebook was covered with the following words in order of symbol:

Un, six douze cinq cinq vingt, douze quinz' vingt-un sept eight, nineteen vingt-trois nine douze douze twenty-five, eight cinq trois eight vingt-un sept eight, nineteen vingt-trois nine deux nine eighteen quatre nineteen.

For these numerals spelled out capriciously in either abbreviated French or English he substituted numbers in the sequence given:

1—6—12—5—5—20—12—15—21—7—8—19—23—9—12—12—25—8—5—3—8—20—6—15—12—12—15—23—2—9—18—4—19.

Then for the figure 1 he wrote the first letter of the alphabet—*A*. For the number six he wrote the sixth letter of the alphabet *F*. For the number 12, the twelfth letter of the alphabet *L*.

And when he had written letters for every figure in order given he had on his sheet of paper

A FLEETLOUGHSWILLYHECHTFOLLOW BIRDS

After a while he separated the words *A, Fleet, Follow,* and *Birds*, leaving the unintelligible sequence of letters LOUGHSWILLYHECHT.

Out of this, for a long while, he could make nothing, until, by chance, taking the last five letters together, it suddenly occurred to him that the German word for pike was HECHT. Then, in a flash, he remembered the badly drawn picture of a pike and its young. Pike or Hecht, that was one of the words in all probability. But what *other* word the word Hecht represented he could not imagine.

He looked at his notebook again. The letters remaining were LOUGHSWILLY. They meant absolutely nothing in any language he had ever heard of. He studied what he already had—A Fleet (Blank) Pike Follow Birds. A *pike* follow *Birds*—*birds*—and swift as lightning a thought struck him which set him tingling to his finger-tips: somewhere in that rough, hasty, and apparently innocent sketch in which oddly shaped trees and a line of little birds figured, lay the key to the whole thing.

He felt it, he *knew* it. He spread out the drawing on his knees and studied it with terrible concentration, conscious somehow or other that something about it, something *in* it, was vaguely familiar to him. *What?* Had he ever before seen another sketch by the same hand? He could not recollect. It was like millions of rough, hasty sketches jotted down by painters as notes for their own guidance only and not for others to see.

What was there about it unusual? The trees? The *shapes* of the trees. Ah! he was getting nearer the goal—he realized it, felt it, and, balked, fell into a mental rage for a moment.

Then his habitual self-command returned; he squared his jaws, gazed grimly at the trees, and forced himself once more to answer his own questions.

The shapes of the trees, then, were unusual. He had gotten that far. What was unusual in the shapes? The trunks and branches? No. The foliage. No. The outline!

"God!" he whispered. And he had it.

Over the sofa was hanging a map of the British Isles and of the Western coast of Europe. Dotted lines indicated the course taken by the Holland Line steamers. He reached up, unhooked it, looked at it, then at the drawing in his hand.

Then he detached half of the thin sheet of paper on which the sketch was drawn and laid it over the sketch. Being translucent to the verge of transparency, he could see the drawing beneath the thin sheet covering it.

Then, with his pencil, he steadily traced the *outlines* of the trees.

When he had done this and had removed the sketch from beneath his tracing-paper he had what he expected—an *outline* of the British Isles, the Hebrides, Orkneys, Shetlands; part of the coast of Norway, the French, Belgian and Dutch coast. Heligoland, and the German coast at Cuxhaven and Wilhelmshaven.

From the map of the steamship company he carefully filled in boundaries and a few principal towns, then placing his outline drawing over the sketch of the trees he drew a dotted line following exactly the flight of the little birds.

Where that flight terminated he made an arrow, then turned his eyes on the steamer map to find out where that arrow's point rested.

And there on the Irish coast he saw the name Lough Swilly!

It was the last link!—the last but one.

"A Fleet Lough Swilly. Hecht (Pike) follow birds."

A pike, with little pike following her, was to follow the flight of the birds—the dotted line on his outline map. The dotted line curved up out of Cuxhaven, around the Orkneys and Hebrides and into Lough Swilly—*where there was a fleet!*

Out of Cuxhaven—*Cuxhaven!* where lay the German submarines!—A pike, and young! A parent ship and the submarines!

The last link was forged; the chain complete—not quite—not entirely. The Japanese dancing girl? And under the number of the sketch, 3,—were three symbols. They were junks with latten sails.

Perhaps there were three Japanese battleships at Lough Swilly. It didn't matter; the chain was complete enough for him.



CHAPTER XI.

As he rose from the sofa, stretching his arms to ease his cramped muscles, Guild became conscious that he was very tired.

He had had little sleep the night before and none at all this night. He glanced at his watch; it was four o'clock in the morning. He went to the port, unscrewed it, and looked out into pitch darkness. There was not a light to be seen on the sea, no flare from any headland, no spark which might indicate a lighthouse, not a star overhead, not a sparkle.

He turned and looked gravely at Karen. The girl still lay unstirring among the pillows on the sofa. One arm covered her head as though to shield it from some blow.

He bent beside her, listening to her breathing. It was quiet and regular, and on her cheek was a flush like the delicate colour of a sleeping child.

He had no mind to disturb her, yet he could not make her more comfortable without awaking her.

All he dared do was to unbutton her spats very cautiously, and slip off the little brown suede shoes.

Over her he laid the blankets from the bed lightly, then opened wide the port.

His own toilet for the night was even simpler; he folded together the batch of damning papers, originals, his own notes, the forged passports, strapped them with an elastic band, buttoned them inside his breast pocket, reached over and extinguished the electric globe, and fully dressed, lay down on the stripped bed in darkness.

They had been travelling sixteen hours. Allowing for their detention by the ill-omened *Wyvern*, they should dock at Amsterdam in five or six hours more.

He tried to sleep; but his nerves were very much alive and his excited brain refused to subscribe to the body's fatigue.

All that had happened since he first saw Karen Girard he now went over and over in his mind in spite of himself. He strove to stop thinking, and could not; and sometimes the lurid horror of the *Wyvern* possessed him with all its appalling details made plain to his imagination—details not visible from the liner's decks, yet perhaps the more ghastly because hidden by distance and by the infernal glare that fringed the doomed ship like a very nimbus from hell itself.

This obsessed him, and the villainous information which he had wrested from the papers which this young girl had been carrying—information amply sufficient to convict her and to make inevitable the military execution of the man Gratz and the grinning chauffeur, Bush.

And if the wretched maid, Anna, had been arrested with papers similar to these on her person, her case too, was hopeless. Because the very existence of England depended upon extinguishing forever people who dealt in secret information like that which lay folded and buttoned under his belted coat of tweed.

He knew it, knew what his fate must have been had the satchel been searched on Fresh Wharf—knew what Karen's fate must have been, also, surely, surely!

And had those papers been taken aboard the *Wyvern* it had not been very long before the simplicity of the cipher had been discovered by anybody trained in code work.

For, in spite of its surface complexity, the cipher was a singularly simple one, even a stupid code, based on simple principles long known and understood in all of their hundreds of variations.

And all such ciphers, granted time and patience, could be solved by the same basic principles. The only function of that kind of code was to so multiply its intricacies and variations that, with a time limit for delivery understood, measures could be taken at the other end to minimize the effect of discovery, the elapsing of the time limit serving as an automatic warning that message or messenger were under forcible detention within the enemy's lines.

Yes, it had been a stupid cipher, and an easy one.

A trained man would have solved it in half the time he had required.

Nothing about the message remained really obscure except the Japanese dancing girl playing with her butterfly and fan, and the lack of information concerning the "fleet" at anchor or cruising near "Lough Swilly" on the Irish coast.

As far as the fleet was concerned, Guild was very confident that he understood. The whereabouts of the British battleship fleet was not known, had been carefully guarded. Without a doubt Lough Swilly was its rendezvous; and the German spy system in England had discovered it and was sending the information to Berlin with a suggestion that submarines "follow the birds," i.e., take that dotted course around the northern Scottish coast, slip south into Lough Swilly, and attack the first line of battle squadron where it had been supposed to lurk in safety, awaiting its call to action. That was clear as daylight, but the Japanese figure he could not understand.

He was utterly unable to sleep. After an hour's staring into the darkness, he rose cautiously, opened the stateroom door and stepped into the lighted corridor.

Here he lighted a cigarette against regulations and began to pace up and down.

Presently the sharp nose of a steward detected the aroma of tobacco, and he came prowling into the corridor.

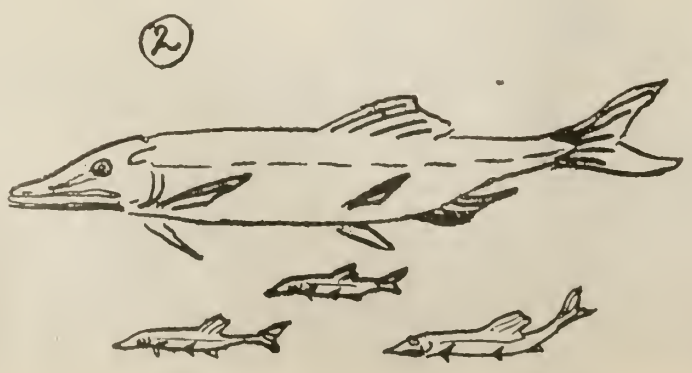
So Guild nodded and tossed the cigarette out of the open port at the end of the corridor.

"We ought to dock by nine," he said.

"About nine, Sir."

"We're lucky to have run afoul of nothing resembling a mine."

(Continued on following page.)



WHO GOES THERE

(Continued from preceding page.)

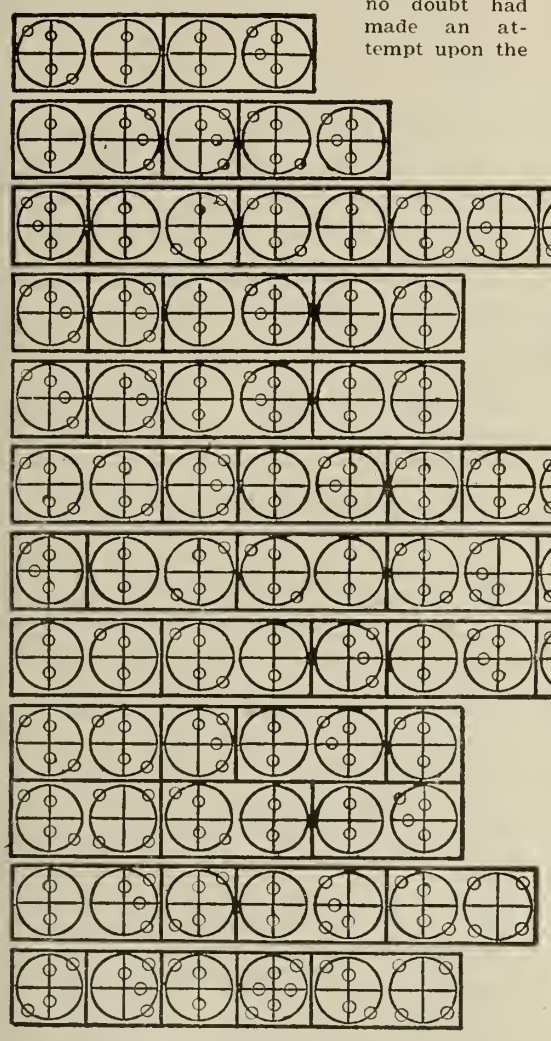
"Wasn't it awful about the *Wyvern?* I expect some passenger steamer will get it yet. Mines by the hundreds are coming ashore on the coast of Holland."

"Have you had any news by wireless?" asked Guild.

"A little, sir. They've been fighting all night south of Ostend. Also, we had a wire from London that a German light cruiser, the *Schmetterling,* is at Valparaiso, and that a Japanese cruiser, the *Geisha,* and a French one, the *Eventail,* have been ordered after her."

Guild nodded carelessly, stretched his arms, yawned, and returned to the stateroom, knowing that now, at last, he was in possession of every item in the secret document.

For the Japanese dancing girl was the *Geisha,* the fan in her hand was the French cruiser *Eventail* and the butterfly fluttering about her was the German light cruiser *Schmetterling*—which in that agreeable language means "butterfly," and which no doubt had made an attempt upon the



Geisha and had been repulsed.

And this warning was sent that the *Schmetterling* had better keep her distance, because the *Eventail* had now joined the Japanese ship, and the two meant mischief.

As for the drawing of the Pike, perhaps on the German naval list there might have been a vessel named the *Hecht.* He did not know. The symbol of the most ferocious fresh-water fish in Europe was sufficient to indicate the nature of the craft even had the flight of the "birds" not made it unmistakable. There could be no doubt about it that the Hecht with the three little Hechts following had been explicitly invited to cruise in the North Sea and have a look-in at Lough Swilly. And that was quite enough to understand.

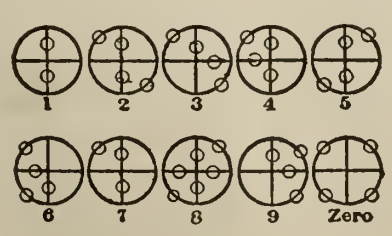
He turned on the cabin light, went to Karen's side and looked at her.

She had moved, but only in her sleep apparently. The back of one hand lay across her forehead; her face was turned upward, and on the flushed cheeks there were traces of tears.

But she still slept. He arranged her coverings again, stood gazing at her for a moment more, then he extinguished the light and once more lay down on the bare mattress, using his arm for a pillow.

But sleep eluded him for all his desperate weariness. He thought of Gratz and of Bush and of the wretched woman involved by them and now a prisoner.

The moment he turned over these papers to the British Consul in Amsterdam the death warrant of Gratz and Bush was signed. He knew that. He knew also that the papers in his possession were



going to be delivered to British authority. But first he meant to give Gratz and Bush a sporting chance to clear out.

Not because they had aided him. They cared nothing about him. It was Karen they had aided, and their help was given to her because of von Reiter.

No, it was not in him to do the thing that way. Had he been a British officer on duty it had been hard enough to do such a thing.

As it was he must give them their chance and he knew of only one way to do it. This point settled he dismissed it from his mind and, with a slight sigh, permitted his harassed thoughts to lead him where they seemed always now inclined to lead him when permitted—back to the young girl he had known only a few hours, but in whose company it seemed to him that he had already lived a century.

He was not a man given to easy friendships, not a man in whom sensations were easily stirred. Under ordinary circumstances, perhaps, neither the youthful beauty of this girl, nor her talents and accomplishments had stirred him to more than an amiably impersonal interest. He had known many women and had been friends with a few. But on his part the friendships had not been sentimental.

Women of all sorts and conditions he had known: fashionable idlers, professional women, domesticated women; women with ideas, women without them, busy women with leisure for mischief, mischievous women whose business was leisure, happy women, unhappy ones, calm ones, restless ones, clever ones, stupid ones and their even more irritating sisters who promised to amount to something and never did, all these varieties of the species he had known, but never a woman like this.

Usually he could place a woman after seeing her move and hearing her speak. He could only place Karen on a social par with any woman he had ever known, and he was afraid she didn't belong there, because well-born German Madchens don't intern themselves in nun-like seclusion far from Vaterland, Vater, and maternal apron-strings, with intervals of sallying forth into the world for a few months' diversion as a professional actress on the stage.

At least Guild had never heard of any girls who did such things. But there remained the chance, of course, that Karen Girard was a perfectly new type to him.

One fact was evident; her father was a Prussian officer and belonged to the Prussian aristocracy. But gentlemen of these castes do not permit their daughters the freedom that Karen enjoyed.

There was a mystery about the matter, probably not an agreeable one. Antecedents, conditions and facts did not agree. There was no logic in her situation.

Guild realized this. And at the same time he realized that he had never liked any woman as much—had never come to care for any woman as easily, as naturally, and as quickly as he had come to care for Karen Girard.

It stirred him now to remember that this young girl had responded, frankly, fearlessly, naturally; had even met him more than half-way with a sweet sincerity and confidence that touched him again as he thought of it.

Truly he had never looked into such honest eyes, or into lovelier ones,—two clear, violet wells of light. And Truth, who abides in wells, could not have chosen for her dwelling place habitations more suitable.

She seemed to possess all qualities as well as all accomplishments and graces of mind and body. The quality of courage was hers—a courage adorable in [illegible]. But there was nothing hard about it, only firmness—like the white firmness of her skin. And her intuitive generosity was as quick and melting as the exquisite motives which prompted it.

Never could he forget that in the dreadful peril of the moment, she had tried to give him a chance to escape the consequences of his companionship with her,—had tried to send him ashore at the last moment so that she alone might remain to face whatever there was confronting her.

It was a brave thing to do, generous, self-forgetting, merciful, and finely just. For though she had not tried to deceive him she had gradually realized that she herself might be deceived, and that she was in honour bound to warn him concerning her suspicions of the satchel's contents.

And now—in the end—and after danger was practically over, how did they stand, he and she? How had they emerged from the snarl of circumstances?

Had his gentle violence killed forever a very wonderful beginning of what they both had spoken of as friendship? And she—he reddened in the darkness as he remembered—she had begged him in the name of friendship not to violate it—had spoken of it, in the excitement of emotion, as *more* than friendship.

It had been the most difficult thing he ever had had to do.

Was it true that her friendship had turned to hatred?

He wondered, wondered at the dull unhappiness which the thought brought with it. And, wondering, fell asleep.

In the grey of dawn Karen sat up, wide-eyed, still tremulous from the dream of death that had awakened her.

Through the open port a grey sky glimmered.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

She rose to her knees and gazed out upon a grey waste of water heaving to the horizon.

Then she turned and looked across at the bed where Guild lay, his blond head cradled on one arm asleep.

Her eyes rested on him a long while. Then she caught sight of her shoes and spats on the floor—looked down at the blankets and covers that had kept her warm. The next moment her eyes fell on her satchel where it stood open, the key still in the lock, and her silver toilet articles glimmering dully inside.

The vague tenderness in her blue eyes vanished; *he* had done *this,* too!—shamefully, by force, treading mercilessly on the frail bud of friendship—ignoring everything, sacrificing everything to a dull, obstinate determination which he had characterized as duty.

She turned and looked at the man who had done all this, her eyes darkly beautiful, her lips stern.

Duty? He had not considered the duty she owed. He had not respected her promise to bring back what had been intrusted to her. And when the discussion had tired him—when her warnings, pleadings—even her appeals in the name of the first friendship she had ever given—had been ignored, he had coolly used violence.

Yes, violence, although, perhaps, the violence had not been very violent. But it was force—and hateful to her who never before had been obliged to endure the arrogance which her caste only knew how to dispense.

"So brauch' Ich Gewalt!" kept ringing in her ears like a very obsession as she knelt there, sitting back on her own supple limbs, and watching the sleeping man out of beautiful, hostile eyes.

That man! That *American*—or Belgian—whatever he was—with his clear grey eyes and his short yellow hair and that mouth of his which could be faintly humorous at times and, at times, be so ugly and set—what was there about him that she liked—or rather *had* liked?

Not his features; they were only passable from an ornamental point of view—not his lean but powerful figure, which resembled many other figures she had seen in England—not his manner particularly—at least she had seen more deferential attitudes, more polish of the courtly and continental sort, more *empressement.*

What was it she liked,—had *once* liked in this man? Nothing! *Nothing!*—the tears suddenly glimmered in her eyes, and she winked them dry, angrily.

And to think—to remember in years to come that she—*she* had pleaded with that man in the name of friendship—and of something *more* than friendship!—The hot color mantled face and throat, and she covered her eyes in a sudden agony of mortification.

For a few moments she remained so, then her hands fell, hopelessly, again.

And, as she knelt there looking at him through the increasing daylight, suddenly her eyes narrowed, and her set face grew still and intent.

Crowding out of the shallow breast pocket of his Norfolk where he lay were papers. *Her* papers!

The next instant, lithely, softly, soundlessly on

(Continued on following page.)



WHO GOES THERE

(Continued from preceding page.)

her unshod feet, she had slipped from the lounge and crossed the stateroom to his side, and her fingers already touched the edges of the packet.

Her papers! And her hand rested on them. But she did not take them. There was something that seemed foreign, repugnant to her nature.

Breathless, her narrow hand poised, she hesitated, trying to remember that the papers were hers—striving to aid herself with the hot and shameful memory of the violence he had offered her.

Why couldn't she take them? This man and she were now at war! War has two phases, violence and strategy. Both are legitimate; he had played his part, and this part was strategy. Why shouldn't she play that part? Why?

But her hand wavered, fell away, and she looked down into his sleeping face and knew that she could not do it.

After a moment his eyes opened and met hers, pleasantly.

She blushed to her hair.

He said: "Why didn't you take them, Karen?"

"You couldn't understand if I told you," she said with youthful bitterness.

He looked very grave at that. She turned, picked up shoes and spats, and seated herself on the sofa.

So he got up, opened the door and went up on deck, leaving her the stateroom to herself.

At the office of the wireless station the operator seemed to have no objection to sending a message for him to the British Consul in Amsterdam, and obligingly looked up the address. So Guild sent his message and prepaid reply.

Then he went into the smoking-room and lit a cigarette.

He was dozing when a steward awoke him with a reply to his wireless message:

Kervyn Guild,
On board S. S. *Fcyenoord.*
Will call at American Consulate. Many thanks.
CHURCHILL, Consul.

He sat thinking for a few minutes. Then remembering that he did not know where the American Consul was to be found, he went again to the wireless office and procured the address.

Turning, as he was leaving, to thank the boyish operator, he found that youth's shrewd eyes fixed on him intently.

"Look out, sir," said the operator, in perfectly good English. "There's a lot o' talk about you on board."

"What do you mean?"

"Wasn't it you the *Wyvern* was wanting?"

"Yes."

"You're friendly to us, I take it?"

"Do you mean to England?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, I am."

"I fancied so. Be very careful aboard this boat, sir. Half the crew and most of the stewards are German."

"Thanks," said Guild smilingly.

But as he walked slowly away he realized rather uneasily what an object of interest he had become to the personnel of the ship since the *Wyvern* had honoured him by her wireless inquiries concerning him.

CHAPTER XII.

HE went straight to the writing-room. Only one or two of his fellow-passengers were up, and he had the place to himself.

He wrote first:

W. A. Churchill, Esquire,
British Consulate,
Plantage Middenlaan 20,
Amsterdam,
Holland.

"Sir:

"The following items of information should be immediately transmitted to your home govenment. The importance of the matters in question admit of no delay.

1st. It has come to my knowledge that German spies in England have discovered the whereabouts of a British fleet — presumably the first line battle fleet—and have attempted to communicate the intelligence to Berlin. One document in cipher embodying this intelligence has been intercepted and translated. But other communications in cipher may get through.

"2nd. Another document of the same sort advises the Berlin Government to send from Cuxhaven a cruiser (parent ship) as convoy to three submarines for the purpose of attacking the British armoured ships.

"The rendezvous of the ships, as given in the cipher message, is Lough Swilly, North Irish Coast.

"The route suggested for the German cruiser and submarines is around the north coast of Scotland.

"3d. Still a third document in cipher informs the German Government that the light cruiser, *Schmetterling*, at or off Valparaiso, is being pursued by the Japanese ship *Geisha* and the French gunboat *Eventail.*

"4th. The fourth and last item of information to be transmitted to your Government concerns an actuality witnessed by myself and by the majority of the passengers of this steamer, now docking at Rotterdam.

"Last night, somewhere between eleven o'clock and midnight, and somewhere off the Belgian coast, H.M.S. *Wyvern* was blown up, whether by mine or torpedo or by a bomb from some unseen air-craft I do not know. She was using her searchlight at the time.

"The ship was tilted out of the water at an odd angle when the red glare that suddenly enveloped her made her visible. It appears to me as though some submarine convulsion had heaved her up out of the sea.

"There was one of her officers aboard our liner when the catastrophe occurred—Lieutenant Jamison. A boat's crew lay alongside of us. With these exceptions it does not seem probable that anybody aboard the *Wyvern* could have escaped death, although other ships were in the vicinity and their searchlights played upon her, and I saw small boats on the way to her before she finally blew to pieces.

"This is the information which both duty and inclination impel me to place at the disposal of the British Government.

"Permit me to add that I am leaving in the hands of the United States consul, Henry H. Morgan, Esquire, a separate packet of papers containing full corroboration of the foregoing details.

"The packet is addressed to you in his care, but he will be instructed to give you this letter, only, and not to deliver the packet to you until a week from to-day for reasons which I cannot explain.

"The packet contains—

"1st. Three pages of cipher and pictographs employed by the German spy system in London.

"2d. A key to the cipher.

"3d. A key to the pictographs.

"4th. A full translation of the cipher.

"5th. A translation of the pictographs.

"6th. A map.

"The German personage to whom the packet was originally addressed, the names and addresses of those who sent it from London, the circumstances under which it was intercepted, will be written out with what detail is necessary, and will be contained in the packet with the original cipher.

"In one week from to-day the American Consul, Mr. Morgan, will deliver to you this packet, but under no circumstances is it to be delivered before a week from to-day.

"I have the honour to be, sir, with great respect.

"Your obt. serv't,
KERVYN GUILD.

"Union Square, New York."

This letter he sealed, addressed, and laid aside.

He then wrote to the American Consulate, addressing the note to the Consul and Vice-Consul, saying that he committed to their care—

1st. A letter to be called for immediately by the British Consul in person, and so marked.

2d. A packet addressed to the British Consul, but not to be delivered until a week had expired.

3d. A letter to be sent to the United States Consul General in London with all speed.

4th A telegram to be sent to Edmeston Automobile Agency in London.

5th. A letter to the same agency.

He then wrote out his telegram, wondering whether the United States Consul could put it through:

Edmeston Agency,
White Hood Lane,
London, E.C.,

Business of instant importance requires you all to leave for Holland immediately. Lose no time.
Signed—RIDER.

Holland Line S.S. *Feyenoord.*

The letter was directed to the Edmeston Agency:

DEAR SIRS:

Gratz and Bush must leave at once if they wish to enjoy the fishing here. The *pike* are biting. *Four have been caught. The shooting, also, is excellent. Eight birds were killed yesterday.* If Gratz and Bush do not leave within a week business in London is likely to detain them indefinitely and they will miss their holiday, with little chance for another.

Tell them to take the urgent advice of a sportsman and clear out while they have the chance.

Yours with good intentions,
D. BROWN SATCHELL.

While Guild was busy writing and consigning what he had written to separate envelopes, he was aware of considerable movement and noise outside on deck—the passing to and fro of many people, whistle blasts from other craft—in fact, all the various species of bustle and noise which, aboard any steamer, indicate its approach to port.

He raised his head and tried to see, but it was still raining, and the air was dull with fog.

Passengers, stewards and officers came and went, passing through the writing-room, where he sat in a corner sorting and sealing his letters. Twice, glancing up over his shoulder, he noticed a steward cleaning up, dusting and arranging the pens, ink and writing paper on the several tables near by—one of those too busy and officious functionaries whose zeal for tips usually defeats its own ends.

And so it happened this time, for, as Guild, intent on what he was writing, reached out absently for another envelope, a package of them was thrust into his hand with a bustling, obsequious—"Paper, sir! Yes, sir—Beg pardon, sir! I'm sorry!"—For somehow the ink-well had been upset and the pile of letters scattered over the floor.

"Damn it!" said Guild savagely, springing back to avoid the streaming ink.

The steward appeared to be overwhelmed; down he flopped on his knees to collect the letters, hopping up at intervals to sop the flowing flood of ink from the desk.

Guild took the letters from him grimly, counted the sealed envelopes, then without a word went to the neighboring desk, and, sitting down there, wrote on the last sealed envelope not yet addressed—the envelope which contained the cipher-code, translation, and the information concerning the Edmeston Company. When he had written on it: "To be delivered to the British Consul in a week," he gathered all the letters, placed them in his breast pocket, buttoned his coat, and went out. For half an hour he walked to and fro under the shelter of the roofed deck, glancing absently across the rail, where there was nothing to see except grey mist, grey water, and rain.

After he had enough of this he went below.

Karen was not in the cabin, but her luggage stood there beside his own.

He had plenty of time to make a decent toilet; he bathed, shaved, chose fresh linen, brushed his wrinkled tweeds as thoroughly as he could, then, leaving the luggage there, he went away in search of Karen with a view to breakfast.

He found her on the starboard deck very comfortably

(Continued on following page.)

Synopsis of Former Chapters of

WHO GOES THERE

Applauded by men, admired by women is Kervyn Guild—the hero Robert W. Chambers has chosen for his graphic romance of the war, "Who Goes There!"

Guild is an American, but of Belgian ancestry, and is in Belgium when the horde of Huns overruns and devastates that country. With all the chivalry of a typical, clean, high-minded young man, he immediately gets involved in the Belgian resistance and quickly finds himself the centre of a group being backed up against a wall to be shot—but he isn't shot—and how he escapes forms the brilliant opening chapters of the story.

While Guild's life is spared, he is not given his freedom because he frankly refuses to equivocate, and proves to the German general who cross questions him that honor is not a lost attribute of some nations, even in war.

The German general says he has a daughter in England whom he is anxious to have returned in safety to his estate in a Rhine province of Germany. Guild, being a neutral, is offered his freedom and safe conduct out of the German line if he succeeds in getting the girl to the safe haven of the general's German home. He undertakes the mission.

While there has been plenty of action up to this point, the moment Guild starts for England things begin to happen with such rapidity that one is tempted to compare the quick succession of events with volleys from a machine gun. Just about this time the English officials, and even the ordinary citizens, are much concerned about all aliens going to and from their country, and Guild discovers that while he has no trouble in getting into England and locating the girl, getting out is quite a different matter.

The moment Guild lands in England he becomes aware that the general has paved the way for him; in fact, a complete chain of spies connects London with the general's Rhenish home, to aid Guild in his journey. The British secret service gets on the job almost as quickly, and the fight between these two forces, both of which are frequently outwitted by the greatest of all factors—chance—forms an absorbing part of the story.

After starting on their journey, the young man learns that Karen, the German general's daughter, has papers of value to Germany in her possession. These he is able to obtain only by force, and the story last month closed just as Guild secured the documents from the angered girl.

WHO GOES THERE

(Continued from preceding page.)

established. The idiot deck steward who had upset his ink-well and scattered his letters was serving her obsequiously with marmalade.

As Guild approached, Karen looked up at him coolly enough, though a bright color surged into her face. The steward bustled away to find more coffee and rolls.

"Do you feel rested at all?" asked Guild pleasantly.

"Yes, thank you."

"May I take the next chair and have breakfast with you?"

"Yes, please."

He seated himself. She said nothing, ate nothing. Suddenly it occurred to him that in her quaint way she was waiting for his breakfast to appear before beginning her own.

"You are not waiting for me, are you?" he asked. "Don't do that; everything will be cold."

With an odd air of old-fashioned obedience, which always seemed to make her more youthful to him, she began her breakfast.

"We'll be docking presently," he remarked, glancing out into the fog and thinly falling rain.

"Yes."

He lay back in his chair, not caring for her monosyllables, but good-humoredly receptive in case she encouraged conversation.

Neither the freshness of her clothes nor of her skin seemed to have suffered from the discomforts of the night; her hair was lustrous and crisply in order. From her hat-crown to the palms of her gloves rolled back over her wrists, she seemed to have just left the hands of a clever maid, so fresh, sweet, fragrant and immaculate she appeared to him, and he became uncomfortably conscious of his knickerbockers and badly wrinkled tweeds.

The same fool of a steward brought his coffee. And as Karen offered no encouragement to conversation, he breakfasted beside her in silence.

Afterward he lighted a cigarette, and they both lay back on their steamer chairs watching the fog and the drizzle and the promenading passengers, who all appeared to be excited at the approaching process of docking and over the terrible episode of the previous night.

In all languages it was being discussed; Guild could catch fragments of conversation as groups formed, passed, and repassed their chairs.

Another thing was plain to him; Karen had absolutely nothing to say to him, and apparently no further interest in him.

From time to time he looked at the pure profile, which never turned in response. Self-possessed, serene, the girl gazed out into the fog as though she were quite alone on deck. Nor did there seem to be any effort in her detached interest from her environment. And Guild wondered in his depressed heart whether he had utterly and hopelessly killed in her the last faint glimmer of friendly interest in him.

The docking of the *Feyenoord* in the fog interested him very little; here and there a swaying mast or a black and red funnel loomed up in the fog, and the air was full of characteristic noises—that is all he saw or heard where he lay silent, brooding on fate and chance and on the ways of a woman in the pride of her youth.

The idiot steward reappeared, and Guild sent him below for their luggage.

On the gang-plank they descended with the throng, shoulder to shoulder in silence. Inspection did not take long; then a porter who had been following took their luggage.

"Karen, do you speak Dutch?" asked Guild, mischievously.

"Yes—a little."

"I supposed you did," he said smilingly. "Please ask him the shortest way to the United States Consulate."

She turned indifferently to the porter: "Wat is de Kortste weg naar——"

She hesitated, then with a dainty malice indescribable—"—Naar the Yankee Consulate?" she added calmly.

Guild reddened and strolled a few steps forward, thoroughly incensed.

The porter smothered a smile: "Mejuffrouw—" he began, "ga recht uit links, en den de derde Straat rechts——"

"Hoe ver is het?"

The porter glanced sideways and cunningly after Guild, then sank his voice: "Freule—" he began, but the girl's haughty amazement silenced him. He touched his cap and muttered in English: "Madam is known to me. The chain is long from London to Trois Fontaines. I am only another link in that chain—at madam's service."

"I *am* served—sufficiently. Find a motor cab and tell the driver to take us to the United States Consulate."

The porter's visage expressed sullen curiosity: "Why," he asked in German, "does the gracious, well-born young lady desire to visit the *American* Consulate when the German Consulate is possibly expecting her?"

At that she straightened up, staring at the man out of coldly insolent eyes.

"That is enough," she said. "Take our luggage to a motor cab."

"To the Yankee Consulate?"

"*To the Consulate of the United States!* Do you hear? Move, then!" she said crisply.

It was raining torrents; Guild held the sullen porter's umbrella while Karen entered the cab; the luggage was stowed, the vehicle wheeled out into rain-shot obscurity.

Karen turned impulsively to the man beside her: "Forgive my rudeness; I am ashamed to have insulted your Consulate."

He flushed, but his lips twitched humorously; "I am sure that the United States very freely forgives Fraulein Girard."

"Do *you?*"

"Does it matter?" he asked lightly.

"Yes. Are my amends acceptable to *you?*"

"Of course. But what am I—Karen——"

"You are—amiable. It was very common of me."

"It might have been rather common in anybody else. You couldn't be *that*. Somehow," he added, smiling, "as we say in America, you seem to get away with it, Karen."

"You are very—amiable," she repeated stiffly.

And constraint fell between them once more, leaving him, however, faintly amused. She *could* be such a *little* girl at times. And she was adorable in the role, though she scarcely suspected it.

At the American Consulate the cab stopped, and Guild turned up his coat collar and sprang out.

While he was absent the girl lay back in her corner, her eyes fixed on the rain-smeared pane. She remained motionless for some time when a tapping at the cab window attracted her attention. A beggar had come to the street side of the cab, and was standing there, the rain beating on his upturned face. And the girl hastily drew out her purse and let down the window.

Suddenly she became rigid; the beggar had said something to her under his breath. The English shilling fell from her fingers to the floor of the cab.

His hand still extended in supplication, the man went on in German:

"Your steamer swarmed with English spies. One of them was your stewardess."

The girl's lips parted, stiffly: "I don't understand," she said with an effort.

"The stewardess spied on the deck steward, Ridder. They were all watching each other on that ship. And everybody watched you and the American. Ridder told me to follow you to the American Consulate."

"Who are *you?*"

"I served as one of the waiters in the saloon. Gratz knows me. If you are carrying any papers of value, be careful."

"What do you mean?"

"Ridder gave you some papers. The stewardess saw him. She came ashore and watched you while your luggage was being inspected. She knows you have driven to the American Consulate. Your porter told her—the fool! Do you know what she is up to?"

"I—I can—guess. I think you had better go—quick!" she added as the Consulate door opened and Guild came out. And she fumbled in her purse for a coin, thrust it hastily through the window, and turned in confusion to meet the young man's sternly questioning eyes.

"What are you doing?" he asked bluntly.

"A man—begging."

"For what, Karen? For money or information?"

The girl avoided his gaze. The cab wheeled in a short circle and moved off through the rain again.

"Which was it he wanted, Karen?" repeated Guild quietly. "Was it money or—something else he wanted?"

"Does—it—concern you?" she stammered.

"Yes. Because I have just learned over the Consulate telephone that German agents are now attempting to do what you refrained from doing last night."

"What?"

"Steal the papers."

"Do you mean the papers you *stole?*"

"I mean the papers I took by highway robbery. There is a difference," he added. "But both are robbery, and I thought *you* were above such things."

"I am!" she said, flushing.

"No, you are not!" he retorted sternly. "What you were too fastidious to do for yourself last



"To the Consulate of the United States. Do you hear? Move, then!"

night—take the papers when you thought I was asleep—you had done for you this morning by a steward!"

"I did *not!*"

"Why do you deny it? What do you mean? Don't you know that while I was busy in the writing-room a steward upset my ink, scattered my papers, stole the envelope containing the papers I took from you, and left me a sealed envelope full of tissue paper?"

"It isn't true!"

"It is true."

"How do you know?"

"Your stewardess told me over the telephone a few moments ago. Karen, you are untruthful!"

She caught her breath; the tears flushed in her eyes.

"I am *not* untruthful! It does look like it, but I am not! I did not know that the deck steward had robbed you. He came to my door and gave me the papers, saying that he had picked them up in the corridor outside our—my—door! I did not engage anybody to steal them—if it *is* stealing to recover—my own—property——"

"That deck steward is a spy, but I don't understand how he could have known that I had taken the papers from you."

"I don't know, either," she said excitedly. "But everybody knew everything on board that ship. It was a nest of spies."

His grim features relaxed. "I'm sorry I charged you with untruth, Karen. I never shall again. But—what was I to think?"

"When I tell you a thing—*that* is what you are to think," she said crisply.

"Yes . . . I realize that now. I am sorry. May I ask your forgiveness?"

"Yes—please."

"Then—I do ask it."

"Accorded."

"May I ask a little more?" he continued.

"What?"

"May I ask you to tell me what you did with those papers after the deck steward gave them to you?"

"I shall not tell you."

(Continued on page 50.)

The Perpetual Adoration

By MABEL BURKHOLDER.

A Story of The Famous Chapel of The Franciscan Sisters

WINTER is severe in Quebec. During the time of Monsieur Bertrand's sojourn there, which was the three months between Christmas and Easter, the thermometer never rose above zero. An unprecedented tangle of business forced him to waste much time in that grim fortress city, if the time should be reckoned as wasted which he spent waiting to see certain men, with big interests in lumber or furs, who were shut in for long periods by storms which swept over the Laurentian mountains.

During the first fortnight of his stay in the ancient capital, Bertrand was caught in the toils of an enterprising "cabby," who insisted on showing him the sights. Placed in a sled, which was designed to be historical, but was only bumpy, he was driven up the Grand' Allee to pass his opinion on the old St. Louis gate, the statuary of the Parliament Buildings, and the far-famed Plains of Abraham. Lastly he was advised to pay a visit to the chapel of the Franciscan Sisters, where Perpetual Adoration is made to the Blessed Sacrament.

The traveller found it difficult to muster sufficient curiosity to descend from the sled, in order to view a score or more of women veiled in white, who moved continually before the altar of the famous chapel, intoning interminable responses and chanting weird music. The fact that this was kept up every hour of the day, and every day of the year, aroused in him only a languid approval. Bertrand passed the portal without special feeling of reverence, as one who says, "When in Quebec do as the tourists do." He saw his cabby shiver and blow on his fingers, and resolved to oblige him by a speedy return. When, however, he had stood five minutes in the aisle, eyes riveted on that marvellous scene being enacted before the altar, Bertrand returned to the sled saying abruptly in French:

"I shall not go farther to-day. The church interests me. What, the sight-seeing trip? The Lower Town, the harbor, and all the rest of it? I'll finish it some other time."

The cabby's frost-nipped fingers closed stiffly over the full fare of three dollars which Bertrand offered. Then the two parted, and Bertrand found himself tip-toeing up a side aisle, like a man in a dream, gliding from one immense pillar to another, as though he wished to hide himself from the scattered worshippers. The dusk of the interior was rendered very palpable by the glow of some candles burning on a side altar, and by a few soft lights clustered high on the wall. In the shadow of the foremost pillar Bertrand dropped into a seat, with the air of a man who is very tired, eyes closed, and fingers, in which a pulse beat, gripped across a swinging knee.

"I am not mistaken! It is—it is the voice of Hildah!"

Closed eyes rendered the ears more sensitive. Bertrand sat there, borne to the seventh heaven by the singing of a nun, whose voice was higher, purer, more divine by far than those of her sisters. On first opening his eyes he could not distinguish the singer, surrounded as she was by a group of nuns, all in flowing white robes, with semi-transparent veils dimly suggesting their wrapt faces. But finally the ears selected her, and then the eyes knew, by her every little mannerism, by the stately gait, and the figure tall as a queen, that they looked on the woman whom the world proclaimed dead six years before.

Bertrand was not a man given to noisy emotions, but there was such a savage triumph in the thought of finding her whom he had never hoped to see again this side of the grave, that it swept him off his feet. He rose, softly calling her name, "Hildah! Hildah!" He felt she might have counted his heart-beats, had she stooped to listen, for she was standing quite near the altar rail, with only the width of the aisle dividing them. Simultaneously with his call she turned and swept him with her eyes, while her hand trembled so that her candle flame went out momentarily, and had to be replenished from a sister's lamp.

"Sister Dolores sings divinely to-day," whispered a girl to her friend.

Bertrand snatched up the name.

Sister Dolores! Sister of sorrows! So? Could she know grief? Did marble mourn?

The thought of triumph was succeeded in his brain by one of abject helplessness. The altar-rail, what was it? A mountain? An ocean? How could it separate them so completely that he dared not touch her hand?

Bertrand became a devotee of the Perpetual Adoration, for many days visiting the Franciscan chapel so regularly that he earned the name of a religious fanatic, who fed his soul first, and his body afterward, if at all. Sister Dolores came always at the appointed hour, heading the procession of white nuns. She adored God, and he, Bertrand, in turn, adored her. She could not choose but feel his presence; she dared not run away.

Persistently Bertrand's mind dwelt on the oath he had sworn when his great sin parted him from her six years before. To cause the marble to feel—to make it weep! To force her through the hell of torment he had endured! To make this pure one fall from her little heaven! God, how worth while it seemed! Should he rush to the entrance door as she glided out, and crush her to his heart with a madman's kisses? What would happen if he did? Would they kill him? To allow his touch, that would be sin enough to my Lady of Sorrows. Therefore he swore he would touch her.

The day Bertrand worked his design he was mad probably. So little food had passed his lips that his head was dizzy. A countless number of times he swore that he would snatch away this bride of the church and pollute her with a wordling's kisses. It was evening, and the small door through which the nuns passed out, was veiled in shadows as black as if dipped in dye of Hades, when Bertrand took his stand beside it, resolved to interrupt the procession of the sinless.

Usually Sister Dolores walked in ahead of the procession a few feet, to denote her higher rank; and, reversing the order, walked out a few feet behind. This evening she walked apart as usual, wrapt, devout, clasping to her bosom an armful of lilies which she had taken off the altar. Beyond the door to which she was approaching a light shone to illumine the way, but it was impossible for her to see that a man stood concealed in shadows behind the pillar.

"Hildah!" he breathed, intoxicated by the sweetness of her lilies.

She reeled but went forward. One fragrant flower fluttered from the sheaf, and was caught up immediately by the suppliant's hot hands.

Bertrand knew not what penalty of the church would overtake him if he passed the little door—yet he passed, and closed it. In a large dim hall he found himself alone with the bride of the church, the long procession of white nuns filing silently away through another door in the distance.

His burning hands reached for her—then fell. He felt himself gripped by an unseen power—his innate reverence for purity, perhaps—and forbidden as by a voice to defile her with the touch of his flesh. As he stood like a man turned to stone, she had time to flee from him more than once, but she seemed to have lost the power of motion, even as he.

"Hildah! Speak to me!"

Supreme moment! She turned and pushed her veil from her face. Though not a tendril of hair showed beneath the snowy bands, the face was still fair, the features exquisitely carved, eyes burning like lamps in their deep sockets. Only about the closely pressed lips showed lines of pain and endurance. Then the marvel happened. Freely without persuasion, she glided to him her whole countenance glowing with an expression which could only be interpreted as an all-consuming human love. It was a sight for an old master, seeking to depict the triumph of the human over the divine. Another moment of that perfumed semi-darkness would have seen her lips clinging to Bertrand's, her starved heart absolutely intoxicated by its unexpected draught of human love. Then suddenly a taper gleamed from the sacristy, and the tread of a priest was heard in the hall. Sister Dolores dropped her veil, and fled sobbing.

Next day an illness, induced from exhaustion, rendered Bertrand unfit to perform his pilgrimage to the chapel. It seemed probable he should never return. Had he not proved to his own satisfaction that he was not the only sufferer, or the only sinner?

However, on the second day, he was in his place at the usual hour. A heavy twilight rested on the interior of the building, and the change from the snow-laden atmosphere of the street to the perfumed air of the church made him faint. A score of worshippers were on their knees in various pews. Bertrand had never noticed the crowds particularly, though sometimes he picked up from them odd bits of gossip about the lives of the Franciscan sisters. It had always surprised him what a perennial source of interest the Perpetual Adoration was to the public.

Said a French woman to her companion, in her native tongue:

"Let us move into a position where we can observe Sister Dolores doing her penance. Nobody knows the sin, but the punishment is that she shall remain before the altar for forty-eight hours without rest or food. Mon Dieu. I thought her sinless—but be that as it may, she has knelt in that spot since yesterday, with scarcely a change of position."

Bertrand rose in the shadow of his favorite pillar, and with locked arms over a guiltily beating heart, observed the prostrate figure. Presently the sisters seemed to notice what had been most apparent to him from the first, her rigidity. One among them bent and touched her. In a moment there was confusion in the rear, which was but poorly concealed by the singers at the front, who bravely continued to lift up their voices.

While Bertrand's heart stood still with certainty of disaster, he saw two stout men enter by a side door and carry the rigid figure forth. So he knew without doubt, what he had guessed at first glance. Sister Dolores was dead.

Was he her murderer? Bertrand could not feel so. She died of starvation. It was her famished womanhood that killed her.

Fate Chaperons Eleanor

By GEORGENE H. WILDER.

A Humorous Description of a High School Sleigh-ride By One of The Girls

I DO think it a pity grown people get so sort of still and poky. It's almost impossible to get mother excited. When I came home and told her our class decided to have a sleigh-ride, she just turned 'round from peeling the potatoes and said, "That's nice. But you are *very* late, Eleanor. You know I don't like to have you stay so long after school. Hurry and get your things off and help me. I expect your father every minute." As if dinner amounted to anything when I had such *big* news! I just made her put down her knife and waltzed her 'round the kitchen, singing, "Dashing through the snow in a one-horse open sleigh," etc., 'til I saw she really couldn't get her breath. I was so glad, so glad, so glad!! I wanted her to be glad, too. I thought I was going to have the grandest time. We little know in this world how dubious the future is!

I had decided as soon as the class voted to have a dance after the supper, to wear my net dress. It has short sleeves and the neck is low. Mother says it is *too* low for a young girl, but I'm real glad Miss Winn made it that way. I don't think it would have hurt me a bit to leave off my winter underwear. But mother is like other people of her generation I've noticed, scared to death over wet feet or slippers or summer underwear in winter. I just hate bundling up in fuzzy, wuzzy things. I think thin, lacy clothes look much nicer. Besides a girl can't expect to get any dance partners if she goes looking like her grandmother in Eskimo clothes.

But mother was scandalized at the idea of the net dress. She said I must either stay home or wear my pink voile and *then* a sweater under my coat. I believe I would have stayed home, if she hadn't offered to let me wear her lovely fox furs.

Worse than bundling up, she just insisted that I couldn't go unless there was a chaperon. None of us thought a thing about a chaperon, I'm sure High School Juniors are old enough to know how to behave, without some teacher sitting and staring at them every minute.

Madge and I rode part way to school the next morning for the walking was fierce. Madge is the sweetest girl you ever saw. It isn't any wonder the boys don't like me because I'm really not pretty, but I'd think they'd be wild over Madge. One trouble with her is she's sort of an aristocrat, besides being smarter than any boy in the class. They call her a high-brow.

All the girls were steaming around the radiator, when we came in, drying their clothes, and they were awfully excited. Everyone was telling what she was going to wear and wondering what girls the different boys would ask. Hattie Barnes was saying, "Oh, girls, Rob Smith called me up last night and asked if he might take me. He's the swellest kid I know!" It set my heart to thumping, and my throat to swallowing. It must be beautiful to have a young man so anxious to be your escort that he'd call up so soon as that!

Some of the other girls couldn't go either unless a teacher went. Joe said, "Oh, we don't want any old stiff along to bawl us out. We get enough of that in school." All the boys seemed to think so too, but when the girls insisted that they couldn't go unless there was a chaperon, they gave in and said we'd decide in class meeting after school.

We finally voted to ask the English teacher. She gives the girls a pain, but Ned Graves and Horace Black had a crush on her and wanted her to go awfully! They are both terribly good looking, and it makes the girls madder than hops. She's only just out of Normal and her room's always full of boys, at recess. She just sits at her desk and blushes and dimples and smiles and smiles when she's helping them with their English. It's mighty noticeable though that we *girls*, none of us *need* any help.

Jimmie Lovell knows an Adele somebody. He takes her everywhere. He's a swell fellow and gives

(*Continued on page* 49.)

A French Village

From the Sketch Book of Estelle M. Kerr

Laborer on a Burgundian hillside.





Little boys bring water from the fountains at the cross-roads.

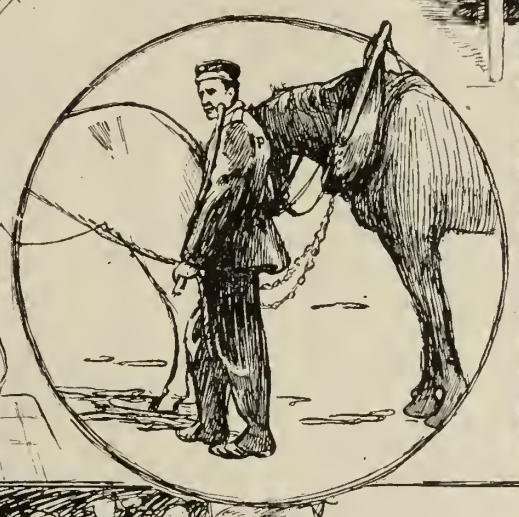
Russian laborers wore their native uniform and during the war were not allowed to leave France.



In a Burgundy vineyard.



A German prisoner.



A producer of the wine of Burgundy is often to a large extent the consumer also.



fficers inspecting horses with a view to requisition. The policeman in the foreground holds the list of names of all proprietors in the district, and every horse he owns must be produced.

Taking Chances

And Where It Will Lead

By DR. LAURA S. M. HAMILTON.

"I'll take a chance on it, I'll take a chance on it." The words were reiterated nervously. The speaker was a young clerk in a store who was busily counting out a roll of bills, wetting his fingers on his tongue or lip every moment or two to assist in the operation.

"A poor chance you're taking," I said, "don't you know that you may get any filthy disease from those bills?"

"I suppose so, but I'll have to chance it," he said flushing with nervousness, "Well," I replied, as I left the store feeling that my duty at least had been done, "It may be the chance of two or three years' miserable hospital treatment, and much else beside."

His words, however, kept repeating themselves to me for many days, and the utter fallacy of their argument seemed to become more evident the more I thought of them. "I'll have to chance it." What a lie! And yet to look at that young man one would know that the last thing in the world he would wish to do would be to tell an untruth. He simply was deceiving himself.

I read the other day that the mother of the former emperor of Germany had once remarked of him "that the trouble with Willy was that he could not tell the truth, even to himself." Such an affliction evidently tends to a bad end.

There are, however, not a few people who will most punctiliously tell the truth to other people, and yet deceive themselves.

Of such a class is the clerk. I saw him a few days later counting money again the same way. "I'll have to chance it."

Could he have had the mental picture of what he was chancing that I had, possibly he would have roused himself from his lazy acquiescence to a filthy habit; but he might have at least glimpsed it, and he would not try. He preferred to take a chance.

There are multitudes of such people in the world; people of whom one would naturally expect a higher degree of intelligence. For lack of intelligence can be the only explanation of such a mode of action. Lack of intelligence goes hand in hand with laziness and these two of course nurture ignorance.

People take chances, unneccessary chances, continually, in the handling of money, of materials, of foods, especially cooked foods, of everything that has had to pass through many other hands before reaching their destination. I would like to know if, during the not yet past plague of so called influenza, there has been any appreciable difference in the sale of cooked foods that are exposed for inspection in the various supply stores. From appearances I should think not. Yet such foods in our great cities and probably, where they have them, even more so in the village or country store, are exposed to the breath of every passerby. Where food has to be cooked again at home as in the case of raw meat, etc., it is a different matter.

In cities and in the provincial bulletins the medical officers of public health have tried patiently to instruct the public as to the proper use of the handkerchief and other ordinary marks of civilization, but with only a small proportion of success.

Only a couple of days ago, necessity compelling me, "the man of the house" and myself were seated in the street car, and a tall, fine looking young man, who nevertheless had a cold, was standing opposite. Presently he drew from his pocket a large handkerchief, I was thankful to note that it was fairly clean, but it had been used, and he deliberately shook that thing, largely as befitted his size, sex, and importance, in our faces, not once but twice, before using it to blow his very respectable nose.

I ducked my head, and endeavoured to put myself between the small boy and the offensive banner of thoughtless ignorance. Very thankful I felt that I took no chances I could possibly avoid in exposing ourselves to infection, for had we not before going out into crowds that day made sure that we were well fed and comfortably clothed, and did not remain in town to the point of fatigue?

Nevertheless what business had that young man, or anyone else, to allow himself to form habits of handling his handkerchief, or of sneezing, or coughing, in such a manner as to run the chance of infecting the innocent people with whom he happened to be surrounded?

Playing in the street outside the house now are two little children, who are staying with a relative, because their mother is in the hospital with an apparently serious case of influenza. Those children's noses are in such a condition that they never breathe through them, and their appearance, though otherwise warm and comfortable, is such that one does not care to look at them! Yesterday when they had been worrying my boy to come and play with them, I made direct inquiry as to their handkerchiefs, to find that such an article of nicety was apparently quite unknown? It is needless to say that "the man of the house" is instructed to keep such children at a polite distance. I take no chances.

Perhaps right here is a good opportunity to give a few rules in regard to handkerchiefs.

Handkerchiefs should be clean always, if soiled they should be discarded.

Each person, old or young, should have his own handkerchief, and use no other.

In the case of any cold, or infection of any kind in a house it is wiser for everyone to use rags and burn them at once, or better still use the soft paper that may be obtained for this purpose, so that a soiled article will not be carried about the person at all.

Handkerchiefs before being handled in the wash at all should always be boiled. If they are soaked first with a little soda in the water, and then boiled, the "dirt will not boil in."

Children should be taught from babyhood to keep the nose not only dry, but clean, so that breathing is quite easy.

They should be instructed how to handle a handkerchief daintily, never to wave it about, throw it around, or wipe their boots with it, or any other person's face.

They should be trained to regard a soiled handkerchief as an object of loathing and the condition of nose and throat that produces such a handkerchief as also a condition of loathing, to be *cured* at any cost, *and with all possible speed.*

They should regard it as immoral to transfer such a condition to any other person, and if infection is given inadvertently it should be a matter for apology and if possible reparation.

Incidentally it may be remarked that these rules are more binding on adults than on children.

People take strange chances in the places they visit, and more especially in the places they allow their children to frequent.

For instance take the moving picture shows, theatres, department stores and other places of public assembly, where mixed crowds gather.

Let us consider these at first wholly from a physical standpoint. Adults unaccustomed to crowds, or poor air grow faint or fatigued as the case may be while shopping, or "at the show." To how much greater extent must this be the case with children—the younger the child the more susceptible to exhaustion. Children are peculiarly susceptible to the emotional atmosphere of people around them. They are like little Eolian harps and every passing breeze finds response on sensitive strings. Imagine the exhaustion that must necessarily result. And with physical exhaustion comes immediate susceptibility to disease germs which always are found in plenty in crowded enclosed places—this susceptibility because the general bodily powers being even temporarily at a low ebb the power of resistance is proportionately low.

Since the power to resist disease may be called one of the overflows as it were of good health, one can quickly realize that in a lowered condition of general health the *overflow* would be practically nil.

And yet people for the sake of an hour's recreation (re-creation) or the "pleasure" of shopping in one of the big stores, deliberately expose themselves and their children to the dangers indicated, "taking chances" with what object in view, anyway?

One dislikes to think that such a large number of people are without objective. Yet surely they at all events are curiously near-sighted.

Economy can scarcely be urged as a reason for the shopping mothers one sees, dragging their exhausted selves and panting, wailing babies about the big stores, for one visit from the doctor, or even one bottle of medicine these days will completely knock the bottom out of almost any bargain that might be gotten by such shopping. Of course there *are* people who never pay their doctor's bills, that class might make a slight monetary gain.

The query—is it pleasure then?—calls to mind the experience of the little Irish city bred waif, a jolly party of young people took with them once when they went on a good old fashioned camping trip in two canoes to a wild little rocky bay in the far north of Muskoka. Mary had slept in a tent on moss and spruce boughs for the first time in her life, and thought poorly of it. And now at noon the next day one of those infatuated young women whom she had thought so wise was cooking in a tin can suspended over an open fire, on a flat rock, a curious mixture of partridge and other things (that same stew was one of the most delicious things I ever tasted) when a sudden "merry little breeze" blew ashes from the fire in a wild swirl into the pot and, mixed with smoke, into poor Mary's eyes. After several futile attempts to dodge the smoke which seemed not to disturb the cook any more than the ashes in the stew did, Mary finally stood up straight, and, removing her hand from her eyes, she pointed an accusing finger at that offending individual, and in a tone in which profound pity for the madness of her companions, mingled with righteous indignation at her own enforced misery, she wailed out, "Plai-zhure; plai-zhure! An' do yez call *this plai-zhure?* Take me back to Toronto." The shriek of unseemly mirth which greeted her only made her more certain of the madness of the community, and she retired with dignity to the tent.

But often when I see the weary looking crowds coming out of "the show," or an exhausted mother carrying about a fretting, piteous-looking child in her arms, Mary's words come back to me, "Plai-zhure! Plai-zhure, do yez call *this* plai-zhure?"

As a complete antithesis to the people who "take chances on it" are a much smaller class who "shut the door after them," otherwise take no chances they can avoid, and make all possible preparations for what they cannot avoid.

Have you heard the little rhyme, "Advice to Children"?

"Come when you're called, do as you're bid,
Shut the door after you, and you'll never be chid."

Very sound advice it is, and applicable to older children.

It was in my student days, and a well-known physician and I were returning home in those eerie hours somewhere between two and four o'clock on a winter's morning. Very weary we, botb were, and very awe-struck was the student, for all night long had she been watching the older woman struggle with wonderful skill to save not one, but two lives. It was in a poor home, over full, and not very clean, and the only help the doctor had had was such as had been rendered by the nervous, unskilled hands of the student herself. But now mother and babe lay clean, peaceful and comfortable, and everyone was happy in the little home. A woman had again gone down almost to death, and had returned, and another little life been lifted over the threshold of the strange door between Eternity and Time.

It was one of the very first cases I had seen, and the awe of it has never quite gone, but that night I broke a long silence by asking the skilled obstetrician at my side the question that had been on my mind for weeks, "Aren't you often afraid to leave a case like that when you think of the infections there might be?" Her reply was abrupt in its terseness, "No, I am not, because I leave no doors open behind me." Otherwise, she took no chances. She was noted for her success, as she was also for the unswerving care of her routine work, in which the element of chance had no place.

"I'll just take a chance on it." "I leave no doors open behind me." Would that I had the pencil of the artist and could sketch for you the faces of the speakers, every feature and line of which indicate the differences in character—weakness and force; indecision and decision; narrowness and breadth; helplessness and helpfulness; childish good nature and God-like sympathy; nervous fear and calm repose; ignorance and high intellectuality.

To which class would you like to belong, my reader? Perhaps someone is saying, "But we cannot all be like the doctor." Possibly not just in her line, but we can each practice one of her favorite mottoes, Shakespeare's well-known, "To thine own self be true; thou canst not then be false to any man." We can insofar as we understand "shut the doors behind us."

We can remember, without any exception to the rule, that in all matters relating to humanity (and we ourselves are human) no chances can be taken. no gift can be acceptable but our best, our gold and frankincense and myrrh. The only path we can tread to bring our gifts to the King of Kings is the path that was marked for us by the feet of the King's Son, who brought *His* gift to *Humanity.*

Since last I wrote to you the war has ceased, and our hearts are still thanking God that the awful slaughter has ended; but following the period of delirious rejoicing has come on many of us the reaction of a strange apathy, as we strive to awaken from what, alas, has not been merely a horrible nightmare.

For, as the aftermath of war, pestilence and confusion surround us; as stark details of horror, which in the rapid passing of events we had scarce time to realize, now crowd in upon us, we are conscious of something akin to stupefaction that presses in on mind and spirit.

Just now let us remember to walk softly and take no chances. "To thine own self be true." Let us be patient with ourselves, and above everything.

(Continued on page 52.)

The Best Books For Winter Evenings

Selected by OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY.

Canadian Poems of the Great War: Edited by John W. Garvin. Published by McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto. Price $1.50.

The poetic event of the year, so far as Canadians are concerned, is undoubtedly the publication of this very complete Canadian anthology of war poems, edited by Mr. Garvin. There are two hundred and twenty poems, representing seventy-three poets, and although one is puzzled as to why certain stanzas have been included in the book, the anthology is most complete, and will serve to vocalize Canada's war thought during the past four years or more.

Among the poets represented are W. A. Fraser, Bliss Carman, Helena Coleman, Wm. D. Lighthall, Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, J. E. Middleton, Chas. G. D. Roberts, Frederick George Scott, Robert W. Service, Bernard Freeman Trotter and Arthur Stringer. Mr. Garvin has performed a worthy work in compiling this anthology, and it should find a place in every Canadian library.

Old Days on the Farm, by A. C. Wood. Published by McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto. Price $1.50.

This is a volume containing a series of sketches of farm life as it was lived in the country thirty or forty years ago. They were originally contributed to the "St. Mary's Journal," and depict the author's recollections of his boyhood days amid the natural surroundings of farm life.

In a brief preface, the author outlines his purpose in publishing the book. "I hold to the belief," writes Mr. Wood, "that one born and raised in the country has a distinct advantage over those unfortunates who from infancy have been doomed to artificial ways and so missed the delights of woodland places, hawthorn lanes and the innumerable joys that pertain to rural life. I have essayed to recall in these chapters the pleasures that are still to be found and enjoyed by those who may adventure in the field of pioneer agriculture."

An American Family, by Henry Kitchell Webster. Published by McLeod, Allen & Co., Toronto. Price $1.50.

This work of fiction deals with the industrial problems which hinge on the manufacturing business owned and operated by Gregory Corbett, the father of the hero in the story. The scene of the book is located in Chicago, between the years 1911 and 1916, and the author's purpose in writing the story is to attack the industrial unrest as represented by Anarchy, Bolsheviki and the I.W.W. movement. Like all propaganda novels, the story lacks reality. Nevertheless, Mr. Webster pictures American industrial conditions of to-day with more than ordinary skill.

Professor Latimer's Progress, by Simeon Strunsky. Published by McClelland & Stewart. Price $1.40 net.

This book is the first novel of Simeon Strunsky, who for a number of years has been a staff writer on the "New York Evening Post." It is a story of the sentimental journey of a middle-aged American scholar, who seeks a cure from the weariness of war in a walking trip through New York State.

Prof. Latimer is not too sentimental, and the adventures he meets on the broad highway are surprisingly modern. He finds himself playing the haughty father to a Mexican beauty before the moving picture camera; he invades the roadside blacksmith shop, which has graduated into garages, and consorts with philosophic tinkers of the 1918 model; he is arrested for speeding, is subjected to the Binet test in a modern criminological laboratory, and engages in a fist fight on the country road in the manner of George Borrow. He finally comes home with a moving picture actress, "registering" sympathy, and two modernist young women, to say nothing of a wealth of new ideas and something of an answer to his quest after the meaning of war.

"The New York Sun" and "Boston Transcript" have hailed "Professor Latimer's Progress" as "an American Britling," but to the editor of this column the big essential difference between Wells' book and the novel under review is the difference between a search for a cure for a diseased mental viewpoint and a search in which the main purpose is to avoid discomfort. Prof. Latimer is not nearly as strong a character as Mr. Britling, nor, on the other hand, is he as clearly delineated by his author.

A Reporter at Armageddon, by Will Irwin. Published by Frederick D. Goodchild, Toronto. Price $1.50.

Public interest in war books has been waning rapidly since the signing of the armistice. Nevertheless, there will be for some seasons to come several outstanding war books which will compel the attention of the discriminating reader.

One of this season's war books which merits careful reading is Will Irwin's new book, in which he describes the people and places visited during his travels through France, Italy, Belgium, Great Britain and Switzerland. All of the articles deal with certain phases of life which are peculiar to the countries visited, and indicate very keen powers of observation on the part of the writer. Some of the articles appeared last year in a number of prominent periodicals, and all of them are marked by an unusually sympathetic understanding of the various peoples and places.

(Continued on page 45.)



THE first of a series of Book Reviews by Owen E. McGillicuddy appears on this page.

In future each month Mr. McGillicuddy will tell our readers what is new, what is worth reading, and what is not, in the realm of books, thus providing a most valuable guide to busy readers who have not time to choose for themselves from the entire output of new books.

An excellent book of verse by this writer has just been published.



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Our Friend The Piano

Something About Its Evolution and the Place It Holds in the Community

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

Despite the greatly increased diffusion of reproducing instruments of recent years, those directly interested in the manufacture and sale of the piano tell me that the vogue of that instrument has not suffered. In fact, the falling off in sales which was expected during the first year of the war did not transpire. A just proportion of the increased earnings of the people which were the result of war contracts went into pianos. Music teachers who specialize in the instrument did, indeed, suffer severe privation in the first twelve-month or so of the conflict, but presently began to be recompensed by the fact that large numbers of young people, suddenly becoming self-supporting, had shown a desire for musical instruction that they had not been previously able to afford; and the instrument to which they turned was the piano.

Few of us stop to realize how great a part the piano has come to play in the modern community. Thirty years ago it was very rarely, indeed, that one might encounter pianos in the homes of even wealthy farmers; and to-day they are everywhere. At the period when men of middle age received their education, a piano in a public school was a very rare sight, even in the big cities. Now no educational institution, even of the humblest pretensions, is without one. The piano is part of the equipment of the smallest country hotel and of every boarding house, to say nothing of the part that instruments of a more magnificent order play in the furnishing of elaborate homes. The reason is not far to seek. A great proportion of mankind have an instinct that leads them to desire to make music themselves—to participate, so to speak, in the creation of the melody. To people of such inclination the piano, while capable of being the vehicle of the highest artistic expression, is the easiest of all to play upon easier even than the mouth-organ. People who never had a music lesson in their lives, and to whom staff notation is Greek, can play on it quite passably by ear. There is another more subtle reason for its popularity discerned by psychologists. The piano is in essence a percussion instrument, in which the tone is produced by a series of hammer-strokes on wire; and is capable of infinite varieties of rhythmic effect. In this respect it partakes of the nature of the drum and other instruments that have been favored by mankind since the beginning of the human race. Unquestionably, there is that in the nature of all of us which loves percussion and the rhythmical effects that can be produced thereby. This despite the fact that in the higher examples of pianoforte interpretation it is the aim of the artist to overcome the percussion effect and produce the same flowing tone that characterizes the human voice and the violin when properly used.

Despite its universal vogue, the piano, as we know it to-day, is, in comparison with most other instruments that are used to make music, modern; though it is a scientific development of one of the most ancient of all instruments—the harp. Its mechanism is, indeed, partly that of a harp, which can be tuned with keys, and is struck with hammers rather than with the fingers. On the many devices that modern invention has produced to make piano tone richer and more beautiful and to regulate and soften the blows which produce the sound, it would be impossible to dilate without entering into a dry mechanical dissertation. Suffice it to say that the piano of to-day is the outgrowth of centuries of ingenious development.

Musical historians tell us that in its infancy it was a two-stringed harp. From time to time more strings were added. By the dawn of the twelfth century A.D. it had become known as an cithara, somewhat of the shape of the modern letter "P" and having for the most part ten strings. It is quite possible that Richard Coeur de Lion, King of England, who was a poet and musician, solaced his leisure with such an instrument. About that time another instrument which may also be regarded as an authentic ancestor of the piano came into vogue in the shape of the monochord, known to Guido D'Arrezzio, the supposed inventor of modern musical notation. As its name indicated, the monochord had but one string, and remained in use for two centuries at least. But the modern piano was really on the way when the clavichord was evolved, in which the strings were touched by a brass tangent instead of a hammer. Records preserved in the National Museum at Vienna bearing date of 1440 A.D. show that the clavichord had been in use at that time for about a century. Though mediaeval in origin it managed to hold its own, owing to various modifications and improvements, for another three centuries. Many of the piano compositions of Bach, which are heard on concert platforms and given to pupils for study, were composed for the clavichord, on which his wife was a gifted executant. I have heard a clavichord played by the famous authority on ancient instruments, Arnold Dolmetsch, and the tones were so light and low that they would have little appeal to modern ears, which by the conditions of modern life have been attuned to noise or to louder sounds than the clavichord was capable of producing.

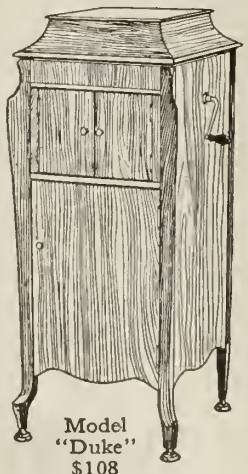
Allied with the clavichord were the spinet, the virginal, to which allusions will be found in Shakespeare, and the clavicimbalum, an adaptation of the cimbalum. The cimbalum is an ancient instrument which is still used by Hungarian bands and in which the musician strikes with a pair of light hammers a series of wires stretched over a horizontal board. The origin of the word spinet is, like most matters connected with the ancestry of the pianoforte, a subject of controversy. Some think that it got its name from the fact that sharp-pointed quills or thorns (Latin, spina) were used to elicit the tone from the wire. Others hold that the name comes from Giovanni Spinetti, a Venetian maker of musical instruments, who lived at the dawn of the sixteenth century.

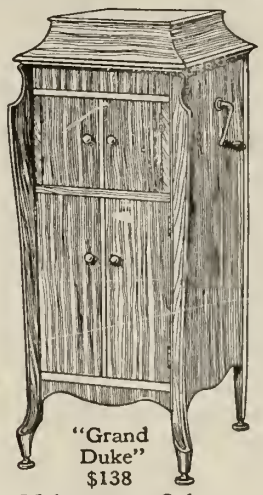
By the time the eighteenth century had been reached a most potent rival to the clavichord had been born in the harpsichord, which is the real mother or father of the modern pianoforte. It was invented in 1640 by Jan Couchet, whose grandfather, Hans Ruckert, was a noted clavichord maker of Antwerp. It was used by Handel, Mozart, Bach, and, in fact, all the notable composers of the eighteenth century. There is in Queen Mary's music room at Buckingham Palace a very fine harpischord, which was once the property of Handel.

Though it was of Dutch origin, England became the home of the harpsichord and of makers of that instrument. For instance, among the Kaiser's treasures at Potsdam was a magnificently decorated harpsichord made for Frederick the Great by Jacob Kirckman, of London. The boom which the manufacture of harpsichords enjoyed in England was largely due, no doubt, to the patronage of successive monarchs. It was a favorite of the Dutch King of England, William III., Prince of Orange, who came to reign in 1690, and later with good Queen Anne and the first three Georges. It was one of the virtues of George the Third that he was a great lover of music, and found it a

(*Continued on page* 39.)

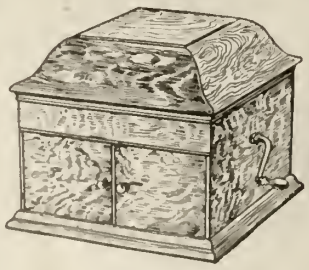

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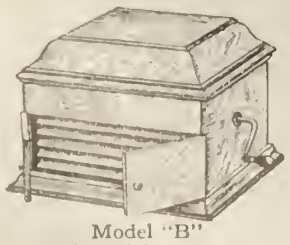
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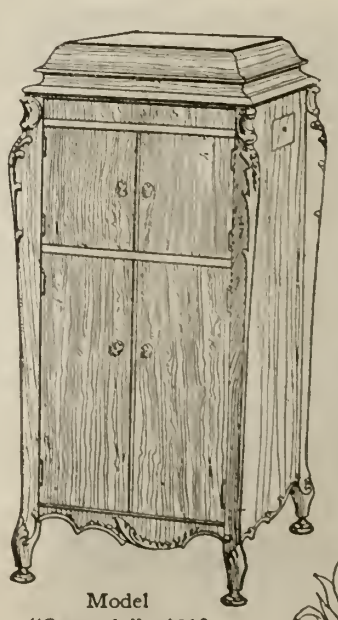

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46



For the nightly cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream

As a protection to the skin, use Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out

Cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture

YOU can keep your skin soft, smooth, pink-and-white the winter through, but you must guard it against the harsh winds which whip out of it all its elasticity. To make and keep your skin lovely you need two creams—one kind for protection and an entirely different kind for cleansing.

The reason your complexion suffers in winter is because the cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture.

With each exposure to the cold, the skin becomes tighter and rougher until it cracks and breaks. It loses its delicate color and takes on the unattractive redness of coarse, chapped skin.

How to protect your skin

Before going out protect your skin by an application of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Use it on your hands and neck as well as your face. Compare the fresh, soft condition in which it keeps your face with the drawn, dry feeling that generally follows exposure to cold, windy weather.

Based on an ingredient which doctors have used for years for its softening, beautifying qualities, Pond's Vanishing Cream is of the utmost value in overcoming all dryness and restoring the normal pliancy to the skin.

It is absolutely free from greasiness. You can use it throughout the day or you can put it on while dressing for the evening with the knowledge that not a bit of it will remain on the skin to make it shiny. It has a wonderfully beautifying effect, and as a base for powder is so effective that one powdering is sufficient for the whole evening. Try it the next time you want your skin to look its very best.



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

Billie Burke, whose beautiful skin is the envy of everyone who sees her, says: "No one appreciates Pond's Vanishing Cream more than I"



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

Constance Collier, who was a particularly adorable Marr, Duchess of Towers, in "Peter Ibbetson," says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream feels so cooling and soothing to the skin. I never fail to use it after coming in from outdoors. Just one application is enough to do away with all roughness and windburn"

Some of the famous women who use it

Many of the most famous women of the stage use Pond's Vanishing Cream constantly. Among them are Billie Burke, Constance Collier, Frances Starr, Martha Hedman, Elsie Janis, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Mabel Taliaferro, Marjorie Rambeau.

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Without thorough cleansing of all the dust gathered during the day, the skin cannot be clear and fine-textured. Pond's Cold Cream was prepared especially to give the skin a *perfect* cleansing.

Try it for your bedtime toilet tonight. You will revel in the sensation of grateful cleanliness it produces.

For massage, you will find Pond's Cold Cream delightfully smooth and easy to work into the pores.

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Or we will send you free samples of each cream

Mail the coupon below for free sample tubes of each cream. For enough of each cream to last two weeks send 10c, or 5c if you want only one cream. Send for them today and give them a week's test. You will find that your complexion has become smoother, fresher, lovelier than ever in coloring. Address The Pond's Extract Company, 146-S Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.



One application relieves chapped skin

If your skin has become rough or reddened by exposure to the cold, apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. The very first time you use it you will notice how it relieves the tight, drawn feeling, how it smooths away and softens all roughness



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Pond's Extract Co., 146S Brock Ave., Toronto, Can.

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- A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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What Is Osteopathy?

By W. OTHUR HILLARY.

Through merit and scientific progression, Osteopathy has finally become the subject of earnest discussion and investigation by the laity, the press and the Government. And by its teachings and practice, Osteopathy has so influenced the dogma of the old schools of healing that it has become necessary to readjust medical legislation all over America.

Ontario is no exception to this reformation. Our Government has spent thousands of dollars in an effort to define this new art of healing and determine its relation to allopathy and homeopathy.

An answer to the above question might be expected in the form of a definition. But a comprehensive definition of the healing art, or any school of the art, is inadequate since the theory and practice of therapeutics are in constant change. An example: The old conception of a doctor was that of a dignified, prosperous gentleman with a pill-bag.

The greatest physicians of to-day have discarded the pill-bag, since they have learned to give little or no drugs.

Sir William Osler very aptly stated the position of drugs in the medical art of healing; "The new school (of medicine) does not feel itself under obligation to give any medicine whatever, while a generation ago not only could few physicians have held their practice unless they did, but few would have thought it safe or scientific."

The old system of drugging was in vogue long before Harvey discovered the true nature and course of the circulation of the blood. It has grown in custom through centuries. The "dictionary" of drugs grew in volume generation after generation in spite of the fact that thousands of remedies given as specifics yesterday, are proven useless to-day.

So Sir William Osler's revolution in treatment is a marvelous change to accredit to one generation.

It is remarkable to consider that Osteopathy was conceived and developed in this particular generation; and the medical school can but honestly accredit this reformation in drug giving, largely to the influence of the persistent non-drug principles and practice of Osteopathy.

For through persistency and opposition Osteopathy grew.

Tradition gave precedent to the old school physician and unquestioned confidence in his medical method of combating disease.

The Osteopathic physician did not at first enjoy that confident faith of his patient. In consequence this new art of healing had to grow by successfully treating the so-called hopeless cases, driven in despair from the old faith.

It has been a painful progress on the part of the Medical profession to accept the fact that Nature cures, and not the remedy prescribed. And since non-drug methods of healing have grown on the failures of the orthodox school of medication, Osteopathy early won favor and success because it taught that drugs are palliative, that Nature cures, that the most any physician can do for his patient, is to render operative the natural curative forces within the body.

Conditions decreed that the Osteopathic physician could not "tend" his patient, because he had not the prerogative of traditional confidence and submission granted the "old school" doctor. Osteopathy must get results or get out. If any long term of suffering was to be borne by the patient, while waiting until the journey should end, it must needs be traveled under the care of a "regular" doctor.

It is well for Osteopathy that it was so.

The life-saving stimulation which developed the Osteopathic concept into a complete science of healing, was that very opposition of tradition. The Osteopathic missionaries faced a daily challenge. "You are a new school. The old school says they can do no more, we will defy orthodoxy and submit to your treatment as a last resort." But at first they came with skepticism, with anxiety and faint heart that this new method might cure the hopeless.

Is it not a worthy tribute to the efficiency of Osteopathy that in spite of this prejudice and impatience, Osteopathy has developed and broadened into a complete school of science influencing the reform of the whole therapeutic Art?

So we must consider Osteopathy is either true or false. There can be no compromise.

That it is incompatible with the medical school is not general knowledge, and the establishment of this fact is Osteopathy's only right to exist in the world as a special school of healing.

We can best consider this new system of therapeutics by discussing the three principal points of radical departure between Osteopathy and medicine, the theory of the cause of disease, the method of diagnosis and the manner of treating these causes.

Causes of Disease.

Osteopathy has developed a new theory as to the origin of most diseases. This new idea is expressed in the term—lesion.

This is the one characteristic concept of Osteopathy—that lesions, or structural defects, by interference and pressure cause and maintain disease. Since every interference affecting the health balance of the human mechanism has a definite cause, there are necessarily many lesions to be diagnosed and corrected. While Osteopathy has found most diseases to be of spinal origin, many causes are found in all tissues and organs of the body. Further let it be understood that Osteopathy does not look within the body for all the maladjustments causing ill health. It is fully recognized that the lesion may be one of heredity, environment, habit, occupation or temperament. And in treating these cases Osteopathy brings to its aid the corrective forces common to the science of healing. It makes use of diet, hygiene, sanitation, surgery and psychology. In fact it appropriates all that is good in restoring health, and welcomes that which is proved good by whatever school.

It does not appeal to you to accept that which cannot be demonstrated. Its principles are broad, and based upon common sense in full accord with the facts of modern science. It embraces the discoveries of anatomy and physiology and all disease manifestations. These facts bear witness to the fundamental principles of Osteopathy—that bodily structure must be normal, all parts in proper relation one to another, in order that function be perfect, resulting in health and happiness.

Health can only result from a proper quantity and quality of blood supplied to all tissues and organs of the body. This function is possible only with an uninterrupted nerve supply, which condition depends upon unobstructed nerve paths and blood channels.

From these common truths it should be easy to reason why the very basic principle of Osteopathy is adjustment. Adjustment of the structures of the human body as a machine. Adjustment of internal relations to external relations in nature's struggle with heredity and environment.

Osteopathic Diagnosis.

The successful application of Osteopathic principles requires scientific knowledge and training. While manipulation is of Osteopathy, it is but a means of assisting nature and is of secondary importance. But the ability to locate *cause* and properly interpret *effect* is all important and requires a comprehensive knowledge of the human body as a living mechanism. For without scientific knowledge of structure, function and disease, proper diagnosis of *causes* cannot be accomplished. And unless the exact cause, or lesion, of the disease is comprehended, no degree of manipulation or adjustment will effect a cure. So efficient diagnosis is all important.

However it should be common knowledge to-day that the professional training of the Osteopathic physician is equal to the professional training of the Medical physician in all subjects pertaining to the healing art except those having to do with internal medication. In fact the

(*Continued on page* 45.)



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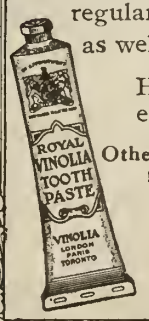
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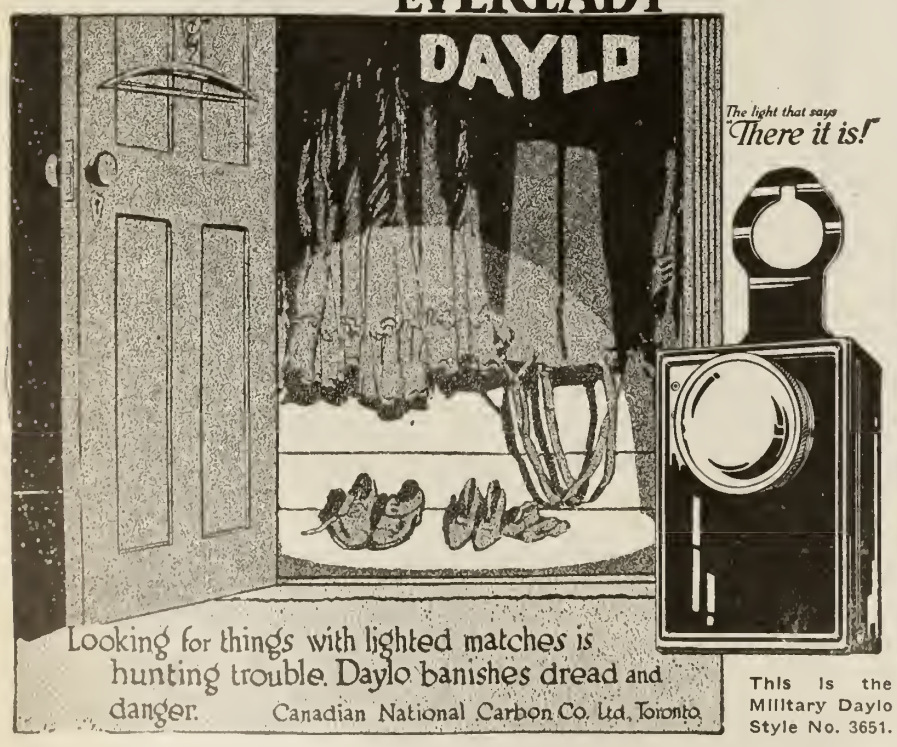
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Economical Dumpling Recipes

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Economical Cookery."

In Cold Winter Days Dumplings Make An Appetizing Dish

Fig Dumplings.—Sift into a bowl one cupful each of barley flour and corn flour, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of baking powder, then cut and rub in one-half cupful of butter substitute, add three tablespoonfuls of maple syrup and one cupful of finely chopped figs. Mix all well together, add sufficient milk or water to form a stiff dough. Divide the mixture into equal parts, shape them into round dumplings, put them into a saucepan of boiling water, and boil steadily for one hour and fifty minutes. Serve hot with preserves or syrup.

Cracker Dumplings.—Beat three tablespoonfuls of butter substitute to a cream, add to well beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and a little powdered nutmeg. Add five rolled soda crackers and roll into small balls and drop into boiling soup fifteen minutes before serving.

Corn Meal Dumplings.—Put into a double boiler one cupful of milk or water, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute and a pinch of salt, when it begins to boil stir in enough corn meal to thicken and allow to cook for twenty minutes stirring all the time. Remove from the fire, and when cold add two well beaten eggs, a grate of nutmeg, one-half cupful of chopped nut meats and a squeeze of lemon juice. Allow to become cold, then make into little round balls and twenty minutes before soup is to be served, drop in the dumplings.

Oatmeal Dumplings.—Melt one-half cupful of butter substitute, then pour it into a bowl, add one cupful of oatmeal or rolled oats, one onion, chopped, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper and one-eighth teaspoonful of paprika. Rub well together until thoroughly mixed, then add gradually enough cold water to make a stiff dough. Take a clean pudding cloth, wring it through water, and sprinkle the centre of it with oatmeal. Place the dumpling in it, and tie firmly, leaving ample room for swelling. Plunge it into a saucepan of boiling water (placing a plate under it to prevent sticking), and boil steadily for one and three-quarters hours. Turn out on to a hot plate, and serve with baked potatoes. This dumpling is very nutritious for children, and greatly liked if made sweet, by leaving out the onion and seasoning, adding a pinch of salt and three tablespoonfuls of maple syrup or honey. Serve hot with milk.

Delicious Apple Dumplings.—Peel, core and slice eight or ten large apples. Line greased custard cups with war-time paste; fill with apples, sprinkling them with maple or corn syrup, and adding a squeeze of lemon juice, then cover the top with paste. Place in a baking dish, fill with boiling water to come half-way up the cups, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Turn out each dumpling into a glass dish and serve with sweet sauce or hot milk.

For the paste.—Sift one cupful each of barley flour, oat flour and flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and a pinch of salt into a bowl. Cut and rub in four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, and add enough cold water to make a smooth paste. Roll out thin, when it is ready for dumplings.

Another Method.—Select firm, medium sized apples, pare and core them. Take a piece of the paste and cut it into neat squares of about four inches. Place an apple on each square of paste, fill the cored centre with apple or quince jam, wet the four corners of the paste and bring them to the top of the apple and join, care being taken that the whole apple is neatly covered. Place the dumplings on a greased baking tin and bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Serve hot or cold.

A Delicious Sauce for Sweet Dumplings.—Boil one cupful of maple syrup or corn syrup with one cupful of water and two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute for five minutes, then add one tablespoonful of cornstarch moistened with a little cold water and cook for eight minutes longer. Beat one yolk of egg with one-half cupful of milk and a pinch of salt, and stir into the boiling mixture. When well blended and thick, remove from fire and add one teaspoonful vanilla extract.

Potato Dumplings.—Wash one dozen large potatoes, and boil them with the skins on the night before the dumplings are to be prepared. Skin and pound them and when perfectly cold, add six tablespoonfuls of barley flour, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Mix all well together, then add three well beaten eggs, stirring all the time. Form the mixture into small round balls and drop into boiling salted water, and boil for twenty minutes without lifting the cover. Lift out carefully one by one, drain, place on a hot dish and serve with parsley sauce.

Another Method.—Boil or bake four potatoes until tender, then peel and run through a potato masher, add seasonings of salt, powdered cinnamon and nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of corn syrup or maple syrup, two beaten eggs and enough corn flour to make them hold together. Drop into boiling soup by spoonfuls twenty minutes before serving.

Dumplings Made With Dough.—Make a light dough as for bread, using to mix it, milk, instead of water, and after the dough has risen a second time, put it on a floured baking board and make into small dumplings; plunge them into boiling salted water, and boil for thirty minutes. Serve the instant they are drained, as they spoil directly by falling and becoming heavy; and in eating do not touch them with a knife, but tear them apart with two forks. They may be eaten with brown gravy, brown sauce, or syrup.

Bread Dumplings.—Boil one cupful of milk or water and pour it over one-fourth cupful of fine bread crumbs, then add one-half cupful of melted butter substitute and one tablespoonful of grated maple sugar. Let the mixture get cold, then add three well beaten eggs and mix well together, add one-half teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon or nutmeg and one-fourth cupful of seeded raisins. Grease some molds, put in the mixture, and bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes.

Another Method.—Soak two cupfuls of dry bread in sufficient milk or water to make it soft. Then add two beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter substitute, a pinch of salt, one-half cupful of barley flour and two cupfuls of cooked rice and mix together. Have one quart of boiling water in a saucepan, drop in mixture by spoonfuls, dip spoon in boiling water every time, and cook slowly until they float. Drain and drop into a pan of boiling milk and serve with the milk.

Dumplings With Baking Powder.—Sift one cupful each of barley flour and rice flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a grate of nutmeg into a bowl, then stir in quickly one cupful of milk. Have the dough soft, then drop the batter from a spoon into a stew, or into boiling salted water; or if preferred, make the dough just consistent enough to roll, and cut it into neat squares. The stew must not be allowed to stop simmering after the dumplings are in; and cook for twenty minutes without lifting the cover. If the dumplings are removed before being thoroughly done, they fall and are hard and indigestible.

Another Method.—Beat the yolks of two eggs, add a pinch of salt, and a pinch of pepper, then add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of baking powder, the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and enough oat flour to make a stiff batter. Drop by spoonfuls into boiling soup twenty minutes before serving.

Lemon Dumplings.—Mix two cupfuls of bread crumbs with one-half cupful of butter substitute, one-half cupful of maple syrup or honey, a pinch of salt and the grated rind of one lemon. Moisten with two well beaten eggs and the strained juice of one lemon; mix well, and put the mixture into small well greased molds, cover with greased papers and steam steadily for one hour. Turn them out on to a hot dish and serve with the following jam sauce: Put into a saucepan four tablespoonfuls of water, two tablespoonfuls of maple or corn syrup, two tablespoonfuls of jam and two yolks of eggs; stand the pan in another containing boiling water, whisk the sauce until it becomes frothy and thickens, then use.

Made With The Appetizing Cranberry

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes."

After the Autumn Fruits Have Gone, the Cranberry Comes to the Aid of the Housekeeper

There is hardly a fruit which lends itself so well to such various treatments and uses as cranberries. The cranberry is one of the few fruits which can be used as a relish served with meats; it proves a most satisfactory stewed sauce; it is easily made into a beautiful clear jelly, and it has as many and varied uses in desserts as any fruit.

CRANBERRY AND BANANA COMPOTE.—Pick and wash two cupfuls of cranberries, put them into a saucepan, add one-half cupful of maple syrup and one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg or cinnamon, and cook slowly until tender. Then rub the cranberries through a sieve and return the puree thus obtained to the saucepan. Peel four bananas, cut them in small pieces with a silver knife, and put them into the cranberry mixture. Cook for a few minutes until the bananas are soft and serve cold.

CRANBERRY AND APPLE JAM.—Pick and wash one and one-half pounds of cranberries, put them into a saucepan with two pounds of sugar and one pound of grated maple sugar, and bruise them down with the back of a wooden spoon. Unless this is done, they will never become sweet. Cook for ten minutes.

Peel, core and slice apples, then weigh two pounds and put them into a preserving kettle with a very little water and cook until reduced to a pulp. They must not be made too liquid, then add the cranberry mixture, and boil together until the jam will set. This is a very useful jam, as it is excellent served with roast mutton or roast game instead of red currant jelly. Pears may be used instead of apples.

CRANBERRY AND CORNSTARCH MOLD.—Pick and wash one pound of cranberries and put them into a saucepan with two cupfuls of water and three-fourths cupful of honey or maple syrup and cook them until reduced to a pulp, and then rub through a sieve. Measure this juice, and allow one-half cupful of cornstarch to each two cupfuls. Put the juice into a saucepan, mix the cornstarch to a smooth paste with a little cold water, add it to the cranberry juice and stir over the fire until boiling. Simmer slowly for fifteen minutes, then pour the mixture into a wet mold and put in a cool place to firm. Turn out when wanted, and serve with milk or any preferred sweet sauce.

Sage or any fine cereal may be used instead of cornstarch to stiffen the juice.

CRANBERRY CONSERVE.—Put three pounds of picked and washed cranberries through a sieve, add one package of cleaned and seeded raisins, grated rinds, pulp and strained juice of two oranges and two lemons, one pound of corn or golden syrup, one pound of honey and one pound of sugar. Boil until it sets when tried in cold water, and pour into sterilized glasses.

CRANBERRY DAINTY.—Fill greased fireproof dish with alternate layers of fine bread crumbs and cranberry sauce, having the bread crumbs on the top and bottom. Beat two yolks of eggs with one cupful of milk and add one-fourth cupful of grated maple sugar, pour into the pudding, and bake in a moderate oven until the custard firms. Cover with meringue made from the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth and one tablespoonful of sugar beaten into them. Return to the oven to brown slightly and serve hot with hot milk.

CRANBERRY PIE.—Line a pie plate with plain pastry. For the filling: Mix three cupfuls of cranberries with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful each of honey and maple syrup and eight tablespoonfuls of water and cook for five minutes, stirring all the time, allow to cool, then turn into the prepared pie plate, put strips of pastry over the top or cover with a crust and bake in a moderate oven.

Another Method.—Chop together two cupfuls of cranberries and one cupful of seeded raisins or stoned dates, add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with one cupful of grated maple sugar, then add one-half cupful of cold water and one-half teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg. Bake with two crusts.

Or, beat two eggs until light, then add one and one-half cupfuls of chopped cranberries, a pinch of salt, one-half cupful each of corn syrup and sugar. Bake with two crusts.

CRANBERRY SALAD.—Mix together equal parts of cranberry jelly, skinned and seeded grapes and diced pineapple, then add two tablespoonfuls of chopped cocoanut or nut meats, and serve on nests of crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing made without mustard.

Another Method.—Mix together three cupfuls of stewed and sweetened cranberries, one cupful of chopped nut meats, celery and apples, moisten with lemon juice, then pour over the mixture one-half cupful of strained orange juice. Serve in individual plates and garnish with cranberry jelly.

CRANBERRY SHERBET.—Cook one quart of cranberries in two cupfuls of water until soft, then rub through a sieve and add the strained juice of two lemons, one tablespoonful of gelatine which has been dissolved with one-fourth cupful of boiling water, one cupful of sugar and one cupful of corn syrup. Freeze in the usual way, using one measure of rock salt to three measures of crushed ice.

CRANBERRY COBBLER.—Line a greased baking dish with plain pastry. Mix one quart of cranberries with one cupful of milk, one cupful of boiling water, one cupful each of sugar and maple syrup, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking soda and one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract. Pour into the prepared dish, cover with crust, pinch the edges together, and make two holes in the top. Bake in a hot oven for forty minutes. Serve hot with whipped evaporated milk or any preferred sweet sauce.

CRANBERRY CHEESECAKES.—Line gem or tartlet tins with pastry. Mix one-fourth cupful of cornstarch with one cupful of honey and one cupful of sugar in a small saucepan, add one cupful of boiling water and stir over the fire until thick and smooth, then add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one quart of chopped cranberries, and cook for twenty minutes, then add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute and divide into the prepared tins. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

CRANBERRY PUDDING.—Pick and wash one quart of cranberries, and then drain well. Peel, core and slice one pound of cooking apples into a saucepan, add four tablespoonfuls of grated maple sugar, one-half cupful of water, and cook until soft, then rub through a sieve. Take one cupful of chopped suet, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and mix into a stiff paste with cold water; roll it out to one-fourth inch in thickness, and neatly line some greased molds with it. Spread the apple puree all over the inside of the paste, fill up with the cranberries, and put into each one teaspoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful of water; cover the tops with a layer of paste, cover with greased papers and steam steadily for one and one-half hours. Remove the papers, run a knife round the edges, turn them out on to very hot platter, and serve with hot milk.

JELLIED CRANBERRIES.—Take four cupfuls of cranberries, one cupful of water and two cupfuls of sugar. Wash the cranberries, removing any that are imperfect. Put them into a saucepan, sprinkle the sugar over them, and pour the water gently over. Cook slowly, and when they reach the boiling point, cover for a few moments, then uncover and cook gently until tender. Pour into a wet mold and when firm turn out.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Boil one cupful of corn syrup, one-half cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water for ten minutes, then add one quart of washed cranberries and cook without stirring until all the skins break, then use.

CRANBERRIES WITH MEAT.—Cranberries cooked with stews or the cheaper cuts of boiled meats, or with pot roast make the meat very tender. To prepare a four-pound pot roast, brown the meat on all sides in hot melted drippings, when browned remove the meat and add four cupfuls of water, stir until boiling, then add three cupfuls of washed cranberries, replace meat in pan, add one tablespoonful of flour to thicken, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper and cook until tender.



40c a Pound for Water

One Reason Why Some Foods Cost Ten Times Quaker Oats

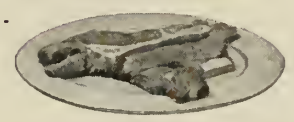
Many common foods cost ten times Quaker Oats for the same energy value. These include meats, eggs and fish, and numerous vegetables.

A pound of Quaker Oats yields 1,810 calories. A pound of perch, for instance, yields 275.

The difference lies partly in water, for which you often pay 30c and 40c per pound. Note the table below:



Costs 5½c
Per 1000 Calories



Costs 57c
Per 1000 Calories



Costs 54c
Per 1000 Calories



Costs 78c
Per 1000 Calories

Water Content

Quaker Oats	7.7%
Round Steak	60.7%
Veal Cutlets	68.3%
Canned Salmon	63.5%
Hen's Eggs	65.5%
White Bread	35.3%
Potatoes	62.6%
Canned Peas	85.3%

As a result, here is what you get in calories per pound. And the calory is the energy measure of food value:

Calories Per Pound

Quaker Oats	1810
Round Steak	890
Dried Beef	790
Mackerel	370
Codfish	325
Potatoes	295
Milk	325

Consider these facts in your breakfasts. You can feed ten people on Quaker Oats for the cost of feeding one on meats.

You can feed them vastly better. For the oat is almost the perfect food. It is considered the greatest food that grows.

Quaker Oats

Quaker Oats dominate because of their flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the big, rich, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

You get this extra grade when you ask, without any extra price.

Two Sizes: 35c and 15c—Except in the Far West

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Peterborough, Canada **Saskatoon, Canada**

[2088]



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and more than one-half of

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Glass Heads, Steel Points.

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The only safe and easy way to hang heavy Pictures, Clocks, Hall Racks, Clothing, etc., or anything weighing up to 100 pounds. Won't mar the walls.

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Send 10c for Illustrated Booklet and Samples.

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Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., Dept. E





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Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortland St., N.Y. or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

"Pine-Clad Woodstock," by Katherine Hale, on page 8, tells some interesting stories about this Canadian town.

Under The Maple Leaf

By ELIZABETH BANKS ("Enid").

The Spirit of The Beaver Hut

THE "Y" is just around the corner from where I live in the Adelphi. Next door to me is Bernard Shaw; across the street are Sir James Barrie, John Galsworthy, Granville Barker and other celebrities. Then comes the "Y" which used to occupy the Little Theatre and now occupies not only the theatre but a great block of ground that extends around into the busy Strand.

Outside the "Y" throughout the night and foggy days hangs a beacon light, so welcoming, so inviting, telling of warmth and comfort and cheer within—a swinging Maple Leaf lamp.

This is the Beaver Hut.

Some evenings before I go inside to don my blue uniform and make myself generally useful at "washing up" and waiting on table for the boys you Canadian mothers have sent over here to help make Canada, the Empire and all the world "safe for demoeracy," I stand outside a moment on the pavement under that swinging Maple Leaf lamp and think of my wonderful visit to wonderful Canada just a little over a year ago. I remember the glorious land where I travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, seeing your fine cities, your prairies, forests and mountains, going down into your mines, enjoying the lavish hospitality that was extended to me on every hand, and then I go on into the Hut and look round at the hundreds of Canadian boys and wonder if any of them are the sons, the brothers or the lovers of some of those of you who helped to make my visit to Canada so delightful an experience.

Then I go down into the big dining room and hand out coffee and polish forks and knives and make the cups and saucers fairly shine—all for the sake of you, dear Canadian women and your boys.

Down in that dining room and washing up room "everybody's doing it." "Doing what?" do you ask? Why, being cheerful and happy and helping to make your boys cheerful and happy! Do you think they are over here in London town with nobody to love them, nobody to smile on them, nobody to listen to their little tales of woe or joy as the case may be? Not so! We all love them, we voluntary workers at the Beaver Hut. We all want to wash up for them, wait on them, see that their kidney stew is nice and steaming hot and their coffee just to their taste. Sometimes when we hear a boy speak of some nice Canadian dish "that mother used to make" we run fleet-footed to the kitchen and whisper something in the ear of the cook—and lo! the next day or the day after when that same boy comes down for his dinner or supper we tell him of a new item on the bill of fare, and you ought to see his smile! I wonder if there is anything more delightful than the real, genuine Canadian boy's smile at the Beaver Hut when he's pleased! I really can't imagine anything more heart-cheering than that smile.

There are eight hundred of us voluntary workers, all dressed in blue overalls and wearing filmy, nun-like veils over our heads. On my own veil I have stuck some pretty maple leaves, and the other day one of the boys asked me where I got them.

"They're maple leaf seals," I said. "They're just stuck on."

"If I could only have one of those to stick on a letter to my mother, wouldn't she just be tickled to death!" he exclaimed wistfully.

Then what could I do but take one of the seals from my veil and give it to him for his envelope? Did one of you mothers who read this get that seal, I wonder, and if you did, weren't you just "tickled to death"?

I have said there are eight hundred of us, but we don't all work at once. We work in shifts of four hours each. Some go every day, others twice a week, others once a week. Some, like myself, are American, others Canadian, others English women. Our work is to wash all the dishes, dry them, polish them, lay the tables, wait at table, sell cigarettes and chocolates and postage stamps and other things at the little Beaver Shop at the end of the lounge. I myself, being an expert typist as well as one of the swiftest of "washers-up," sometimes sit at a table in the lounge and run my little machine at such odd jobs as are needed. Did one of you mothers get that typed letter I did for your boy whose hand was a bit troublesome owing to something a certain Hun had done to him somewhere round the Marne way? No, his hand wasn't dangerous, but only taking a nice rest on a board for a week or so. My! But what that hand of your boy's did to the Hun first! You are to be very proud of that hand of your boy's when it comes home, mind you!

Here's a nice girl in blue overall and veil cleaning all the knives. She works hard in an office all day and you would think she would then want to go home and rest. Instead of that she comes to the Hut and cleans knives, wipes dishes, polishes spoons or any other useful job for several hours. Sometimes she sighs because other women have such chances to do such big things for their country as V.A.D.'s or "Waaes" and that sort of thing. One day a boy at the Hut spoke of the "nice shiny knives" and then her face brightened up and she's stopped sighing for so-called great and noble deeds to do, for she realizes that to shine up a knife for a Canadian boy, to help him enjoy his meals, is doing her "bit" for her country.

The spirit of the Beaver Hut is cheerfulness and willingness. You Canadians have doubtless heard of the important question the applicant for a place as servant always used to ask an English mistress in the pre-war days of long ago—"Who cleans the knives, madam?" Now, at the Beaver Hut you never hear any such question among the voluntary workers. We don't mind what we do so long as we're helping. Thousands of dishes have to be washed, wiped, put on the table, made dirty again, washed, wiped, put on the table again, and so on through the day and the night. Once I spent the whole day there washing up, and I never could make out whether it was breakfast, dinner, tea or supper dishes I was washing. They kept on coming and coming and going and going, and rattling and rattling, and the first thing I knew it was getting dark: by that I supposed the cups I was washing were being used for supper coffee.

Every volunteer tries to help every other one. The "green" ones are taken in hand by the experienced ones and told all the easiest and quickest ways of doing things. Girls who never in their lives before washed a dish come to the Beaver Hut and learn how, and will remember always afterwards through their lives the pleasant experience they had in learning to help make Canadian boys happy.

There is a buzz all about me, and smoke in the air. Up in the gallery a khaki-clothed figure sits at the piano, and I hear the strains of music that I love—"O Canada."

Now the music changes, and I am listening to snatches from "Tales of Hoffmann" and "Schubert's Serenade."

Down below, the crowd of other khaki-clothed ones which I am surrounded by—those who make the buzz and the smoke—give themselves over to hand-clapping for an instant, and I go up to the gallery to see who has been playing.

"I came to thank you!" I say, "You have been playing so many of my favorite airs."

"Oh, have you enjoyed it?" asks the boy in khaki, his eyes brightening up with pleasure because of the pleasure he himself has given. "I only play a little by ear and from memory."

Of course, he is wearing the badge of the Maple Leaf, but the Maple Leaf means all Canada, and so I ask, "What part are you from?" He names a little town in Alberta. "Why, that's the town," I exclaim, "where I had such good things to eat at such a funny little wooden hotel two years ago!" And then we are friends.

I am back again at my writing table where the smoke and the buzz are so thick, for now that I have found the boys like to see women about rather than resent their presence as at first I had thought possible, I like to do my work right in the big, comfortable lounge of the Beaver Hut. The boys grin as they pass my table, for there is a large printed sign tacked to it:

"Be kind to my table,
'Tis very unstable,
So deal with it gently, I pray!
Just use it for writing,
And not for hard fighting,
Whenever I'm from it away."

Yes, there now, I've let it out! You see, Canadian mothers, those boys of yours have been getting and feeling very strong in the trenches, and my little writing table being only a somewhat wiggly and tender affair, was several times used instead of a chair when I happened not to be present, with the result that we had to nail it together again. I have already told you that the spirit of the Hut is cheerfulness, so I never scolded the culprits. The appeal of the sign works beautifully. I'm sure my table is now safe "for the duration."

I often wonder just what would have become of all the boys who have come over here to fight with the Motherland if it hadn't been for the "Y". However, let it not be thought that the boys have not done something for the "Y" as a return. When this war is over the Young Men's Christian Associations of every land will be about the most popular and best beloved clubs in the world. Every boy in khaki has something good to say of his particular "Y", and is given to inviting others to come and sample its special comforts and luxuries.

In London, the Beaver Hut is what we call "the last word in Y's", meaning that it is the latest thing of its kind, the newest one and the most attractive looking "Y" building in the whole of London. Besides the Hut proper so recently built, it includes all the premises of the Little Theatre, so that the boys of the Beaver Hut have a regular theatre auditorium of their own, with every proper fixture, stage and all, for performances. Every afternoon and evening there is either a moving picture show, a theatrical, operatic or concert entertainment, absolutely free of charge. At every performance the auditorium is crowded. Some of the best actors and actresses and musicians perform on that stage for the benefit of your Canadian boys, and are always so pleased with the enthusiastic and appreciative reception they get.

Such tales as your boys will have to tell you, such historical information as they will give you, such enthusiastic accounts of the "Y" conducted trips they have taken while on this side, apart from their experiences at the front, make me envy you Canadian mothers, wives and sisters, in anticipation of the interesting times that await you against the day of your boys' home-coming—all covered with honor and glory which shall lend lustre and renown to the name of Canada forever more!

When James Whitcomb Riley was a Boy.

Young Riley did not get on well at school, particularly in arithmetic. "Little children came and little children went, but I stuck there in the first class in numbers," he said. "I was always a good reader, only reading counted for little in *those* days." A significant incident of his boyhood was running away from school when "The Death of Little Nell," was the lesson. "It was a matter of eternal wonder to me," he said, "how the other children could go strong-voiced and dry-eyed through those tragedies that almost broke my heart."

The earliest letter that we have shows him as not the most promising boy in the community. Sixteen found him out of school "truanting up and down old Brandywine" or lost in Longfellow, Trowbridge, and Dickens. "I read them all day long," he said. From his reading of literature Riley was to secure his real education. Among the townspeople "Jim" Riley came to be known as a "do-less" kind of boy who was "wasting his youth." Manual industry was to the early Hoosier settlers a duty idealized, and to them idling was a sin more reprehensible than drunkenness or blasphemy. "An idler is the sure quarry of the devil," ran the old saying. The boy was not what to so many of his townspeople he seemed to be; they were not aware of a world of dreams and hopes behind his mischievous blue eyes. The youthful Riley learned to play the guitar and "fiddle." He sang, gave readings at church benefits, and in his time acted in heroic parts. He drew well, but for work with his hands he had little liking or aptitude. It is not strange, then, that he earned "a bad name."—*Edmund H. Eitel in "Harper's Magazine."*

Training Boys and Girls

By THOMAS BENGOUGH,
Secretary Toronto Vocational Committee.

New Educational Methods For Home Teaching

My article in the November Journal on "A Wonder-Child and Her Clever Mother"—the story of Winifred Stoner—has excited so much comment and correspondence that the Editor, like Oliver Twist, asks for "more."

I can only tell a few of many interesting plans used by Mrs. Stoner in training her child; but they are methods which any mother can use at home and produce similar results, though perhaps not so striking.

Learning Letters and Numbers in the Cradle.

When Winifred was six months old her mother placed a border of white cardboard, four feet high, around her nursery walls. On one wall were the letters "A, B, C." etc., cut from red glazed paper. On another wall were simple words (all nouns) like bat, cat, mat, hat, pat; bog, dog, hog, log. On a third wall the numbers were arranged in ten columns—from one to ten, ten to twenty, and so on up to a hundred. On the fourth wall were pictures of notes in the musical scale. The letters were "sung" day after day to the tune "Lauterbach," thus making a pleasant impression on the baby's ear, while the bright colors attracted her eye. Thus, almost unconsciously, she learned the English alphabet. After singing the letters, the mother would point to the big red "A" on the wall, then show the child "A" on one of her blocks, telling her she had two Misters "A." Then from a box of anagrams she would take all the small "a" letters and place them beside the block "A." For several days mother and child played "Seeking A," then mother would ask the child for one of the little baby "a's," which the child would try hard to find "for mother"—thus learning the joy of service. This game was played for weeks, until Winifred could pick out all the letters as asked.

Then began the word-building game. The mother would spell out words on the wall—cat, rat, etc.—and make rhymes about them. Using a large scrap-book of pictures and letters, the mother would show the picture of a cat, then point to the "C-A-T" on the wall and spell out the letters. Then mother and child played with the anagrams, and had great fun picking out all the "C's" for one pile, the "A's" for another, and the "T's" for a third. With these letters they then made a whole page of cats, placing them around a cardboard representation of Her Catship.

The mother found a Noah's Ark and cardboard pictures of animals, both wild and domestic, helpful in many educational games.

Through these word-building games, and the impressions made on the child's mind by reading to her, Winifred learned to read at the age of sixteen months without having been given a so-called reading lesson. Four of the mother's friends afterwards tried this method, and all the children taught in this way could read simple English text before they were three years old.

As soon as Winifred could read, the portals to great fields of knowledge swung open to her, and from this time on the mother had little trouble in amusing the child. She put good books in her way, and through these Winifred is filling her mind with knowledge and good thoughts that will help her and bring pleasure while life lasts. The mother has always directed Winifred's choice of books, and taught her that reading without a purpose is the idlest of all amusements—nothing being so destructive to muscular and mental tissue as aimlessness in reading, work or play. Every book that Winifred reads has some object in view.

Teaching Music as a Game.

"Mother" Stoner believes that, next to the power to read, ability to appreciate good music gives mortals the greatest pleasure. Hence Winifred's ears were trained to love good music by hearing it while in the cradle, and she learned to distinguish tones by means of bells hung at the foot of her bed. When she knew the alphabet, the letters for names of musical notes, "C, D, E," etc., were pointed to as the notes were sung to the child. The baby soon learned to do likewise, and when a year old she loved to play "Finding Notes." The mother would hide something in the room, and baby would start to find it. When she got near it, the mother, instead of calling out "Hot," would strike a low note; if the child went away from the hiding-place, the mother would strike a high note; thus the baby learned to distinguish notes.

The idea of rhythm was taught by playing pat-a-cake with the child's hands, keeping good time; also holding her hands on the drumsticks while the mother beat out certain measures, or directing the baby fingers to strike certain notes on the piano. A sweet-toned xylophone, with notes printed above each key, was also used, the mother pointing to certain notes on the wall and the baby striking them on the instrument. At age three, Winifred knew all musical notes and could play simple airs in treble on her play-piano.

Mothers are urged to play the "Finding Notes" game daily with children until they grasp the significance of high and low notes. Teach rhythm in story-telling or reading; children love to hear mother say: "Long, long time ago there was a little boy who lived far, far away in the dark, dark forest"—repeating and drawing out words to give rhythmic effect.

As soon as Winifred could walk, her mother taught her simple dances, and encouraged her to give expression, with both hands and feet, to emotions aroused by music. She believes there should be music in the very air that children breathe; if the mother cannot produce it, she should give it through graphophone. Babies all listen intently; that is how they learn to talk. When they hear good music their bodies vibrate to rhythmic sounds; hence rattles date back to the Egyptians, 4000 B.C. It is quite unusual to find a Hawaiian child who cannot sing; but in America one-third of the adults rarely try to hum a tune—because their mothers did not begin early enough to teach them how to sing as well as talk. All mothers who can sing should sing songs each day to the little ones. Mrs. Stoner has a friend who in calling her little girl, Josephine, uses the three notes mi-sol-do.

Winifred loved to hear her mother repeat melodious poems while they marched around the room together; Riley's "Circus Day Parade" was found very suitable. Sometimes Winifred did interpretative dances to poems her mother repeated, and before she was six she learned to do the waltz, three-step and two-step. She delights in Hindu, Japanese and Indian dances, and she dances with the castanets, tambourine, cymbals and shawl. She often whistles her own accompaniments, or sings simple French opera airs when interpreting them.

Mrs. Stoner believes that all children should be encouraged to pick out on the piano simple melodies they have heard, and they should also be helped in making original musical compositions. Winifred has a blank book in which she has written all the simple melodies she has composed since infancy; also notes concerning musical technique, names of compositions as she learns them, and all facts she collects on musical matters. Winifred's mother always co-operated with her when practising on the violin, by playing her accompaniments on the piano.

Learning to Spell Through Games.

It was very easy to teach Winifred spelling by a game called "Building Word-Castles," and even to-day both mother and daughter enjoy it, using the anagrams, seeing who can build the largest castles or the greater number of them.

Another spelling game that was very amusing to the little girl was called "Bee-Hives." The alphabet was arranged in a perpendicular line, and mother and child tried to find how many "AT" buzzing bees they could make. They got along all right from "A" to "C," making "at," "bat," "cat," but "D" was put aside as a "drone." Only eleven letters—"a, b, c, f, h, m,

(Continued on page 41.)



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Remember Our Boys At The Front

To them the cigarette is the panacea for all ills. I have seen men die with a cigarette between their lips, the last favor they had requested on earth. If the soldier is in pain, he smokes for comfort, if he is restless he smokes for solace; when he receives good news he smokes for joy; if the news is bad, he smokes for consolation; if he is well he smokes, when he is ill, he smokes. But good news or bad, sick or well, he always smokes.

"The First Canadians in France"
by F. McKelvey Bell.

Canadian Magazine, February issue 1917.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

Time and Money

We want and we will liberally pay one energetic lady in each community to represent the "Canadian Home Journal."

We already have scores of local representatives in our big Home Journal Club, and some are making as high as $100.00 per month.

There are still many towns and villages in Canada in which we have not a representative and if you have any spare time that you desire to turn into money, write us to-day.

The remuneration of a "Canadian Home Journal" representative is according to the time and activity devoted to the work.

If you have plenty of time and energy there is practically no limit to your income or territory, for we make special provision for the live ones.

The women of Canada require more money to-day than at any time in the history of the nation. The "Home Journal" will supply that money in exchange for your time.

Write us to-day.

Canadian Home Journal
71 Richmond Street West
Toronto

A Snow Ball Puzzle For February

By TOM WOOD.

Can you find, in these snowballs, some things which may be seen in any part of Canada in the month of February?

Two prizes will be given, first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete.

Answers must be received before February 25th to be included.



THE CORRECT SOLUTION OF THE DECEMBER PUZZLE:

1. "Christmas comes but once a year,
   And when it comes it brings good cheer."
2. "Ghosts never appear on Christmas Eve."
3. A—Skin, B—Sting. C—Ton, D—Ink, E—Tins, F—Tick, G—Coins, H—Knot, I—Sock, J—Nag, K—Cot, L—Kings.
4. 1—Flour, 2—Suet, 3—Sweetening, 4—Spice, 5—Nuts, 6—Dried Fruit, 7—Candied Peel.

No absolutely correct answers were received, but prizes have been awarded those with fewest errors. Miss Sara E. Clark, Arner, Ont., succeeds in capturing the first prize, and the second prize goes to Miss Dorothy Meehan, R.R. No. 4, Jarvis, Ont.

Address all answers to the Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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Combination 8134
Embroidery 12367

8139 8127 6224 8061 5969 7553 8125 8134 7880 6087 8120 7554 7357 7424 7754 8090

Combination 7553

Camisole 6087
Drawers 8120
Embroidery 12206

House-dress 7754

House-dress 8090

House-dress 8061

Pajamas 7357
Embroidery 12377

Pajamas 7554

Camisole 7880
Petticoat 7424

8125—Ladies' Side-closing Combination. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires for corset cover and petticoat 1⅞ yard 36-inch batiste—1¼ yard wide, 3⅞ yards narrow embroidered banding. Embroidery No. 12182, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 16 sprays. This combination may be formed of a corset cover and envelop drawers, or corset cover and petticoat.

8134—Ladies' Combination. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards ribbon. Embroidery No. 12367, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 38 sprays. This combination slips on over the head with shoulder-straps attached to the points of the combination.

8139—Ladies' Brassiere Combination. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅝ yard wide banding—3½ yards narrow insertion. This is admirable for the stout woman as the upper part takes the place of a brassiere. The drawers are circular in shaping.

8117—Ladies' and Misses' Neckwear Set. One size only. Material requirements for the various collars will be found on the pattern envelop.

6224—Men's and Boys' Shirt. Ten sizes, 32 to 50 chest, corresponding with 13½ to 18 inches neck. Size 36 requires for shirt with coat closing 3¼ yards 36-inch flannel. This shirt may close in coat style as illustrated, or may slip on over the head.

5969—Men's and Youth's Shirt. Ten sizes, 32 to 50 chest, corresponding with 13½ to 18 inches neck. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch percale. Two styles of collars are provided for this shirt.

8127—Ladies' Nightgown. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards ribbon—4 yards insertion. The nightgown slips on over the head and is gathered to a straight band. The straps over the shoulders may be of self-material trimmed with banding, or they may be of ribbon.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

7553—Ladies' Union Suit or Combination. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch washable silk.



Dress Sleeves 8065

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

The Severe Neck-Line and Long Narrow Skirts Are Emphasized

8150—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 8092—Ladies' Three-piece Gathered Skirt. Nine sizes, 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 44-inch serge—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12466, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3½ yards of 3-inch border. Among the new Spring fashions, the tunic and peplum blouses loom very important. This model is sleeveless, the sleeves sewed into the armholes of the front-closing underbody. The closing is on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and several neck outlines are provided, tho the one illustrated is in very good style. The dress is completed by a simple three-piece skirt closing at center-front, and to be made with an oddly shaped yoke or with a belt and simulated pockets.

Blouse 8150
Skirt 8092
Embroidery 12466

Blouse 8107

Dress 8153
Embroidery 12372

Dress 8118
Braiding 11453

Dress 8141

Dress 8120
Embroidery 12321

Blouse 8126

Dress 8151

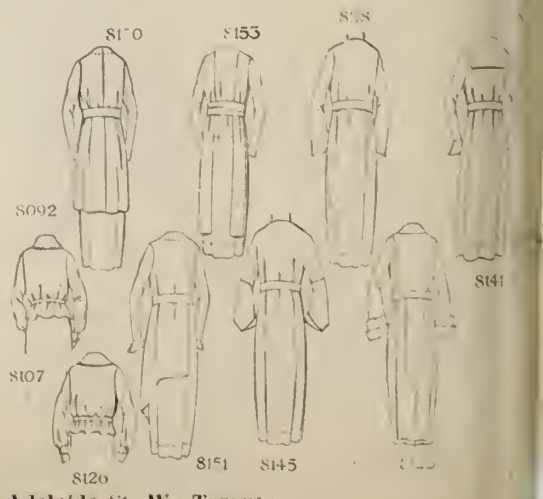
Dress 8145

8153—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 3[illegible] requires 3½ yards 36-inch beige tricolet for waist and panel—1⅞ yard 36-inch brown tricolet—⅞ yard 36-inch lining fo[illegible] underbody. Embroidery No. 12372, transfer pattern in blu[illegible] or yellow. The combination of a light and dark shade of th[illegible] one material is very pleasing and is emphasize[illegible] in the new fashions. The long narrow panel[illegible] fasten on the shoulders, and are held in loose[illegible] at the waist-line by a belt. The Medieval waist[illegible] line is accentuated by the contrast in color. Th[illegible] waist closes on the left shoulder and under th[illegible] left arm, and the underbody closes in front[illegible] Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard.

8118—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Six sizes, 34 t[illegible] 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 44-inch serge[illegible] Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braidin[illegible] No. 11453 blue or yellow transfer pattern[illegible] The simplicity of this frock makes it par[illegible] ticularly welcome to women who are learning t[illegible] sew, and who are a little bit nervous abou[illegible] handling patterns with a number of pieces. Th[illegible] model is very simple, made without lining, an[illegible] the neck may be collarless or finished with a shaw[illegible] collar.

8141—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust[illegible] Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch serge—9 yard[illegible] braid. Width at lower edge 1½ yard. Here[illegible] another easy-to-make frock closing at center-fron[illegible] and with a decidedly tailored finish given by th[illegible] binding of silk braid. The waist is joined to[illegible] three-piece gathered skirt. Novel pockets a[illegible] attached to the belt of self-material, and th[illegible] sleeves are finished with flare cuffs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



8107—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The fronts are gathered on the shoulders below a yoke effect formed by extending the back over onto the fronts, and at center-front a vest is inserted that may be of self-material or satin. The sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs.

8126—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 34-inch washable satin. A box plait is formed on the front of the blouse in which buttonholes may be worked if desired, or it may be fastened with snap fasteners. The long rolling collar ends in points and there are extensive tabs that button across.

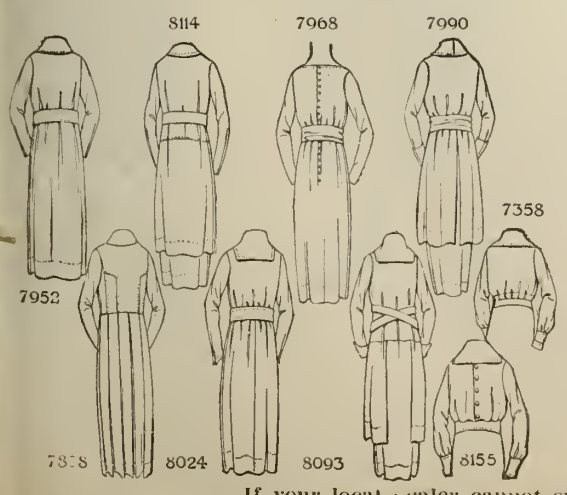
Smartly in Accord with the Season's Silhouette Are these Models



7952—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 44-inch check cloth—⅜ yard 44-inch white cloth for collar. Braiding No. 11602, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Now that peace is here women are taking more interest in clothes, and dress assumes a much more important position than it has held for some time, so we notice a tendency toward checks and plaids and toward the use of brighter colors. This model is admirable for checks in light Spring colorings, and is in one piece from neck to lower edge, closing at center-front. A rolling collar finishes the open neck, tho if preferred, the neck may be high with standing collar. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves.

7858—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch white gabardine. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 2⅝ yards. Here is another one of those simple frocks that has made Pictorial Review justly famous. The long-waisted body section has a yoke descending into a panel at center-front and back, and the closing is arranged on the shoulder and at left side-front. A straight lower edge marks the smart three-piece side-plaited skirt.

8024—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 44-inch serge—¾ yard 36-inch satin for shawl collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. In its plainest form this dress is presented with gathered skirt and without the flying panels which may be applied front and back. For the gathered skirt an accordion-plaited skirt may be substituted, and if plain sleeves be preferred to the flowing sleeves shown, these too are included in the pattern.



8114—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch plain wool velours—2¼ yards 54-inch plaid wool velours—⅜ yard white satin for vestee—2 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Accentuated on this dress is the fashionable irregular line, the bodice being longer at one side than the other, and attached diagonally to the tunic which also shows an irregular lower edge. The two-piece skirt closes in front.

8093—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch plain velours—1⅜ yard 54-inch check velours. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Plain velours is attractively combined with velours in a darker shade marked off into large checks by lines of white. The dress closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The check velours is repeated in the turn-back cuffs and rolling collar.



8155—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2½ yards satin ribbon for binding. This blouse shows the new back closing, and has a novel bib collar.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

7358—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires with jabot, 2⅞ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Embroidery No. 12377, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 72 motifs. Instead of the high collar and jabot, the blouse may be made with open neck and large collar.

Afternoon Dresses for Stout Women and Stunning New Skirts

8123—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch check worsted—¾ yard 36-inch bias black satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Length of line is given to the stout figure by this frock that may be developed in check material in unobtrusive shades. The collar of satin is cut bias, and it is finished with straight trimming-pieces of the check material extending below the girdle onto the skirt. The waist, which closes at the side-front, is arranged over a front-closing underbody. Slashes at the sides of the one-piece gathered skirt give the effect of inserted pockets. The sleeves are especially attractive in style, and the ubiquitous back panel is provided hanging from the neck, gathered at the waist, and tacked at the top of skirt.

8095—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. No. 7677—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—½ yard 36-inch satin for shawl collar and vest. Braiding No. 12443, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3 yards of 3- and 6-inch borders. Jersey has lost none of its vogue, and it is particularly smart in tunic frocks combined with the fashionable braiding. This model is especially good for stout figures giving them the length of line so necessary. The blouse may have a pointed collar extending into revers instead of the shawl collar illustrated. The vest may, if desired, form a panel which extends some distance below the girdle. Instead of the gathered sleeves with deep cuffs, plain sleeves lengthened by wide bell-shaped sections may be selected.



Blouse 7600
Skirt 7926

Dress 8123



Blouse 8095
Skirt 7677
Braiding 12443

Dress 8137
Braiding 12470

7600—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. No. 7926—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch foulard—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for trimming—1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves and vest—⅜ yard white Georgette crêpe for overcollar—1½ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. The stout woman can find no more charming afternoon frock than this model in dotted foulard softened by trimming of satin and Georgette crêpe. The blouse is in jumper style, and the skirt has an oddly shaped tunic.

8137—Ladies' Dress. Five size 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yar 54-inch serge. Braiding No. 1247 blue or yellow transfer pattern. Wid at lower edge about 1½ yard. T simplicity of good style is a notab feature of this frock of blue serge which is a mirable for early Spring wear. Soutache braidi outlines the round collarless neck and forms pocket effect on the skirt. Under the appli panel the waist closes at center-front, and flowi sleeves may replace the plain ones illustrat The flowing sleeves are formed by cutting t plain sleeves along the line of perforations given this purpose, and then attaching bell-shaped s tions to the top of the sleeves. The two-pi gathered skirt closes at left side seam.



Blouse 7599
Skirt 7919

Dress 8114
Embroidery 12372

Dress 8153

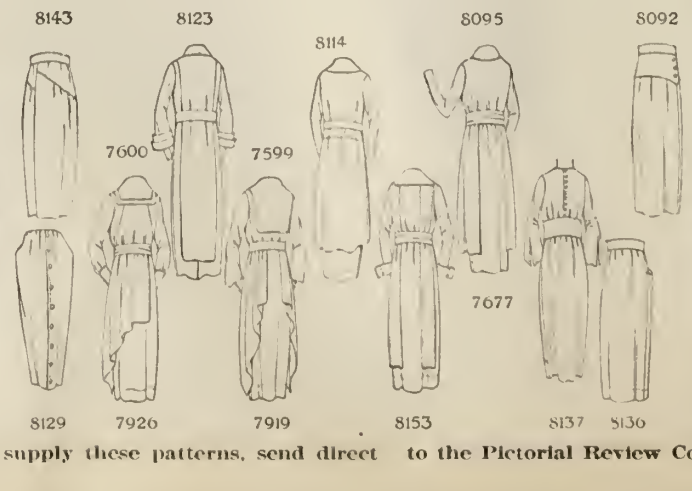


Skirt 8143

Skirt 8129

8143—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A shaped yoke having two-inch raised waistline tops this smart skirt which closes at the left side-back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 40





Skirt 8092

Skirt 8136

8129—Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch velvet cut on a lengthwise fold. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The skirt buttons at center-back, and is draped in front.

8136—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt with Panel Jumpe sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires for plain skir out jumper 2⅜ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lowe about 1½ yard. The jumper is not illustrated.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Adorable Pajamas, Negligées, and Lingerie for Tiny Girls

Girls' and Juniors' Petticoat 7329
Emb. 12457.

Girls' Combination 6790

Girls' and Juniors' Petticoat 7774

Juniors' and Girls' Princess Slip 6600

Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas 8091

Juniors' and Girls' Slip 6937
Emb. 12367

7329—Girls' and Juniors' Empire Petticoat. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste—2⅞ yards embroidery for ruffle. Embroidery No. 12457, transfer pattern in blue or yellow. The petticoat closes at the back, and the waist may have round or square neck and short sleeves if desired.

Girls' Bath-robe 4655

Misses' and Girls' Pajamas 5022

Misses' and Girls' Kimono 4922

Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas 7406

Girls' and Juniors' Nightgown 7681

Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe 8094

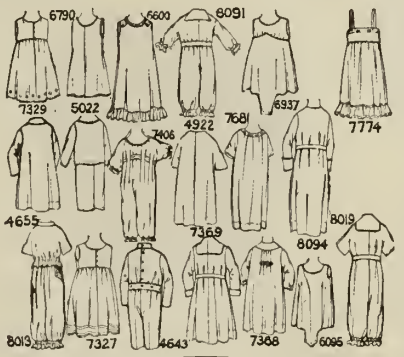
Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas 8019

Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas 8013
Initial 12254

6790—Girls' Combination. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch cambric. Combination consists of an underwaist and side-closing drawers with high, round, or square neck. The front of the waist and drawers are cut in one.

6600—Juniors' and Girls' Princess Slip. Five sizes, 10 to 18 years. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch nainsook—3 yards embroidery for ruffle. This garment slips on over the head, and buttons on the shoulders.

8091—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch batiste. The fronts are rolled to form revers and there are long kimono sleeves perforated for shorter length.



6937—Juniors' and Girls' Empire Slip. Seven sizes, 4 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch longcloth. Embroidery No. 12367, transfer pattern in blue or yellow. This slips on over the head, and the back of the waist laps on the shoulders in front. Attached two piece circular skirt.

7774—Girls' and Juniors' Two-piece French Petticoat. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 6 requires 1½ yard 36-inch longcloth—2¼ yards embroidery. This petticoat slips on over the head, and is gathered to a straight two-piece yoke.

4655—Girls' Bath-robe. Seven sizes, 1 to 12 years. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch eiderdown. Plain sleeves may replace the Bishop sleeves.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Child's Petticoat 7327
Embroidery 11569

Child's Night-drawers 4643

Child's House-coat 7369

Infants' and Child's Kimono 7368

Child's Chemise 6095
Scallop 11659

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



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Do not miss "OTHER MEN'S LUCK" on page 7 of this Journal.

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Silk and Yarn Are Both Used for Knitting

By ELSA BARSALOUX



Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 550. A jumper knitted of blue silk having diamond shaped motifs darned into it with yarn of another shade of blue. Ribbing holds the sweater snugly in place at the waist



The small illustrations immediately above and below give the back views of sweaters Nos. 550 and 551 respectively. Cap No. 552 is shown with the sports sweater.

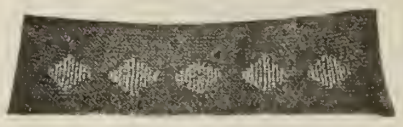


Pictorial Review Knitting Directions Sweater No. 551 and Cap. No. 552. Gray yarn and white Angora made up this bewitching skating set. This set will surely be a prime favorite with the athletic girl.



Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 554. A silk scarf is always welcome to the male sex.

Just below is a detail of pattern on No. 550.



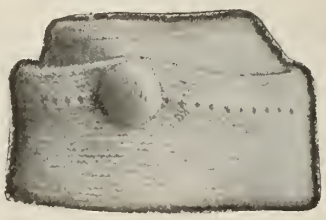


Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 553. Ladies' knitted silk gloves.



No. 556

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 557. Socks made either from knitting silk or cashmere. Saxony or Spanish yarn.



Knitted Cap No. 552.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 552. This is a very becoming cap knitted of white Angora. It forms a charming sports set worn with sweater No. 551.



Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 558. An excellent cap for skating or golf of which two views are given, one just above.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 559. This sweater with its unusual collar was made of Castor Colored Knitting Silk and white Angora.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 560. Very useful is this smart sleeveless sweater which may be fashioned of any pretty colored silk and Angora. Below are back views of sweaters No. 559 and 560.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 556. Cosy knitted stockings of silk. Illustrated above at right.



Knitted Cap No. 558.



No. 559—A silk sweater of fancy rib trimmed with Angora.





No. 560—Might be worn under a coat or over a thin dress.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toron-

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

By BETTY O'HARA.

The Woman's Side of The Returned Soldier Problem

The boys are coming home. After four years of war they are at last on the road to home and happiness. By the time this magazine reaches you, fifty-five thousand of our Canadian soldiers will have been sent back, and after February, they are to return at the rate of thirty thousand a month. Just think of it—boys galore, with lots of parties and dances and all kinds of good times. It really seems too wonderful to be true. After four years of sorrow and partings, at last we are going to have a chance to make up for it all.

The English Brides.

There has been much figuring and conjecturing about "those English girls" as many express it, as with a shrug of the shoulders, and a tone of half resignation and half disgust they tell of the boys who have married girls across the seas.

But we must not forget that these girls, many of them are just as clever and gifted as our own girls, and in some cases just a trifle more willing to make good. In war work, especially, you meet this type of English girl, and I must say, and grudgingly I admit it, that Canadian girls find it hard to cope with their determined plodding.

We must thank the English girls for helping our boys chase away the blues during the weary days of convalescence, which otherwise would have been intolerable. And if our Canadian girls open their homes to our soldier boys with the same ease and understanding that the English girls did, it will indeed be a happy home-coming.

The war has seemed not yet to have touched our Canadian girls' chilling reserve, and it is chilling to some of our returned men, although they never complain of it, but of those of us who are part of their daily life, they never fail to ask the reason.

Our soldiers are not deserting the Canadian girls, not for a minute, in spite of all the cartoons and newspaper articles which try to persuade us otherwise. Many of the so-called Canadian marriages overseas are those of men who originally came from the old land.

However, we are not going to grouch about it, but rather put on our gayest gowns and do everything in our power for those soldiers of ours. For in these days of thanksgiving and happiness, there is no place for a grouch, not when there are no muddy trenches or Fritz's jam pots and whizbangs to put up with.

If there is anything that a soldier wishes to find in a girl, it is cheerful optimism, and, dear me, we do not know the meaning of the word in comparison with that of the men in the trenches. It was only their ability to see a joke, when some of the ghastly horrors of war were staring them in the face, that kept them from coming back to us raving mad. Just be cheerful, and above all, what the boys call a good sport, and you will have a place in the heart of every soldier boy you meet. See if you don't!

But for some of us there are still some long, weary days of waiting. After our wounded have had their ten days' leave, there is the hospital treatment to be gone through with in the different centres which have been chosen for that work. In some cases this will last six months, and in some cases a year, and sometimes even longer.

Has it ever occurred to you that probably the boy for whom you are waiting may be unable to take up his former employment? That the war and its resultant wounds and disablement may seriously impair his earning capacity, or the brother upon whom you had depended to help with the household expenses, after the war, will have all he can do to make ends meet on his own account, without being able to help any of the other members of the family? If you have never really considered it, just figure out for yourself and see if I am not right.

Every Girl Should Make Herself Independent.

It is the duty of every girl in this country to make herself independent and self-supporting, even if she has enough money to keep her in ease and comfort for a long time to come. Money sometimes has a strange way of taking wings, you know. It has happened before, and it may happen again. Every one of us should take advantage of this period of unrest and reconstruction to make a place for ourselves in the work-a-day world.

There are many of our soldiers who dare not ask the girls they wish to become their wives, and take their lives into their keeping unless they have the assurance that if they are incapable of supporting them on account of the recurrence of old wounds, the girls can shift for themselves and make a tremendous success of it too.

I receive many letters from girls who say, "My brother is a returned soldier, and I do not feel as if I should be a burden to him. Now, what would you advise me to do?" To all I say, depend on yourself and earn your own dollars.

That seems like cold calculating, don't you think? It is, for I have not spent three years with the soldiers without some cool calculating as to where all this trouble and suffering will lead, and as to what will happen when the men are physically fit enough to battle with the world and its problems.

A girl from the farm tells me she must not leave in the summer, it is the busy time. There are ploughing, hoeing, haying and threshing and all the meals to get for the men, not to mention the cattle and fowl that must be attended to. She would like to do something and be independent, yet she is at her wits' end as to how she should go about it. She hasn't enough money to go to the city, and if she did go, she could only keep body and soul together working in a factory. It's a poor policy, girls, I wouldn't try it. Those long, weary hours of factory toil are not sufficiently paid for, by your weekly envelope, when your heart is crying out for green fields and new mown hay. Did you ever think of keeping bees? There is money in it, if you only take the trouble to make yourself efficient in that line of work. Do you know that at this very minute, honey is selling for 30 cents a pound? One lady I know has a small plot of land, and she has rows and rows of red raspberry bushes, and in season she gets twenty-five cents a box. She bought books on how to raise bees, and now has a fine apiary. She lives the happiest and most contented life of anyone I have ever met.

Then there are chickens. Did you ever think of buying an incubator and going in for chicken raising? Well, it is heaps of fun. Any hospital will give you a large price for what they call broilers, and a chicken farm—dear me, it is worth its weight in gold. But whatever you try, be sure to reach the topmost step of the ladder, and read all the books and journals you can find on the subject.

Then there is the girl in the city. Such a vast opportunity is hers. She can take courses in telegraphy, stenography, learn how to run a Y.W.C.A., or to be a librarian. She can take a course in household science or chemistry, or any one of the many courses which the universities and technical schools supply. But whatever she does, she must fit herself for emergencies, for it is emergencies that every girl of this generation will have to face. It is the price we have to pay for four years of war.

But think over it, girls, and make up your minds to be self-supporting in one way or another. It is the only way we can fit ourselves for the "time" in which we live.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Could you please tell me how long it will be necessary for me to sign up as a V.A.D. in a Canadian Military Hospital?

T. H., Winnipeg.

It is necessary for you to sign up for six months after your month's probation.

I have not taken my St. John's Ambulance examinations, but I would like to be a V.A.D. I live in the country, and cannot afford to pay my board in the city long enough to take the course. What would you advise me to do?

ANXIOUS, Victoria.

You will be able to take the course while serving your probation. I am sending you the address of the St. John's Ambulance Headquarters.

(*Continued on page* 41.)

FARMERS FRIEND FENCING FROM FACTORY to FARM

Announcement

The advent of peace, welcomed with joy in every home in the Dominion, brings to every one of us Canadians a new meaning, new opportunity, new responsibility, as regards our citizenship in this great and growing Nation.

To carry on during these reconstruction days, to build and rebuild for permanency, in everything that makes for peace, plenty and perpetual prosperity, is the ambition of every one of us. Every farm home in Canada must be made pleasant and comfortable. Every field, garden and lawn must be substantially, conveniently and pleasingly fenced. Our greeting to you at this time is to remind you of our part in Canadian development in the past and ask your co-operation and continued patronage for the future. May we, therefore, direct your attention to some of the fence facts that should be known and rightly understood by every patriotic citizen desirous of making Canada a better place to live in these days of well-earned and well-deserved peace.

FIRST, the time to buy and build fencing is now. Our improved and enlarged facilities, giving us the largest Fence Factory in Canada, enable us to render for Canadian farmers a superior, prompt, honest and efficient service—we are the "farmer's friend," first, last and all the time. Why? Because the farmer is our customer. We manufacture just such fencing as best meets the needs of the farmer.

SECOND, the purchasing power of every farmer is the highest ever. The farmer's medium of exchange—the crops he produces—is comparatively large. A bushel of wheat or a ton of hay will buy more fencing now than ever before. Prices will not—cannot—be lower for a long time to come. We mean prices of farm products. What the farmer produces and has to sell, that which represents his buying power, the world needs badly and must pay the price to get it. Nor will the price of materials used in manufacturing fencing be lower for a long time to come. Wire prices across the border are dependably fixed. That fixes the price for Canada. What real difference does it make as long as the parity is maintained? When the price of farm products is lowered, then and not until then will wire prices be lessened. It is to your advantage, therefore, to buy and build now.

THIRD, the Sarnia Fence Company has saved the farmers of Canada thousands upon thousands of dollars in actual money saved. Our plan of saving money for you is made possible under our selling system of direct dealing from factory to farm. Just two profits in the transaction—yours and ours. We are partners in the fence business. You buy and buy again, and others do the same. Satisfied customers mean a growing business. We pay nothing for your patronage, besides a good service rendered. You save by dealing directly with us on our direct dealing plan. It is a mutual co-operation between manufacturer and user of fencing that produces real fence satisfaction.

FOURTH, our price is always low—very low. If you could save twenty per cent by buying from us, would you do it? We always quote lowest prices for just the kind of fencing you may need. Write us before you buy. Tell us your plan. Our expert advice may help you to a wise selection and, perhaps, mean a great saving of money. It is safest to know the truth about fencing before you act. Remember, we are fence manufacturers. Our one moderate profit added to actual cost of production leaves a larger profit for you.

FIFTH, our business is built upon the service basis—a real service to our customers—the satisfaction kind, the kind that lasts and brings repeat orders and induces your neighbors to do likewise. We owe the farmers of Canada the best fence service we are capable of giving. The farmers of Canada owe us their patronage as a consequence.

SIXTH, the Sarnia Fence Company saves money to every farmer who patronizes us. Our improved facilities, enlarged working capital, together with the fact that we have recently added to our management and working force the best fence talent obtainable, puts us way in advance in fence production. Our guarantee is back of every promise we make. Everything is just as represented in our advertising literature. Thousands of farmers testify as to the good quality of our fencing. The money you save and the satisfaction you get in dealing direct with us will be your compensation.

SEVENTH, we prepay freight on all fence orders over 200 lbs. Our prices are quoted on fencing delivered at your nearest station. You pay but once. That covers the price of the fence and the transportation to your home town, excepting electric lines and on steamboats.

This announcement will be followed by others in the Farm Papers of Canada from time to time. Do not wait, however. Cut out this announcement and get our name and address correctly fixed in your mind. We want you to know the truth about Sarnia fencing. No trouble to answer questions. Write us about your fencing plans. We are specialists in the fencing line and are here to help our farmer friends. Our advertising literature describes in detail the Sarnia fence and the best method of fence construction. It will make plain to you the Sarnia plan. We are yours to serve.

Bank reference—Bank of Montreal.

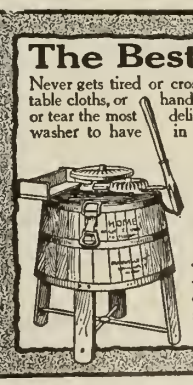
Sarnia Fence Company, Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.
SARNIA, ONT.

FARMERS FRIEND FENCING FROM FACTORY to FARM

The Best Washer You Ever Met!

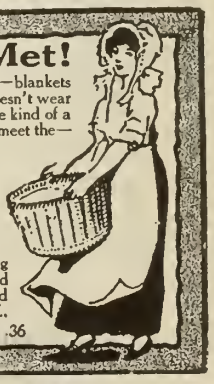
Never gets tired or cross! Never "skimps." Handles light or heavy goods—blankets or handkerchiefs—a full tub or a few articles equally well. Doesn't wear table cloths, or tear the most delicate fabrics, and only takes half the time! Isn't that the kind of a washer to have in your home? Then go to your dealer's to-day and meet the—



Maxwell

"Home" Washer

—a ball-bearing washer—light, noiseless, easy-running—of handsomely-finished cypress. Specially-designed dasher makes it best for washing everything. Enclosed gears mean safety. Write us for booklet—FREE.



MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept. 1, St. Marys, Ont. 36

If you missed the first chapters of "Who Goes There" read the synopsis on page 12. The best of the story is still to come, so do not fail to enjoy the current instalment.

CANADIAN - WOMEN'S - INSTITUTES

PROVINCIAL DIRECTORS

BRITISH COLUMBIA - - Mr. Wm. E. Scott - - - - Victoria, B.C.
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ONTARIO - - - - - - Mr. George A. Putnam - - Toronto, Ont.
Parliament Buildings.

The Patriotic Work of the Ontario Women's Institutes During The War

The Women's Institutes, immediately upon the outbreak of war, were appealed to by the Red Cross Society for a supply of pillows. The response was general, and all requirements were met within a short time. Instead of devoting their resources and time to the regular work of the Institute, practically all of the members at once set to work to make various lines of Red Cross supplies and donated large sums in cash.

Beginning with the Hospital Ship Fund at the beginning of the war, cash contributions have been made by the Institutes to the Canadian and British Red Cross Societies, French and Belgian Relief Funds, and practically all patriotic work for which appeals were made. The Institutes in one county presented a motor ambulance and several districts made gifts of machine guns and field kitchens.

Shipments of canned fruit, chicken, jam, jelly, dried fruits, cereals, field comforts, etc., have been made by nearly all Institutes, and the majority held weekly or fortnightly meetings for sewing, knitting and preparing hospital supplies. Among the many ways of raising funds were sales of home-made cooking, serving meals at fairs, entertainments, all kinds of tag days, old paper collected and sold, self-denial boxes. Possibly, the most successful method was that adopted by many Institutes of systematic giving by the members and others interested.

During the past year ending May 31st, 1918, the 889 branches, with a membership of about thirty thousand, contributed 146,685 pairs socks valued at $220,027.50, 240,475 other articles valued at $355,600.00, and $280,035.00 in cash, making a total for all the Institutes in cash and goods of $855,662.50.

It would not be an over-estimate to state that *the total givings of the Institutes in cash and goods for the four years of the war considerably exceed four million dollars.*

Most of the Institutes are now giving attention to refugee work, and many splendid contributions have already been sent to the various headquarters.

Demonstration Lecture Courses.

The courses in Domestic Science, Sewing and Home Nursing and First Aid have been arranged by the Institutes Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, for the following places. Applications were received from a number of other Institutes, but were later cancelled on account of the epidemic of influenza. A number of these courses are being held in conjunction with the Short Courses in Agriculture arranged by the various Boards of Agriculture.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Harriston, Bceton, Palgrave, Ravenna, Tara, Renfrew, Rockton, Thistletown, Welland, Embro, Dorchester, Courtland, Watford, Iroquois, Stirling, Palmyra, Pembroke, Kars.

SEWING COURSES.

Blyth, Brooklin, Caledonia, Emo, Glanford, Iroquois, Moorefield.

HOME NURSING.

Aylmer, Clanbrassil, Erindale, Grimesthorpe, Hagersville, Longford, Merrickville, Owen Sound, Portland, Ravenna, St. George, Streetsville, Teeswater, Williamstown, Whitby, Tara, Morrisburg, Cayuga, West Ops, and Barrie.

NEW WORK FOR THE INSTITUTES

Miss Viola Powell Has a Message for Institute Workers.

There are few engaged in Institute work who know it more thoroughly, or take a deeper interest in its progress than Miss Viola Powell of Whitby, Ontario, who for years has been lecturing throughout Ontario, as well as being an active worker in her own society. Therefore what she has to say to Institute workers is the result of careful study and a very complete understanding of all Institute problems in both village, town and rural community.

It was the good fortune of a representative of this journal to recently interview Miss Powell, and receive from her a message for CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL readers and members of the various Institutes, which we are exceedingly glad to be able to publish at this time, for it will in a measure answer the many letters which are constantly coming in from Institute workers asking what new line of activity they should take up.

The importance of every branch taking the Nursing Course was emphasized by Miss Powell. "Husbands, sons and brothers are returning from the front who will need intelligent attention in their homes, and it is most important that we know how to care for them. After they leave the hospitals and many who have never been in hospitals will need skilled hands to look after them, and no woman knows how soon she may be called upon to put into practice knowledge gained by such a training as these Home Nursing Courses provide. I would strongly advise every Institute to take the course. The need is so great that it cannot be over-emphasized.

"I also think," continued Miss Powell, "that there is an opportunity for some very constructive work to be done by our Institutes in connection with moving pictures. Institute workers do not keep in close touch with what is shown in their towns. They do not go to the managers of the theatres in their communities and ask them to show more Canadian pictures, and then back up that demand by moulding public opinion in favor of having more Canadian pictures on the screen. There is no manager who will not go to any trouble to secure what he believes his audience wishes and demands. Therefore it rests with the people to ask for what they want, and to be very insistent. The Institutes could also encourage the use of lanterns in schools.

"By combining moral Canadian life with the play hour at the movies, the home-makers will help to fill a long-felt need. If Ontario had a woman inspector of the movies, it would be a step forward, for thus the recreation hour would become a wholesome play time, as we would suggest scenes of supervised play-grounds, community gardens, children and floral culture, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides at work, and similar helpful constructive scenes.

"Another problem for the people of the rural communities to face," said Miss Powell, "is that of introducing more play into their lives. This is a big and very important question, and should be carefully studied by the Institutes. It is as necessary for grown-ups to have play as children, if their work is to be one hundred per cent. efficient. Each community must meet this need in its own way, but supervised play and recreation are important. If we had realized this in the past Canadian farms would not now be as destitute of young people as they are."

"What courses of study would you advise in the Institutes?" was asked, and without hesitation Miss Powell replied that she believed there was not enough continuity in the programme of the ordinary Institute. The topics are too unrelated. Better results would be obtained from a definitely planned and set course of study, something more along the lines of the Chautauqua courses.

"The contests are helpful," continued Miss Powell. "I would like to see them in every Institute—contests in all kinds of house and outside work. The success of the garden work has been marked. I hope there will be no falling off in the coming season. Contests might advantageously follow Demonstration Courses in the Institutes, reviewing the work of the course, thus holding new members gained through the course, and fixing the knowledge and information received in the minds of the workers.

"But probably one of our greatest problems to be dealt with by our Institutes is offering the helping hand to the thousands of English and Belgian brides who are coming to be our neighbors. Without the slightest idea of our country, manner of living, and conditions, they are coming over in large numbers with our soldiers, and it is for the Institute members to meet the situation tactfully, and remove for them as many difficulties as possible. There is no organization better fitted to cope with this question than the Women's Institute—courses in household management, cooking and housekeeping in all its branches having always been a strong feature in the organization, and with careful planning these can be arranged to meet the needs of the newcomers. They have brightened the lives of our soldiers, and are brave enough to come to a new country. It is our duty to befriend and assist in every way possible. The benefits will not be one-sided, for they will doubtless have much to give in return. They have lived nearer the war, and experienced much more self-sacrifice than we in Canada dreamed of. Their education and training along many lines will be far in advance of ours, and it will do us good to get together.

"Another matter which I would like the Institute members to take up is that of securing good picture loans. We are unacquainted with even the work of our own Canadian artists, not to mention those of Europe and United States. We have something very splendid here. Canadian art takes no second place, but it is quite true that it is better known in Europe than in Canada. Secure picture loans, study Canadian art, and you will find a whole realm of undreamed-of pleasure and profit opening before you."

In conclusion Miss Powell remarked that never before had the Women's Institutes the opportunities to leave their imprint on the pages of Canadian history, as in this year 1919.

HOME NURSING AND FIRST AID COURSES MUCH APPRECIATED.

The courses in Home Nursing and First Aid given under the auspices of the Institutes Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, cover information which is of practical value, and that this information has been appreciated is indicated by the following notes of appreciation which have been received by several of the lecturers of these courses.

By Dr. Mary MacKenzie-Smith:—

"In the Rainy River District I went into a house one day last month and found one woman trying to nurse nine people who were suffering with Spanish Influenza, including a thirteen-months-old baby that had just come through a convulsion. The woman told me she could not get a doctor and added, 'I tried to remember all that you told us at the lectures you gave us last summer, and I think that some of us would not have been alive to-day were it not for the information you then gave us.'

"A mother of five children in Gravenhurst, who had taken the Home Nursing Course, said to me when taking the First Aid work a year afterwards, 'I never had anything in my life that was so beneficial to me in rearing my children, as the Home Nursing Course.'

"The evening after I had finished the First Aid Course in a certain Ontario village, a play was staged by the young folk of the place. One young man's attire was covered with cotton wool and, when he foolishly lit a match a spark touched the inflammable material and at once he was enveloped in flames, and fled from the building. A woman who had just taken the First Aid Course, snatched up a coat and ran after him, threw him down in the snow and covered him about with the coat, and, as the doctor of the place said, saved his life. The lady afterwards wrote me saying, 'I would not have known what to do had it not been for those lectures.'

"Many other testimonials could be given, but suffice it to say that I have never given a course in Home Nursing or a health talk but many of the young ladies thanked me for it, and the older ones said, 'Why did not the Government start this work sooner when we were bringing up our families?'"

By Miss E. Harcourt, Nurse:—

Such remarks as the following have been made after the full course of talks on Home Nursing and some following the special talks on Child Hygiene.

"Oh, if I only had the advantage of this knowledge when my children were little! Every mother should know these things."

"If I had only known this when my older children were young, they need not have been handicapped as they are to-day and I would have more rest."

"I would willingly have paid for such knowledge, had I been able to find it, or known where to go for it. Are children not as valuable as our chickens or hogs?"

"We have spoken of you and our class work last winter so many times during our 'Flu' epidemic."

These came from one large town, where the class numbered 80, and most of them well educated people.

The rural class expressed themselves much the same, one woman saying to me last week, "It has opened up such a new line of thought and ideas—things I never thought of before, I can't yet estimate the value of these talks." This woman did not miss one day of the fourteen talks. Others drove ten miles and did not miss any lectures. Dr. Patterson told me that one woman got up at the end of her talk and said that had she known this fifteen years ago, there would have been a different story from her home. Then she sat down and broke out crying. Upon enquiry Dr. Patterson found that this mother had lost several children from an unnecessary disease.

THE BEACHBURG INSTITUTE A PROMPT GIVER.

Following the recent appeal made by various societies connected with refugee work, the Beachburg Institute was one of the many Institutes which responded gladly and promptly. The secretary writes:

"Some day we may have an opportunity of telling you how four or five of us, with the others looking on and prophesying failure, made our appeal in our small village of less than four hundred inhabitants, and in the hurry of Christmas, induced people to sit down and knit 147 pairs of socks and stockings and 35 pairs of mittens in less than a week, and of how the other articles poured in in such profusion that we could scarcely manage to close our campaign inside our stipulated two weeks."

AN INTERESTING MEETING AT ALMONTE.

The following report of the December meeting of the Almonte Institute has been received:—

(*Continued on following page.*)

Red Cross Sewing.—Miss Simpson reported 46 ambulance caps, 104 McNaught bandages, 7 day shirts, 1 suit pyjamas, 50 personal property bags.

A card of acknowledgment from a prisoner of war helped by the branch was read by the treasurer.

The meeting discussed plans for work to be taken up now that the demand for war work has ceased. It was decided to acquiesce to the appeal of the Canadian Red Cross for refugee work, and for the ensuing three months the society will work along this line.

It was further decided to replenish the equipment, where necessary, of the W. I. bed in the R. M. Hospital, and the matter of having a brass plate suitably engraved and placed over this bed was put in the hands of a committee. The branch has, further, practically decided to make an effort to raise a suitable sum to be donated to the endowment fund of the R. M. Hospital.

The possibilities of a rest room for the town, similar to the one inaugurated by the W. I. before the war, was discussed, but no action taken.

WHITBY INSTITUTE PROVIDES A CHRISTMAS TREAT FOR THE AGED.

It would be difficult to find a more joyous number of old ladies and gentlemen than those at the Whitby House of Refuge on Friday, December 20th, when the Whitby Institute visited the Institution and gave the old people their annual Christmas treat.

For twelve months past and for twelve months to come, this is the one most talked of event, and the keen enjoyment of childhood in Santa Claus could not be greater than that of these pathetically helpless ones on this occasion. All pains and infimities were forgotten at the first sight of the beautiful tree generously decorated with sparkling tinsel and gay color. A pretty stocking full of candies, nuts and an orange was presented to each, after they had enjoyed a programme of music provided by the Institute members. Time turned backward and starry eyes grew dim as the old people listened to the children singing Christmas songs, and reciting with sweet, piping voices the verses which must ever accompany the visit of good Saint Nicholas.

After the tree came supper with frosted cakes and every delicacy imaginable to make sad and lonely hearts forget, if but for a time, that they are not still very happy children around the merry Christmas table. Those who could not go to the dining room received their goodies upstairs, and as we quietly chatted with these we soon realized that not all the heroes lie in Flanders fields.

"Yes, I have been sitting in this chair for eighteen years," answered a soft voice to our enquiry. "In the day I save up in my memory all the pleasant and beautiful happenings, then during the long night hours of suffering I think of them."

In such an institution, surrounded by many complaining feeble old people, what could the day bring of either beauty or pleasure, we thought, but a glance at the sweetness, the strength and courage in the face of this woman, brought the realization that beauty must truly come from within rather than without.

This particular work on the part of the Whitby Institute is most commendable. Are there not other branches throughout Canada which could take this matter up locally, and bring an afternoon of cheer to some aged ones, who are so often overlooked, in their communities?

THE ORILLIA INSTITUTE PLANS GOOD WORK.

At the December meeting of the Institute, the President, Mrs. Todd, who was in the chair, pointed out the good that was gained by the Home Nursing Courses, and the help rendered by the girls who took the course during the epidemic, either in their homes or in their own communities. A hearty vote of thanks was rendered to those girls for their hearty response.

The convenor of the Sock Committee, Mrs. J. B. Thompson, reported 30 pairs of socks in hand, and, as the armies are so unsettled at the front, it was agreed that the socks should be sent to the Navy League. Mrs. Thompson deserved praise for the way she carried on, and managed the sock department during the trying days of the war, in spite of the shortage of funds. A hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Thompson and her able band of workers was passed.

A committee composed of Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Cramp and the school nurse will see what can be done for the large number of children examined by Dr. McKenzie-Smith, and recommended for medical treatment. Only a very small percentage of these children have so far had any attention.

It was moved by Mrs. Cuppage and seconded by Mrs. Lawson, "That we, as a body of women, stand behind the War Veterans ready to help them, and to give a hearty welcome to the returned soldiers and to see that they do not arrive in Orillia without any one to give them a hearty handshake on their arrival and show them that we appreciate the sacrifice they so nobly made for us." This motion was carried and the idea of an Auxiliary in connection with the War Veterans was enthusiastically talked up, with the result that a committee was appointed to wait upon the Mayor and see what can be done to receive the boys as they come home. Captain (Rev.) F. W. Anderson will be invited to address the next meeting of the Institute.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

"CARRY ON."

A Talk to Institute Members by Mrs. M. Boulton, of Wiarton.

Our Women's Institutes have done nobly during the past four years in patriotic work. But our work has just begun. In the reconstruction now, in the problems of peace, we women have a place and work complementary to men, but of no less importance.

This war has been won by the concentrated efforts and harmonious cooperation of the Allied forces. In the new Canada, to which we welcome our heroes back, triumphant in the battle still on, of right over wrong, that our homes may be pure and safe strongholds for our growing children, women and men must join their concentrated efforts in the harmonious co-operation of education, legislation and religion.

It is in the home and school that the education is given and our future lawmakers are trained.

The wonderful success and staying power shown by the Germans for almost four years may mainly be traced to the fact that for more than forty years in their schools as well as homes the ideal of the "super-man," of world power for Germany, was held before their boys and girls. Had the ideals been those of true liberty and humanity how different would have been the world's history for the last four years.

In this new world's democracy it is for us women to enter the open doors now before us, and loyally and unswervingly lead in those moral and spiritual ideals of honor and humanity, which Britain has striven to uphold. Canada, who has proved herself the strong right arm of the Empire, is welcomed into her councils. In the reconstruction work Canadian women are earnestly called to help in the education in home and school, and in training to wise citizenship.

Our Women's Institutes in the past have effected real help on these lines. By medical inspection in schools we have started a pioneer work which has "made good," and is likely to become universal under our new Minister of Education. We have encouraged school and home gardens, which we must continue to help by various methods. We should follow up by striving to have at least one woman in each rural section upon the School Board. One who will take a personal interest and be capable of wisely leading in the interests of school. We would be glad to hear from other Institute workers on this or any line of educational work.

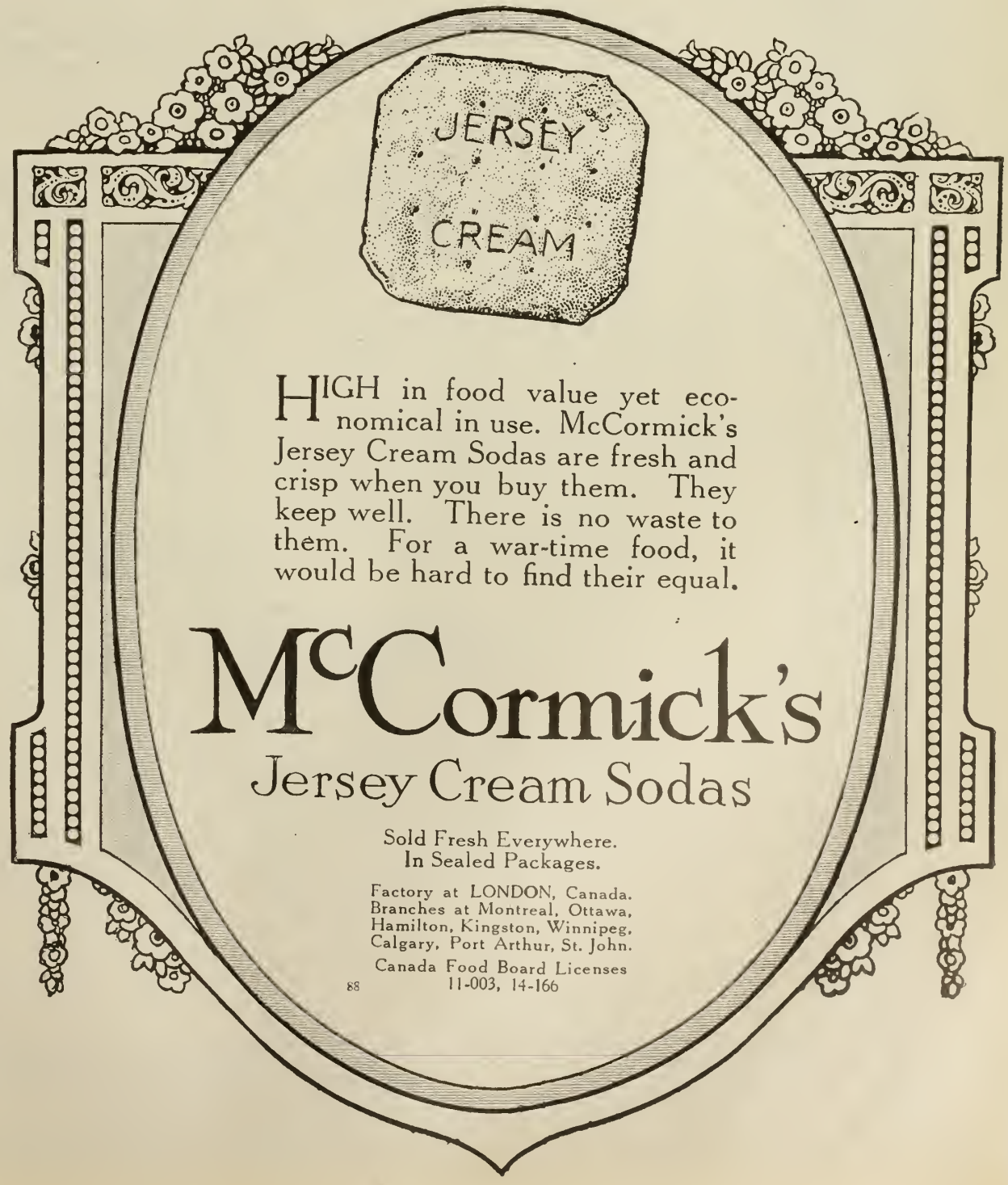
Dr. Cody, who has so kindly invited suggestions of improvement, is doubtless being over-flooded with advice. Our curriculum and school administration are being assailed without gloves.

As one who taught more than thirty years ago, and recently for a time, I would like to express my opinion. There is a great improvement in the text books, school methods and helps in these latter days. The curriculum is over-crowded, yet all is needed. The difficulty lies rather in the number of classes, frequently from eight to ten in rural schools. Many of these might be joined in teaching half the subjects and many subjects correlated. The three "R's" with spelling, geography, history, literature; composition with grammar, must have right of way. Nature study should correlate with art, agriculture or literature; Hygiene may be taught with household science.

Character-building is granted to be one of the most important functions of the school. "It's not character parents are interested in; passing examinations is all they care about," a teacher once replied, and we fear there is too much truth in it.

In the suggested reforms for the schools, I will not say one word against agriculture, science and constructive training, for these are needful, but I would put in a plea for the more enthusiastic teaching of literature and history which have been slighted in our schools, though not in the training of our teachers in Normal Schools or Faculties of Education. The parents are largely responsible for this lack of interest. I know of boys who eagerly read history in their school days, who are now leaders in state or in patriotic work in our country. History repeats itself. An intelligent student of it will become a wise leader in community or political life. In history, and the choice selections of literature, those ideals are set, which develop true manhood, womanhood and patriotism. One of the most important successes of our schools is to send the pupil into the world with a love of, and ability to read, the best books. Our women may help foster this by co-operating with teacher in encouraging wise reading by pupils, in helping in good literary and musical entertainments, by offering prizes in school for essays or debates on topics from history or choice literature. With the editor's consent we would invite letters on any of these suggestions.

(Continued on following page.)



Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

We would like to have a "Round Table" or Home Circle, open to letters of inquiry, replies and discussion on the many lines of interest in our homes and work of institutes.

A FEW NOTES ABOUT ONTARIO INSTITUTES.

The Java Branch has donated a barrel of fruit to the new hospital lately opened at Guelph.

The Children's Shelter at Sault Ste. Marie will receive a supply of children's mittens from one of the institutes of St Joseph Island.

Seventy-five dollars was voted by the Bowmanville Institute for material for garments for refugee work.

The members of the Annan and Leith Institutes in Grey county have been replenishing the ward which bears the name of that branch in the General Hospital, Owen Sound. This ward is semi-private, and will accommodate two patients.

The Irwin Institute has donated $100.00 to the Salvation Army War Work Campaign. This Institute has also remembered with gifts the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto and the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives.

The Dover Branch sent a gift of $119.00 to the Navy League. A letter of thanks expressed much appreciation for the gift.

Two boxes of fruit were sent by the Orrville Institute, in the Parry Sound District, to Pearson Hall in Toronto, the new home and school recently opened for blinded soldiers. The Orrville Branch had the honor of being the first Institute to make a contribution to this new home.

The St. Vincent Branch forwarded a box valued at $260 to the Belgian Relief Headquarters. This box contained both clothing and food.

A new library is the latest enterprise of the Gordon Lake Institute.

SENTENCE REPORTS FROM THE INSTITUTES.

Mrs. C. E. Brown, President of the NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE Inst., reports a most interesting time when their Institute served a Christmas dinner to the Canadian men attached to the Polish Camp. They are at present taking up the matter of a memorial to the men of their town who have fallen in France, in addition to work for French and Belgian refugees.

ST. MARY'S INST., with Mrs. Sparks as President, has been studying the question of women's work after the war under the direction of several prominent speakers. A shut-in member of this Institute was pleasantly surprised on Christmas morning when she received greeting cards from all the other members.

Mrs. Bowers, President of RIPLEY INST., reports that in addition to Red Cross and refugee relief work, the Institute workers are helping the Kincardine hospital, and looking after school grounds and buildings. This branch is a very progressive and harmonious one.

DUART INSTITUTE is interested in medical school inspection. They have in addition arranged for a course in first aid. Three hundred dollars was the sum raised by a school fair by this progressive Institute with Mrs. Galbraith as President.

WATSON'S CORNERS INST., with Mrs. Park as President, is principally interested in patriotic work.

WILTON GROVE INST. assisted the Mapleton Canning Centre in addition to their regular Red Cross work. Mrs. John Jackson is the President.

The WHITBY INSTITUTE is just in the midst of a first aid course, with a class of sixty, all intensely interested, and highly appreciative of the splendid value the course is to any and every one. Through the course twenty or more will be added to the branch.

Congratulations are due Mrs. A. C. Beatty, President of the GARDEN HILL INST., and all the members of her society. They have built and completely finished paying for a hall valued at $1,000, and at the same time have devoted much energy in getting clothing for the children in Belgium.

At present the MILFORD INST., with Mrs. Lewis Minaker as President, is raising money to furnish a ward in the new hospital in Picton, in memory of the boys of their township who have made the supreme sacrifice.

The LUTON BRANCH, with Mrs. F. Haggan as President, held an interesting meeting in December, when the subject, "What war work are women of England, France, Italy and Belgium doing?" was discussed. This Institute donated 18 chickens to the Mapleton Canning centre, and five ladies assisted in the work.

Mrs. William Spaetzel, President of the new DUNDEE INST., reports that they are at the present time taking up the subject of efficient managing of the home.

An afternoon with the Canadian poets proved very enjoyable to the members of the SMITHVILLE INST. Gems in song and story were given, and a Christmas story read. The improvement of school conditions is the work before this institute, under the leadership of the President, Mrs. Armstrong.

Ready to meet the future needs as soon as war work is over, the BLUEVALE INST., with Mrs. Breckenridge as President, is planning to lay a sidewalk from the village to the station.

WELLESLEY INST., with Mrs. A. J. Saunders as President, has applied for a sewing course. This institute is enjoying many social affairs, in addition to turning out a quantity of patriotic work, and is planning to start beautifying the village.

Since the war began, MT. ALBERT Women's Institute has done very little outside of patriotic work. With the exception of buying a pump and seats for the cemetery, also keeping a bed supplied with flowers each year, our work has been all for the boys overseas and returned men in the hospital. We have raised in money $2.510.25, have knit 1,542 pairs of socks, and sent away altogether 4,704 articles, valued at $3,582, to the Red Cross and to boys overseas. Besides this we have sent fruit, jam, pickles, etc., also boxes to our own boys at the front, and now we are going to try and do our share in looking after the refugees.

Mrs. Wm. Clark, President of the GODFREY INST., reports that they are engaged in studying ways and means for 1919 reconstruction.

DELHI BRANCH reports 45 members, all actively engaged in sewing for the refugees and studying reconstructive work. They had medical inspection in their schools and a very successful fair. Their President is Miss Minnie Kent.

HILTON WOMEN'S INST. members decided to each donate money to meet expenses, instead of holding a booth at the fair. Mrs. R. O. Morrow reports that the plan worked successfully, a large box containing comforts being sent to Belleville for patriotic purposes.

School improvements and medical inspection are interesting the members of the GLENBROOK INST., with Mrs. Wm. Kennedy as President.

CHARLECOTE INST. provided dinner for those attending the plowing match, and raised $40. A bale of clothing valued at $80 was sent overseas. Mrs. Welsh is President of this institute.

Mrs. J. E. Oxby, President of the ROTHSAY INST., reports that they have arranged for several concerts, the money meeting various needs. Refugee work is now taking up their attention.

Against much opposition the WINGER INST., with Mrs. Geo. Overholt as Secretary, is striving to make headway with medical inspection of schools. By a pledge card system this institute succeeded in raising $100.

JACKSON CORNERS, formerly known as Old Castle Institute, with Mrs. C. A. Allen as President, is busily engaged in making clothing for the Belgian and French children, and looking after the needy at home.

"Medical inspection of schools, Red Cross work and local improvements," reports Mrs. Baekus, President of the WALLACETOWN INST., "are the principal interests of this institute."

CHARLTON BRANCH, with Mrs. Wm. Ennis as President, is taking up the matter of child welfare.

More will be heard of the BANCROFT INST. after their next meeting, when plans will be discussed for reconstruction work in their town.

Mrs. R. A. Starr, President of the NEWMARKET INST., reports as follows: "Our institute held a very successful nursing course under Miss Harcourt's direction. Fifty-two attended the classes, sixteen took the examination for St. John's ambulance course, and all passed, some with honors."

The DRYDEN INST., with Mrs. R. Wigle as President, has succeeded in doing a very large share of war work in the past year; $1,397.95 in cash was given to the Red Cross Society in addition to 583 pairs of socks, and 916 other articles.

Something unique is being carried out by the RIVER VALLEY INST., with Mrs. Edgar Morrow as President. An allied jubilee concert will be held, all the allies in costume being represented, and an address given by each on what he did in the war.

A successful auction sale was held by the WOOLER INST., at which donations from the townspeople and farmers were auctioned off to advantage. Miss Mabel Rogers is the President of this institute.

The aim of the HOPETOWN INST. to beautify and improve their village is a most worthy one. Mrs. James Mellwraith, the President, and the members are undertaking a very splendid work.

The thanks of many a returned soldier in the Base Hospital will be given to the members of the SHELBURNE INST. and their President, Mrs. A. E. Wrigglesworth, for their kindness in buying records to provide music. The "Star" Santa Claus fund was also helped by this institute.

Child welfare work is engaging the attention of the PORT DOVER INST., with Mrs. Maud Bell as President.

Miss Ada Cook, President of the DEVLIN INST., reports that they are interested in erecting a flag and memorial tablet in memory of their soldiers. The sick in that locality are not forgotten by the institute.

VICTORIA HARBOR INST., with Mrs. Thos. Lumsden as President, is thoroughly alive and interested in all problems of their vicinity.

Mrs. Wm. Pollard, President of the BURGESSVILLE INST., reports that before undertaking refugee work, they are completing the Red Cross work on hand.

The SOUTH GILLIES WOMEN'S INST. has started a vigorous campaign for the betterment of rural school conditions and the health and comfort of the school children. The first clinic was held in October, when it was found that a small percentage suffered from nose and throat trouble, and that the heating and lighting of the schools were very poor. These faults will be remedied in the near future by the institute, led by the President, Mrs. F. Park.

Miss Priscilla Powell, President of the WINGHAM INST., reports that their work at the present time is to make the community a better place for the boys.

A membership campaign is being conducted by the MT. BRYDGES WOMEN'S INST., under the leadership of the President, Mrs. F. Iles. This institute is rebuilding the village library into more of a community social centre.

Not a soldier has returned to the community who has not been remembered by a gift from the BAGNOR WOMEN'S INST. Mrs. William T. Moffatt, the President of this institute, and the members, have fitted the public hall with lamps.

BOBCAYGEON INST., with Mrs. Thurston as President, held a pie social on Dec. 11th, the proceeds, $85, will be used in aid of returned soldiers. This institute assists in the keeping of a nurse.

The members of the TILLSONBURG BRANCH and its President, Mrs. M. A. Barnhard, are actively engaged in studying child welfare problems, preparing soldiers' comforts, and assisting the Belgian Relief.

A successful talent tea was held by the TUTELA BRANCH under the direction of Mrs. A. Hird, the President. Medical inspection and Y.M.C.A. work are being undertaken by this institute.

As is their custom, the LEAMINGTON INST. gave the inmates at the House of Refuge their usual Christmas treat. Mrs. Geo. R. Fox, the President, reports that in future refugee work will be started.

Mrs. Robt. Fennell, President of the NORWOOD INST., asks to have suggestions telling how to have more harmony among the different clubs—Women's Institutes, I.O.D.E., and Monday Clubs. Doubtless there are many institute workers who can send along some valuable suggestions telling how they overcame similar problems.

Mrs. W. J. Markham, President of the DUNCHURCH INST., is also asking other institute workers to give suggestions as to suitable reception of boys and the erection of memorials.

"The place of patriotism in the child's education" was the topic of a helpful address given to the members of the DURHAM INST. by Rev. E. J. McEwen, on Dec. 5th. The President of this Institute is Mrs. J. S. McIlraith.

Mrs. Wm. Buchanan, President of the CAMILLA INST., reports that they have been engaged principally in Red Cross work and assisting their hospital. Now Belgian and French relief work is their objective.

The members of the FULTON AND FRANCIS INST. have been devoting all their energies to greater production. Mrs. Harry Merritt is President.

The children's shelter in Barrie has been the recipient of a generous supply of coal from the NORTH RIVER WOMEN'S INST. Mrs. W. J. Durnford is the President. This institute adopted the plan of securing oats from the farmers and selling it as one way of increasing their funds.

DRAYTON WOMEN'S INST., led by the President, Mrs. F. B. Smith, has completed a successful mile-of-coppers campaign. Over half a mile was collected, all the expense being the buying of folders to hold the coppers. Each folder made one foot of coppers, and the folders were given to the members and to all rural school teachers within ten miles, as well as the town teachers, and were then passed on to the children. As the coppers began to come in, they were given to the stores and the bank, in order that coppers would be plentiful. Competition among the various schools, and friendly rivalry, all contributed toward the success of the campaign, and $371 was collected.

DRUMMOND CENTRE INST. has been engaged in local patriotic work, as well as British, French and Belgian. The Women's Hospital, Toronto, received 22 quarts of jelly and jams from this institute. Mrs. Ewart is the President.

Mrs. F. Clarke, President of the SOUTH GILLIES INST., reports that her society has been building a hall in the town.

Mrs. W. L. Craig, President of the GRAND VALLEY INST., asks the following question: "What is the best way to keep up the interest in meetings after Red Cross work has become less important?" Belgian and French refugee work has been occupying their attention.

There are thirty-nine members on the roll of the VANDELEUR INST., with Mrs. S. Gilbert as President, all doing splendid work along patriotic lines.

MAPLETON AND KINGSMILL INST. is still continuing its wonderful work in the canning of chicken, 500 having been made up into jelly and soup. Mrs. Mahlon Bray is the President of this institute.

Mrs. W. J. Starke, President of the MOORFIELD INST., reports that her institute is interested in patriotic work, and it is their intention to buy books for the new library. This branch wishes to express its great loss in the deaths of Dr. Fotheringham and Miss Susie Campbell.

SHENSTONE INST. is busy in the preparation of a suitable home-coming reception for the soldiers of that vicinity. Mrs. M. Dolph, the President, reports a successful Christmas tree and sale of goods.

Mrs. W. J. Starke, President of the BERWICK INST., is also asking for new forms of work for her society.

The GRANTON INST., Mrs. A. Westman, President, sent a Christmas box to the Byron Sanitarium containing a shower of candy, canned fruit, cake, etc.

"Red Cross work, home relief and refugee work are the principal forms of endeavor of the BETHEL INST.," reports the President, Mrs. M. L. Stoner.

Mrs. A. G. Mann, President of BALTIMORE INST., has succeeded in carrying on the regular institute work in her society, in addition to the Red Cross and patriotic campaign.

Mrs. Geo. Havill, President of the ACTON INST., reports that during November that Institute made 70 garments and 3 quilts for the French refugees.

The WABASH INST., with Mrs. Fred Kelley as President, is engaged in Red Cross, patriotic and local relief work.

A decision has been made by the SUNNIDALE CORNERS INST., led by its President, Mrs. Peter Giffen, to send a substantial bale of goods to the Belgians.

Many forms of patriotic work are

(Continued on page 39).



That Witching Drop of Lemon

It improves the best of teas. Tea with lemon is now the rule in most famous dining rooms. See why connoisseurs "take lemon only."

TRY tea without any cream or sugar, but with a dash of lemon in it. That will help you conserve sugar, and it will give you better tea.

Note how the lemon brings out alluring flavors in your favorite tea that you didn't know it held. See if you ever again want the cream or sugar that has neutralized those flavors.

But perhaps more important is the fact that tea with lemon only is a more healthful drink also. For the lemon's valuable salts and acids are rare digestive aids.

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Canadian Women's Institutes

(*Continued from page* 36.)

being successfully carried out by the SOUTH HORTON INST. Mrs. D. Barr is the President.

The district in which the BARNHART INST. members carry on their work is a very scattered one, which renders it difficult for them to do more than work for the soldiers. Mrs. D. Saunderson is the President, and reports that each month the members have packed and sent overseas 12 boxes for the boys.

The OMAGH INST., Mrs. A. Porter, President, has just shipped a box of clothing valued at $121.80 for Belgian relief, and two boxes to the Women's Cottage Hospital, Toronto.

Boxes for the boys overseas and local patriotic work has been the objective of the GRIMSTHORPE INST., under the leadership of the President, Mrs. McDonald.

In addition to their Red Cross and patriotic work, the RICHARD'S LANDING INST. has made several quilts for the children's shelter.

Mrs. Malcolm McLean, President of the GOULAIS BAY INST., asks for suggestions as to new forms of work for her society.

STAFFA BRANCH, with Mrs. A. R. Oliver as President, is opposed to daylight saving, and its members wish to prevent it from becoming law.

DECEWSVILLE INST., President Mrs. Wm. Ebert; HAMPTON INST., President Mrs. Levi Nidery; and SANDFORD INST., President Mrs. Robt. Meek, have been engaged principally in patriotic and Red Cross work.

Mrs. Wm. Goodfellow, President of the MILLCREEK INST., and Mrs. L. A. Groves, President of the CORNWALL CENTRE INST., report splendid progress in their society in various forms of war work, patriotic and refugee work.

At the November meeting of the LOBO WOMEN'S INST., with Mrs. Malcolm Gray as President, the following resolution was passed: "We the members of the Lobo Institute believe that compulsory military training in Germany was one of the chief causes of the great European war. Now in view of impending peace and the establishment of a League of Nations, the object of which is to abolish militarism from the world, we wish to place ourselves on record as being opposed to the continuance of military training in our schools and colleges, and to ask that it be removed from the school curriculum, and that additional prominence be given to physical culture. We feel very deeply on this subject, and have always looked upon military training as purely a war measure. But now that the war is over and a permanent peace is within reach, we wish to see every vestige of militarism eradicated from our land.

"'As the child, so is the man,' and a nation is only a collection of individuals. If we are to follow the advice of Dr. Cody to improve our country, we must begin with the child; therefore, what Canada will be twenty-five years hence is in our power at the present time, and it behooves us to be very careful how that power is exercised.

"As our school curriculum now stands, every boy in the middle schools and colleges, unless physically unfit, is subjected to military training. We consider this the thin edge of the wedge of militarism, to fight which nearly half a million of our men have crossed the sea and thousands have given their lives. But some may say, have military training retained for its value in developing the physique; there are exercises, and many of them, especially designed for that purpose, and which the army makes use of with that end in view, so we are asking that increased time be given to these helpful exercises which have no hint of militarism. In this way we may help to hasten the day when the swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and the spears to pruning hooks, and men shall learn war no more."

Nova Scotia.

Mrs. W. A. Page, President of the HORNING'S MILLS INST., reports that this society has bought and paid for a hall, and erected an addition for a stage. Plans for the reconstruction in their village are being discussed by this enthusiastic society.

The annual meeting of the TATAMAGOUCHE INST. was held Nov. 8, 1918, Mrs. Archibald McTara, secretary-treasurer, reported that there had been 12 meetings held during the year. The membership is 53, with an average of 10 to 25, and during the year $520.81 was raised for patriotic purposes.

Prince Edward Island.

The EAST POINT INST., with Mrs. John McDonald as President, has been busily engaged in Red Cross and patriotic work. Thirty pairs of socks were sent to the soldiers in France, and $10 sent to the Belgian relief fund. Local school improvements were not neglected.

Mrs. Wm. S. Robertson, of the KINGSBOROUGH INST., reports that her society is more alive than ever before. They have been supporting a prisoner of war and visiting the schools to supply necessities that are overlooked by the trustees.

Two members of the STERLING INST. visit the schools every month, and report their needs, which are afterwards provided by the institute. Mrs. Walter Simpson is President.

GLADFORD INST., with Mrs. Geo. Neale as President, held a public thanksgiving meeting for peace in the town hall, Mount Hope, at which a special collection of $52.25 was taken up for Belgian relief. This institute supports a Belgian child, and assists in the maintenance of a prisoner of war.

Quebec.

Mrs. R. J. Wilson, President of CLARENDON CLUB, reports that their oldest member was recently presented with a life membership certificate and pin for the Red Cross. Matters pertaining to the home are studied by this club.

Manitoba.

ROLAND SOCIETY, with Mrs. Fred Reid as President, has planned to conduct a sewing class in addition to their relief work for the refugees.

Mrs. R. W. Sargent, President of the RIVERS HOME ECONOMIC SOCIETY, reports that her members maintain a rest room with resident matron in the town of Rivers. They also donate supplies to the Emergency Hospital, and send clothing and food to the Children's Aid of Winnipeg. This society expresses a wish to have one name for the Women's Institutes, Home Economic Societies and Homemakers Clubs.

The SWAN LAKE SOCIETY, under the leadership of the President, Mrs. W. E. Gardiner, has been doing patriotic and welfare work for women and children.

GLENORA SOCIETY is interested in boys and girls' club work. Their President, Mrs. A. Laurence, reports that they are planning future work along those lines.

The FLEE ISLAND CLUB, led by the President, Mrs. J. A. Graham, discussed plans for a vigorous campaign for more public meetings of general interest to women and children.

British Columbia.

The METCHOSIN INST., reports that its members are expecting the year 1919 to be a very useful and successful one in all their branches of work. In the past, Red Cross, reconstruction and child welfare work have been their objective.

While H.M.S., "Lancaster" was in Esquimalt Harbor, many of the members of the GARDEN CITY INST. entertained the boys in their homes. This institute being in the centre of a rural district, is deeply interested in agriculture and the raising of small stock, chickens, rabbits and pigs. Time is found, however, for careful study of child welfare work.

Trying to make Rutland a good place to live in is the objective of the RUTLAND INSTITUTE, with Mrs. D. Hardy as President. On Dec. 11 this institute met for the final session of 1918 in the school house, and an inspiring address was given on opportunities and obligations of their new citizenship. Each member brought a jar of fruit and vegetables, which were presented to the bride of a returned soldier.

Mrs. J. Osborne, President of the WEST SAANICH INST., reports that this society has succeeded in raising $1,000 for Red Cross and patriotic work. At the present time increased production is being encouraged.

An excellent paper on business methods for women was given by the President, Mrs. B. L. Brown, of SILVER CREEK INST. This society also conducted a successful shower for a needy family in the community.

The CHILLIWACK INST., with Mrs. Davies as President, is forging ahead notably. Their branches of work are maintaining a ladies' rest room, food conservation and local school improvements, and they are studying the question of mothers' pensions and penny banks.

The STRAWBERRY HILL INST. have already started a fund to be used to give aid to returned invalid soldiers. Child welfare work and sanitation of schools are two topics of interest to this society, led by the President, Mrs. A. Jack.

Our Friend The Piano

(*Continued from page* 18.)

great solace when he became blind. As its name indicates, it combined the principles of the harp with those of the clavichord. It had two keyboards, the upper (styled piano), and the lower (styled forte). When it had been improved and simplified the modern pianoforte came into being.

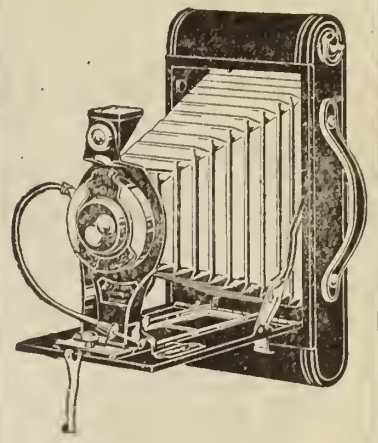
Since musical inventors everywhere were in the eighteenth century striving to make an improved type of harpsichord, just as they have been everywhere working on reproducing instruments in this present epoch, there is much conflict of opinion as to the first maker of a pianoforte. The French hold that it was Anatole Marius; the Germans pin their faith to one Gottlieb Schroeder, and the Italians assert the claims of Bartolommeo Cristofori. It would seem that the Italians make out the best case. It has been established that as early as 1709 Cristofori, who held the office of curator of musical instruments for Prince Fernando de Medici at Florence, showed to his patron the model of an instrument he had invented that contained the leading features of the subsequent pianoforte. It introduced the method of producing piano and forte tones by a row of hammers, controlled by keys and striking the strings from below. This is the essential feature of pianoforte action.

It was not until seventy years later that pianos, to give the abbreviated name that was once regarded as savoring of slang, were introduced into England by one Jacob Stumpe, who in 1780 established a factory in London for the manufacture of the instruments and turned out the first square pianos in the British Isles. As everyone knows, the square piano has long since given place for ordinary use to the upright instrument; but they were continued in use for at least one hundred years, and are to be found in old homes and old auction-rooms now. In the rage for fine woods which has taken hold of the public, most of them on this continent have been sawn up for the walnut, rosewood and mahogany in their cases.

It is rather singular that the upright piano was so long in making its way. It was first manufactured in England in 1800, by Broadwood, whose firm is still in existence, and though the square piano long held the premier place as an ornament of the home, the uprights are here to stay, especially since they work very happily in combination with those reproducing attachments which are almost twentieth-century in origin. The upright piano has also superseded the small cottage piano, which was once a feature of many well-to-do homes. For beauty of tone, however, the concert grand piano, which, because of its larger case and sounding board, permits of a greatly increased tonal power, holds first place; and in its development the continent of North America has contributed much. The improvements which give the modern grand piano such exquisite effect when played by great artists, date largely from the days of Jonas Chickering, one of the earliest American manufacturers; though it is interesting to note that before his time and as early as 1775 (five years before pianos were manufactured in England) such instruments were produced in Philadelphia.

It will be seen that the piano has a long and interesting history. Though its ancestors owed their existence in a large measure to the encouragement of royalty and nobility it has now become the popular instrument of democracy.

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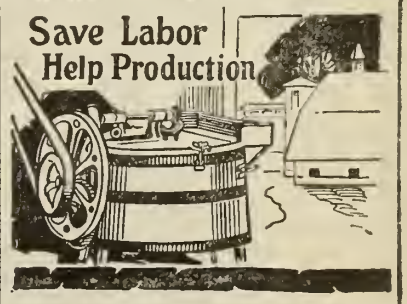
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Agents Wanted.

The sketches of French village life on page 15 of this number are reproduced from the sketch book of Estelle Kerr, drawn while in France.

Gossard Corsets In The War





ONE of the greatest contributing forces to the conclusion of a successful peace was the woman power of the world; the splendid power that held the lines behind the fighting front.

With the declaration of war thousands upon thousands of Canadian women promptly, unselfishly gave their best to their country's work with an efficiency that won the world's admiration.

GOSSARD CORSETS

The Original-Unequalled Front Lacing Corsets

were privileged to take an important place in the great mission of conserving the health of Canadian womanhood. A rare privilege indeed to help these splendid women to the successful fruition of their untiring devotion! The hygienic body support of Gossards gave comfort and added efficiency to millions of earnest workers, safeguarding their health under the strain of unaccustomed labor and offering at all times a wearing service that meant a practical and patriotic economy.



War has taught us much about every subject in the world—but not the least of its lessons has been its warning to womanhood to buy corsets that are hygienically correct; to be fitted carefully; and to adjust their corsets each time they are worn so that their full benefit may be realized.



The world war has taught us not to waste. There is nothing more wasteful than the purchase of an ill-fitting corset or neglect in the adjustment of a well fitted corset which will not permit it to render its full service.

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284-286 West King Street, TORONTO

Made in the United States and Canada

Wear Gossard CORSETS They Lace In Front

Worn with Health and Comfort by Women the World Over

FASHIONS

(*Continued from page* 27.)

6087—Ladies' Surplice Corset Cover. Seven sizes, 32 to 44 bust. No. 8120—Ladies' Two-piece Drawers. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 26, 30, and 34 waist. The combination requires in medium size 3⅜ yards 36-inch crepe de Chine—8 yards lace edging. Embroidery No. 12206, blue or yellow transfer.

7754—Ladies' House-dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 27-inch white lawn for collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. A rolling collar of white lawn finishes the open neck of this very good-looking house-dress of blue and white check gingham. There is a full-length panel at center-front, and the dress closes at left side-front.

8090—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch linen—½ yard 36-inch dotted organdy for collar and cuffs. A choice is offered of long and short sleeves, and the three-piece-gathered skirt is attached at 1-inch raised line. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8061—Ladies' House-dress. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 7¼ yards 30-inch chambray. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Over the front-closing waist of this house-dress a panel is arranged that buttons on the shoulders. The lower edge of the panel is turned back and stitched through the center to form two pockets.

7357—Ladies' Sleeveless One-piece Pajamas. Sizes 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crepe de Chine—3 yards Irish crochet edging—3½ yards ribbon. The pajamas are slashed at the waist-line for the passage of the ribbon that forms the belt. Embroidery No. 12377, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 72 motifs.

7554—Ladies' Pajamas. Sizes small, medium and large, corresponding with 36, 40 and 44 bust. Small size requires 4⅛ yards 32-inch figured cotton crepe. The coat of the pajamas is slipped on over the head, and the front and back are in one piece.

7880—Ladies' Camisole. Sizes small, medium and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires ⅞ yard 36-inch longcloth—2¾ yards insertion—⅞ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. No. 7424—Ladies' Four-piece Petticoat. Nine sizes, 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 36-inch longcloth—2¾ yards 16-inch embroidery for flounce. The petticoat closes at left side-front, and the top is finished with a casing in which elastic is inserted.

8065—Ladies' and Misses' Dress Sleeves in Three Styles. Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 38, and 40 bust. The center sleeve is perforated for shorter length. Material requirements for these sleeves will be found on pattern envelope.

(*Continued from page* 28.)

8123—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch gabardine—¾ yard 36-inch satin for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Embroidery No. 12321, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 12 motifs.

8151—Ladies' Dress. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch check velours—2 yards satin for facing tunic. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard.

8145—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch satin—1½ yard 54-inch wool velours. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The composite frock has lost none of its vogue, and may combine two shades of the same material or contrasting colors may be selected as well as contrasting materials. The closing of this frock is at left side-front, and the neck may be collarless or may have a rolling collar.

(*Continued from page* 29.)

7990—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—½ yard 54-inch white wool Jersey for collar and vest—½ yard 36-inch satin for revers—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Embroidery No. 12468, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 2½ yards of 18⅞-inch border. Wool jersey in fawn, French blue, and taupe fashions some of the best looking Spring frocks, and Jersey is particularly effective when embroidered or braided. Over the two-piece skirt which closes at left side-front, a two-piece gathered tunic which is open front and back, is dropped.

7968—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch gabardine—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12473, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Simple as simple can be is this charming frock of serge with its oval collarless neck-line outlined by wool embroidery forming points. The closing is at the back, and allowance is made in the pattern for several neck outlines as well as for flowing sleeves. The swinging panel at the back is perforated to form a double panel. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.

(*Continued from page* 30.)

7599—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. No. 7919—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch dotted net—2⅝ yards 36-inch black satin—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crepe for collar and vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

8114—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch gabardine—⅝ yard 36-inch satin—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe for vest—2 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

8153—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch velvet—⅝ yard net for vest—½ yard jet banding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard.

8092—Ladies' Three-piece Gathered Skirt. Nine sizes, 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch Poiret twill for skirt with yoke. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.

(*Continued from page* 31.)

5022—Misses' and Girls' Pajamas. Six sizes, 4 to 20 years.

7406—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

4922—Misses' and Girls' Kimono. Eight sizes, 6 to 20 years.

7681—Girls' and Juniors' Nightgown. Four sizes, 8 to 14 years.

8094—Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe. Eight sizes, 8 to 17 years.

8019—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Five sizes, 4 to 12 years.

8013—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Initial on pocket No. 12254; pattern provides seven different styles in fourteen sizes. Blue only.

7327—Child's Empire Petticoat. Five sizes, 1 to 5 years. Embroidery No. 11569, transfer pattern in blue or yellow.

4643—Child's Nightdrawers. Eight sizes, ½ to 12 years.

7369—Child's House-coat. Six sizes 1 to 10 years.

7368—Infant's and Child's Kimono Sizes for infants, 1, 2, and 4 years.

6095—Child's Drawers and Envelope Chemise. Six sizes, 3 to 12 years. Scallop No. 11659, transfer in blue or yellow.

For material requirements of these designs see Pattern Envelopes.

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LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESSES . . .	25 CENTS
FANCY BLOUSES AND FANCY SKIRTS . . .	25 CENTS
COATS, JACKETS, AND NEGLIGEES . . .	25 CENTS
ALL OTHER PATTERNS	20 CENTS

Pictorial Review Patterns are on sale at the principal dry goods stores throughout Canada and the United States, or can be obtained by mail from the Pictorial Review office, 263-267 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

For prices of Pictorial Review Embroidery Patterns, see the Embroidery Catalog. Catalog by mail, 30 cents.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(*Continued from page* 33.)

Could you please tell me how I can get in touch with some returned soldiers, as I would like to ask them up to Sunday evening tea?

Edna J.

I am sending you the names and addresses of some of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries, and they will be able to give you the names of soldiers whom you might ask, or better still, they would ask them for you, if you prefer it.

I received your letter, and talked over the position with my mother, and I think she will consent after she has had time to think it over. Is it necessary for me to sign up for twelve months? I have been wondering if you receive your mail personally, as I would like to write to you?

Windsor.

I would not advise you to do anything against your mother's wishes, for, after all, sometimes those things do not turn out exactly right. But the occupational therapy is very attractive work, and if your heart is set on taking it up, I hope you are able to get your wish. It is necessary to sign up for twelve months, as the Government does not consider that it pays to train girls for that work if they do not "carry on" as long as that. Yes, I receive all my mail personally although it is addressed to the Canadian Home Journal. I would certainly like to hear from you again, and write me just whenever you wish. I am never too busy to write to any girls who wish to have a heart to heart talk, no matter how often it is. You will be sure to write me again, won't you?

I really do not know if I should write to you or not. But I am so very lonesome, and as I know you are very much interested in the soldiers, I thought perhaps you could help me a little. I just returned from England a short time ago, but I find there is no way to become acquainted with girls only by speaking to them on the street. Well, you know, Betty, as well as I, that that is not the kind of girls one would go out with by choice. Could you help me out of the difficulty, I wonder? I hope I am not intruding?

A Lonesome Soldier.

Why, of course I can help you out. I am sending your name to a couple of girls who write to this column, and I am sure they will only be too glad to write to you and send you boxes. Why don't you go to one of the returned chaplains in the city and ask him to introduce you to some of the girls of his church? He will, I know, for he will understand. Why, half a dozen soldiers of your stamp would be a splendid addition to any church, and you will have some good times. Just try it and see. Let me know how you succeed, won't you?

We are starting a club, and wish to do Red Cross work for our hospitals in Canada. Is there any book we can get to give us directions as to how we should make the articles?

Vera, Stratford.

I am sending you a book containing the directions of how to make all the supplies that are used in our Canadian Military Hospitals. I am sure you will find everything there you require.

Enclosed you will find a post office order to pay for the first month of keeping a Belgian orphan. I hope you can forward it to headquarters for me.

Betty.

I have handed your post office order to the Belgian relief and given them your address. You should hear from them in a few days.

Training Boys and Girls

(*Continued from page* 25.)

p, r, s, t, v"—were "workers" the other fifteen being "drones," so they voted the "AT" beehive no good, and next day tried the "AD" bees—with similar result; then they tried an "IT" beehive, and got fourteen workers and only twelve drones.

They also amused themselves making rhymes or singing "P-a-t, pat," "C-a-t, cat," and so on.

But as a help to learning to spell Mrs. Stoner recommends the typewriter. One day Winifred found her mother pounding at the keys when she wanted her to come out and play. The mother told her to wait till she finished writing a story on the machine, as she could make money by thus writing stories. The next day, when mother returned from market, Winifred presented her with a typewritten copy of the first page of "Peter Rabbit." There was no spacing or capitalization; the little girl had merely looked at the letters on the book and picked them out on the keyboard. After she was shown how to space, capitalize, etc., she took great pleasure in copying poems of the masters and trying to write original letters, rhymes and stories. This was before she was three years old.

Winifred had attained such remarkable proficiency in spelling by the time she was three that her father used to invite visitors to give her any word, assured she would never fail. She spelled street signs, street car posters, everything.

The typewriting habit grew until Winifred learned over a thousand poetic gems by writing them in type, thus impressing their forms in the most striking and natural way. Mrs. Stoner says that if she were a millionaire she would make a bonfire of all spelling books now used in schools, and would introduce typewriters so that all children could learn to spell in this practical manner.

Near to Nature's Heart—Geography Game.

Winifred has always had a garden, and she and her mother have great fun digging and planting both flowers and vegetables. They play that the weeds are dragons and must be killed, but the flowers are fairies. They often played with potatoes, and made babies of them, and sometimes, when tired, would lie under a tree and try to see how many green vegetables people ate, how many brown ones, and so on. Sometimes this was used as a spur for a writing lesson, each of them writing lists of vegetables and flowers they knew. The mother would tell the girl the names of trees they passed in their walks, and on the return trip the girl could tell each name correctly. Favorite trees and lovely flowers were kodaked, and the little girl found delight in painting the photographs.

After an unpleasant encounter with a bumblebee, Winifred wrote the following rhyme as a warning to her little friends:

Let the Bumble Be.

One day I saw a bumblebee, bumbling on a rose,
And as I stood admiring him he stung me on the nose.
My nose in pain, it swelled so large it looked like a potato,
So Daddy said, tho' Mother thought 'twas more like a tomato.
And now, dear children, this advice I hope you'll take from me,
And when you see a bumblebee just let that bumble be.

A naturalist who recently talked with Winifred said that she was undoubtedly another Audubon; but the mother explained that she was simply an ordinary little girl who kept her eyes and ears open to nature's calling, and gained knowledge by seeing, hearing and doing rather than by simply reading what others had done.

Mrs. Stoner followed the plan of seeking knowledge direct from nature, by using laboratories, museums and interesting books to help her in leading her child to knowledge of mineralogy, chemistry, geology and astronomy. The fairies and interesting stories in mythology were also a great help in keeping up interest in those branches.

Geography, once a nightmare of maps and cities, has become a delight to children taught by natural educational methods. "Winifred and I have taken many a jolly trip on a big map spread out on a table," writes the mother. "We would stop at certain places, pretend to talk to people of various countries, and continue our trip by rail or boat. Sometimes we took motor trips, and had all sorts of dreadful accidents. Once we slid down a glacier, and on another occasion we nearly fell into a crater. We were constantly delayed by punctured tires, and had to stay in desolate places where we lived like Robinson Crusoe, and made good use of knowledge we had gained from his experiences. When we wished livelier sport we would turn

(*Continued on page* 45.)

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The next issue will be the big March Spring Fashion Number. Watch for it.

The Journal Juniors' Club

Conducted by ETHEL BAIN.

My Dear Home Journal Children—

The December prizes have been awarded. Not so many competed this time, but the work sent in was good.

Again I must remind all competitors to state their age on their entries, particularly in the camera contest. A very good snapshot was disqualified in the December contest because the competitor had not given her age. Read the rules for each contest and try again is my message to all the Journal Juniors. Try also to get new members for our Club, because the grown-ups are interested in your special page, and read your letters and enjoy them, too.

Your sincere friend,
ETHEL BAIN.

CONTESTS FOR FEBRUARY

1. My Favorite Winter Sport. Boys and girls 12 to 16 years of age. Not more than 500 words. First prize, $2.00.
2. The Winter Birds of Canada. Boys and girls 12 to 16 years of age. Not more than 500 words. First prize, $2.00.
3. For members under 12 years. A letter of not more than 300 words about Winter Birds you have seen in your district. First prize, $2.00.
4. For the girl or boy under 16 who sends in the best photographs a prize of $2.00.

Take care that your name, age and address are written on each letter. Write on one side of the paper only.

LIVING SNOWFLAKES.

The North wind howled and raged through the forest, whipping the falling snow with his whirlwind breath until he turned it into a blinding blizzard. He snapped off branches here and there, and tossed them about in his anger, and blew such cold breaths that the birds huddled together in their nest-holes and shivered as they heard him whistling overhead. The beavers in their house listened as his voice thundered across the ice-bound pond, and prayed that the ice would not crack, for once let the tiniest crack appear and the angry wind would get through, and then there would be danger—it would mean a wrecked home and a struggle for life amongst the broken ice and waters which would be lashed to fury. The hours passed by, and still the ice held out and not the strongest blasts which boomed like a gun across the surface had made the faintest crack appear.

The trees groaned and cried as the wind tore through their bare branches. They bent their heads before it, for they did not want to be uprooted. Many of them were sheltering the squirrels and birds, and the trees knew full well that their little friends needed protection, especially the birds, in return for their work in keeping down the insect pests that preyed upon the trees.

All day long the snowstorm raged, and in the little cabin in the clearing of the woods the old forester sat by his cheery fire and listened to the storm king as he rattled the frozen rain against the window. The old man was dozing and dreaming when a sudden rush of sleet roused him. Rising, he walked to the window and peered out into the storm, then started back, exclaiming "Well, I do declare!" Quickly he slipped back the window-bar. The rush of snow blinded him for a moment, and he hastily shut the window and rubbed his sleeve across his eyes. "Some storm," he muttered to himself, "but where's the birds?" A slight noise behind him made him turn, and there he saw his guests. One, two, three, four, six Snow Buntings were shaking and preening their feathers on the cabin floor.

"You're welcome," said the old man, as they looked up at him with their bright eyes. "Maybe you're hungry," he went on, and went over to his store cupboard. Opening it, he took out a handful of seed and threw it down to the visitors. The birds, with many chirpings of delight, helped themselves, and soon their cheerful calls repaid the old forester as he sat down and watched them.

Little storm-tossed creatures they were, for they had braved a storm that no man could live through. In fact, they delighted in snowstorms, and, like the chickadees, were wonderfully cheerful during the coldest weather. The light shining through the cabin window had attracted them, and they had flown on to the window-sill from the branch of a neighboring tree, where they were holding on with all their strength, whilst the bitter wind was blowing their feathers every way. They didn't mind the cold one bit, but when the window was opened the wind swept them off their feet and tossed them like snowflakes into the cabin. Only they did not melt like the snow that came in with them, but they looked just like bits of snow as they walked about, for a Snowflake, or Snow Bunting, never hops.

As the birds finished their meal they flew up and about the cabin to find a way out. The old man watched them.

"'Tis wanting to leave me, ye are," he cried. "You're welcome. Won't ye stay the night, for 'tis no' fit for the likes of ye wee things to be out," he continued. Still they flew here and there, and soon they found the window. "Ye must have your own way," he said. Slowly he rose and moved over to the birds. "The snow has ceased," he went on, "but don't ye go far away, for I like ye." The window, now unbarred, opened slowly, and the Snowflakes, scenting the keen air, passed out swiftly. The old forester watched the dainty children of the snow. "Come again!" he cried. "You're always welcome." Seemingly the birds understood, for side by side on the nearest bush, they twittered cheerfully as they swung to and fro in the wind.

Next morning the old forester was awakened by the calls of the winter birds. Rising he hastened to the door and opened it. Before his eyes lay a fairy scene, for the storm had passed and now a world of glittering beauty was left. Every bush and tree wore a sparkling crown of frozen snow. A vivid splash of blue alighted in the clearing before the cabin. It was the mischievous Blue Jay, in his jewelled coat of sapphires and pearls. His cousin, Black Crow, was there, as well as Chickadee, Downy Woodpecker, and his cousin, Hairy Woodpecker. Butcher Bird, the Northern Shrike and Bob White were chatting together, and on the window-sill were the new arrivals, the Snowflakes. They were all waiting for the friend they had learned to love without fear, and as soon as he scattered the seeds and crushed grain they flew down and around him. The squirrels came for their share of the treat, and the old man, content to wait until his feathered friends were fed before he himself touched his morning meal, thanked God from his heart for the perfect trust shown him by the wild folk and forest birds and for the friendship they had given to him throughout the days and years he had spent living close to the heart of Nature.

* * *

Do you know the Snow Buntings? Have you seen these sparrowy little birds in your district? They are the only winter visitors and, like the Northern Shrike, who nests within the Arctic Circle, will leave us as soon as the first warm days of spring tell us that the winter season has gone. You cannot mistake the Snow Buntings, or Snowflakes, for they are almost a ground bird, and rarely perch on anything higher than the fence-rail. You can tell them at once by the great deal of white amongst their rusty brown plumage, but their chief marking is the extra long white eyebrow that runs around the cheek. This peculiar marking will tell you at once who the little visitors are. They feed upon seeds from the weed stalks that one always finds above the snow. They are very restless, and at the slightest sound the flock will start up and fly around, and you will hear them whistle when in flight.

Don't confuse the Snowflake with the Junco, who is about the size of the English Sparrow. The Junco is another of our winter birds, and without a doubt many of you know this pretty snowbird that brightens the winter days with its quiet, friendly ways. The Juncos are known chiefly by the white feathers on either side of the tail, which are to be seen when they are flying. They wear slate-colored coats and grey vests. The underparts are white and their bills are of a pinkish shade, and on their heads they wear the quaintest of black caps. Their song is a very sweet trill, and when a flock of them sing together the effect is beautiful.

What do our winter birds feed upon? The wind is a kind friend to them, and the woods, although to us they look very bare, are still stored with food. The wind does its part by blowing the seed-pods off the trees, and as they fall they open and the life-giving seed falls downward to the tablecloth made of frozen snow. Mother Naturo provides for her bird children, for when the snow covers the ground she still has seed-pods on the trees and berries on woodland vines and shrubs. The leaves may have fallen, but the berries are still there for the hungry birds, and it is always well for us to remember when we take our winter walks that we must not pluck the pretty-looking berries from off the trees and shrubs, for if we do we shall be stealing the food the great Mother has provided for our feathered friends.



Prize photograph by
Effie Perrin, Bailieboro, Ontario.

PRIZE STORY.

By ALEX. YOUNG, age 10 years, R.R. No. 5, Goderich, Ont.

What I Have Learned About the Maple Tree.

The maple tree starts from the blossom of another maple tree. The frost nips the seed from off the tree, and it falls on to dead leaves and moss. In winter, the snow keeps it from freezing. When spring comes, the seed starts to grow and sends down a root and sends up a stem on which small leaves will appear. The first year the stem is about five inches high, and as the tree grows the leaves and branches become larger and more in number.

A healthy tree will grow about one-quarter of an inch in circumference and eighteen inches to two feet high each year until the tree is five years old. If it is out in a moist field by itself, it will grow a great many branches and the leaves will be fresh-looking, but if it is in dry soil and among other trees it will be tall and slender, with few branches, and the leaves will droop.

In the spring the maple trees are tapped for their sap or juice. This is done by making a hole in the tree. In the hole is put an iron spile. This is a tube with a hook on the end, on which the pail is hung. The sap runs into the pail, and then it is boiled and it is made into maple syrup. By boiling the syrup we get maple sugar.

The maple tree is good for its lumber. When the tree is cut down and trimmed it is loaded on to sleighs and taken to the saw mill, where it is cut into lengths and then into boards. Some of the wood is used for firewood by cutting it into short pieces, and it is left out in piles all summer to dry. The ashes are used in making soap and for fertilizer. The maple tree is also a shade tree, because it has large leaves and spreading branches.

The maple tree is more important than any other tree because its leaf is one of the emblems of Canada, and since the war started Canada and the Maple Leaf has done a great deal for our Empire.

Honorable Mention.

HILDA ALLEN, age 11 years, Caledonia Springs, Ont.

I am going to tell you what I did for a bird in summer time. I was playing in the cellar one day, when I came across a bird's nest. I went up to it, and saw there were four little robins in it. They all opened their mouths when they heard me; so I said to myself: "They look hungry. I shall go and get them something to eat." I got some worms for them, and went away. I peeped through a crack and saw the mother feed her young ones with the worms. Every day I went down into the cellar and fed them. I gave them bread in the morning and worms at night. They grew up very quickly, and the mother became tamer and tamer every day. One day I went down to feed them, but they had gone. After a few days I saw one of them at the front of the house, but its mother came along and took it away with her. Every night they would come and sleep in their nest. Soon they left it because the young ones were able to fly. I threw crumbs out to the birds all the time, and I hope the robins will come back again next year, for their nest is still there; and if they do come back I will feed them again. Would you not like to have a bird in your cellar?

List of Members.

Allen, Hilda, Caledonia Springs, Ont
Craig, Rea H., Grand Valley, Ont.
Perrin, Effie, Bailieboro, Ont.
Petch, Emma, Malton, Ont.
Somers, Eliza Jean, Halcombe, N.B.
Warren, Marguerite, Southend, Ont.
Young, Alex., Goderich, Ont.

Other Men's Luck

(*Continued from page 7.*)

He gave the order for the bag to be sent to the steamer, and felt that now indeed he had burned his bridges behind him. He bought a new soft hat, and regarded himself with some satisfaction in a mirror. It was different to anything he had worn, and he fancied that it made him look younger. After all, he was only in the very prime of life; his hair was just touched with grey, and if his figure was not so slight as he would have wished, still he was not fat; no, decidedly, no one could have called him fat, he said to himself with some satisfaction. A man of forty-eight has still a long way to go before old age is upon him, a long way, and he would make the most of it.

He returned to the office, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in writing letters, for it was necessary to inform Carrie of the decision he had made. He wrote to her very briefly to tell her that he had left everything in good order for her and the children. They would not be stinted for money, for he had managed to save enough, fortunately, always with this in his mind. There was no use in her writing to him, for he was going to be a ship without a port—he would no longer be anchored to any shore.

At six o'clock he left the office, shutting the door behind him with a keen pleasure at the thought that he would never again see that square desk, the swing chair, and the green blind pulled half-way down the window. He had finished with offices; he had finished with all that was flat, stale and monotonous. The glamour of the East was before him, and it gave a sprightliness to his walk, a thrill to his senses.

He dropped in at an hotel for dinner. He fancied that he would enjoy lingering over his dinner while he listened to the orchestra and made plans for the future. The waiter led him to a table in a corner of the immense room, and he sat down with a pleasurable feeling that his adventure had commenced. It was a long time since he had dined at an hotel, and he never remembered being alone without Carrie—and Carrie always ordered the dinner. To-night he would order what he liked.

He was glancing over the menu when he heard a voice behind him, and started up in surprise as a man about his own age held out his hand with a hearty exclamation of greeting.

"Jim Alloway!" Morrison exclaimed, rising to his feet. "Why, it's years and years since I've seen you."

Jim Alloway! They had gone to school and college together and been friends for years, and then somehow he had lost track of him completely.

"Yes, it's a long time," Alloway responded. "Dining alone? Can I join you? I'm just back from a trip abroad. It's good to see a familiar face."

Morrison gave the order to the waiter, and they spoke for a few moments of the sundry items of world news in the papers that evening till the waiter had brought the soup. Alloway looked across the little table at his friend in silence, and Morrison felt that he was summing up the changes which time had wrought in him, and he returned his glance with a challenging smile.

"Well, it's a long time, isn't it, and I'm a good bit older than when we last met. Is that what you are thinking? Let me see, it must be nearly fifteen years. I think I remember it was at a dinner given for Carrie just before we were married. Do you remember? After that your uncle died and you went abroad. Fifteen years! It's a long time!"

"Fifteen years, is it? Yes, I remember the dinner. Carrie wore a yellow dress with some glittering arrangement in her hair. How is Carrie?"

"Oh, she's well. What a memory you have! I couldn't remember what Carrie wore fifteen years ago."

"Couldn't you?" Alloway smiled. He was a large, massively built man with very white teeth that flashed when he smiled. "But then you've been spoiled. A hungry man remembers the taste of a dinner eaten years ago, while you and I couldn't even remember what we have had for lunch to-day. It's all a matter of what one has had. You've had Carrie all these years, while I've been a lonely beggar knocking about the world looking for distraction from the mere fact of living."

"Travelling, have you?" Morrison regarded his companion with greater interest. He thought he looked as though he had had all the good out of life, and no wonder, with nothing to do but go where he wished.

"You're not married, then?" he added.

"No, no; I'm not married."

"Tell me where you have been; tell me something about the places you have seen? You must have seen a great deal."

He regarded Alloway rather enviously. He thought he appeared years younger than himself. Well, slaving one's life out in an office is not conducive to keeping young. He did not wonder that Alloway had that advantage over him.

Alloway put down his spoon and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, there isn't much to tell. When it comes down to it, one place is much the same as another. I always say when you've seen one country thoroughly you've seen them all. India —Russia — Siberia — China—Japan. I've been to them all a score of times. No, there isn't much to tell you that you couldn't read in a guide book. But tell me of yourself and Carrie."

"Of Carrie!" Morrison smiled and took a mouthful of soup before he continued. "Well, I don't know that there's anything to tell. We have four boys and live in the suburbs; a brick house with a patch of lawn in front and rose bushes—yes, some rose bushes, capital ones. There's a tea rose—but perhaps you're not interested in roses. I'm still with Phelps & Smithers, and—well, I really don't think there's much more to tell you."

Alloway laughed.

"It's all so complete; is that it? Your four sons—and Carrie, and your roses! Yes, it sounds pretty complete to me. I suppose Carrie is just the same Carrie she was fifteen years ago. she wouldn't change; no, I can't imagine that she would change very much."

Morrison pondered his friend's words. A picture rose before him of Carrie in the blouse with the white stripes sitting eating her eggs and bacon that morning. He wondered if Alloway would find her much changed. Perhaps not.

"I don't know," he said slowly, "but I suppose we all change, at least in out ideas. I think mine have changed a good bit. It's curious to look back on ourselves as we were so long ago."

"Yes, I suppose so," Alloway returned, absently. "Fifteen years! Fifteen years since Carrie told me that she was going to marry you. I remember how I felt then as though it were only yesterday. It was like a blow straight between the eyes. And now she has four sons. Lucky devil you are! It makes one feel too envious to think about it."

Morrison looked the amazement that he felt.

"I never knew that you and Carrie ——"

"That I wanted to marry her? She never knew it herself. I hadn't a cent then to marry on. You remember, my uncle died just after you were married. It seems strange to talk about it now, but it's all so long ago. Why, it's another lifetime!"

"But you've had a splendid life. After all, marriage ties one down horribly. You've been able to travel ——"

"Oh, I'm not grudging you your luck, old man. Don't think that. Only a man feels a bit lonely at times, knocking about from one hotel to another, and never a soul to care what becomes of him. It's a lonely life, and there's nothing when you come to the end. Nothing but a little

(*Continued on following page.*)



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Other Men's Luck

(Continued from preceding page.)

heap of memories. Four sons, you say!"

"Yes, but ——"

"Carrie's boys! I'd expect Carrie to have sons. I suppose they all have those same blue eyes, like cornflowers. They always seemed to see clear through any falsehood or deceit. Carrie's sons would have eyes like that. Fine, straight lads, I bet. Doesn't it keep your world right just to think of them? Four sons. To carry on your name and do the things you haven't had time to do; climb the heights you've only aspired to climb. That's what sons mean. You can't fail when you have sons. They'll turn your failures into successes if you've had failures, and they'll make your successes seem worth the while. You've had the run of luck, David, and I'm glad of it. The man who married Carrie Webster deserved all the luck."

Morrison felt a curious sense of unreality as he listened to the earnestly spoken words. It was difficult to grasp that Alloway meant just what he was saying; it was difficult to grasp that he was envying him. But he appeared serious. Morrison broke in sharply during the pause.

"But you—why, you've been all around the world! You've been on ships for weeks at a time. Oh, you don't know the fever it starts in my veins just to think of the sea. The Mediterranean—as blue as the sky on a fair day. Athens and the Acropolis—I suppose you've been in Athens. I always dreamed that some day I would go there. India and the Taj Mahal, like a great white pearl, they say, when the moon shines upon it. The East—all the colour and mystery and romance! That is what I have missed out of life. Romance, variety, change! Seems to me as I look at it that you've had most of the luck yourself. Yes, that is how it appears to me."

He sat looking into the lights while an orchestra concealed behind a bank of palms played softly, carrying him away on a flood of glad anticipation. For wasn't the ticket safe in his pocket which was to give it all to him? He was roused from this pleasant contemplation of what was before him by a short laugh from the man opposite to him. The waiter had changed their plates and left them again. Abstractedly, he looked at Alloway over the top of a covered dish.

"And you talk of having missed the romance out of life!" Alloway was saying with a slow, incredulous smile. "You who married Carrie Webster. It doesn't seem possible. The times when I've been knocking about, putting up at some greasy hotel with a pack of mangy foreigners; the times I've thought of Carrie Webster—she'll always be Carrie Webster to me—Carrie, with the cornflower eyes and that clear, direct look that seemed to see straight through whatever you were saying. I remember one night when I had gone to see her. It was a hot night, and we went out into the garden for coolness. You remember the garden, of course, with the stone wall and the hollyhocks and all the dear old flowers. She had some lacy thing over her shoulders, and she looked for all the world like a white moth with her scarf floating behind her like little white wings. I remember the smell of the heliotrope—I can never smell heliotrope that I don't think of Carrie Webster."

Alloway paused, gazing across the crowded room as though he were still seeing the old garden with the stone wall. Morrison sat looking at him, vainly trying to imagine Carrie in anyway appearing like a white moth. He smiled a trifle cynically to himself at the picture Alloway had drawn. How far from reality it was! Carrie in the blue striped blouse, Carrie with the lines about her eyes, Carrie seeing that Robert wore his rubbers to school, Carrie inquiring if the household bills had been paid! It amazed him to think that Alloway had thought of Carrie all these years. He began to wonder if the fault was all within himself. Was he just naturally dissatisfied with what life had to offer? Oh, but he would not be dissatisfied once he was on board the steamer. The blood tingled in his veins when he thought of what was opening before him. The freedom to go where he willed. Japan . . . Japan with the cherry trees in blossom. He realized that it would appear strange to anyone if they knew his mad longing for beauty. A fat . . . for yes, he was fat . . . gray-haired business man of forty eight! There was nothing very romantic looking about him. But how he longed for beauty and romance. He had been so starved for it all these years. Alloway might say what he chose, but he had never found marriage very romantic. Bills and children, noise and drudgery . . . But Japan . . . the very name was magical. He could almost smell the queer scent of sandal wood that things brought from the East had clinging to them. He would drink tea out of tiny cups in the quaint houses made of paper . . . . he had read that the houses were built of paper. He would walk through the streets thronged with strange peoples, each face holding some new interest for him. He remembered the throngs of uninteresting dreary looking figures that he met every day, figures like himself going and coming from their offices! Tired, anxious faces drawn into the same lines by the same trend of their lives. Rushing for trains, stooping over desks in dingy offices, square desks with a swing chair and a green blind pulled half way down the window . . . home in the evenings to a square plot of lawn and a brick house in a row. Thousands leading just the same life day in and day out, year in and year out. What a past to look back upon when one came to old age.

Well, the ticket in his pocket spelled release from all that. Never again would he join the sombre throng. Sunlight . . . warmth . . . colour, the intoxication of new sights, of beauty that surpassed even his most extravagant dreams . . . and Alloway had had all this! He wondered at him, he wondered that he could speak of anything else. He wondered that he was not just bubbling over with the pure joyousness of it all.

Alloway started to speak and Morrison recalled his wandering attention.

"I remember dining one time in Cairo. My hostess had an English garden in which she took great pride, and that night there was a great bowl of heliotrope. I had felt rather drawn towards the girl I had taken in to dinner. I had seen quite a lot of her and it seemed as though I might choose to see a great deal more. But the smell of the heliotrope . . . and somehow I started thinking of Carrie Webster. Her eyes seemed to come in between me and that girl's face. I thought of Carrie sitting in a room with the curtains drawn . . . of heliotrope . . . the scent of heliotrope coming in at the window . . . of the cry of a child overhead . . . Carrie's child! Someway, oh, it seems absurd doesn't it, and just as absurd to speak about it after all these years . . . yet somehow I didn't seem to take any more interest in the girl. I know she found me distrait and was disappointed in me. She left for England soon after that and I never saw her again. Oh, I don't say it was because of Carrie that I never married. But it just happened, I suppose, that I never met anyone who appealed to me in quite the way she had. It seems strange that I should tell you all this . . . but it's ancient history now. Fifteen years ago . . . and Carrie has four sons!"

"What seems curious to me," Morrison said slowly, "is that you should feel like this. I should have thought you would have been so full of all the places you have seen. You've had what I have always longed for and you treat it all as though it were not worth speaking about. That is what seems strange."

"I'm sick of knocking about," Alloway said fingering his glass, "I came back with every intention of settling down this time and making a sort of home for myself. But I don't know . . . one needs children to make a home and at fifty it seems too late for all that." He gave a short laugh as he raised his glass, "You know, I almost wish that I hadn't met you to-night, old man. You seem to have raised the very devil of discontent in me."

Discontent! Morrison was sorely tempted in that moment to tell Alloway just what was in his mind, just what was his intention. He hesitated through a sense of loyalty to Carrie. It would scarcely be fair. Alloway would go off with a wrong impression

(Continued on page 48.)

The Best Books For Winter Evenings

(*Continued from page* 17.)

Possibly the most interesting information contained in the book is the analysis of the Italian viewpoint presented in the second and third to last chapters. In these Mr. Irwin points out that, while the Italian army was the last to admit foreign correspondents to its lines, it has had, since October, 1917, the most smoothly-working press system of any of the allied countries.

Heroes of Aviation, by Lawrence La Tourette Driggs. Published by Frederick D. Goodchild & Co. Price $1.50.

The great war has produced a new kind of hero, and it has given him the wonderful speed afforded by the aeroplane to carry out his adventurous exploits. It has brought warfare—at least in the air—back once more to the individual combat which the chivalry of past years once knew.

In "Heroes of Aviation" Mr. Driggs, one of the most authoritative writers on aviation, reveals the dramatic war careers of some of the most famous of the Allied fliers. No book of wonder-work could produce more absorbing interest than do the vivid accounts of the battles in the air of such world-renowned soldiers of the air as Capt. Georges Guynemer, Lieutenant Rene Fonck, Capt. Albert Ball, Col. William A. Bishop and Major Raoul Lufbery.

While many books have been issued dealing with the personal experiences of individual aviators, Mr. Driggs is the first writer to place in one volume the authentic stories of more than a score of the most daring flyers of the Allied countries.

Horizons: A Book of Criticism, by Francis Hackett. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., Price $2.00.

It is with real pleasure that this column recommends this book of literary criticism. For all those who prefer the English language, written with full word value and a due sense of well-proportioned thought, it will prove a "joy forever," for it is incomparably the best collection of literary essays published during the past year.

Mr. Hackett, in his introductory notes, tells very modestly how he drifted into the field of literary criticism. "One of the great army of American newspaper book reviewers," he writes, "my own aim has been to report the emotions with which I have pursued my enterprise. The word emotion, I dare say, is suspect. Seeing what great cities are, and the havoc they play with attention and susceptibility, it cannot be denied that the quality of aesthetic judgment is subject to all sorts of contortion, and there are many elements which stimulate feeling which do not reside in the thing itself. But, however close one may be to the attenuated and denatured, the persons whose brains twitter in their skulls when taxed by any genuine effort, it is part of the task of criticism to keep independent, and the measure of my usefulness must be the degree to which my impressions are my own. If I sympathize with novelties, it is not for the sake of excitation, not for love of black flowers and green suns. It is because our age is once more a renaissance. The old Mother had her wisdom, deep and disregarded, but she was an exacting mother, peremptory, greedy, intrusive, anti-everything, and I am one of those who think she was only a step-mother in the mansion of life. I see back of her, in her creaking vestments, an older creature, with wild eyes and scrabbling hands and battered dugs, a naked old thing, called Nature, who really bore me, and who had been bemeaned by this insolent intruder. Our renaissance promises to be a new understanding of nature, outside priests and kings and pedants. If I have caught any accent of it, I am fortunate. There can be no wise criticism that is unaware of the new world in travail."

"Horizons" contains essays on "William Dean Howells," "Mrs. Wharton's Limitations," "Mr. Wells Discovers God," "War and Peace," "Crime and Punishment," "Shaw on Marriage," "The Golden Age," "The Sick-bed of Culture," "Patronizing the War," "Domesticated Mars," "The Cost of Peace," and a score of other criticisms, all of which are told with a zest and freshness which are seldom met with nowadays.

While Paris Laughed, by Leonard Merrick. Published by Hodder & Stoughton. Price $1.40.

This is a story of life in Paris before the Great War, and is mainly written in a humorous vein, relating the pranks and innocent passions of the poet Tricotrin. If the reader prefers humor of a more intellectual quality than is usually found among best sellers, he could do no better than read this blithe-hearted book of Mr. Merrick. Reading these pages, one may in fancy roam around historical places with Tricotrin and his Bohemian crew of artists, musicians and poets, and may possibly catch the old-time fancy and flare which the capital of France once knew before the sorrow of war had laid its heavy hand on the shoulders of her people and made them sad-eyed and lonely.

Spunyarn and Spindrift, by Norah Holland. Published by J. M. Dent & Co. Price $1.00.

Without doubt one of the most musical volumes of poetry that have come from the head and heart of any Canadian poet since the earlier days of Bliss Carman is the little book by Miss Norah M. Holland, which made its appearance in the book stores just before Christmas.

All the poems contained in the book are lyrical in character and have the lilting quality which is peculiar to the race of which Miss Holland is a true daughter. The volume contains about seventy-five poems in all, among which are poems of war, songs of the sea, songs of the wailing Celtic key which W. B. Yeats first popularized. But Miss Holland's verse is peculiarly her own. There is no sense of strain in any of her lines, and her ear for rhythm is very acutely developed.

Miss Holland's verse reveals all the sympathy, joy and suffering which denote the poet's finer feeling. One little poem will serve to give an indication of the music and charm which is the dominant feature of the little volume.

The Shepherd's Song.

We be silly shepherds,
Men of no renown,
Guarding well our sheepfolds
Hard by Bethlehem town.
Baby Jesus, guard us all,
Cot and sheepfold, bower and stall.

Wild the wind was blowing,
Sudden all was still;
Laughter soft of angels
Rang from hill to hill.
Baby Jesus, Thou wast born
Ere that midnight paled to morn.

Seek we now Thy presence,
With our gifts of love;
Felix brings a lambkin,
I will give a dove.
Baby Jesus, small and sweet,
Lo! we lay them at Thy feet.

Training Boys and Girls

(*Continued from page* 41.)

chairs upside down, and Winifred, pretending to be engineer or conductor, would guide me and her pet dog or dolls to many places, calling out the stations as we went along. Sometimes we had accidents, and then Winifred turned into a doctor, giving first aid to the injured in putting on bandages and splints as her father had taught her."

I close with part of a rhyme of seventy lines written by Winifred when eight years old to help her remember the names of her bones. Her father, who is a doctor, had taught the child anatomy from a skeleton, and she had learned something of the blood, muscles, etc., by using a microscope. This rhyme was to surprise her father when he returned after an absence of three months:

In my skull, the strong round box
Which protects my brain from knocks,
There are eight bones in its wall—
Glad I have them when I fall!
Occipital there is but one;
One ethmoid, and wedge-sphenoid one,
One frontal bone not very long—
Compared with oak just twice as strong.
Parietals there are but two;
Two temporals will also do.

What Is Osteopathy?

(*Continued from page* 21.)

several American colleges of Osteopathy are creditable institutions, some of them are now endowed and own their own magnificent buildings and hospitals. These colleges are modernly equipped in every department, equally so in their chemical, bacteriological, microscopical, physiological and pathological laboratories.

A capable man or woman having received professional instruction extending over four years of nine months each, in such an institution must be fairly well prepared to serve the public in the struggle to prevent disease and restore health.

An Osteopathic diagnosis is unique in that it is usually the physician that describes the symptoms and causes present, instead of the patient. He searches for minute lesions, such as malpositions, joint irregularities, muscle contractures, nerve pressure, sluggish organs and many disturbances far from the actual field of suffering and often unknown to the patient.

In brief, Osteopathic diagnosis of disease consists in positive determination of the location and nature of the *cause,* whether within the body or in the environment of that organism.

Osteopathic Treatment.

In the treatment and prevention of disease Osteopathy proves itself an art and not a remedy. It is not a part of Medicine or surgery, although truly surgical cases are recognized and referred to a surgeon.

It is not a treatment for some particular *kind* of disease. But Osteopathy has in a brief twenty-five years developed into a complete system of healing applicable alike to all curable diseases.

As stated above, the fundamental principle of Osteopathy is adjustment. The object of an Osteopathic examination is the location of the mal-relation interfering with nature's laws. Consequently an Osteopathic treatment is a scientific application of the mechanical laws of physiology in an effort to remove the lesion and restore structural harmony.

Further, this new science has for its aim the prevention of disease and human suffering. One great innovation is the importance this school places upon the teachings of health, and prevention of disease, striving always to reach the ideal to longevity, efficiency and health. In this effort, Osteopathy adds to the methods in common to all schools of healing the important principles of adjustment and mechanical care of the structure of the individual—the "temple of the spirit."

Herein Osteopathy differs from the palliative Medical treatment of symptoms. This new science applies every effort in removing the cause and trusts to nature to dismiss the symptoms. This is accomplished by applying the law of adjustment to what ever may be interfering with the harmonious functioning of the human mechanism.

Carrying this principle of prevention to an ideal conclusion, it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when it will be the duty of a physician to prevent lesions and mal-relations, to maintain efficiency and health and not wait until *disease* has control of the organism before rendering aid. It is a most irrational social principle that invokes disgrace and punishment upon the offenders of petty man-made laws, but spends lavishly to assist the persistent offenders of God's laws of health and sheds flowers and tears upon these criminals of nature. Some day it will be a social disgrace for any average normal individual to permit his body to harbor disease.

Dr. A. T. Still, founder of Osteopathy left this message: "We are to improve upon the failures of the past and give the people a science of healing with a philosophy that will feed the minds of the thinking."



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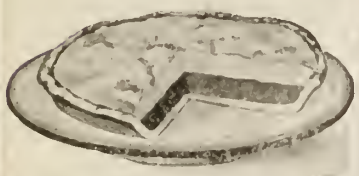
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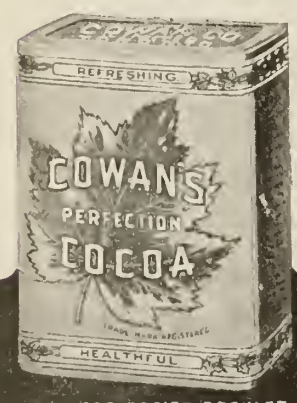
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Specially Prepared for "Canadian Home Journal" by Information Division, Canada Food Board.

The cod is probably the most abundant fish of our Atlantic waters, and it is one of the least appreciated by Canadians. Cod to the value of $7,402,516 was taken out of the sea by Canadian fishermen during 1917, and the bulk of it was salted and dried for export to the Latin countries, where as "bacalhao" it is regarded with esteem as a prime food fish.

The unappreciated codfish looms large in the early history of Canada. The great cod banks of the western Atlantic off the Newfoundiand and Nova Scotia coasts lured the Basque, British and Portugese fishermen to our shores before the discoveries of Cabot, Cartier and Columbus. History vaguely mentions that the Basques fished the Newfoundland cod banks centuries before the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492. This is not at all improbable. Fishermen, in their quest for fish, have wandered all over the world; have sighted strange coasts, and being all absorbed in the fishery, have paid but scant attention to geographical discovery. As a class they are conservative and secretive, and even to-day, fishermen do not advertise the localities in which they have made good catches.

Fishermen Pioneers.

Canada was colonized by these fishermen pioneers. At first they landed on our eastern coasts to cut wood, careen and water their ships ere returning home. Latterly the wealth of fish to be caught in the inshore waters caused them to establish settlements on shore during the summer. The fish caught were salted and dried on the beach, and shipped to Europe in the returning vessels. The summer settlements soon became permanent—the fish and fur trade proving great attractions—and fishermen left the ships and remained ashore, braving savages and a rigorous winter.

In the wake of the cod fishermen came adventurers, outlaws, and those who had religious and political differences with the home authorities. The cod-fishery offered a good livelihood by reason of the prolific nature of the fish. Ship after ship from England, France and Portugal landed the fishermen colonists on the shores of Newfoundland, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Nova Scotia. Settlements became populous villages with all the inhabitants engaged in the catching and drying of cod. Fleets of fishing craft came from Europe and made these villages a base of operations for the Bank, or off-shore fishery, and even though their respective countries were at war, the fishermen of all nationalities lived in harmony and assiduously plied their vocations in the catching of the cod. Fishing companies were formed and received their charters from France, Portugal and England, and some of these old-established concerns are doing business to-day on the shores of the St. Lawrence.



Cutting bait for cod trawl gear.

In the sixteenth century, the wealth of the cod fishery soon attracted the attention of European Governments, and diplomatic and bellicose struggles commenced over the rights to the fishery and the ownership of the settlements. These are recorded in the histories of Canada, France and the United States.



Dressing cod on a steam trawler.

Eldorado.

Gold was the lure which attracted the early voyagers to the Americas, but the cod soon proved to be the real Eldorado. The habitat of the cod is the great shoal waters which lie in the angle formed by the south coast of Newfoundland and the Nova Scotia and has from time immemorial been caught by the baited hook and line, though some are captured by netting.

Cod Characteristics.

The cod is a cold water fish, and by reason of this, its flesh is firm and palatable. It is a prolific reproducer—a 21-pound cod containing something like 2,700,000 eggs. Though a vast number of these never reach maturity, yet the reproduction of the species is great enough to calm any fears as to extinction, no matter how heaviiy the fishery is prosecuted. On the Grand Banks, and off our coasts, the cod has been fished for centuries by vast fleets, and is as prolific to-day as ever. The Canadian catch of recent years has amounted to over two hundred million pounds annually, and is by far the heaviest weight of fish landed by Canadian fishermen. In addition to this must be added the heavy catches of the Newfoundiand and American fishermen and the fleet which comes out from France, using the Miquelon Islands as their base.

In Canada the cod fishery gives employment to some fifty or sixty thousand persons at sea and on shore. Out of the port of Lunenburg, N.S., a fleet of 125 schooners, manned by two thousand men, engaged almost exclusively in the cod fishery, and their catch is salted and dried for export. In addition to this "Bank" fleet, thousands of fishermen catch cod from small sail and motor craft in the inshore waters, and three steam trawlers fishing for the Canadian markets land huge quantities.

Schooner Fishing.

The schooner fishery is one of the most romantic and arduous of seafaring occupations. Rudyard Kipling, who has combed the world for adventurous backgrounds of fiction, found in the Bank cod fishing fleets a theme for his fine tale, "Captains Courageous." The American writer, Connolly, wrote several tales of the Bank cod fishery, and the Canadian writer, Wallace, has pictured the hazards and hardships of the Nova Scotia fishermen in his novel, "Blue Water." The pursuit of the humble cod contains material which is of the very warp and woof of romance, and the strenuous toil of the industry has no parallel in any other branch of Canadian commercial effort.

The schooners engaging in the cod fishery are strongly built, fast-sailing craft, of from 95 to 125 tons, carrying from fifteen to twenty-five men. The fishing is done from the vessel itself by hand-lines equipped with two baited hooks, or from dories by hand-lines or trawls. The dory is a flat-bottomed boat, about 20 feet long, fitted with removable thwarts. From eight to twelve of these boats are carried on each schooner, and when the thwarts are removed they can be nested one within the other on the schooner's decks. When the schooner arrives on

(*Continued on following page.*)



Codfish schooners outward bound.

King Codfish

(Continued from preceding page.)

the fishing ground, the dories are hoisted out and the fishermen row away from the parent schooner and set their lines a considerable distance from each other. Thus, a schooner carrying ten dories will have them fishing around her over a circular area of six to ten miles. Two men usually go in each dory and fish by hand-line or trawl. The trawl is a line about 2,100 feet long, with short lines and hooks spliced into it about 32 inches apart. From two to three trawls may be set at a time in one continuous length, and anchored at each end along the bottom of the sea. The hooks are baited with pieces of herring, squid or capelin, and the gear is hauled in by the fishermen in the dory after it has remained on the bottom for from twenty minutes to an hour—according to the run of the fish. The fish caught are thrown into the dory, and when the gear has been hauled, the fishermen row to the schooner, which is usually anchored, and pitch their catch out on her deck. The fish are then dressed, split and salted in the fish hold.

The schooner fishery in Canada is carried on from March to October, and the schooners follow the fish around Sable Island Bank, thence to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and later to St. Pierre and Grand Banks. The boat fishery for cod is conducted all around the coastal waters of the Atlantic, and the methods of fishing is either by hand-line or trawl. Of the 200,000,000 pounds caught annually, the bulk is salted, dried or pickled for export.

Small Canadian Consumption.

The proportion of cod consumed in Canada is very small. It is a fish we have in great abundance, and it is not appreciated as much as it should be by the Canadian housewife. It is plentiful and cheap at all seasons, and if the consumption were larger it would be cheaper still. Our forefathers used more codfish, pickled and dried, than we use to-day. Years ago, every country store in the Eastern Provinces carried stocks of salted and dried codfish, but nowadays the tastes of the people run to halibut, salmon and haddock, and the cod is neglected.

The steam trawlers operating out of Nova Scotia ports catch cod in great quantities, and they can be shipped fresh in refrigerator cars as far west as Winnipeg in first-class condition. Owing to the half-hearted demand, a large proportion of the cod caught by the trawler has to be salted and dried for export.

Cod is an aristocrat among fish, and is featured on the arms of Nova Scotia and Massachusetts. It has been portrayed on postage stamps, bank notes and tokens without end, and in some parts of Newfoundland it is almost legal currency.

As a food it is rich in protein, and if properly cooked is palatable and delicious. There is no reason why it should not be commended to the Canadian housewife. The Canada Food Board and the Marine and Fisheries Department strongly advocate the greater consumption of cod in Canada, and have the strongest desire to stimulate the fishery. The war will have to be paid for out of our resources. In the countless hordes of codfish which inhabit our waters we have an inexhaustible means of helping to pay our debts.

Pine Clad Woodstock

(Continued from page 8.)

the village began to be broken up and improved. Trade grew.

The settlement became a village, and then as wealthy retired farmers moved there it developed into a town and when manufactory entered became a city.

This does not sound like somnolence. It was really enterprise. And yet enterprise can be a short-sighted, sleepy institution when it really settles down. Woodstock developed into a dream-town very much like Mrs. Mackay's picture. The long main street, the post-office, the court-yard and the little cannon duly appeared. But it had not found its voice.

There were two or three young people growing up, however about the same time, in different parts of the town probably. They may not even have known one another, I am vague about that. Anyway the world has come to know them, and when interviewers ask them where they were born and where they grew up the truth compels them to admit, and I am sure they admit it proudly, "in Woodstock, Ontario, Canada."

As I was motoring through the streets and they are lovely streets—Vansittart Avenue, named after Vice-Admiral Vansittart, one of the naval men of whom we have spoken, is a really a charming boulevard—a rambling old house set amid fine pines and fir trees attracted me. I was told it was the home of Florence Carlyle.

We stopped to look, for although the artist herself has been abroad for years this house somehow seemed to speak for her. It was the very house and garden that any lover of her art would have chosen as a background for that vivid personality which pictures men and women and children as souls as well as bodies.

In Paris, New York, and at those monstrous American Expositions or "World's Fairs," which are really huge mercantile competitions, I have watched the curious way in which the pictures of Florence Carlyle calmly assert themselves and rise like a living note out of a perfect chaos of color.

"Florence Carlyle is the greatest Canadian artist, man or woman." This unqualified statement was recently made by an authority who is himself a Canadian artist of wide fame. "She is the greatest," he added. "because she is inherently strong, perfectly true, wonderfully beautiful. She has the sane and at the same time the heroic qualities that are enduring and unforgettable, that do not pass away."

And it was here, in this Ontario

(Continued on page 49.)

Candy a Splendid Food

One of the most attractive forms in which food can be eaten—is candy.

Candy is composed principally of sugar, nuts, fruits, some fats such as butter, and chocolate.

All these ingredients are recognized by eminent medical authorities as food products, which the system craves and demands.

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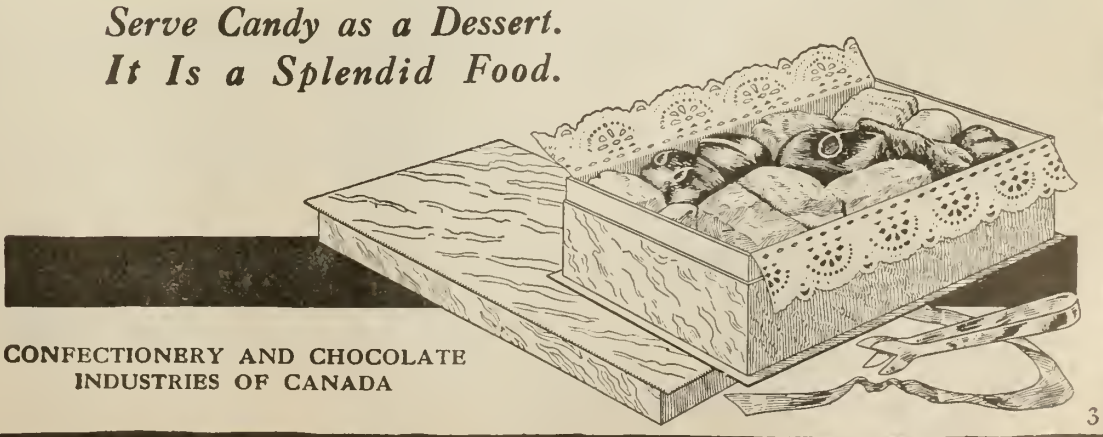
Fats supply the bodily fuel and should be used in every dietary.

Chocolate is a delightful stimulant, especially valuable in restoring energy.

Combine these ingredients and are they not still food?—satisfying, nutritious, essential and in a most delightful and properly balanced form.

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Other Men's Luck

(*Continued from page* 44.)

and it was through no fault of Carrie's that he felt as he did. No, Alloway would not be able to understand.

They shook hands at the door of the hotel in which Alloway was staying for a few days till he made further plans.

"Let me hear from you," he said to Morrison in his full, deep tones, "it's been splendid seeing you. Remember me to Carrie . . . and by the way, don't repeat all I've told you to-night. She'd laugh at me for a sentimental old fool."

They agreed to see each other in a a day or so. Idle words Morrison felt, for in a day or so he would be on the deck of a steamer sailing for the East. He wished that he had not met Alloway to-night. Somehow it had dampened his spirits, it had left him with a dissatisfied feeling about the step that he intended taking. Was it actually possible that Alloway felt as he said he did? It seemed incomprehensible to him. How Alloway had looked when he had spoken of his sons . . . and of Carrie! How strange it was. He had actually envied him, yes, envied *him*—to envy him he could not be very well satisfied with his own lot in life . . . was it after all just other men's luck . . . the distant horizons . . . the lure of the unattainable! Was one man's luck much the same as another man's luck, providing of course that he had the essentials for comfort and no actual worries? But Japan . . . India . . . Greece . . . oh it was hard to believe that perhaps these would not satisfy him. Yet Alloway was not satisfied, no, plainly he was not satisfied, and yet he had had all this! Perhaps after all it was just that . . . . other men's luck!

He walked slowly along the dimly lighted street brooding over these things. Soon he would be on the steamer with his face to the East. He would be going over the same ground, travelling the same route which Alloway had taken, visiting the same hotels, seeing the same sights. Would they satisfy him after all any more than they had satisfied Alloway? In a sudden flash he saw Alloway in one of these hotels of which he had spoken so scornfully, sitting at a table alone, thinking of Carrie . . . Carrie in the striped blouse . . . it made him smile a trifle cynically . . . and then he saw himself sitting opposite his own fire while he thought of the whole wonderful world beyond his threshold with the same expression on his face that Alloway had worn.

Greasy hotels and mangy foreigners! That was all the description he had been able to get from Alloway of his travels. Apparently it was the same whichever way you took . . . other men's luck was what you craved . . . apparently you always had your eyes fixed ahead on impossible horizons. Far away hills are green! That was perhaps all it amounted to in the long run.

He felt for the ticket and drew it from his pocket. He stood looking at it in the ill lighted street while his dreams fell away from him. To-morrow he would take it to the ticket office and receive his money back in exchange!

He turned and walked slowly back up the long street.

"Far away hills are green," he murmured to himself. Yes, that was all it amounted to after all. Far away hills are green!

THE END.

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Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
FORD - - ONTARIO

Fate Chaperons Eleanor

(*Continued from page* 14.)

her no end of chocolates and violets, so of course he wanted to take her to this sleigh-ride. He got up and moved that the boys be allowed to take girls outside the class. It wasn't a bit fair. Adele doesn't even go to High School. She's supposed to be too delicate, but I notice she isn't too delicate to dance 'til midnight every time she gets a chance! Some of the boys like Freshman girls or Sophomore girls or Senior girls better than they do us, so they railroaded it through. We girls have some *pride* and some *modesty*, so, of course, not one of us said a word. But you should have heard us rave afterwards. I think class parties should *be* class parties, don't you?

Of course I was late home again, but that couldn't be helped. Mother was hurrying with the ironing and the dinner. I really was disappointed in mother. She was less dignified and sympathetic than I had reason to expect. Of course she was tired, but then she might have remembered what a load of anxiety I tottered under too, with that sleigh-ride coming on, and the boys acting so mean!

Wednesday was a day of awful suspense. Every time I saw a boy headed my way, I expected he was going to ask me to go with him, but I didn't want *him* to know I thought that. I'd pretend to be studying awfully hard or something. Bert Fellows walked to school with me and was quite polite, and I expected every moment to be asked. I tell you I felt like a fish when Mamie Burnnup told me at recess, he'd asked her. I suspect she really did the asking, though. She's simply crazy about Bert. She's only a Freshman, mind you. It isn't fair one bit! I don't think I shall even speak to her on the street any more. I don't care to associate with girls who run after the boys! Mama says it isn't nice.

I wrote a note to George. I consider him my best boy friend in school. I just said, "I can go to the sleigh-ride. Are you going?" He wrote back, "Not on your life!"

I wrote a number of notes of that sort during the afternoon. Everyone was writing them. They were just flying thick in Home room I can tell you. David had his seat changed to the one behind mine. He'd get hold of my braid and stroke it and when I turned 'round and smiled, he'd look at me so dreamily and tenderly out of his beautiful gray eyes. He might have asked me to go so easily. I expected it all the time. Finally I wrote him and said, "Who are you going to take to the sleigh-ride, David?" The mean thing never answered. I kept the braid over the front of my shoulder after that. I tell you I felt hurt and mad!

Fred Lane I considered a good friend, so I wrote a note saying, "Dearest Fred—What have I ever done to you?" He was mean enough to laugh and show it to Ted Kimball.

Altogether it was a day of terrible anxiety. I flunked in every recitation and I'm sure it wasn't my fault!

Madge had very similar experiences. After school she confided to me that no one had asked her either, and the girls from the other classes were standing 'round with our boys, mind you, making plans. Oh, I think it is the meanest thing!

When I got home, I just cried scandalously, Mother tried to comfort me by saying she'd take Madge and me to the theatre Friday night if we'd give up the sleigh-ride. But, oh, I couldn't. I did so want a good time with the rest of the crowd.

Madge and I determined to go, boys or no boys. Several boys were going without girls anyhow. They were the mean sort of fellows, too stingy to pay for anyone but themselves, yet expecting to dance with the girls the other boys took. Some other girls said that they would too. It was our class sleigh-ride and we had a perfect right you see.

Mother finally gave in. She said pairing off at our age was silly anyway, and 'twas better to go in groups, and if we had a nice chaperon we ought to have a good time. It has been my sad experience, however, that things sometimes don't pan out as they ought!

Friday, you could just pick out the girls who were going to the sleigh-ride by their clothes. Helen Sylvester had her hair all curled and puffed in the most unnatural way by a hairdresser, mind you, and that silly little Bessie Blake wore silk stockings and white pumps right over the snow, and Sadie Billings was all dolled up in hite Georgette crepe. Imagine! At school! I really am glad I have some sense.

Just picture Madge's and my feelings when we found all the other girls in our class, not asked by boys, were going home! I felt like doing so too, but when I've made a decision I never like to give in. I'm not a vacillating character.

Miss Franklin got on the front seat with Ned Graves and Horace Black on either side. They each brought her a box of chocolates. She didn't have the politeness to pass them to us, but sat there simpering and blushing and eating and making eyes at them all the time, and never turned her head.

The rest piled in and we were off! The snow was hard, white and glistening. It was so cold I thought I'd freeze to death before we got to the hotel. Silly Bessie Blake cried, actually cried, because her feet were cold and the fellow who took her told her to sit in his lap to get warm and called her "pretty baby." Then other girls began to climb into the boys' laps and put their heads on their shoulders and Miss Franklin never noticed a thing. I was perfectly scandalized, and so was Madge. Some of the boys smoked cigarettes.

(*Continued on page* 51.)

Pine Clad Woodstock

(*Continued from page* 47.)

house and garden, that the artist got her first impressions of life and work. Florence Deacon writing of her some time ago gave a bit of charming conversation with the artist whose father by the way, was a grand-nephew of the great Thomas.

"As children," said Miss Carlyle, "we used to draw a great deal here at home. Sometimes out in the garden. I nearly always drew the heads of the people and animals. I remember too the first time I saw color. Our nurse brought in a branch of pink apple blossoms. It was the first thing I ever thought was beautiful. It seemed so large to me and so pink. I have never seen apple blossoms like those since."

In her girlhood she loved riding and tennis. School passed. Then came Paris, in company with Paul Peel and his sister when she studied first with Delecleuse when he was in the Latin quarter. Later she exhibited in London, Paris and New York, and has received awards and medals from World's Fairs and Governments. Among her earlier well-known pictures are: "First Communion," "The Twilight of Life," "Mother Love" and "Pippa Passes."

But you know them all.

As we drove about the pretty streets and I saw the great green-houses stretching like glass cities in the sun, and the fine hospital and nurses' home, the various parks and the industries, I felt wealth. And wondering if this wealth had been turned into permanence, I asked if the city had as yet secured any of Miss Carlyle's work for placement in library or art museum or whatever public building was used for the purpose of treasuring special possessions.

"Why we haven't any special possessions," was the answer. "One couldn't even imagine an art museum here. And certainly the town does not possess any of Miss Carlyle's work."

You see there *is* some sort of spell. The Traveller feels it creeping over him. After a while he wonders if he himself is a little demented in suggesting such a thing as a practical recognition of art.

Well, to go back to this little group of those who would seem to be the voices of this pretty, this prosperous Ontario town.

Miss Carlyle has sung her native place in color, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay in verse, for in spite of the fact of three novels—the latest shortly

(*Continued on page* 52.)

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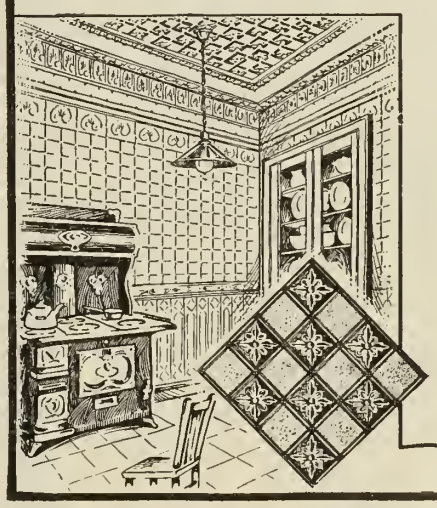
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CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY (Consolidated)
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Who Goes There

(*Continued from page* 13.)

"Then I am afraid I shall have to tell you how you disposed of those papers. You first went to the stewardess and borrowed a needle and thread, and then asked permission to sit in her room and do a little necessary sewing—"

The girl blushed hotly: "The contemptible creature!" she exclaimed.

"A little sewing," repeated Guild, coolly. "And," he continued, "you sewed those papers to your clothing. The stewardess saw you do it."

"Very well! Suppose I did"

"You have them on you now."

"And then?"

"Why, it was a silly thing to do, Karen."

"Silly? Why?"

"Because," he said calmly, "I must have them, and it makes it more awkward for us both than if you had merely put them back into your satchel."

"You—you intend—to—" Her amazement checked her, then flashed out into wrath.

"Do you know," she said, "that you are becoming impudent?"

"Karen," he retorted very quietly, "a man of my sort isn't *impudent*. But, possibly, he might be *insolent*—if he chooses. And perhaps I shall choose."

Checked, her lips still quivering, the girl, despite her anger, understood what he meant—knew that she was confronting a man of her own caste, where insolence indeed might happen, but nothing more plebeian.

"I—spoke to you as though you were an American," she said slowly. "I forgot——"

"I am answering you as an American!" he interrupted drily. "Make no mistake about that country; it breeds plenty of men who have every right to answer you as I do!"

She hit her lip; her eyes filled, and she averted her face. Presently the cab stopped.

"We're at the station," he said briefly.

Whether Guild had paid for the entire compartment or whether it happened so she did not inquire, but they had the place to themselves, so far.

Guild paid no further attention to her except to lay a couple of Tauchnitz novels beside her on the seat. After that he opened a newspaper which he had brought away with him from the Consulate, and began to read it without troubling to ask her permission.

As the paper hid his perfectly expressionless face, she ventured to glance at it from time to time. It was the *New York Herald*, and on the sheet turned toward her she was perfectly able to read something that interested her and sent faint shivers creeping over her as she ended it:

PASSPORT REFORM STIRS AMERICANS ABROAD AND DEALS HARD BLOW TO SPIES

CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES RECOGNIZE NECESSITY FOR NEW ORDER, BUT DEMAND TO KNOW WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ISSUANCE OF FRAUDULENT PAPERS

[Special Cable to the Herald]
Herald Bureau.
No. 130 Fleet Street,
London, Tuesday.

The United States Government's sweeping new order requiring every American travelling in Europe to go through a cross-examination before an American diplomatic or consular officer came as a bolt from the blue to-day. It caused widespread comment, though it is recognized that the measure is necessary to checkmate German spies impersonating American travellers.

There is no criticism of this drastic order, which it is recognized is probably issued to comply with Sir Edward Grey's communication concerning German secret agents posing as American citizens. But many Americans want to know who is responsible for the apparent wholesale issuance of fraudulent American passports to Germans. The result is that now an American passport is not worth the paper it is written on unless backed up by a photograph of the bearer, a description of where he is going, what he is going for, how long he is going to stay, and so forth.

American embassies in European capitals to-day are circulating broadcast warnings to all Americans to consult the nearest diplomatic or consular officer before undertaking any voyage.

All Americans must understand that henceforth a passport does not mean permission to travel in Europe. They must have written and vouched for proof that they are not German spies before they can feel safe.

It is all the result of too free issuance of American passports at the outbreak of the war, coupled with German quickness to profit by American leniency in this respect.

Before the train started a commissionaire appeared, hurrying. He opened the door of their compartment, set a pretty basket inside, which was to be removed at the first station beyond.

The basket contained a very delicious luncheon, and Karen looked up shyly but gratefully as Guild set about unpacking the various dishes. There was salad, chicken, rolls and butter, a pate, some very wonderful pastry, fruit, and a bottle of Moselle that looked like liquid sunshine.

(To be continued.)



Your Washing Done for 2c a Week

Electric or Water Power Will do the Work

I have built a new "1900" power washing machine. I consider this machine the most wonderful washer ever put on the market. Built entirely of high quality sheet copper, it is the strongest and most durable machine made. It is constructed on a brand new principle, and I will guarantee that this machine will not tear clothes, break buttons, or fray the edges of the most delicate fabric. It will wash everything from the heavy blankets to the finest lace without damage to the goods.

This new "1900" washing machine can be connected with any electric socket instantly, and is started and stopped by a "little twist of the wrist," and it will do your washing for 2 cents a week.

If you would consider fitting up your laundry room in the most complete and approved manner, let us tell you also about our thoroughly practical motor-driven, self-heated Ironing Machines.

I also make a lighter power machine which can be run by water or electric power. On all of these machines the motor will run the wringer, too. Just feed in the clothes and this power wringer will squeeze the water out so quickly and easily you will be astonished. It will save 50 per cent. time, money and labor every week. The outfit consists of washer and wringer, and either electric or water motor, as you prefer, and I guarantee the perfect working of each.

I will send my machine on 30 days' free trial. You do not need to pay a penny until you are satisfied this washer will do what I say it will. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue.

Please state whether you prefer a Washer to operate by Hand, Engine, Water or Electric Motor. Our "1900" line is very complete and cannot be fully described in a single booklet.

Better address me personally,

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357 Yonge Street - TORONTO

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ROBERT HARVIE
11 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.
Phone Main 1746

Fate Chaperons Eleanor

(*Continued from page 49.*)

I tell you I felt like a cat in a strange garret. I couldn't and wouldn't for anything do as they did, but at the same time Madge and I felt dreadfully out of it. It isn't a bit nice feeling. Nobody talked to us and we sat there at the back of the sleigh, shivering and looking at the red sun going down and sending its light over the snow crust.

By the time we got to the inn I was ready to cry. I tried to talk to some of the boys who came alone. Fat Mason winked at me and told me I was a "peach." 'He and Mat Burnnup (the boys call him "turnip") came together. Mat looks sort of like one, white face that shape, and wispy hair that sticks up. He and Fat are always together. I perfectly loathe Fat. He broke down his seat in school one time, when he came in late and flopped down hard. He says he eats six potatoes every noon. The greedy pig!

Well, to resume! We got to the hotel and we girls all went up to the dressing-room with Miss Franklin. She made us help her with her hair, then powdered her neck and rouged her cheeks, but never noticed a bit how we girls looked. Hattie Mason said to me, "Didn't you come with some fellow? Huh! Then I reckon *I'd* 'a' stayed at home!"

Madge and I just hated to go down alone and file out into that dining-room without a gentleman escort. We waited 'til the last minute hoping Miss Franklin would fix things for us, but she never looked in our direction but went smirking down stairs with Ned and Horace tenderly supporting her on either side.

Madge and I were watching over the banisters, hanging back hating to go down. All the rest were standing 'round in pairs talking and waiting for supper to be announced, and the boys who came alone were on the outskirt, looking uncomfortable, just the way we felt. All of a sudden, the driver came in the back door and beckoned to Ned and Horace. They were managing the ride, so they murmured "Excuse me" and went off, leaving Miss Franklin alone. Mat and Fat saw their advantage, and quick as a flash they marched up and said real loud, "May we have the pleasure of taking you in to supper, Miss Franklin?" Everyone turned 'round and stared and the girls began to giggle. Bob Smith slapped his thigh and said, "By Jove! Pretty good!"

Miss Franklin was so taken aback you could have knocked her down with a feather. As chaperon, with everyone looking, of course, she couldn't say she'd rather go with Ned and Horace. Her face got red as fire, though, and she just snapped out, "Why certainly, boys."

Supper was announced just then, and she led off with Mat shambling on one side and Fat waddling on the other. Madge and I forgot all about ourselves, but ran downstairs just full of giggles, for we wouldn't have missed seeing Miss Franklin at supper for anything.

We didn't even see Ned and Horace till they stood bowing to us at the foot of the stairs, looking bewildered and red. They thought Miss Franklin had shaken them, you see, and were mad at her. Consequently they were lovely to us during supper, and we had the finest time!

Fate finally brought a beau to my feet at the last moment. To be sure, it was a sort of "better late than never" affair. It's really a living example of how "fortune favors the brave" (that's Madge and me). Why, his father's mayor, and they have the grandest house and a beauty of an automobile. I made the most of my opportunity!

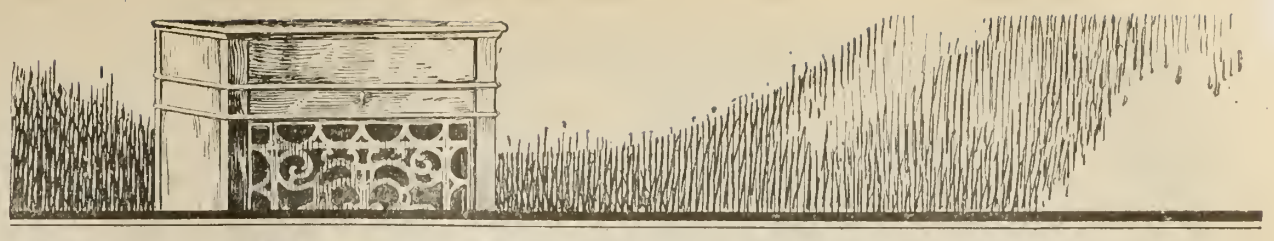
More than half my fun, though, came from watching Miss Franklin. Fat talked with his mouth full to her, and she looked as if she wanted to cry when Mat peeled his orange and pulled the quarters apart and passed it to her all squashy from his hands. The girls around didn't talk to her a bit either.

She had a worse time still at the dance. Ned and Horace filled up our cards and never asked her to dance. The other boys had to look after the girls they brought and fill up their cards by exchanges. She wouldn't even try with Mat and Fat. I had every dance taken and so did Madge. Ned told me I looked great in my pink voile, and said, "You don't have to rouge to get your roses, do you, Miss Eleanor?"

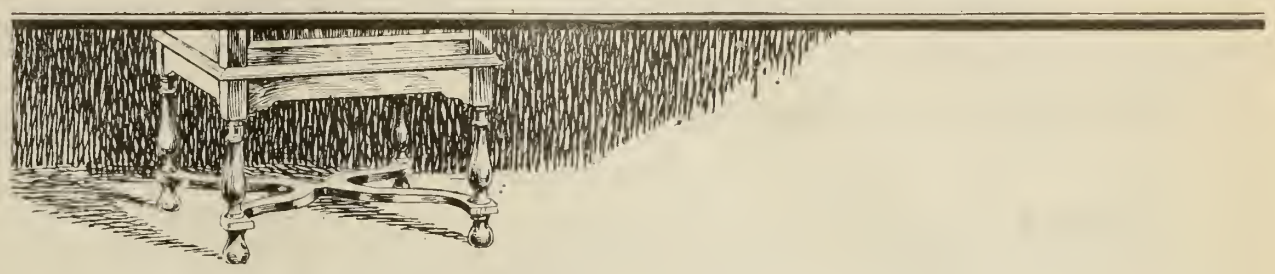
Going home I was warm as anything in mother's white fox furs, and so happy I jabbered every minute. When we got to town, Ned walked the couple of blocks to my house. "Say, Eleanor, I didn't know you were such an awfully jolly girl. Do you think your mother will mind if Horace and I come over Monday night?" he said.

I told him, no, of course not, and I'd ask Madge too. Oh, I'm so glad!

THE END.



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THREE million dollars was what it cost to perfect the New Edison. And if three times three million had been required it would have been spent. For when Thomas A. Edison assailed the problem of achieving an instrument which would actually RE-CREATE an artist's voice or instrument with such fidelity that by the test of direct comparison the two renditions could not be told apart, he forgot expense. Month after month he remained secluded in his laboratory, his every faculty concentrated upon one goal. Finally he emerged to announce that here at last was what the world had long awaited, an instrument which would RE-CREATE, not merely imitate. He exhibited

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Hundreds of tone tests conducted in public have proved the truth of the great scientist's claim. The New Edison *does* RE-CREATE the artist's voice or instrument with such fidelity that the two renditions are indistinguishable. And now you can have in your home at the cost of but a few hundred dollars, the Official Laboratory Model, encased in a beautiful Chippendale or William and Mary cabinet:—the instrument which cost $3,000,000 to perfect.

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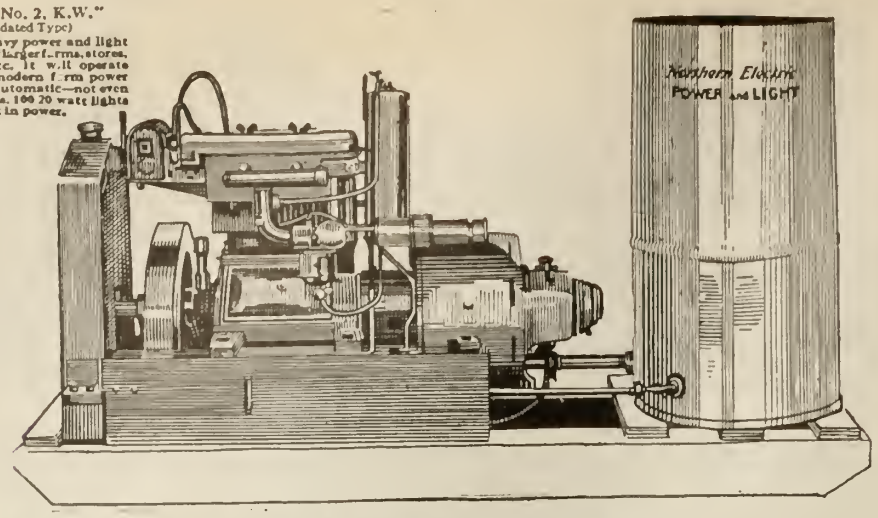
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Designed for heavy power and light work required by larger farms, stores, small hotels etc. It will operate practically all modern farm power requirements. Automatic—not even a button to press. 100 20 watt lights or its equivalent in power.



Drudgery on the Farm is like Autocracy to the World

—both are unnecessary evils. Drudgery is a menace to progress, a hindrance to liberty, and invariably responsible for the young folks quitting the farm. Now is the time to end drudgery and now is the time to investigate—

Northern Electric POWER and LIGHT

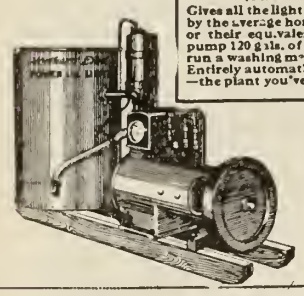
Learn what Northern Electric Power and Light can do for you; how electricity, properly and economically developed, will shake off the veil of drudgery that surrounds and isolates your farm.

As your helper Northern Electric Power and Light will free you from many daily drudgeries. It will afford you plenty of time to study crops and stock; increases your earning power—all at a surprisingly low cost.

Farmers all over Canada are lighting their homes and outbuildings with Northern Electric Power and Light, operating water systems, milking machines, cream separators, grinders, etc. The womenfolks love electricity because it is so clean, because it saves time and work. They employ it to do their domestic chores such as operating washing machines, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, toasters, fans, etc.

Electricity on the farm is as practical as it is economical, aside from the comfort and convenience it brings.

"No. 1, NORTHERN"
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Gives all the light and power needed by the average home—15 to 20 lights or their equivalent in power. Will pump 120 gals. of water per hour or run a washing machine, churn, etc. Entirely automatic in its operation—the plant you've been waiting for.



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in Ontario towns? People seem to consider the buying of books as a special luxury, but not the buying of expensive furniture, rugs, or rich clothes. People borrow such extras as books from a public library. In the Western towns books are more frequently bought outright. People want to own them."

I wonder why that is! It would be interesting for instance to know just how many of that numerous and prosperous class the Retired Farmer possess libraries of their own.

Well, so much for the artist and the author. I find a trio of Woodstock voices, and one of them is as far-reaching as the greatest American weekly goes—George R. Pattullo of "The Saturday Evening Post." And from Panama to the Yukon, from Halifax to Vancouver, yea, verily from Vancouver the other way round to Halifax once more, via most countries of the earth, there goes "The Saturday Post" and Woodstock's George Pattullo.

Like Isabel Valancy Crawford, this denizen of Ontario began writing Western stories before ever he had seen the West. And they were good stories too. Then, with a Harvard friend, he went ranching and lived what he had already written. From the West he drifted down to Mexico and made so thorough a study of affairs that he became an authority on the somewhat vivid political problems of that troubled country. And "The Saturday Evening Post" took everything that he could write. People began to watch for his stories, and his style became so popular that when the "Post" wanted to send a man to the Front who would give Americans the most photographic articles of the life and adventures of the American soldier over there, articles which would show the people at home just exactly what the boys were doing in the detail that home people are always hungry to have, they chose George Pattullo. He has been as prominently in the limelight as any special War Correspondent since 1917 and has done excellent work.

Would the details have been as homely, as popular, as heart-reaching had the writer been born and brought up in the strangely individualizing atmosphere of a great city? After all the little town is a moulding force

(*Continued on following page.*)



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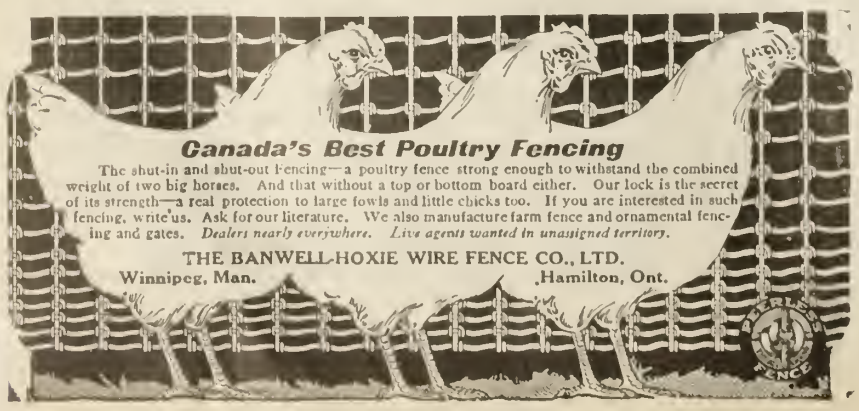
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Goods securely packed, sent carriage paid to any address in Canada, with full instructions for home use, on receipt of price. Write for Booklet "H."

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Taking Chances

(*Continued from page 16.*)

with everyone who has suffered in, or because of, the war. (And who has not?) Let us look unto the hills, whence cometh our help, and in the twilight waiting-time before the full dawn comes over the hills and into the uttermost valleys, let us hold fast to the vision that has been given each of us what time we entered our Holy of Holies.

Pine Clad Woodstock

(*Continued from page 49.*)

to be published in New York and Toronto—this writer is to me chiefly a lyrist. I am not saying that she may not shortly become that influential personage, a successful novelist. In fact one can see that phase arriving. But she is a lyrist. That as far back as 1905 when out of a whole first book of verse she wrote the one memorable poem "Inheritance." One knew then that the woman who did that could do more. And she has done much more. During the intervening years there have been short stories, poems, children's verse and novels, and the quality has increased even more rapidly than the quantity. Mrs. Mackay, who has been living in Vancouver for some years, finds a great difference in the way that books are bought in the West as compared with the East.

"Did you ever stop to think," she says, "how few book stores there are

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Sold by the best dry goods shops or direct by mail. Send for a box to-day, give age of baby.

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Box 19

Are You Reading
Who Goes There

Pine Clad Woodstock

(Continued from preceding page.)

In a vortex of humanity where there are many specialists in all lines of life and work, one is bound to become individual, separate from the mass. A small town is a large family. Individualism is not encouraged. It is considered decidedly "queer." To be "queer" is also a minor crime.

Therefore one mixes with the family; one is limited and generous and silent and singing and careful and carefree just along with the others. And a certain ordinary human knowledge grows up in one that art can very well make use of for her own inordinate purposes.

One of the greatest short story writers I know—a delicate little girl by the way with an extraordinary knowledge of life and a Hardy-like way of interpreting it—found the most useful knowledge and the basis of most of her plots in and about the streets of Canadian villages.

"Here are the real types," she says, "but it takes all the skill you possess to draw them."

And each town possesses as marked an individuality as a person. You know how an individual will remind you of a color. He or she carries that color so to speak. So with these little or big cities. One is as young in spirit as meadow-grass, another is crimson, another yellow-strong.

I wonder what color peaceful Woodstock is!

I think of all those naval officers, and their interesting lives and their gently reared women-kind, and the little "Society" they tried to build up, and the graves in and among the trees at old St. Paul's. And I feel that the beginnings of things sometimes leave their mark upon the soul of a community. And so perhaps I would paint this pretty Pine-tree town not in the green of its much-foliage, but rather in the sea-blue of a past tradition, through which I hear the voices of the present.

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

Only Typewritten MSS. will be read, and stamped and addressed envelopes must be enclosed for their return.

"I write to ask you about the best course for a beginner in short-story writing. Is it better to submit manuscripts direct to magazines or to send them to a literary agent? Is there any hope for a market for beginners in Canada? Do you recommend a course at any of the correspondence schools?"

The question of the mastery of the short-story form is evidently a vexed one, judging from the number of letters received relating to the subject. Given creative ability, it is undoubtedly necessary to obtain technique. There are three distinct branches in the study of short-story writing; composition, analytic study, and constructive work. Clayton Hamilton, the eminent American writer recently said, "There are precepts and examples in every art which lighten the incredible labor that leads to success. In each art there is a codified technique, but the average aspirant in the eager period of early youth is inclined to worry over much about what he has to say. Granted the initial talent, the worker can only learn by constant study and practice how to draw or paint or sing or write or act. Before this he probably has nothing worth while to say. Later when the time comes to express his talent, because his character is worthy of expression, and through means of technique, the message will flow rapidly and fluently."

I have lately come upon a genuine and excellent correspondence school for the help of those who wish to take up short story writing. The address will be forwarded to correspondents who send stamped and addressed envelopes for reply. In talking to the director of this school I was struck by his remark, "We have to teach people the rules of writing short stories as one teaches the rules of architecture, or whist, or dancing or anything else. But there is one thing that no school or teacher can impart by means of technique, it is the God-given gift of creation. We can develop creative power, however, and if a student is willing to work the results are sometimes amazing."

I should submit MSS. directly to magazines, using no agent.

Undoubtedly there is a market for beginners in Canada. Why not? The magazine and newspaper field is widening every day. Editors in Canada are just as anxious for good material as they are elsewhere and the prices paid are becoming much more reasonable, from the standpoint of the writer, than they were in the past.

Katherine Hale

In case of loss in transit, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL will not be responsible for manuscripts. It is always advisable to keep a carbon copy of valuable material when submitting the original to a publication.



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Used successfully everywhere for nearly ⅓ century. Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich milk, with extract of our specially malted grain. Instantly prepared by stirring this Real Food-Drink in water.

Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.

Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.

Ask for and get HORLICK'S

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Hare in Casserole.

Ramekins of left-over fowl.

Jellied Rabbit.





Recipes and Complete Instructions for Their Preparation

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Economical Cookery."

Tasty Dishes Made of Rabbit and Hare

WHEN rabbits and hares are young the claws are smooth, sharp and pointed, the cleft in the jaws is narrow, the teeth small and white, and the ears soft and easily torn. As the animal ages, the claws become rough and rounded, the cleft in the jaw deepens, the front teeth become long and yellow, the ears tough and dry, and the little nut under the paw disappears. Rabbits, like poultry, should be used fresh. Choose one that is plump and short necked, and with the flesh stiff and fresh, and without discoloration. When a hare is required for roasting, choose one under a year old, as it will be more tender. An older animal is better for making soup or for jugged hare.

To Paunch and Skin a Rabbit.—A rabbit should be paunched as soon as killed. Make a slit underneath and carefully remove the stomach and all the intestines, which must all be thrown away. Be particular to remove the piece of intestine which lies close to the tail and also any discolored parts. The rabbit should then be well wiped inside and hung up, if it is not required at once. To remove the skin: First chop off the ears, and the legs at the first joint. Then begin loosening the skin at the sides of the opening and draw it away from the flesh towards the hind legs. Turn the skin of the legs inside out and pull it right off. Now draw the skin off the body and towards the shoulders, and skin the fore legs in the same way. Remove the skin from the head very carefully, using the point of a sharp knife, and take out the eyes.

To Clean a Rabbit.—After the rabbit is paunched and skinned, it must be well washed and cleaned before it is ready for cooking. First remove the kidneys and draw away all the fat that surrounds them. Then break the thin skin which separates the chest from the lower part of the body and draw out the heart and lungs from the inside. The liver, heart, and kidneys are the only inside parts that should be kept. The gall must always be carefully removed from the liver. Wash the rabbit well in salt and water, and if possible let it soak at least for thirty minutes in tepid water with a little salt in it. Then lift out, dry and use as directed.

To Skin and Paunch a Hare.—A hare should not be paunched until it is about to be used. Skin the hare first in the same way as directed for skinning a rabbit, only in this case the tail and ears should be left on. The ears are the most difficult parts to skin, and a little care is required not to tear or injure them in any way. Sometimes a slit is made in one of the hind legs just above the foot, and the hare is hung on to a hook while the skinning is being done. Paunch in the same way as a rabbit, only be careful to save the blood, as this is required for some dishes, such as jugged hare. Save also the liver, heart, and kidneys, and remove the gall from the liver. Wash the hare quickly in tepid water, dry in a cloth, and it is then ready for cooking. Many cooks object to this washing of the hare and wipe it only with a cloth, in order not to lose any of the flavor, but a quick washing without soaking seems a more wholesome method.

To Cut a Rabbit in Joints.—First cut off the four legs by the joints. Leave the fore legs whole, but cut the hind legs in two or three pieces, chopping through the bone with a chopping knife. Then cut the body across in five or six pieces, chopping the breast piece in two in order to make it flatter. Trim the pieces neatly, removing from them all the flap or loose skin, which along with the neck may be put into the stock pot, or used in the making of any gravy. Split the head in two, and this may be served with the rabbit, if liked; it is considered a delicacy by some people. The liver, heart, and kidneys may also be served.

Savory Rabbit.—Cut three large onions into small pieces, and put them into a saucepan with plenty of seasoning and one tablespoonful of water, cover, and cook gently for one hour. After preparing a young rabbit, dry the pieces thoroughly, and roll them in flour. Place them in a baking tin containing two tablespoonfuls of hot drippings, and sprinkle with a little salt, pepper and powdered sage, adding a slight flavoring of marjoram. Cook in a hot oven for twenty minutes, then turn, and sprinkle again with seasonings. Ten minutes later pour away nearly all the fat, sprinkle the bottom of the tin and the rabbit with flour, and when it has browned add the onions and their liquid. Stir all well together, and return to the oven until the rabbit is done—usually one hour.

Jellied Rabbit.—One rabbit, one slice of bacon, two tablespoonfuls of gelatine, one-fourth teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, one blade of mace, four white peppers, one small bunch of herbs, one teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of water, two hard-cooked eggs, cut in thin slices, a few sliced stuffed olives, lettuce and sliced cucumber.

Cut up the rabbit with the bacon, and place in a stewpan with the lemon rind, mace, white peppers, herbs, salt and water, cover with the lid and cook for two hours in a moderate oven. Rinse a mold with cold water, arrange in it the eggs, and olives, and put in the pieces of rabbit, removing all the bones. Dissolve the gelatine in the liquid and strain it over the rabbit. When firm, turn out and garnish with lettuce leaves and cucumber.

Roast Rabbit.—Wash and clean the rabbit. Prepare some forcemeat and add to it the liver, heart, and kidney of the rabbit, parboiled and chopped fine. Now dry the rabbit, season it, add the forcemeat and sew it up. Rub it all over with flour and truss it into shape in the following manner.

To Truss.—Bend the hind legs forwards, cutting the sinew at the thigh to enable them to lie closely along the body, and bend the fore legs backwards in the same way. Fix them in position with two skewers or with a trussing needle and string. Now skewer the head into position, by passing a skewer through the mouth and fixing it down on the back between the shoulders.

To Roast.—Tie a few slices of fat bacon over the back of the rabbit, cover it with a greased paper, and it is ready for roasting. Put it in a well greased baking tin, and roast for one hour, basting it frequently, as the flesh of a rabbit is inclined to be very dry. A short time before taking it from the oven, remove the paper and slices of bacon to allow the back of the rabbit to brown. When ready, lift it on to a hot platter, and draw out the skewers and the thread used in sewing it up. Serve with a clear or thickened gravy in a sauceboat. Garnish with rolls of bacon and if liked a few forcemeat balls made from some of the forcemeat, and sprigs of parsley. Bread sauce, and red currant jelly or any other acid jelly, may be served separately. Sufficient for six persons.

To Make the Forcemeat.—Put one cupful of bread crumbs into a bowl, add the liver, heart, and kidney of the rabbit, add two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered herbs, and bind with a little milk or beaten egg.

Hare En Casserole.—Skin and joint one hare, put the pieces into a fireproof dish, add two sliced onions, two stalks of celery cut into dice, one cupful of chopped carrots, one bay leaf, one blade of mace, three tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, and one and one-half cupfuls of cold water. Simmer for forty minutes, then remove the pieces of hare. Add eight tablespoonfuls of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute to the pan, stir over the fire until brown, then add two cupfuls of boiling water, stirring until smooth and thick, add one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and the pieces of hare. Cover closely and cook in the oven for one hour. Uncover and serve hot in the same dish.

Ramekins of Left-over Hare.—Remove the bones from cooked left-over hare and cut the flesh into neat slices, put these on a plate, season them with pepper and salt, and put them aside. Break up the bones and put them into a saucepan along with any trimmings, two cupfuls of water, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Allow this to simmer for one hour, then strain. Melt one tablespoonful of butter substitute in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, stir until smooth, then pour in the stock, stir until boiling and cook for five minutes. Then put in the pieces of hare and let them simmer slowly in the sauce for twenty minutes. Divide into small ramekins, garnish with cooked peas and re-heat in the oven for a few minutes. Serve hot with red currant jelly separately.

Jugged Hare.—Skin and paunch one hare, and reserve the blood. Cut it into small neat joints, and wipe the pieces with a cloth; or, if preferred, they may be washed and well dried. Then coat them with flour. Cut one-half pound of fat bacon into dice, put it into a saucepan, and fry it a few moments. Now put in the hare, two sliced onions, one bunch of herbs, and rind of one-half lemon. Put the lid on the pan and cook slowly for thirty minutes, shaking the pan occasionally. Mix four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold water or stock, and add it to the saucepan with enough water to cover the hare. Add also the strained juice of the half lemon, stir over the fire until the liquid reaches boiling point, then turn the contents of the saucepan into a strong jar or large casserole, cover the jar closely and cook in a moderate oven for four hours, or until the hare is tender. It is safer to place the jar in a shallow tin, and to keep a little boiling water round it; or it may be steamed in a saucepan over the fire. A few minutes before serving remove the herbs, and add one tablespoonful of cranberry or red currant jelly, and the strained blood. This last may be omitted if it is objected to. Cook for a short time longer, but be very careful the sauce does not boil after the blood is added, or it will curdle. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and the hare is ready for serving. It may be arranged neatly on a hot platter with the sauce poured over and garnished with forcemeat balls, or served in the dish in which it is cooked. One pound of lean meat cut in inch pieces may be used along with the hare if a larger dish is wanted.

Stewed Rabbit with Rice.—Wash and clean one rabbit and cut it into neat joints, or, if preferred, cut the flesh in small pieces away from the bones. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan over the fire, put in one chopped onion and one cupful of rice well washed and dried, and cook them for five minutes without browning. Then put in the rabbit and cook for a few minutes longer, stirring constantly. Add two cupfuls of water or stock and one cupful of canned tomatoes, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper, cover closely and cook slowly in the oven or on the side of the fire, until the rice and the rabbit are tender and nearly dry. The saucepan should be shaken occasionally to prevent the contents from sticking. When ready, serve and garnish with rolls of cooked bacon. Barley or macaroni in short pieces, previously cooked for eight minutes in boiling salted water, may replace the rice.

Rabbit with Prunes.—Wash and dry one rabbit, then pour over it one cupful of vinegar and one cupful of water, then add one teaspoonful of chopped onion, and allow to stand over-night. Wash and cover one-half pound of prunes with cold water and leave them over-night. Next day dry and flour the rabbit and cut it into neat joints, brown them well in hot drippings, then put them into a fireproof dish with the vinegar, the prunes and their water, a little salt and pepper to barely cover the whole. Cover closely and cook gently in the oven or on the top of the stove for three hours. Thirty minutes before serving stir in one-half tablespoonful of flour blended with one tablespoonful of butter substitute to form a soft paste, which separate into small pieces that will blend quickly with the gravy and one cupful of boiling water. Serve hot.

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Grape Fruit Marmalade

Cut two grape fruits in half and take out the pulp with a spoon. Remove the white fibers which separate the sections, wash the rinds in cold water and run them through the chopper. Mix pulp and chopped rind and measure into a large cooking bowl. Add three cups of cold water for every cup of the fruit mixture and allow to stand over night. Empty into a preserving kettle, heat thoroughly and return to the bowl. The second day return the fruit to the kettle and heat to the boiling point. Add one cup of Lantic FINE granulated sugar for every cup of pulp and continue cooking until the syrup jellies when a spoonful is poured on a cold plate.

Orange Marmalade

Slice an equal number of sweet oranges and Messina oranges very thin. Add three cups of cold water for each cup of fruit and allow to stand over night as described in the recipe for grape fruit. The reason for keeping fruit pulp over night is that it develops pectin, or jelly-making element, and avoids long cooking, which makes marmalade dark. On the second day bring the pulp to a boil, add an equal quantity of Lantic FINE granulated sugar and finish cooking as described in the recipe for grape fruit marmalade.

Any combination of the citrus fruits is delicious when made by the foregoing rule. One grape fruit, one orange and one lemon make a delightful marmalade, while a marmalade made of lemons alone is an excellent sweet and a good cake filling.

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



Spring Fashion Number

March 1919

20 cents

Published by
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THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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Coming In The April Journal

The next issue will be the Easter Number of "Canadian Home Journal," and will contain suggestions for Easter Entertainment, Directions for a Money-Making Spring Festival, helps in the selection and rendering of Easter Music, and Easter Fashions —in addition to the following:

SHORT STORIES

"THE BARTERERS," by Louise Breitenbach Clancy, illustrated by Frank Downie—a story of life in the foreign quarter of a great city, with its pleasures, its ignorance and crime, but brightened throughout by the courageous work of its social service workers, and educational institutions. Yetta, a beautiful little dancer, through her unselfish loyalty to her sister, is caught in the toils of a cheap vaudeville organization. Her experiences and escape form the plot of an exceedingly interesting story.

"OUT OF THE BUTTERFLY CLASS," by Tina Forrester Best, illustrated by Mary Essex. The title itself tells the story; the transformation of a social butterfly. One is led to surmise that the great majority of women must at heart be true homemakers, whatever their assumed declarations may be.

"MY BOB," by Vincent Perry, illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore. All dog lovers will enjoy this story of a plucky little chap who goes with his master, Bob, to France. The experiences are supposed to be narrated by the dog, and make an appealing little story for all ages.

Would you like a glimpse into the "Journal" mail bag? Here you may have it:

"I was very much disappointed to find that 'Canadian Home Journal' would publish such a story as 'The Madness of McAra.' I destroyed these pages as soon as I had read them in order that the young people in our home would not see the story."

Next: "'The Madness of McAra' was excellent. I think it the best you have published."

Then in the Regina "Leader" appeared this:

> "Have you read 'The Madness of McAra,' in the January number of 'Canadian Home Journal'? It is ages since I have read as fine a short story. The writer, Edith G. Bayne, has a charming style and tells the story so vividly and yet so simply that the tale is a real literary gem and you say, 'Oh, she's an American, I s'pose! It takes the Yankees to do work like that!' until you learn she is no such thing, but a Canadian—more, she lived until very recently in Saskatchewan. And apropos of the story I was in a tea room not long ago in this, our city, and of sixteen women there twelve were smoking! I felt exactly as the hero in that story did. I saw red! The horrid, degrading habit is spreading all over our fair Canada, worse now than ever. Is this the way our 'smart' women are helping in the reconstruction work that is crying to heaven to be done?"

After this you will be interested in the short article Miss Bayne has written for our April number, "A LITTLE STORY OF ACHIEVEMENT," giving the true story of a young Ruthenian girl, Marya.

SPECIAL FEATURES

The April Number will contain another of Katherine Hale's colorful impressions of Canadian cities. This time she will picture Quebec in midwinter, in its least known and most beautiful aspect. Look for "QUEBEC, ITS ROMANCE AND LITERARY TRADITIONS."

Those who are contemplating building either a small house or summer cottage will find the two pages of architectural plans in the April number of value. The same architect, Clarence Thetford, who made the designs appearing in this issue, is preparing those for next month.

"DO'S AND DON'TS FOR THE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN."

"SEWING SEEDS IN THE GARDEN."

"TRANSPLANTING."

"VACANT LOT GARDENING."

These are the subjects of the horticultural articles in the April issue by George Baldwin, F.R.H.S.

A "BOOK REVIEW" by Owen E. McGillicuddy.

Marion Harris Neil's usual number of excellent cookery recipes will appear, under the following heads:

"SAVORY DISHES WITH FRUITS."

"ATTRACTIVE DISHES FOR EASTER TIME."

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Neōlin Soles

Canadian Home Journal
EDITORIAL

OUR AIM

TO publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome, and truthful.

To be a leader in thought, and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To, as far as possible, publish and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature, and their own country, with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.

"EVERY TOWN A HOME TOWN." It was an American woman who gave this motto to the towns of her country, wherever an American soldier might be. It is good enough to be used beyond the duration of the war, for it expresses a feeling that we may well try to cherish in every community, in peace and war. In fact, if Germany had only known a little of this spirit, there would never have been the conflict that has left so many homes forlorn. When you turn a town into a fortress, you have not much of the home spirit left.

The whole spirit of militarism, against which we have fought, is utterly opposed to the community ideal. An old-fashioned saying about the home was: "A world of love shut in; a world of strife shut out." That is hardly broad enough for this sad earth's needs to-day. The home love must go beyond the four walls and so prove its strength that the kingdom of hate will fall before its power. The world of strife must be conquered; the realm of good-will must some day be world-wide.

A NEW COMMITTEE OF WOMEN. There has recently been formed in Canada a Committee of Women whose duty it will be to advise with the Women's Department of the Canadian Reconstruction Association on matters of reconstruction work in its many and varied phases.

Representatives from each province and from each branch of women's work will be on this committee, thus forming a body of women capable of giving expert advice on all subjects pertaining to the training and education of girls and women, employment and labor questions, child welfare and housing, in addition to the many problems in connection with the returned soldier and his family.

Such a committee of representative women should prove of greatest value to Canada in these chaotic times. Their programme, already drafted, demonstrates the excellent manner in which future efforts are being planned, perhaps the concluding paragraph, which is a challenge to all womanhood, best evinces the splendid spirit dominating this new organization:

"The increased capacity and united effort for service which have been called forth by War should be maintained, and even strengthened, in Peace. Otherwise we shall sink back upon a lower level and mark ourselves as unworthy of the Victory bought by unprecedented sacrifice and heroism."

EXAMINE YOUR SUNDAY SCHOOL PAPERS. Of all the literature coming into Canadian homes, one would expect Sunday School periodicals to be of the highest order. They are placed in the hands of our children through the channels of an organization which stands for truth, honesty and sincerity, and their standards are accepted unquestioningly by the impressionable child-mind.

In many instances the periodicals are excellent, filled with splendid matter of interest to boys and girls, but unfortunately there is a tendency on the part of a large number of Sunday School boards and teachers to ignore Canadian literature and bring into their Sunday Schools papers published in the United States, of a nature which deserves the strongest condemnation.

In one child's paper which was recently given out in a Canadian Sunday School (and this is a fair sample of the class to which we refer) there were eight pages. One entire column was devoted to what is known as fake, or fraudulent, advertising, such as "Given free, etc., etc,," "Earn huge profits," and many others of this nature. What right have we to allow unscrupulous persons to make promises which are utterly false to our children through the very medium which should stand for integrity, thereby destroying for all time their belief in the truth of advertising?

In the same paper there was also a long illustrated article, "Uncle Sam as a Ship Builder." The continued story was "The Flying Yankee," and a little further on a description of a huge American service flag. Another column was devoted to an advertisement of the United States Government Red Cross service flag.

If there were no Canadian Sunday School papers, it would at least be excusable to import them; but why people pass by our own publishers to bring into their schools foreign papers of the nature described, is beyond comprehension.

Let it be understood that we do not refer to certain excellent Sunday School publications for advanced students, nor to the new graded Sunday School literature, but to the ordinary Sunday School papers similar to our own, but of a decidedly inferior order for Canadian children.

Examine your children's papers when they bring them home next Sunday and see what they contain—where they are published—what sort of advertising they carry. The question of cost should not be considered. What of a few cents more or less when it is a matter of character building?

PEACE AND PALESTINE. An infants' welfare bureau has been established already in Jerusalem! Mothers are given the medical care needed, baby clinics are organized, health visitors are being appointed and kitchens that provide food for babies and the poor are being opened. The nurses are mainly natives of Jerusalem who need thorough training, but it is predicted that the rate of infant mortality will quickly drop.

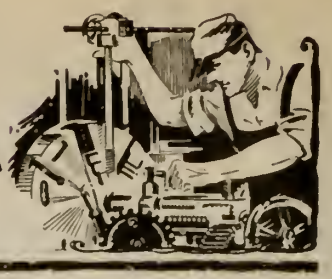
All large centres throughout Palestine have excellent Government hospitals, and during the months since General Allenby's triumphal entry into Jerusalem thousands of natives throughout the country have gone of their own free will to these centres and asked for vaccination. The disinfecting plants distributed with a lavish hand by the Government have effected a wonderful decrease in typhus and relapsing fever cases.

The supply of fresh, pure mountain water with which Jerusalem is now blessed is the close of what at one time seemed a hopeless undertaking and was given up by a band of earnest workers who labored for nine years with the Turkish Government to secure the right to supply pure water to the city. General Allenby's civil engineers discovered a group of mountain springs which yielded 14,000 gallons per hour. This was pumped to a hilltop and then handed over to gravity and allowed to run to Jerusalem through a line of pipe. All hospitals were supplied and the insanitary cisterns were cleaned and then filled from the pipes. These cisterns were the only water supply known and have been in use since before the time of Christ. They were always filled from the winter rainfall and were most objectionable. Their total capacity was between 60,000 and 70,000 gallons.

It is a matter of but a few months before aeroplanes and tractor ploughs, electric trains and machinery driven by electricity, "wireless" news service, "movies" and those great disturbers of ancient civilization, sanitation and hygiene, will take possession of Palestine after four hundred years of misrule under the unspeakable Turk.



War to Peace



The Story of Repatriation

The Programme of the Government Regarding Returned Soldiers and the Change to Peace Conditions

Just as Canada planned in war, so must it plan and organize for peace. The Government has therefore formed a Committee of the Cabinet, to deal with the following four problems now facing the country:

(1) Bringing the soldiers home.
(2) Helping those who have suffered overseas to overcome their handicaps.
(3) Having ready for every soldier and war-worker an opportunity for employment.
(4) Ensuring proper living and working conditions.

Every Canadian should know what plans the Government has developed to help solve these problems.

An organization of experts has been formed to help in the work of securing the closest co-operation of all the departments of the Government and of all the other agencies that may come into contact with the work of repatriation.

Bringing the Soldier Home

As soon as the situation permits, our soldiers will be brought home. The fighting corps in France will be returned as units, each unit composed, as nearly as possible, of men from the same locality. The remainder of the Canadian troops overseas will be demobilized in standard drafts of 500 men. Canada has been divided into 22 dispersal areas. These drafts will be made up of men wishing to go to the same dispersal area.

Overseas there are also 50,000 dependents. These women and children will be brought to Canada at the public expense.

Thorough plans have been made to carry out this work of repatriation as speedily and efficiently as transportation facilities will allow.

Before the soldier arrives, he will be informed just what the country is prepared to do for him.

Getting Employment.

To help both soldier and war worker secure quickly such employment as is available, a chain of employment offices is being established from coast to coast with the co-operation of the Provincial Governments.

The Government is also helping to create additional opportunities for employment through (1) Public Works, (2) Railways and Canals, (3) Export Trade Commission, (4) Shipbuilding, (5) the loan of $25,000,000 for building workmen's homes, (6) helping soldiers become farmers by the provision of land, loans and agricultural training.

To help tide the soldier over the period between the time when he is discharged and the time when he is established in a position, the Government is granting a War Service Gratuity—on a scale more generous than that given by any other nation. This is in addition to any back pay, clothing allowance, etc., to which a soldier may be entitled.

The Disabled Soldier.

The soldier who has suffered a handicap through his service will be helped in two ways: (1) A pension will be granted to him in proportion to his handicap. (2) If he is so injured that he cannot follow his previous occupation he will be "Re-trained"—for a new trade or vocation. While training, he will receive adequate pay and allowances.

At the same time, the Government is to provide free medical treatment, dental treatment, artificial limbs, surgical appliances, etc., where the need for such is due to a soldier's war service.

Public Effort.

Voluntary organization, municipalities, educational institutions—almost all agencies that touch on the social and economic welfare of the nation—have been enlisted by the Repatriation Committee to help in welcoming our soldiers home, in creating an atmosphere of contentment, in bringing Canada forward to a peace basis with all speed.



The story of Repatriation has been written in more detailed form—in simple, interesting language. Every Canadian should read it. Write to this Committee at Ottawa for booklet.

The Repatriation Committee
OTTAWA

The Trail of the Blonde Beast

By William Hugo Pabke

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE.

A Story of German Treachery



"Schrecklich!" she said in an even tone as Bob finished his recital.

"Is that all you can say?" he demanded aghast.

BOB THURSTON was making good in the diplomatic service; there was no question about that. He was attache at one of our legations on the Continent when the war broke out. It would be rather indiscreet to mention which one it was as you will see for yourself in just a moment.

One minister to this particular neutral country quite lost his head during the excitement of August, 1914. He made statements that, although they did credit to his heart, were decidedly undiplomatic, to say the least. Thurston put his young shoulder to the wheel and by dint of pure genius extricated his chief and smoothed matters over generally.

The State Department was apprised of the exact facts because Senator Slocum was spending his summer abroad and happened to be on the spot at the time. Being a just man he believed in giving credit where credit was due. Therefore, in October, Thurston was recalled to Washington and told to stick around a while until something better than an attache's post materialized.

Things began to happen to him all at once—delightful things for the most part. First and foremost, he met Helene Kampf. Second—a very close second—he fell head over ears in love with her. Third and last, but by no means least, he married her.

The wedding was a very important social event of that season. Bob Thurston, although not yet at the head of the State Department or anything like that, was in a good social position on account of the ramifications of the Thurston family. There was a long list of sisters, cousins and aunts who were each and every one exceedingly prominent. And then there was Helene herself, who had been the darling of Washington society since her advent.

This was quite natural, taking all facts into consideration. She was, perhaps, the most beautiful girl that Washington had seen in a decade—a perfect type of the statuesque blonde. If she was a bit cold and aloof that only seemed to add to her desirability. The things in this life that are the hardest to attain we hold to be the most worth while. Society always figures that way. Her position was unique. At nineteen she was the mistress of her bachelor uncle's house, and helped him with his princely entertainments.

COUNT VON DAHL, her mother's brother, had come to Washington the year before the great war broke out as the unofficial representative of the Imperial German Government. He informed the world in general with his brusque frankness that his thirty years of diplomatic service entitled him to advise and correct his country's diplomats of all ranks, including ambassadors-plenipotentiary. He was a thorough man of the world, well-bred, well-informed, alternately suave and brusque, an admirable host, yet withal a trifle too obviously cynical.

The Count growled in deep German gutturals when Bob Thurston announced that he had won Helene. The old bachelor was essentially selfish and dreaded the inconvenience of having his pleasant household arrangements broken up. He ended, however, by slapping Bob on the back and wishing him joy, which struck the young lover as being a trifle superfluous.

State Department, for reasons of its own, refused Thurston leave of absence. Therefore, the young couple were obliged to forego the conventional wedding trip, which fact filled Bob with delight, although he promised to make amends as soon as his chief became less obdurate. Bob and Helene took immediate possession of a delightful little house given them by Thurston Senior. They began to entertain immediately; and at this sort of thing, which was her birthright, Helene shone.

From the first, Count von Dahl was a frequent visitor. In fact the best guest chamber was always in readiness for him. He seemed to take a strong liking to the fortunate young fellow who had succeeded in carrying off his beautiful niece in competition with a horde of eligibles. He was wont to lecture Helene seriously upon her duties as a wife, laying a special stress upon the virtue of obedience. Obedience was his hobby. Helene, duly impressed, would nod dutifully.

Bob during this blissful time was too ecstatically happy to wonder whether he had married a real flesh-and-blood woman or a statue. That thought was to obtrude itself later. For the time being he found every attribute of his beautiful bride sheer perfection. Her extreme biddableness rather amused him. There was a trace of the pathetic about it, but he laughed it off.

"LOOK here, dear," he said after one of the Count's lectures; "do you want to become thoroughly Americanized?"

"Of course," she said unemotionally.

"All right. We'll begin with your name. I've been trying ever since I fell in love with you to make three syllables out of it the way you Germans do, but it sounds foreign to me. Hereafter you're Helen. Helen—not Helene."

She turned her large blue eyes toward him and nodded seriously.

"As you wish," she said. "Helen," she repeated the new name tentatively.

Bob chuckled.

"You darling," he cried as he swept her into his arms.

There was probably not another household in Washington where the issues of the great war were discussed as little as at the Thurstons'. Bob felt very strongly about the German invasion of Belgium; but his government was officially neutral and he respected the natural feelings of the Count, his frequent guest. As for Helene, she never expressed an opinion and seemed to be not greatly interested. She ordered her life in an impassive, dignified manner; emotionalism was absolutely foreign to her nature.

Bob broached the subject of the war to her on one or two occasions. She looked thoughtful but not depressed.

"War is the men's affair," she said calmly. "I do not understand it."

BOB felt a distinct lack in her attitude. He admitted to himself that he would have been better satisfied had she shown sympathy, or horror, or even enthusiasm for the wrong cause. Her impassiveness irked him.

There was another trait of Helene's that began to get on his nerves; her implicit obedience to her uncle and to himself. At first her manner of a docile, well-brought-up child in the presence of its elders had amused him, but the extremes to which she carried her docility became distasteful. He consciously avoided the voicing of his preferences in small things because his wife evidently considered his lightest spoken wish in the nature of a command and executed it forthwith without comment.

Late one afternoon Bob came home from his Club. Helene was sitting on one side of the large fireplace in the living-room, hands folded, placidly gazing into the leaping flames. She was one of those phlegmatic women whose nerves do not cry out at inactivity. Opposite her Count von Dahl was comfortably ensconced in a huge armchair with the memoirs of a famous diplomat propped up on a pillow in his lap. As Bob stood in the doorway, the Count turned toward his niece.

"Helene," he barked, "my handkerchiefs are in the third drawer of my bureau. Get one."

Helene rose quietly and moved across the room in her stately manner. Bob felt the blood rush to his head and pound in his temples.

"Helen," he burst out, "why don't you stand at attention and say *zu befehl?* Isn't that what the German soldiers say when their tin-god officers order them about?"

Helene stopped and for once her calm was slightly ruffled. She turned a troubled glance from her husband to her uncle whose fierce eyes were beginning to blaze.

"Count von Dahl," continued Bob, "I must request you not to give orders to my wife in future. If there are not enough servants in the house to attend to your needs properly I shall take immediate steps to increase the staff."

The Count was on the point of retorting, but diplomat that he was, he changed his mind and began to chuckle.

"But what would become of rightful authority if men did not tell their womenfolk what to do?" he asked blandly.

"Rightful authority be———"

"Robert, please." interrupted Helene, "So I was brought up. I cannot change. I am accustomed to obedience."

"Well, here's a blanket order then for you to obey: Hereafter if any man—and that includes myself—commands you to do anything tell him to go to the devil. You may choose your own form of expression so long as the meaning is not impaired."

"Yes, Robert," she said placidly.

The news of the sinking of the "Lusitania" forced a change in the topics admitted to general discussion at the Thurstons'. Count von Dahl had given up his house and was temporarily making his home with the young couple. Bob dashed home when he heard the news. The Count was pacing up and down, up and down, in the large living room, his hands behind his back, his strong face exceedingly thoughtful.

"COUNT," cried the young man, his voice shaking, "I can no longer control my speech. I can't help it if you are hurt; but this outrage, this murder is too much. From now on I *must* speak of these things—I *must* say what I think."

Count von Dahl stopped his uneasy pacing.

"You have been very considerate, Robert," he said gravely. "Very considerate. Pray don't let any thought of me keep you from saying what is in your mind. I won't discuss these issues with you. What would be the use? We think differently. But that need not prevent your saying what you think."

"But, Count," protested Bob, "doesn't this latest act impress even you with its horror? What do you think of it all?"

A peculiar expression crossed the diplomat's face. The hard lines of it seemed to be graven in granite; his eyes had a far-away look.

"The killing of innocent people," he began slowly, "is deplorable. The poor women and little children—too bad—too bad! But——" he raised his head defiantly—"it is war."

The Count's attitude relieved Bob. Of course, he could not hope to convert him to an anti-German bias, but at least free speech was now possible in his own home. He rushed upstairs and found Helene in her boudoir dressing to go out. She had not heard the news. Breathlessly, Bob told her the sickening tale.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64.)

At The Sign of The Coal Scuttle

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

ILLUSTRATED BY HAMILTON WILLIAMS.

Proving that Romance May Even Be Connected With the Coal Bin if There is a Granny MacGrath

A CHILL draught whistled shrilly through the rear corridors, rustling up the numerous stairways of the apartment house. The boy—Benny of the basement — struggling with a hod of coal, panted breathlessly and hoistlng it above to the landing of the third floor, pushed his burden with a vengeance toward the door of 320. The door suddenly flew open and a girlish figure, swallowed up in a blue checkered apron, called out a cheery greeting.

"Morning, Benny! Pretty near tuckered out? I just reckon nobody in Fort William is wishing any harder for an early Spring than Benny Pickles. Sorry, but they are bound to be late. Old Superior empties her ice as if it were cold molasses. How's my coal bin holding out?" questioned the girl, reaching down toward the handle of the coal hod, roguish smiles dancing in her blue eyes and chasing across the poppy-blown cheeks and hiding slyly under the ringlets with their tints of sun-kissed wheat, tumbling from under the blue band of her dust cap.

"S'holdin' out so far's your bin is, Miss Jinny. Can't guarantee it to hold out agin an awful late Spring, but, Holy Moker! you hadn't oughter worry. Say, come on out to the landin'. Want to show you somethin'."

Virginia Croft pushed the hod of coal under the range in her kitchen and followed Benny's lead to the head of the stairway. Straight down that stairway her eye travelled in line with Benny's pointing finger. Singularly distinct because of its pathetic emptiness stood the black coal hod on the landing of the second floor, its very attitude entreating the janitor's boy to fill it.

"You see that coal scuttle, Miss Jinny. That's Granny MacGrath's and she sets it out every mornin' jest as regular as clock work fer me to fill an' heft up the stairs to her. An,' Miss Jinny, there ain't one blamed chunk of coal left in Granny McGrath's bin. I scraped it to the dustin's yesterday an', Miss Jinny, I don't dast tell her, 'cause I know she ain't got the coin to fill her bin up with coal. When she had it put in last fall, she told us janitor folks that it had to last the winter for she couldn't scrape up an extry dollar fer fuel," Benny announced tragically.

"Oh, Benny, are you sure?" questioned Virginia, her blue eyes soft and serious, the dancing lights suddenly dimmed.

"Cock sure," Benny responded promptly, adding, "an' Granny MacGrath ain't asked—not once—how 'tis holdin' out. She's failin'—Granny is, and gettin' sort of forgetful—don't worry none about things like you'd think she might. She's awful kind hearted, allus knittin' me mittens an' wristers, an' I dasn't go in an' 'fess up 'bout that empty coal bin."

"Of course, you can't, Benny—not to-day anyway. Let us go down to the basement together and look the situation square in the face. Perhaps you are mistaken about the bin being really empty," suggested Virginia.

RUNNING nimbly down the stairway, the girl led the way, pausing on the landing of the second floor to pick up the empty coal hod, fearing that Granny MacGrath might come to the door, discover the tragedy and be alarmed. Benny came tumbling after Virginia, his heavy boots clattering noisily. Then suddenly without warning the door of the first floor flat was flung open with gusto and Virginia retreated into a dusky corner just in time to avoid a collision with an ash pan, overflowing with smoking, dust-fumed ashes. Behind the ash pan loomed a tall, spare, masculine figure clothed in long, gray duster, a shabby sport cap pushed down over an unruly shock of black hair, a smudge of soot shadowing his clean shaven cheek.

"I—I beg your pardon," gasped the man of the ash pan, a flash of amazement darting from his keen brown eyes which swept Virginia, blue-checkered apron, coal hod and all. Then backing into his own doorway, he allowed the girl and the boy to proceed down the stairway to the basement.

"Thank you," Virginia flashed back, a mischievous smile lurking in her eyes as she glanced directly toward the smudge of soot.

Benny led the way to Granny MacGrath's coal bin and Virginia at his heels, clutching the handle of the coal hod, stared dismally into the cheerless depths of the dusky pen. Assuredly it was empty, the thin layer of dust sweeping the floor giving but a vague hint as to the coal that had hitherto filled the four walls. The bin fairly shrieked its impoverished condition.

"You are right, Benny; there isn't one chunk of coal left in the bin," Virginia admitted tragically.

The man with the ash pan had followed them to the basement and suddenly Virginia became conscious of the fact that he was standing still, staring curiously at them.

"What's the trouble? Coal petered out before you expected it to?" he questioned, a warmth of sympathy in his tone, that sent the color surging into the girl's cheeks.

"It is Granny MacGrath's coal bin and she doesn't know it is empty and Benny doesn't dare tell her because—because there isn't any money in Granny's purse to pay the coal man to fill up the bin," Virginia burst out impetuously.

"Say, I call that tough luck! You mean the little old lady in the white cap, who just sits in the second floor window and smiles over the tops of her geraniums? Those red blossoms and that beaming, old face sort of glorifies the whole apartment house," the man responded promptly.

VIRGINIA nodded her head and moved swiftly toward her own coal bin, staring down with narrowed eyes at its frugal supply. It would barely hold out until Spring. But Grannie MacGrath's coal bin was pitifully, absolutely empty. Relaxing the grip of her fingers, she dropped the coal hod to the floor and turned to Benny.

"Benny, I tell you what to do. Just fill Granny MacGrath's coal hod from my bin this morning and we won't tell her just yet. Maybe I can think of a plan," proposed Virginia, her eyes gleaming like stars in the dusk of the basement.

Benny bore down upon Virginia Croft's coal shovel with emphatic energy. Then the man, dropping his ash pan with a clatter on the floor, sprang toward Virginia's coal bin and arrested the second shovelful of coal half way between the bin and the hod.

"No, you don't. Wait—where do I ring in on this? Benny, you just dump that coal back into Miss-—er—the other coal bin and fill that hod out of my bin. There's plenty there and you don't need any fuel controller to tell you this bin is likely to be emptied before balmy summer," he commanded authoritatively.

But Virginia's hand reached out detainingly. The spirit of defiance leaped into her eyes, her cheeks blazing with resentment.

"Don't you dare empty that coal back into my bin, Benny. This is my party, Mister—Mister Man of the First Floor, and I don't want any interference, please," she retorted hotly.



Virginia's cheeks blazed. "Don't you dare empty that coal back into my bin, Benny. This is my party, Mr. Man of the First Floor."

Benny stood transfixed—a statue of bewilderment—his green eyes staring at the man and girl towering over him, the coal shovel, brimming with black diamonds, tragically indecisively poised over Granny MacGrath's coal hod. The man cringed under the asserted independence of the girl, his soot-smudged cheek crimsoning.

"I—I am sorry, but I—I sort of wanted to help. The old lady's smile is worth stoking up. I'll beat you to it some morning," he challenged determinedly.

VIRGINIA drew her short person to a regal posture, shrugged her blue-checkered shoulders and with a wave of her hand commanded Benny to proceed. The boy emptied the shovel into the coal hod and dug it again into the bin of Virginia Croft. The man lifted his ash pan from the floor, spilling the cinders in his haste and crunching them with his feet as he turned to empty the pan. Then as he ran up the basement stairs, Virginia tip-toed to the coal bin of the First Floor Man and peered shrewdly into its depths.

Then, with an audible gasp, she gave vent to a queer, shaky laugh. Well, if the coal in that bin held out until balmy summer, it would be like the widow's cruse of oil. She hoped Mr. First Floor Man's housekeeper was an economical sort of being, but the few glimpses she had seen of the young, untidily-dressed thing on the back balcony lent doubtfulness to that hope.

"There, Miss Jinny, that's regular Scripture measure and then some. Granny MacGrath won't lose no smiles to-day, that is sure," panted Benny.

The boy of the basement puffed up the two stairways, laboriously pushing ahead of him the heavy coal hod, Virginia close to his heels. Then her breath caught in her throat for Granny MacGrath stood at her kitchen door peering anxiously down the stairway.

"My soul, Benny, I was gettin' powerful scared for fear you'd forgot to fetch back my coal scuttle. Dear knows how I'd ever get to the basement and back with my knees so rheumaticky. Mornin' dearie," added Granny MacGrath, smiling into Virginia's bright eyes.

"Good morning, Granny MacGrath. If ever Benny should happen to forget to fill your coal scuttle, you just call up the stairway to my kitchen door. My legs are young and spry and I'll be tickled to death to do anything for you," Virginia responded blithely.

"God bless you, dearie! It is you as waves up to my window mornin's and nights as you go down street and come home from work. Funny how when you watch out of one window all day long and see folks by the hundreds go by, how 'tis so many look up without seein' you. But I know you 'cause you wave back so pretty-like," explained the old lady.

"Oh, Granny MacGrath, how can anybody help waving back? Your beautiful, old smiling face and those bright, laughing geraniums make a body feel glad all over. Why it was a glimpse of your cheery window that decided me to take a flat in this apartment house," responded Virginia.

"And maybe you'll drop in some day and sit by the window and laugh along with me. Or maybe that would be asking too much——"

"Oh, Granny, Granny MacGrath, there is nothing in all this city, that I would rather do, than to visit with you beside your geranium window. I am sort of lonesome, all by myself in the flat. The girl-chum who was going to keep house with me found a better position West. The city is so strange and all the folks in the apartment house are strangers. I was born in a little friendly village and if only you would let me come and visit with you! But, there, if I am not careful, I will surely be late for the bank. Good morning, Granny, and watch out the window," Virginia called gaily, running up the stairway to her own flat.

HASTILY she changed the blue checkered apron and dust cap for coat and hat, and with a rueful glance at the partially tidied kitchen, she locked the door of the four roomed flat and ran down the stairs to the street.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63.)

The Mother Heart of Mrs. Whipper

A Story With a Heart Throb and Truth a-Plenty

By Ethel Cody Stoddard

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

"IF ever I take a child to adopt, it will be the eldest girl of a family that I will choose." Mrs. Whipper paused to straighten a knot in her knitting wool.

"The eldest girl! For goodness sake why?" asked Mrs. Murrin, putting down her work to look the surprise her voice expressed.

"Just because no one ever wants her, that's why. There are always no end of people willing to take a dimpled baby, or even a scrawny one, because it is bound to be appealing in some way. And there are always those who are willing to take cunning tots just beginning to talk, or even a bit older. But the poor eldest girl, especially if she is from nine to twelve years old,—nobody wants. I know how it goes, believe me. When our little family of four was left alone in the world, I was the eldest. We did not need to be adopted because there had been plenty of provision made for us. But I can still keenly remember that it was yours truly Eusebia Trotter, who was not wanted by any of the relatives who offered to take us home with them till all of our affairs were settled."

"You poor kiddie," murmured Mrs. Murrin.

Mrs. Whipper nodded. "Grandma Trotter and Aunt Ellen nearly had a row over who would take Hiram, who was then just a year old, and as cunning a little rascal as he could be. Emma simply fell into Aunt Honor's arms. Uncle Allan captured Robert without hesitation. But poor, awkward, ten year old me, was left to be picked last, and I drew Aunt Mary Jane Hedley, and it was no snap to be with her I can tell you. Right down to my last conscious hours I will remember those weeks with her. My heart lived right close to my tonsils those days, and lonesome! I missed the family, and my mother so much that it was no wonder I annoyed Aunt Mary Jane. I was nervous and bashful and terribly miserable. Any girl at that age is bound to be just that way—I know," with a wise look in her eyes.

"I never thought of it just that way before, and no doubt you are right."

"Of course I'm right. No, I don't ever expect to get my courage to stick long enough with my desire, to allow me to really adopt a child, but if I ever do, it will be the eldest of a family, and preferably a girl."

"I wouldn't do it for the world," asserted Mrs. Murrin.

"I know you wouldn't. Neither would I if I followed my own heartfelt inclinations, because I love cuddley babies. But memory would trot out my own experiences and force me to do it, if I ever decided to augment our family in that way. I guess though that I am too much of a married old maid to ever bring a child into our house now. It—she, would upset things terribly and make no end of extra work. Let's talk of something else."

IT was six weeks later, that Mrs. Murrin stood talking to her pastor, the Rev. James Rodney, while the beginning of a young snow storm sifted itself out of a heaven-made powder box, over them.

"I am feeling much distressed about the Ingram children," said Mr. Rodney. "Their mother passed away the other day. There are five of them, you know, and it has been a hard struggle for all of them the last year. It is just a little better than a year, you will remember, since the father was taken away. Mrs. Clements next door to them has been doing what she could, but she has her hands pretty full at her own home. Mrs. Rodney has helped too, but she is pretty busy also; everyone is just now."

"Shall I go around and see them right now? I think I have the time—I'll make the time."

"I wish you would. Mrs Alex. May wants to adopt the twins, and an uncle has agreed to take two of the others. The eldest girl will have to go to the Home, I guess. It is a weary world for some children, Mrs. Murrin. We expect to have the oldest girl—Sue,—with us for the week-end. If you can go around it will come in just right as Mrs. May and the children's uncle are coming for their charges this afternoon. Mrs. Rodney expected to get over there and help get them away, but I know she has not left home yet."

"You can tell her I have gone, and she need not come at all," said Mrs. Murrin.

"Thanks, that will help a great deal. A pastor's wife does have her limitations you know."

Mrs. Murrin nodded understandingly and hurried away, her heart full of pity for the Ingram children.

SHE found the shabby little house in a turmoil. Three children were whimpering and two grown-ups were talking very fast.

Mr. Manning, the children's uncle, had come for the two little ones that he had agreed to look after, and he and Sue, the eldest girl, were trying to secure whole wardrobes for them out of a medley of clothes mostly bad and indifferent, and which apparently belonged to any of the children they would fit.

Mrs. May had also come for the twins, and was busy dressing them in clothes which she had brought herself.

The house was cold and chaos reigned. Mrs. Murrin's first inclination was to turn and run, but the expression on her pastor's face as he spoke of his wife, remained with her, so she stepped into the matter at hand with determination.

Everyone knew the fight which Mrs. Ingram had made as a seamstress, since her husband, a warehouse clerk, had been killed by runaway horses. The matter had been repeatedly brought before the Ladies' Aid of Mr. Rodney's church, and considerable help had been given to her from time to time.

"WHAT can I do, dear?" Mrs. Murrin asked ten year old Sue, whose thin, blue fingers were busy trying to find buttons that had somehow disappeared from small garments.

"There's Freddie to finish," answered the girl.

Mrs. Murrin took a small, round-eyed, blue-nosed boy of five on her lap, and after a great deal of wrapping and pinning, finally got him togged out to resist some of the cold of the winter day.

"Never mind," she told him, "you will have a nice warm fire at uncle's, and maybe lots of fun."

"We'll see to the kids all right," asserted Mr. Manning. "My wife would have come too, only on account of getting ready for them."

"You are taking two?" asked Mrs. Murrin.

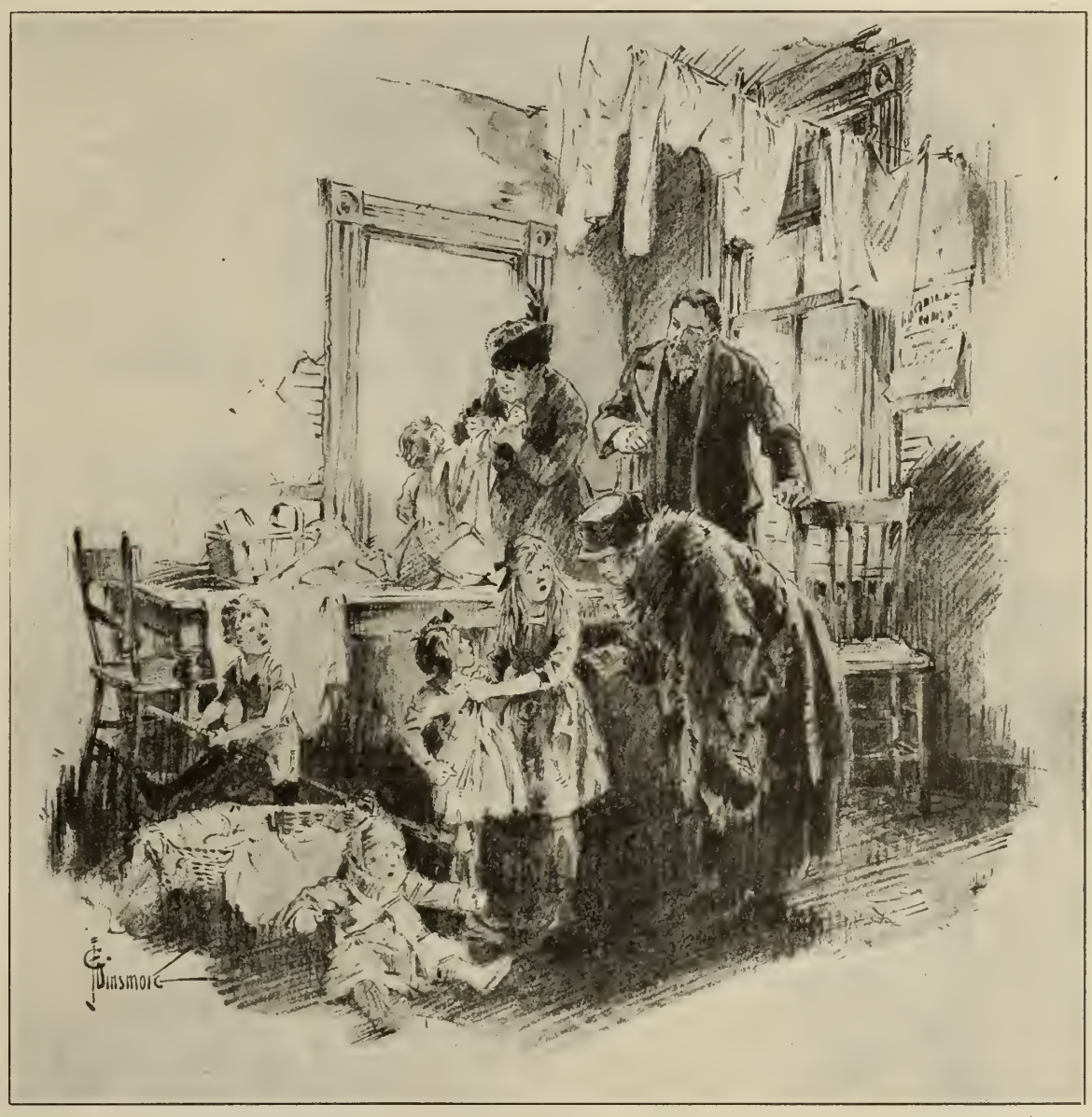
"Yes, Freddie and Eva. Mrs. May's got the twins."

"That leaves Sue."

"Oh, the minister is taking her for tomorrow. Then come Wednesday, she goes to the Children's Home."

Mrs. Murrin looked at Sue on her knees in front of her little sister trying to button up a coat which was half a size too small for the child, and saw the girl's chin quiver.

"There, I think you two'll do," announced Mrs. May as she put the second comfortable looking little human bundle beside the first, on the kitchen table. "I've always wanted twins, but the Lord never even sent me one kiddie. William didn't say a word against it when I told him that I wanted these two. Told me to do as I liked; I'd have the trouble of looking after them, not him. Just you wait, Mrs. Murrin, and see what fine girls they'll grow up to be. Come out and see us some time and we'll show you, won't we, chickens?" And Mrs. May, a mother-born woman, patted each little bundle in a way that showed she had already taken both small bits of humanity to her heart.



"There's Freddie to finish," answered the girl.

"I think it is splendid of you," answered Mrs. Murrin. "Your heart is certainly in the right place. It is not every pair of twins that is so fortunate."

"Huh! No credit to me, it's just the sort of job I've been wanting—mothering twin girls. So I think I'm the lucky one."

"I am sure coming to see you, and soon," laughed Mrs. Murrin, watching the other woman tuck a thermos bottle into the basket she had brought.

"Now I guess we are ready," announced Mr. Manning picking up little sister whose bright eyes and small blue nose peeped over a cloud of woollen scarf wound around her shoulders. "You see we have ten miles to go, and we've got to get along."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 65.)

WHO GOES THERE?

BY

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



CHAPTER XII (*Continued*).

THERE was a pasteboard box which Guild gave to Karen without opening it. She untied the violet ribbon, opened it, sat silent. He seemed to pay no attention to what she was doing.

After a moment she lifted out the cluster of violet-scented orchids, drew the long pin from them, and fastened them to her blouse.

"Thank you—very much," she said shyly.

"Do you care for orchids?"

"Yes . . . I am a little—surprised."

"Why?"

"That you should—think to offer them—to *me*—"

He looked up, and his grey eyes seemed to be laughing, but his mouth—that perplexing, humorous, inscrutable mouth of his—remained grave and determined.

"Karen," he said, "if you only understood how much I do like you, you wouldn't perhaps deal so mercilessly with me."

"I? Merciless?"

"You are. You made me use force with you when you should not have resisted. And now you have done something more merciless yet."

"W—what, Kervyn?"

"You know . . . I must have those papers."

"Kervyn!"

"Dear—look at me. No—In the eyes. Now look at me while I say, as seriously and as gently as I know how, that *I am going to have those papers!* . . . You know I mean what I say . . . That is all—dear."

Her eyes fell, and she looked at her orchids.

"Why do you speak that way to me—after giving me these?"

"What have orchids to do with a man's duty?"

"Why did you give them to me?"

"Why? Because we are friends, if you will let us be."

"I was willing—am still—in spite of—everything. You know I am. If I can forgive you what you did to me in our stateroom last night, surely, surely, Kervyn, you won't take any more chances with my forgiveness — will you?"

He said: "I shall have to if you force me to it. Karen—I never liked any woman as much as I like you. We have known each other two days and a night. But in that time we both have lived a long, long time."

She nodded, thoughtfully.

"Then — you know me now as well as you ever will know me. Better than any other woman has ever known me. When my mind is made up that a certain thing is to be done, I always try to do it, Karen. . . . And I know that I ought to have those papers. . . . And that I am going to have them. Is that clear—Karen, dear?"

She remained silent, brushing her orchids with her fingertips, absent-eyed, serene. After a moment he thought that the ghost of a smile was hovering on her lips, but he was not sure.

Presently she looked up.

"Shall we lunch?" she asked.

CHAPTER XIII.

THREE times they were obliged to change cars after passing through Utrecht. Night fell; the last compartment into which they had been crowded was filled with Dutch cavalry officers, big, talkative fellows in their field uniforms and jingling equipments, civil to Guild, courteous to Karen, and all intensely interested in the New York newspaper which Guild offered them, and which they all appeared to be quite able to read.

They all got out at Maastricht, where the lantern-lit platform was thronged with soldiers; and, when the train started, the two were alone together once more.

They had been seated side by side when the officers were occupying the compartment; they remained so when the train rolled out of the station, neither offering to move, perhaps not thinking to move.

Karen's Tauchnitz novel lay open on her lap, her eyes brooded over the pages, but the light was very dim, and presently she lay back, resting her arm on the upholstered window ledge.

Guild had been sitting so very still beside her that she suspected he was asleep. And when she was sure of it she permitted herself closer scrutiny of his features than she had ever ventured.

Curiosity was uppermost. To inspect at her leisure a man who had so stirred, so dominated, so ruled and misruled her was most interesting.

He looked very boyish, she thought, as he lay there—very clear cut and yellow-haired—very kind—except for the rather square contour of the chin. But the mouth had relaxed from its sternly quiet curve into pleasant lines.

One hand lay on his knees; it was clenched; the other rested inert on the cushioned seat beside her, listless, harmless.

Was that the hand of iron that had closed around her shoulders, pinning both her arms helpless? Were these the hands that had mastered her without effort—the hands which had taken what they chose to take, gently violent, unhurried, methodical and inexorable?

How was it that her swift hatred had not endured in the wake of this insolent outrage? Never before had a hand been laid on her in violence—not even in reproof. How was it that she had endured this? Every womanly instinct had been outraged. How was it that she was enduring it still?—acquiescing in this man's presence here in the same compartment with her—close beside her? She had resented the humiliation. She resented it still, fiercely—when she remembered it. Why didn't she remember it more frequently? Why didn't she think of it every time she looked at him? What was the trouble with her anger that she seemed to forget so often that she had ever been angry?

Was she spiritless? Had his violence then crippled her pride forever? Was this endurance, this submission, this tacit condoning of an unforgivable offense to continue?

There was color in her cheeks now as she sat there gazing at him and remembering her wrongs, and industriously fanning the rather sickly flames of her wrath into something resembling a reasonable glow.

But more fuel seemed to be needed for that; the mental search for it seemed to require a slight effort. But she made it and found her fuel—and a brighter color stained her face.

Dared he lay hands on her again? What did his recent threat mean? He was aware that she had sewed the papers to her clothing. What did he mean by warning her that he would take them by violence again if necessary? It was unthinkable! inconceivable! She shivered unconsciously and cast a rather scared glance at him—this man was not a Hun! She was no Sabine! The era of Pluto and Proserpine had perhaps been comprehensible considering the times — even picturesque, if the galleries of Europe correctly reflected the episode. But such things were not done in 1914.

They were not only not done, but the mere menace of them was monstrous—unbelievably brutal. She needed more fuel, caught her breath, and cast about for it to stoke the flames before her flushed cheeks could cool.

And to think—to *think* that she, Karen, was actually at that moment wearing his orchids—here at her breast! Her gloved hand clenched, and she made a gesture as though to tear the blossoms from her person. . . . And

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



"Yes, sir," she said, with a vigorous nod. "And whenever any of the yokels hereabout tamper with the wires the Uhlans come and chase them till they think the devil is after them."

Who Goes There

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

did not. . . . They were so delicate, so fragrant. . . . After all, the flowers were innocent. It was not these lovely, scented little things she should scorn and punish, but the man—this man here asleep beside her——

Her heart almost ceased for a moment; he moved, opened his eyes, and lay looking at her, his lids still heavy with sleep.

"You are horribly tired—aren't you?" she faltered, looking into his worn face, which two days' lack of sleep had made haggard.

He nodded, watching her.

"I'll move across the way and let you stretch out," he said.

"No—you need not."

"You look dead tired."

"I couldn't sleep that way. You—need not—move."

He nodded; his eyes closed. After he had been asleep a little while, watching him, she wondered what he might be dreaming, for a ghost of a smile edged his lips.

Then, sleeping, his arm moved, encircled her, drew her shoulder against his. And she found herself yielding, guided, relaxing, assenting, until her cheek lay against his shoulder, resting there, and after a while her eyes closed.

The fuel had given out. After a little while the last spark died. And she slept.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE dim light fell on them where they slept seated upright, unconscious, swaying as the car swayed. Unseen forests swept past on either side under a dark sky set with stars; low mountains loomed in the night, little rivers sparkled under trestles for a second and vanished in the dull roar of the rushing train.

The man, sunk back against the upholstered seat, lay as though dead.

But after a while the girl dreamed. It was the frontier toward which they were rushing through the night—a broad white road running between meadows set with flowers, such as she had often seen.

Two painted sentry boxes stood on either side of the boundary; the one on her side was empty, but in the other she realized that her enemy was on guard, hidden, watching her.

She desired to cross. In all her life never had she so longed for anything as she longed to cross that still, sunny, flower-bordered frontier.

She dared not. Her enemy stood hidden, armed, watching her from within that painted sentry box. She knew it. She was afraid. She knew that her enemy would step out with weapon levelled and challenge her the instant she set foot across that flowering frontier. She was afraid of his challenge, afraid even to learn what her enemy might look like.

Yet she *must* cross. Something had to be done—something had to be done while the sun was shining and the breeze in the meadow set the flowers all swaying. She looked desperately at the silent sentry box. Nothing moved. Yet she knew her enemy was watching her.

Then, frightened, she set one foot across the line— took one more step, very timidly.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

She knew it—she *knew* it! It had come—it had happened to her at last!

"F-friend!" she faltered—"but I do not know the countersign."

"Pass, friend, without the countersign!"

Could she believe her ears!

She listened again, her hand resting against her heart. But she only heard a child laughing inside the sentry box, and the smothered ruffle of preening wings.

Her dream partly awoke her; she lay very still, vaguely conscious of where her cheek was resting, then closed her eyes to seek her enemy again among her dreams.

CHAPTER XV

THEY awoke with a light shining in their eyes; the guard stood on the running rail, one hand on the knob of the door.

"The frontier," he said. "Descend, if you please, for the customs, and kindly have your papers ready."

The girl's blue eyes were sleepy and humorous as she rested her hand on his arm to rise.



"You know I can't give them to you," she said. "It would be dishonorable."

"Are we ever to have a good night's sleep again?" she murmured as he aided her to descend in the lantern-lit darkness.

"It's our punishment," he said.

"For what, please?"

"For ever doubting each other."

She said nothing. A soldier picked up their luggage and carried it across the platform where another train stood waiting.

And all at once Guild realized that the soldiers around the station and custom-house were not Belgians but Germans. He had forgotten that, and it gave him a distinct shock.

As he and Karen, following the soldier, entered the long room in the custom-house, an officer all in sea-grey from the shrouded spike on his helmet to his ankles came forward and saluted, and Guild coolly lifted his cap.

"Have I by chance the honour of addressing Herr Guild?" asked the officer.

"I am Herr Guild."

"And—gnadiges Fraulein?"—at salute and very rigid.

"Fraulein Girard."

"The gracious young lady has credentials?—a ring, perhaps?"

Karen drew off her glove, slipped the ring from her finger. A soldier held up a lantern; the lieutenant adjusted a single eye-glass, scrutinized the ring, returned it with a tight-waisted bow.

"Papers in order!" he said, turning to the customs officials. "Pass that luggage without inspection!"

He was very polite. He escorted them to the Belgian train, found an empty compartment for them, thanked them with empressement, and retired into the darkness which had hatched him.

As the train started Karen said in a low voice: "Would you care to call that officer a barbarian, Kervyn?"

"You haven't seen Louvain. But probably that officer has—through his monocle."

She sighed. "Are we to—differ again? I am *so* sleepy."

This time he was entirely awake and responsible for his actions. So was she. But she was really very tired, she remembered, when conscience began to make her uncomfortable and call her to account.

But she was too weary to argue the point; her cheek rested unstirring against his shoulder; once or twice her eyes opened vaguely, and her hand crept toward the orchids at her breast. But they had not been crushed. Her white lids closed again. It was unfortunate that she felt no desire to sleep. Her conscience continued to meddle at intervals, too.

But of one thing she was quite certain—she would not have tolerated any such thing very long had she not been very sure that he had immediately gone to sleep. . . . And she was afraid that if she stirred he might awake. . . . And perhaps might not be able to go to sleep again. . . . He needed sleep. She told herself this several times.

"Karen?"

"What?" she said in consternation. And she felt her cheeks growing hot.

"You *will* let me have those papers, won't you?"

She lay very still against his shoulder.

"Won't you?" he repeated in a low and very gentle voice.

"Please sleep," she said in a voice as low.

"Won't you answer me?"

"You need sleep *so* much!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Synopsis of Former Chapters

WHO GOES THERE

Applauded by men, admired by women is Kervyn Guild—the hero Robert W. Chambers has chosen for his graphic romance of the war, "Who Goes There?"

Guild is an American, but of Belgian ancestry, and is in Belgium when the horde of Huns overruns and devastates that country. With all the chivalry of a typical, clean, high-minded young man, he immediately gets involved in the Belgian resistance and quickly finds himself the centre of a group being backed up against a wall to be shot—but he isn't shot—and how he escapes forms the brilliant opening chapters of the story.

While Guild's life is spared, he is not given his freedom because he frankly refuses to equivocate, and proves to the German general who cross questions him that honor is not a lost attribute of some nations, even in war.

The German general says he has a daughter in England whom he is anxious to have returned in safety to his estate in a Rhine province of Germany. Guild, being a neutral, is offered his freedom and safe conduct out of the German line if he succeeds in getting the girl to the safe haven of the general's German home. He undertakes the mission.

While there has been plenty of action up to this point, the moment Guild starts for England things begin to happen with such rapidity that one is tempted to compare the quick succession of events with volleys from a machine gun. Just about this time the English officials, and even the ordinary citizens, are much concerned about all aliens going to and from their country, and Guild discovers that while he has no trouble in getting into England and locating the girl, getting out is quite a different matter.

The moment Guild lands in England he becomes aware that the general has paved the way for him; in fact, a complete chain of spies connects London with the general's Rhenish home, to aid Guild in his journey. The British secret service gets on the job almost as quickly, and the fight between these two forces, both of which are frequently outwitted by the greatest of all factors—chance—forms an absorbing part of the story.

After starting on their journey, the young man learns that Karen, the German general's daughter, has papers of value to Germany in her possession. These he is able to obtain only by force, and is afterward outwitted by the steward who hands them back to Karen.



The Home You Have Been Planning For

Designed by Clarence Thetford, Architect

Comfortable Proportions With Economy of Space Characterize This House

IN preparing plans primarily for a house to meet the needs of the small town and rural resident, the architect has at the same time endeavored to design a moderately priced home which should give pleasure to the city or suburban dweller fortunate enough to possess a piece of land with a frontage of about one hundred feet. A lot of this size is necessary on which to build a house of Dutch Colonial style, such as is here designed, with its simple, dignified lines, in order that it may have its proper setting of shrubbery, foliage of tree and flower garden. Otherwise much of the beauty and charm as well as the benefits to be derived from a house built on these lines is lost, and it does not seem to belong to its surroundings, to have grown out of them.

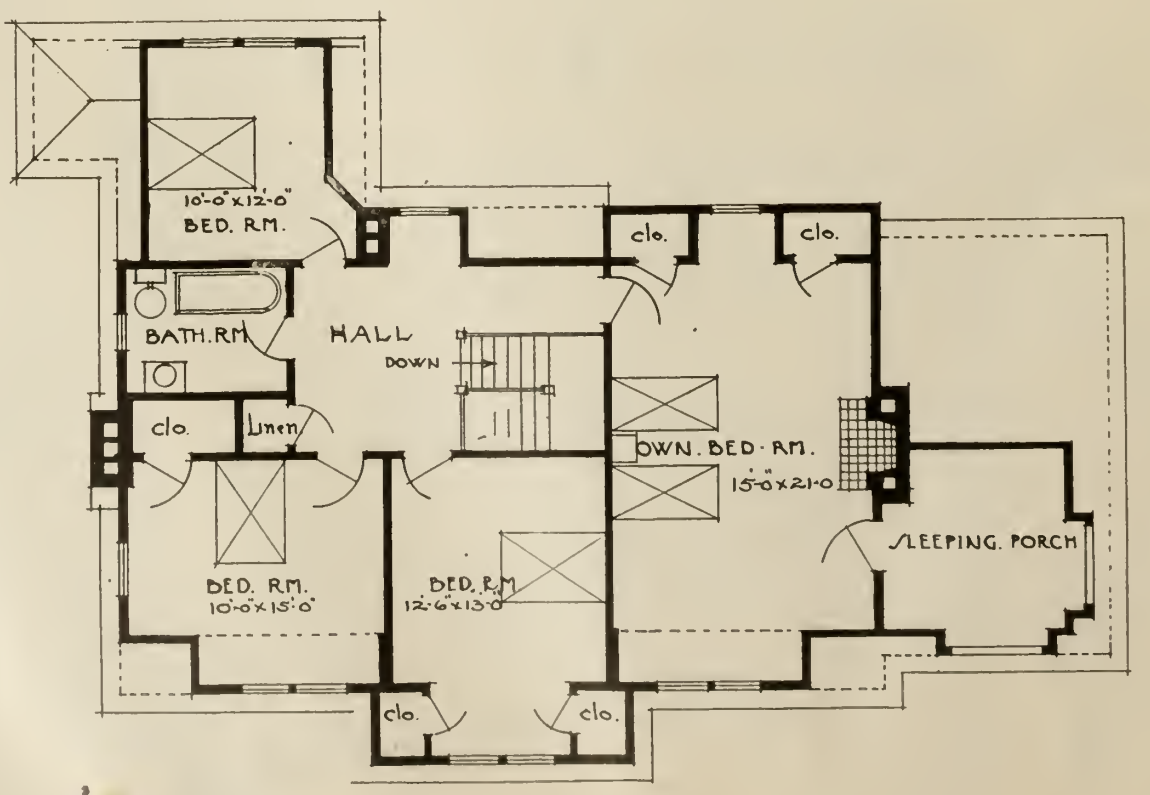
In plans shown on this and the opposite page it will be seen that an abundance of fresh air and sunshine may be had in every room, the large number of windows permitting of no dark corners.

ENTERING the hall from the front, one of the principal features which distinguishes this house is the absence of the usual stairway. Just why it has always been thought necessary to bring stairways into such prominence is difficult to understand, they are seldom used by callers, and add greatly to the difficulties of the heating problem. In this plan at least the square hall is allowed to be a hall, and to receive its individual treatment and decoration without the ostentatious newel post, or difficult stairway. The screen dividing the halls may be a solid wall, or partitioned with balusters or leaded glass in upper portion. This space gives an opportunity for the placing in the main hall of a grandfather's clock, seat, or whatever decoration the owner may desire.

A door connects this square hall with a smaller hall at the rear, from which the stairs ascend. They are with this arrangement accessible from kitchen and can be built at much less expense. One may pass up the steps from the back of the house unobserved by those in either living-room, hall or dining-room. This smaller hall, with cloakroom and lavatory adjoining, in turn leads back to an outside door opening on the garden.

One has but to consider the possibilities of such an arrangement to appreciate its advantages. In summer the doors may be thrown open from front to back, revealing the garden in its riot of color and allowing the breeze to pass freely through the house. The doorway at the rear being in such close proximity to the kitchen and pantry, it is possible with very few steps to serve tea on the lawn.

The living-room with its beamed ceiling and generous fire place gives ample scope for an artistic arrangement, and just here let me depart from the description of the building proper to suggest a treatment for the decoration of this room. French windows on each side of the open fire, two others at the front and one looking over the garden, give an abundance of light—therefore the room could be successfully decorated with brown as the prevailing color, brightened with soft mauve, a suggestion of brilliant green-blue, and deep brick or yellow red. If the beams in the ceiling and woodwork are brown, the walls might be given a soft yellowed gray in which there is a suggestion of mauve. The floor repeats the natural brown of the beams but is brightened with rugs in which appear mauve, green-blue, deep yellow red and a touch of brown — this last color being introduced that the rugs may seem to belong to the floor. These colors in chairs and window chintz will keep the room from heaviness. None but the most generous of fireplaces in dull greyed ochre tones could perfectly harmonize with such surroundings. Then the polished brass tongs and the glow of the firelight complete the picture.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

THE dining-room at the left of the hall also has an open fire to be used when occasion demands. The ceiling is paneled, the wall treatment a matter of taste. A recess is built in the wall adjoining pantry for the sideboard, thus an equal distance is provided for serving around the table. It will be noticed that a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



The Home You Have Been Planning For—Ground Floor and Garden Plan

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

cupboard opens into both pantry and dining-room for convenience in putting away clean dishes from pantry side and using them from dining-room side when setting the table. The provision of shelves and cup-boards in the pantry is generous enough to satisfy the most exacting.

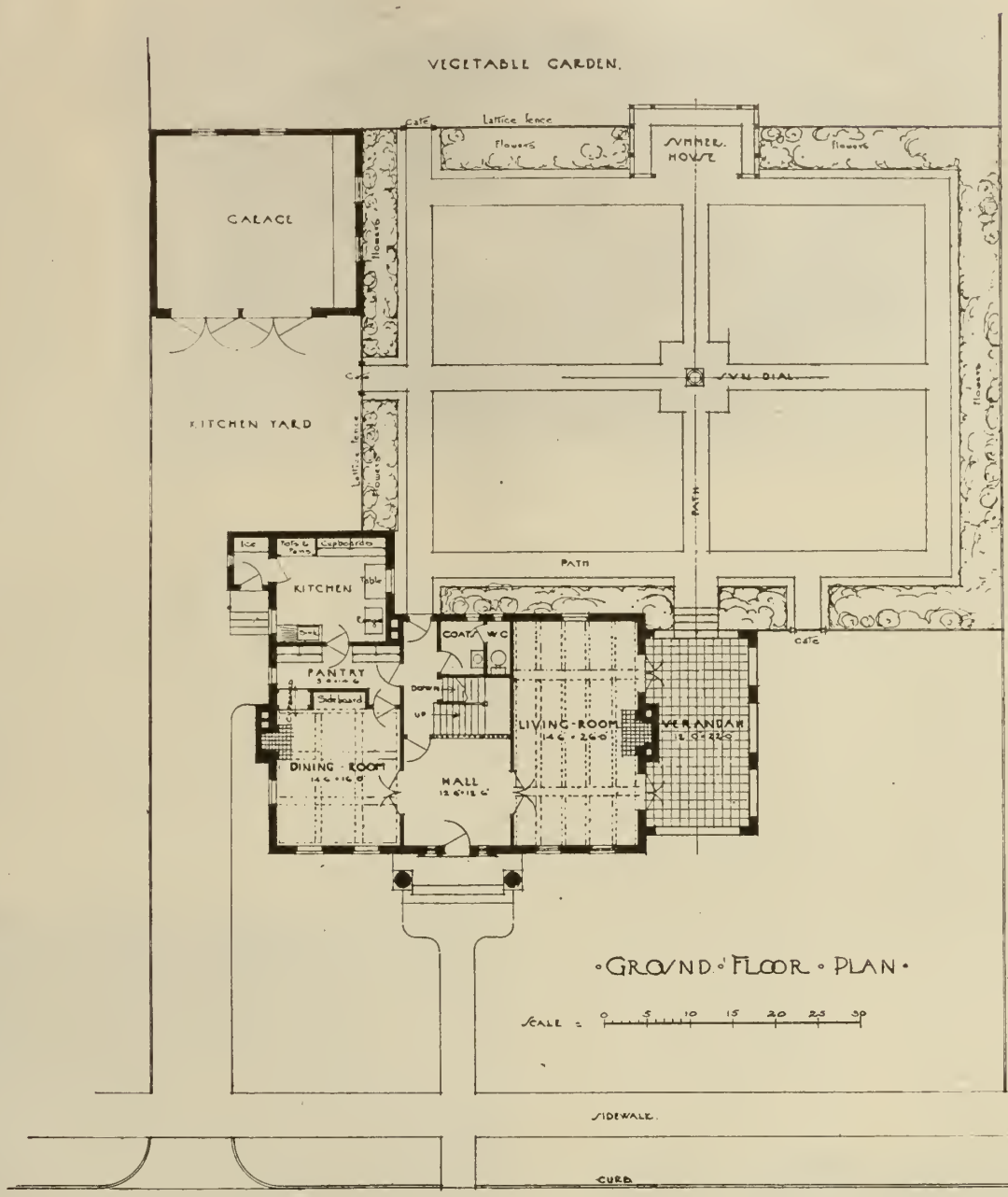
But probably the room dearest to the heart of the housekeeper is the kitchen, and in its efficient planning lies the real secret of a successful house, for a score of years at least.

The kitchen shown in the plan is up-to-the-minute in kitchen efficiency standards, convenient in size and arrangement. The sink which is seldom "a thing of beauty" reposes modestly behind the door and a word of warning here should be sounded—insist upon the sink being placed high enough for those who will work at it. About one sink in five thousand is placed at the right height for comfort.

When the kitchen table is being built have the carpenter make another of slightly smaller size which will fit exactly under the first. If this is on casters it can easily be pulled out and brought into service when there is extra serving or baking.

A WINDOW above the table and one on the opposite wall permits a direct draught to sweep through the room when desired, a distinct advantage when the mercury is hovering around the nineties.

Another advantageous feature of this kitchen is the planning of the doors, which are so arranged as to allow no view of the kitchen from the dining-room.



The small service porch at the side of the house is an excellent place for the refrigerator, eliminating the necessity of cleaning muddy footprints on the kitchen linoleum after the ice-man's daily visit. Proper drainage can be easily arranged from this porch, and in a secluded spot away from draught there should be an appreciable lessening in ice bills.

ON the opposite side of the house is the large verandah with tiled floor. Steps go down from this to the garden, bordered with flowers, and a path leads past a sun-dial, bird-fountain, or whatever one fancies, to a small summer-house, an ideal spot for afternoon tea, or as a play-house for the make-believe fancies of the little people.

The second floor plan provides for four bedrooms, all well-lighted and with sufficient closet accommodation. Specially attractive is the owner's bedroom at the right, with open fire and sleeping porch.

The hall is square and well lighted, the recess beneath the window providing a suitable spot for a seat, the cover of which lifts, revealing a commodious chest.

THE cost of building such a dwelling depends entirely upon its location, accessibility and labour conditions. The architect has endeavoured to plan a style of house which would meet the needs of the great majority of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL readers who are seeking for a house which, to quote from Ruskin, is "both useful and beautiful." It is designed to withstand the severe Canadian winter, and to give the fullest opportunity for enjoyment of the many summer pleasures. In other words, to be not only a house—but a home.

The One-Piece House is a Reality

THE one-piece concrete house, cast as a monolith, is at last a commercial reality, says *Concrete*. Proposed originally by Thomas A. Edison and experimented upon to a certain extent by that versatile inventor, it had been generally abandoned in favor of unit or "precast" construction. We are now told that the trouble with attempts at this kind of building has been the desire to get away from uniformity. There is no variety about a Ford machine, nor about an Ingersoll watch. They are cheap and successful because they are made of a few standardized parts and are exactly alike. So, we are assured, must be our cheap, standardized concrete houses, whether we like it or not. We read:

"Men who have been developing the concrete house—either in monolithic construction with unit forms or with precast units—all have labored with the besetting difficulty, elasticity in design without a multiplicity of confusing parts. That the system of construction must admit of architectural variety—not to say whim—has been a cardinal thought from the outset.

"C. H. Ingersoll, of Robert H. Ingersoll & Bro., whose watches 'made the dollar famous,' tosses that idea by the board; tells the architect and the town-planner he must contrive other means to variety in his housing enterprises.

"Mr. Ingersoll, with the help of Fred C. Fowler on concrete and Harvey Dodge on mill work, attacked the problem of housing, primarily for his own watch-factory employees, from a different standpoint. Of primary consequence was a small, livable house, sanitary and permanent, with no frills and at the lowest possible cost. The most important thing was quantity house production at low cost. As in making Ingersoll watches and Ford cars, quantity production at low cost is obtained by repeating certain operations over and over again—each time the same operation in the same way—repetition of certain unit operations was to be the basis of house construction. . . . . .

"The Ingersoll system utilizes concrete, as Thomas A. Edison proposed to do, in pouring an entire house in one piece—but with this important deviation from the Edison idea: Mr. Edison, taking into account the hydrostatic pressure of a column of concrete when poured from cellar to parapet, provided both top and bottom forms for floors; the Ingersoll system involves a trick of side-tracking the hydrostatic pressure and eliminating the difficulty of top forms for floors. Mr. Fowler, discussing this feature, points out that properly proportioned concrete, mixed so as to provide a flowing mixture without great excess water, will continue to flow only so long as the motion is continuous. Once stop the flow of a proper mixture of concrete, interrupt it for a few minutes only, and a preliminary congealing takes place in the material. It appears to be preliminary to actual setting. This fact is taken advantage of. Concrete is poured alternately from two sides of a structure. When the concrete flows out over the bottom floor-forms and comes to the desired level, pouring ceases at that place for a short time and the ensuing coagulation, so to speak, permits no further flow of concrete out of the opening in the inside forms where the floor is formed. . . . . .

"Before forms are completely erected and when exactly a certain stage of erection is reached, the plumber and the electrician are sent for; the conduits and pipes which are prefabricated are set in place in the walls with very few lost motions. In fact, the plumbing and wire conduits are all set up in five hours' time. . . . . .

"Twenty-four hours after the last concrete is placed, the forms begin to come down. First the wedges are driven from under the ten vertical posts on each floor. This permits the parts to drop down enough clear the concrete floor above into which they have projected. As these are the first parts required on the next job, they are the first parts removed. The trusses are then supported by the bolts passing through the walls, which now take the load first put on the posts."

The Herbaceous Border and the Vegetable Garden

By George R. Baldwin, F.R.H.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.



NOW that we are released from the burdens of War, and can once more turn our attention with renewed enthusiasm to those activities which were carried on before the great struggle, Horticulture may again take an important place in our thoughts. Although it is still necessary to produce foodstuffs, galore, we can at least devote a little time to the re-construction and the re-modelling of our Herbaceous Border. Outdoor work for the year begins in real earnest towards the end of this month, we therefore have none too much time to plan, and planning is absolutely essential to success.

In the matter of planning and arranging herbaceous borders, vast improvements have been made. The old straight lines of plants, graduated from the tall back row to the dwarf front row, have rightly given place to bold grouping and arranging of color, giving more character and originality. By giving due attention to the time of blooming of the several groups, it will never be necessary to offer apologies to any one visiting our borders, explaining: "If you had been here two weeks ago, you would have seen the Paeonies and Iris in their prime," or "If you will come two weeks later, the Delphiniums, Roses, etc., will be at their best." How often have we gone into a neighbor's garden, and noticed the galaxy of blossom, and two or three weeks later, gone into the garden again, and found practically nothing worth looking at. Let us avoid this and try to have a continuous bloom all season. While we do not all have sufficient space at our command to enable us to arrange for a series of seasonal borders, we can at least arrange to have perennials, with the addition of a few of the best annuals, and some blooming shrubs. These I strongly advocate to give this continuity of bloom from frost to frost.

NOW to accomplish this. Let us see how we can arrange the border with the Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Crocus and Snowdrops, which we planted with such care last October. Carpet the ground with close growing plants, such as Aubretias, Arabis, Pansies, Alyssum Gem and Saxatile, Forget-me-nots, Lobelia, Violas, dwarf Antirrhinums, Campanula Carpatica, etc., in the front three feet of the border and intersperse thinly taller growing subjects, that will grow through without smothering the carpeting plants, such as Statice Limonium, S. Tartarica, and S. Gmleni, Campanula Persicafolia, tall Antirrhinums, then following Liliums, Tenuifolium, Croceum (the real Belfast Orange Lily), Tigrinum, Fortunei, Speciosum Rubrum, Rosea and Album.

Immediately behind this front three feet, place a row of Rose Bushes, 18 inches apart, taking your choice from the following: Capt. Hayward, H. P., Caroline Testout, H. T., Hugh Dickson, H. P., Madame Ravary, H. T., Mrs. John Laing, H. P., Richmond, H. T., Duchess of Wellington, Killarney, Lady Ashtown, Madame M. Soupert, Hadley, Marquise de Sinety, all H. T's; C. L. Breslau, Austrian Briar, National Emblem, Hoosier Beauty, Lieut. Chaure, Lady Alice Stanley, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Molly Sharman Crawford, all H. T's, and last but not least the beautiful new rose that is in a class by itself, for fragrance, quantity, shape of bloom and hardiness, known as "Los Angeles" which is a cross between Mrs. Charles Pearson and Lyon Rose. In between the Rose bushes, plant 6 Gladioli, planting 3 on May 15th, and 3 on June 10th. Behind the roses plant alternately, Perennial Phlox, Delphinium, Rudbeckia Newmanii, Echinacea, and Sub Tomentosum. Helenium, Riverton Gem and Riverton Beauty, Flag Iris in variety, Lilium Candidum 4 in clump; Lilium Henryi the hardiest Garden Lily, Lilium Platyphyium, and a few more of the Lilium Speciosums, Paeonies in variety, and some of the taller growing Asters, etc., with here and there a plant of crimson Salvia, and one or two Cosmos. Reserve the back row for Hollyhocks, Helianthus, Heleniums, Perennial Asters, Chrysanthea Uliginosum, Coreopsis Testatium, and Lanceolata, Dahlias, Standard Hydrangea, and Standard Roses, with a blooming shrub at each end and one in the middle, such as Lilac Charles X, Deutzia Lemoine, or Philadelphus. And to climb on the fence at the back any or all of the following may be used, Tamarisc Indica, Clematis Jackmanii, the small fruited varieties of Tomatoes such as pear, cherry, plum and currants, which are splendid for preserving or pickling, Cucumbers, Squash, Cobea Scandens, or Grape Vines. This covering of the fence, especially if it happens to be of the close-boarded variety, will benefit the border greatly, through the excessive hot weather. At the end of the border and leading to Vegetable or Kitchen Garden, erect a bower or archway for the beautiful climbing Ramblers, such as Dorothy Perkins, Lady Gay, Crimson Rambler, Flower of Fairfield, or Tausendchon. An archway can be put up very cheaply, by getting two pieces of three-quarter inch pipe (second-hand) about 16 or 18 feet long, bending them in the centre to form the arch, placing them about 4 or 5 feet apart; then get some laths or sticks, and tie on with wire, horizontally, for the climbers to be tied to. Or a division between flower and vegetable gardens, can be had by making a rough, rustic fence, for the Ramblers, or anything of a climbing nature.

TO keep this border presentable, care and attention must be given, in cultivating, watering, feeding and spraying; keep the two or three toothed hoe going continually. The soil in between the plants requires stirring up to make it friable. Do not let it get hard and baked. Take the clippers or scissors to remove dead flowers, leaves, and limbs, also weak shoots. And besides watering when necessary (evening being the best time), the plants must be fed to bring out the beauty and richness of color, quality and quantity of bloom. To do this, it is necessary to sink a barrel half way down, in some out of the way place, and in the shade. Get some mixed manure if possible, place in an old bag, about six shovelfuls at a time. Throw it in the barrel, and if you cannot get rain water, use the hose and fill the barrel full. In two days remove the bag, and use the liquid especially for Roses, Paeonies, in fact for everything in the garden, if you have the time, but be assured that it will well repay for the trouble. A handful of Nitrate of Soda placed in the barrel every time you fill it will also be very beneficial.

BESIDES, "Praying without ceasing" you must "spray without ceasing" if you desire good results; arm yourself with a good Sprayer, (from 50c up), and Insecticides and Fungicides can be obtained ready mixed at the Seedsmen's, and commence in the early Spring by spraying everything with a weak solution of common borax water. As soon as the Roses begin to leaf out, be prepared for the horrid Green Aphis, which come in myriads, by giving them a dose of Nicotine. But for the small maggot or caterpillar, which destroys the foliage of roses, and nibbles into the underside of the buds, I do not know of anything better than the tedious method of handpicking, for if we put poison on strong enough to kill them, we injure the foliage and bloom at the same time. Then to avoid the brown or black spot which comes on later, we must spray with the fungicide known as Bordeaux mixture and later still when the wet weather sets in, bringing on mildew, we must spray with a solution of lime and sulphur. Although mildew usually comes after the blooming period, it must not be neglected, as that would be detrimental to next year's success.

The Vegetable Garden.

THERE is no gainsaying that the increase of our food supplies must be of untold benefit to the community at any time, and especially in these critical days, when hundreds of thousands of people in European countries are facing actual starvation, this matter cannot be brought too forcibly before us. For the very sake of the security of our national food supply, there is urgent need of a greatly increased production at home, and greater employment of men on agricultural land.

This Journal has been emphasizing for years that our home production of food would be infinitesimal were it not for our farmers, and a great deal of credit can also be given to Horticultural Societies and Vacant Lot Cultivation Associations, which of late years are rising up and growing strong. Giving one instance, the Toronto Vacant Lots Cultivation Association, in co-operation with the Rotary Club of Toronto, last year had no less than 2,060 vacant lot gardens under cultivation, of an average size of 4,000 square feet each, the products of which (vegetables only) is conservatively estimated at about $75,000.00, and when you consider that this vacant land in and around the city would otherwise have been growing weeds, I am sure you will agree that organizations which take up this work deserve the thanks of the community at large. Every city, town, village and hamlet in the Dominion should get in the game, for there is nothing that develops the country's resources like the home production of food.



Herbaceous Border, so chosen that it blooms throughout the entire Summer.

There are many who would willingly do their share and

even more, in the national work of food production in home and vacant lot gardens, but they have only a vague idea of commencing to cultivate a vacant lot. These are the people who need helpful advice from Horticultural Societies and the writers of articles in this and other journals.

INSTEAD of "First catch your chicken, then cook it," paraphrase it into "First get your vacant lot, then cultivate it." This can be accomplished by applying to associations handling lots, or direct to the owner of vacant and idle land. Then get busy, and if it is not plowed for you, get someone to spade or fork it over deeply, but here let me say a few words on manuring, which is a very important matter in horticulture, and a source of mystery to the average would-be back-yard or vacant lot gardener. It is necessary to manure the soil to render it fertile or sweet to a proper consistency for producing vegetables. The manure acts as a plant food, supplying the necessary mineral salts, in which the ordinary soil is deficient. Natural manures are preferable to artificial, and the long, strawy variety is the best for a heavy soil. Cow, pig or hen manure should be used for light loam and sandy soils. If these cannot be obtained, do the next best thing, get artificial, but by all means, one or the other.

For tap-roots or vegetables which grow in the ground, dig the manure in deeply; if for vegetables which grow above the ground, incorporate it thoroughly with the soil. Next to manuring, comes the question of lime. Our forefathers used too much; our fathers used too little; let us strike the happy medium, and get good results. It removes the sourness and acidity from the soil. It also acts as a plant food, besides being an insecticide.

We must now consider the rotation of crops; if the land was cultivated last year, so arrange that the tap-roots, such as beets, carrots, parsnips, etc., be planted where the legumes or vegetables which grow above the ground were growing last year, and potatoes where tap-roots grew, rotating the three classes yearly. Next comes the intercropping, or in other words, not letting the ground be idle for the balance of the year, where you have already taken off a crop of early stuff. This is what is called intensive cultivation. To give an example: About the middle of May, select the spot for some early cauliflowers, set out in rows 3 feet apart, plants 2 feet 6 inches apart. About the middle of June, Brussels sprouts, kale or cabbage can be planted in between the cauliflowers, and in between the rows, turnips, radish, lettuce, beets or carrots may be sown for a late crop. Remove the cauliflowers as they mature, and hoe the ground deeply. This will be found satisfactory, and this idea can be extended, altered and elaborated upon in various ways, but the idea is to have no idle land during the growing season.

Again, due attention must be given to thinning and planting, to give ample room for everything to grow properly, and not be crowded, as nothing is gained by overcrowding. Peas and beans in particular require lots of space between rows. Thin out the plants not required when quite small, to create that great benefit, aeration, and eradicate weeds. The hoe must be kept going continually, to conserve moisture. During the very hot period, if possible, the hose should be brought into requisition. Take the nozzle off, and put the water, a goodly supply, in between the rows, then in a day or two run the hoe through again. Don't forget that the liquid manure barrel is just as essential, if not more so, in the kitchen garden as it is amongst flowers. An occasional good soaking with manure water, during the growing season, will give excellent results with onions, celery, tomatoes, cauliflower, in fact everything.

Have a supply of stakes and brush ready for the tomatoes and peas, using four stakes to each tomato plant, and for the peas, the brush or sticks may be put in vertically as soon as the seedlings appear, and they will do their own tying.



Preparing the Garden for its Spring verdure.

PROPER distances to sow and plant must be given attention to. Cabbage, cauliflowers, and Savoys should have 18 inches apart each way, and be kept cultivated till foliage prevents. Beets, onions, carrots, parsnips, salsify and white turnips should have the rows 18 inches apart, and thinned out to 4 or 5 inches apart. Swede turnips, rows 2 feet apart, and 8 inches apart in rows. Tomatoes, when trained on four stakes, should be planted 3 feet each way, to give room for getting in between stakes to do the tying and cultivating. Peas and beans should have rows 2 feet apart, seeds to be staggered in the rows 6 inches each way. Corn should be staggered in hills 2 feet apart; sow 10 seeds to a hill, and thin to five stalks. Lettuce, radish and cucumbers may be sown in between rows of corn. Potatoes do best when planted in rows 2 feet 6 inches apart, tubers 10 inches apart. Take a potato the size of your closed fist, and cut it into three pieces longitudinally, planting them 5 inches deep in light soil and 4 inches deep in heavy soil. As to varieties of vegetables, the following will be found to give the very best results:

Onions — Red, White and Yellow Southports, and Yellow Globe Danvers.

Beets — Flat Egyptian for early, Cardinal Globe and Long Black Detroit for late.

Carrots—Chantenay, Early Nantes, and Carter's Red Elephant.

Parsnips—Hollow Crown and Sutton's Surrey.

Peas—Marrowfat, dwarf, and Telephone for tall.

Beans—Wardwell's Kidney Wax.

Cabbage—Early Jersey Wakefield and Henderson's Summer.

Cauliflower—Erfurt and Snowball.

Lettuce—Brittle Ice, Grand Rapids and Boston Market.

Savoy—Drumhead.

Swede Turnip—Purple Top.

Radish—French Breakfast and White Icicle.

Celery—White Plume, Paris Golden and Rose-ribbed Paris.

Corn—Golden Bantam for dwarf and early, Country Gentleman and Stowell's Evergreen for tall and late.

Potatoes—Early Rose, Cobbler, Delaware, Green Mountain, Carman, Rochester Rose and Beauty of Hebron.



No. 1: Tools required to start the garden indoors.

Possibilities of the Hot Bed.

WE have decided to go a little deeper into the matter of raising our own seedlings and showing the possibilities and advantages of raising our own plants. Location: The plot should be facing south and shielded from the north by a fence or hedge. Make your frame of 2-inch plank and of such a size as will enable you to use sash 6 feet long by 3 feet wide, according to the number of the sashes required Then get the required quantity of fresh horse manure and pile in a heap to start to heat, turning it over into similar heaps twice in four days.

Four days after the last turning it should be ready for use; level it off to a depth of 18 inches and place the frame on top. Be sure to tramp the manure down well in layers, then put the sash on and leave for three days, tramping the manure down again at the end of that time, then put on 6 inches of soil (fairly good), having the top of the soil not more than 6 inches from the under side of the sashes, sloping the whole 6 inches in 6 feet, so that the rain will shed off.

In four or five days the bed will be ready for the seeds. Make sure that the heat is not over 80 degrees, then rake over and level the soil, sowing the seeds in rows 4 inches apart, running north and south in shallow drills. Regulate the heat by raising the sash a little at north end, closing up at sundown and covering with mats or straw at night, and see that the frame is banked up to the top with more manure on the outside.

AS soon as the young plants appear, more air should be given, so that they will not become spindly, watering only at noon time when absolutely necessary.

In a cold frame (which is made in precisely the same manner, except that no manure is used, and which can be used for the same purposes as a hot bed) germination takes longer. Its principal use is in hardening off plants that have been raised in hot beds or greenhouses, before putting them out into the open garden.



No. 2: After first planting of seeds.

By starting your hot bed the early part of March you will have good, stocky plants by May 24th, which is the date for planting out. The next question is what seeds to sow.

Three kinds of onions—Red, White and Yellow Southports.

Three kinds of tomatoes—Chalk's Early Jewel, Earliana and Beauty.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67.)

Oh, What a Tangled Web!

By Nan O'Reilly

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE.

In a Most Unorthodox Manner Jean and Jerry Became Engaged, and Afterward Very Unexpectedly Fell in Love. The Climax, However, Came In Quite the Customary Manner



"'I'm sorry, Jean,' she heard him say, 'I didn't think you'd mind so much.'"

WITH the deftness of long practice, Jean Peyton fastened a last loose end of yarn, and then held up for inspection a well-made khaki sweater.

"Come here, Jerry," she commanded the young officer lounging on the steps. "Let's see if it goes over the top or catches on your ears. They look about regulation size."

"One of them has five stitches in it, and both are pearly. Is that O.K.?" grinned Jerry Lewis, as he untangled his long legs and bent down patiently to have the garment slipped over his head.

"Guess I'm a pretty well-knit kid, huh?" he demanded as his head emerged and he swelled out his chest. "But, say, Jean, this is too good to pass along. I'm going to keep it."

"It's the twenty-sixth I've passed along, Jerry, besides all the other things I've done, but it's not enough," the girl said with sudden intensity, all the laughter gone from her face. "A Bolsheviki rebellion is mild to what's going on inside me to-day. I feel as if I had to do something sacrificial."

The man looked at her in quick concern, the note of passion in her voice had followed so unexpectedly on their raillery.

"You needn't look so woe-begone, though. I'm not going to get violent immediately. It's just that I've been a seething volcano for weeks, and to-day when I met that idiotic Cary Jacobs I felt that an eruption was imminent."

"Phew! revolutions and volcanoes all in a jumble. This is hot stuff," objected Jerry, lighting a cigarette. "What was wrong with Cary? Did she carry on?"

"OH, Jerry, haven't you learned that the pun is the lowest form of wit?" asked Jean, sadly. "But the fact is she doesn't 'carry on'; none of that crowd does. They're a bunch of slackers, that's what they are; but because two or three of them have little shrimps of brothers safely tucked away in the Ordnance Department, they can lord it over me. What does my knitting or sewing or bandage-making amount to when they can wave it all aside with a simple, 'Oh, yes; you know my brother's in the service'? If I only had a brother, wouldn't I be glad to send him away—but to really fight, as you're going to do. Then my words would mean something. Why, Jerry, all winter they've criticized every move the Government's made, and instead of working, sat around eating up the sugar and white bread till I thought they'd expire. But I haven't so much as a cousin to send, let alone a brother or husband."

"WELL, why not a lover?" suggested the man, hopefully. "Why don't you get engaged?"

The girl smiled at him ruefully.

"You make it sound awfully easy, Jerry, but produce the victim. One doesn't do it that easily in this little town."

"I suppose that's so," he pondered, rubbing his head. Then he looked at her quizzically. "You wouldn't consider me as a possible eligible?"

Jean's laugh rang out down the quiet street. It was a charming laugh—the sort that invites others to join in.

"That's a good one, Jerry. If you had said, 'Let me be a brother to you,' I'd have fallen on your neck, but I've seen you too often to retain any illusions."

The man was leaning towards her in a sudden mixture of fun and earnestness. A line of colour had run up his lean jaw and a sparkle had come into the keen eyes.

"I say, Jean, it's not a bad idea," he persisted eagerly. "I'm going away the day after to-morrow. You wouldn't have to keep up the bluff or stand me around long; and when I come back—if I do," he added quickly, "we can have a lovers' quarrel, be just friends and nothing more; you know the line. No one would be the wiser. You would have a weapon against the slackers, and my share would be at least a weekly letter from one Jean Peyton. Otherwise, you see, there isn't anyone in the way of a girl or woman who would write to me that I'd care to hear from, and perhaps if I were your honest and true 'gemmen friend' I could count on more than those brief death notices about the dogs or such like that you used to favour me with at college."

The girl was looking at him with wide, somewhat startled eyes.

"Oh, but, Jerry, it's so ridiculous. It almost doesn't seem respectful—getting engaged is such a serious thing."

"Come on, Jean, be a sport. It's just a game, and you do like me, don't you? Remember Cary Jacobs," he warned, and with a sudden laugh she gave him her hands.

"All right, my beloved; to-morrow night at the dance we'll explode our bomb," he exclaimed gleefully. "In the meantime, I shall wear this sweater as a sign I'm your true knight, though the mercury climbs to heaven and I'm court-martialed for breaking regulations."

"You will like ducks!" laughed Jean. "But as for me, I shall be off to dream of my melting lord, and so farewell." She disappeared, but, glancing back, he saw her leaning from the window. "Don't forget the picnic in the morning, Jerry," she called. "Eight bells we start."

ALL the time she dressed the next evening, a persistent, subtle singsong kept humming through Jean Peyton's brain.

"You're engaged to-night; you're engaged to Jerry. Look your best."

Every time the thought flashed its message, an answering signal would flame into her cheeks, so that by the time the last hook of her lovely gown was fastened the girl was startlingly radiant. She went down the stairs almost shyly, knowing he would be at their foot awaiting her. It seemed very queer to be shy with Jerry—Jerry who had taught her to ride and shoot, skate and swim; who had taken her to proms. as a matter of course. There was for Jerry, alas, a strong element of the unusual in the situation when he saw his playmate, strangely transformed in a day into someone remote and alluring, knowing that in an hour he was to announce to his little world sole ownership in anything so lovely. For with each, unknown to the other, the long picnic day spent together with the new bond between them, had played odd tricks, and they stood now staring at each other solemnly, until Jerry, with a little shake, thrust his hand into his pocket and, drawing out a jeweler's box, produced an exquisite ring—a great, blue-white diamond in a deep setting.

"For me?" the girl breathed. "Oh, Jerry, that wasn't in the game."

"Game?" the man frowned quickly. "No, Jean, aside from all that, there isn't anyone I'd want to have mother's ring but you. She was very fond of you, and so leaving our—our engagement out of it, I've had the ring reset as a gift from her. You see, I'm pretty hard to kill, but I may not come back, and it saves me the trouble of making a will. Anyway, what's an engagement without a ring—sounds like 'What is home without a good mattress'?"

Jean was swallowing bravely, but an enormous lump seemed to have come from nowhere into her throat, and her eyes grew misty.

Jean radiant, as Jerry was fast discovering, was a creature to be reckoned with, but Jean with tears in her eyes was almost too much for any man.

In sudden desperation, he plunged into another pocket, and drew forth a second box, from which appeared a service pin flaunting a single leaf.

"Come on, cry baby, what do you wish?" he teased, but Jean's wish as she held out her hand for the little token remained a silent one: "If only it weren't all a game!"

IT seemed to Jean as she came into the Country Club ballroom that the diamond on her left hand was flashing like a search light into the four corners of the room. She expected everyone suddenly to surround them, and in her panic felt like bolting from the room.

But it took some time for the news to circulate, and when it did she was floating away to a wonderful waltz—almost no one did the new waltz as well as Jerry—and Jerry's strong arm was like a bulwark against which the 'oh's' and 'ah's' of surprise could rebound.

"Yes, they've known each other so long."

"Did you know it this morning?"

"Will they be married before he goes across?"

Jerry chuckled wickedly as the last reached his ears, and the girl blushed adorably, but on the whole the brief wisps of questioning that buzzed around her only added sparkle to her eyes and brought the ready laughter to her lips.

She was always especially popular at dances, but to-night her new prominence, and the air of excitement that seemed to radiate from her made it doubly hard to secure a dance, and finally, after persistent cutting in, Jerry stole her away to the terrace.

"See here, young lady, is this the way you treat me?" he demanded crossly. "I think I'll have to resort to my old hair pulling to restore obedience."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56.)

How We Get Our Oranges

A story of the Orange, how it is grown, and the manner in which it finds its way to our tables.



The home of the orange in Southern California. Thousands of acres are watered from the snow-capped mountains in the background.



The golden fruit, brilliant foliage and glistening mountain background make a beautiful picture.



Pickers all wear gloves and clip the fruit from the trees with specially designed scissors.

IF all the boxes of citrus fruit shipped from California last year were placed end to end, the line would reach from Los Angeles to Gibraltar, a quarter of the distance around the earth, or a little further than the distance from the North Pole to the Equator.

Seventy-five years ago the orange was a novelty in California. It had been brought first from Spain by the Jesuit monks. But the little, sour, seedy oranges of that time were far inferior to the glorious fruit now shipped out of California. To-day the oranges from California, winter and summer, are practically seedless; they are sweet and juicy and of beautiful color and contour. To-day's orange is the product of years of human endeavor and scientific skill. And as to quantity: last year alone, 45,000 carloads of oranges were sent out of California to supply the tables of all North America. In addition to the oranges there were 8,155 carloads of lemons. Each carload comprises about 400 boxes.

Beginning with the early Catholic missions in California, the orange grew in favor. More and more orange trees yielded up their fruit for domestic consumption. With the completion in the seventies of the railroads to Southern California, far-seeing men began to commercialize the fruit.

The first carload of oranges was shipped from California in 1877. About this time as if Fortune had selected Southern California for her bounty, a great horticultural discovery was made by a representative of the United States Department of Agriculture who was travelling in Brazil. On a ranch near Bahia this traveller came upon orange trees which produced seedless navel oranges. To the department in Washington he sent a few of the small trees. The authorities there produced others from the original trees and sent two to Riverside, California, for experimental purposes. These trees known as the Washington Navel, are the original progenitors of tens of thousands of Washington Navel orange trees in the orange growing country. The original parent trees are still blossoming and yielding fruit in a favored sanctuary at Riverside where they are tended and cared for as befits a distinguished ancestor. This was the real beginning of Southern California's great citrus industry.

THE business of raising citrus fruit in California has been increasing year by year and still the production is not out-stripping the demand. In this connection it must be remembered that California is not the only source of supply. The world's production of citrus fruits is divided as follows:



One of the two parent navel orange trees taken to California in 1873. There are now more than twelve million descendants.

California	22	per cent.
Gulf States	11	" "
Spain	28	" "
Italy	24	" "
Japan	5	" "
Palestine	3	" "
Other	7	" "

It is particularly noteworthy that California oranges and lemons may be had fresh daily the year round. The Navel orange crop is picked and shipped each day from November to May. From May to November, and even later, fresh ripe Valencia oranges are marketed. Lemon trees at one and the same time show fruit in all stages of development from the blossom to ripe fruit. Lemon trees are stripped about every four weeks of all fruit which is ready for picking.

Science has been utilized to citrus growing, a greater degree in California than in any other district and as a result California oranges and lemons are taking the lead in quality and quantity.

Expert pickers who gather the fruit from the trees wear white cloth gloves; for the slightest finger-nail puncture of the orange skin is likely to cause decay in shipment. Special clippers are used to cut the stem close to the fruit; for a protruding stem may puncture the skin of a neighboring orange in the box. It is not an exaggeration to say that California oranges are handled as gently as eggs. The pickers are careful to avoid rough handling of the fruit. They carry a special bag which unbuttons at the base, allowing the fruit to be released gently into the field box. None of the fruit is dumped. The field boxes of ripe oranges are transported on wagons or auto-trucks equipped with springs to save the fruit from being jostled and bruised.

AT the packing house the oranges are cleansed with warm water in special washing machines. From the washing machines the oranges go through a cool spray of water to the dryer and thence to the grading tables. Only experts can work at the grading tables. Here the thousands of oranges move along on endless canvas belts and as they pass under the keen eyes of the operators, they are graded according to quality as indicated by formation, color and texture of skin.

From the grading tables the oranges move on a belt to the sizers. Here they pass along revolving rollers until the graduated width between the rollers allow the fruit to pass into a bin. Each orange finds its right place in this machine and eventually

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THE INSIDE OF AN ORANGE PACKING HOUSE.

After the fruit is gathered it is thoroughly washed in warm water and cleaned by brushes, as shown in the first picture. Then it is graded according to size and quality. Before being placed in position each orange is wrapped in tissue paper. Then a machine closes the box, as seen in the last picture, and the fruit starts on its long journey.

How We Get Our Oranges

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

rolls into a receptacle where hundreds of other oranges of similar size await packing.

The packers, most of whom are women, work alongside the bins into which the oranges roll from the sizing machine. Each packer fills from 50 to 75 boxes a day. Like the pickers, they wear white gloves. With lightning rapidity the packer takes an orange in one hand and a tissue wrapper in the other, rolls the orange in the proper place by a deft movement and places it in the box with one hand even while the other hand is reaching for another orange.

At each packing house the orange and lemon boxes are put together from box material already cut to size. Machines for this purpose turn out the boxes with such great rapidity that the man who pastes on the colored labels is forced to hurry or fall behind the box-making machine. As the boxes are packed with oranges, the tops are nailed on tightly and a steel girdle or "strap" is nailed on to keep the box intact until it is opened by the retail dealer.

DURING winter months the filled boxes are trucked directly into an insulated refrigerator car which protects the oranges from freezing, where they are piled in an orderly manner and tightly wedged to avoid disturbance en route. Something over 400 boxes or about 60,000 oranges, go into each car. In summer the packed boxes are often sent to a pre-cooling plant where they are brought down to a low temperature and then quickly placed in an iced refrigerator car. This car is re-iced at various points along the route.

The operation of a citrus ranch invariably proves deeply interesting to the uninitiated. The magnitude of the industry in California is most impressive when one considers the brief time in which it has been developed. The total California acreage now devoted to lemons and oranges is approximately 205,000 acres. Nearly every foot of citrus orchard must be irrigated. For this purpose water is brought down from the mountains and pumped from great wells for distribution at certain periods into the long avenues between the rows of trees. The single feat of bringing water from the mountains to the orchard is in itself an engineering triumph. Fancy the herculean task of carrying sufficient water scores of miles to irrigate a tract of 312 square miles and then remember also that these 312 square miles are not in one compact tract but are divided into thousands of small tracts widely separated in many instances. In the citrus country there are only three months of the year in which rain occurs. Throughout the remaining nine months of the cycle, the aqueducts must provide water for the trees.

WATER is not the only thing which California growers must supply to their groves. Artificial heat also must be in readiness; for frosts are not unheard of at certain seasons of the year. To guard against these cold spells, groves should be plentifully supplied with small stoves. In most cases there is a stove for each tree. The most common orchard heater is a sheet iron affair in which paper, kindling and coal are laid ready for instant service. Crude oil is also coming into general use as a fuel for the heaters. On a cold night the touch of a torch starts the fire and the tree then is enveloped in heat, as it is usually only necessary to raise the temperature a few degrees to avoid danger which wards off the threatening frost. In most large ranches there is a complete telephone system. Thermometers are hung at regular intervals. During the nights a watchman makes his regular rounds. If he notes that the mercury is approaching the danger mark he telephones the foreman who in turn arouses the ranch hands and sends them on their routes to light the heaters. Besides continuous vigilance against frost, the growers must also keep up a perpetual fight against pests of various kinds. The larger ranches employ entomologists who keep up a close acquaintance with each tree and watch for unwelcome inhabitants. In the lemon groves it is necessary at regular intervals to fumigate each tree. The fumigant is administered by covering the tree with a tent under which the hydrocyanic gas is released so that it acts upon every part of the tree's surface.

IT has been ascertained that it costs about $10 to bring an orange or lemon tree into bearing. The cost is not surprising when one considers all the care and ingenuity required to bring the young tree to maturity.

A large citrus ranch is almost a complete community in itself. At one of the biggest ranches in Southern California, a fair specimen of the more important ones, there are no less than fifteen large buildings. The largest of the buildings is the packing house where the fruit is washed, dried, wrapped and packed to be shipped by trolley to the main railroad line. Another building houses the chemical laboratory, the sales manager's office and the offices of the owner, ranch manager, irrigation engineer, clerks and others. Another large building serves as a club for the officers and white employees. Here at noon the men are served a proverbial farm meal with gallons of delicious lemonade. Next to the dining room is a large room completely equipped with billiard tables, piano, magazines and other paraphernalia for amusement and culture. Cozy bungalows of various sizes are furnished to officers with families; a large dormitory houses the bachelors, each of the men having a pleasant room connected with shower baths. Tennis courts close to the club house are in great demand. Only a few of the larger packing houses employ Jap packers. Most of the houses utilize women packers drawn from the nearby towns.

THE Japanese packers always maintain their own exclusive community within a community. They elect one of their number as steward and cook, each member of the community paying his pro rata share of the expense of food and other supplies. Fish and rice constitute their chief fare and so cheap is their living that each little workman is able to send considerable amounts to relatives in Nippon. None but men are in the Jap Colony. Wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts await their return to the Mikado's realm as soon as the workman has stored up enough money to assure comfort in old age. Fathers and sons working side by side are not an uncommon sight in the packing house. A gratifying attribute of the Jap workmen is their meticulous cleanliness. A feature of their living quarters is the bath house where a huge concrete swimming tank with running water is the scene of their careful ablutions morning and night.

The Mexican field laborers are housed in another dormitory half a mile from the Japs. The ranch officials supply them with the best of food and plenty of it. Shower baths are afforded to the Mexican workmen. The Mexicans are employed exclusively in the groves, cultivating the young trees, pruning in season and picking the fruit periodically. White gloves are worn in the picking operation.

THE native beauty of the average citrus ranch (usually known by the Spanish word "rancho"), excites the enthusiastic comment of visitors. Imagine if you can the hundreds of orange trees in full blossom under the subtropical sun. The sweet perfume of the blossoms is omnipresent. Lift the eyes and they take in the snow-capped peaks of long mountain ranges. On a clear day one may see Mt. Baldy from fifty to eighty miles distant. The appearance of the mountains changes month by month. Snow gives way to patches of bright green verdure. Later, when the dry season is at is height, the high slopes are covered with brown in varying shades. The temperature seldom is oppressive except when a wind sweeps down from the hot desert. More frequently in the early evening there is a breeze from the Pacific.

AFTER nightfall the thermometer takes a sudden drop and from then until sunrise in the winter danger period the thermometers must be watched sharply. Disastrous natural conditions sometimes do great damage to the citrus crop in a single night or day. In 1913 a hard frost defeated the efforts of man to save the crop. Fortunes were lost in a night and for months there was a shortage of oranges in the East. Four years, later, in June of 1917, a sudden period of intense heat literally burned the fruit on the trees. So intense was the sun's rays that maturing walnuts were completely shriveled. The 1917 heat wave did away with almost 75 per cent. of the crop of navel oranges. A peculiar result followed. With 75 per cent. of the fruit gone, the complete energy of each trees was centered upon the remaining 25 per cent. of fruit. When picking time came around the remaining oranges were of unusually large size. There were only a few, to be sure, but they were giant oranges.

The rapidly growing conviction among physicians and laymen that oranges are the most healthful fruit is largely responsible for the growing popularity of this fruit. More and more are oranges coming to be the favored fruit for children. Thousands of doctors prescribe orange juice as the only food, aside from milk, to be given to infants. For adults the orange is the ideal fruit.

But it is not its healthfulness alone that has placed the orange in the lead. As several authorities have pointed out, it is one of a few fruits which furnish their own germ-proof package. From the tree to your hands the orange comes free from contamination. When you remove its skin the meat and juice are revealed in all their purity and deliciousness. No other hands have tampered with them. "Oranges for health" is more than a catch-phrase: it is truth itself.

Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"Please answer me, Karen."

"You know," she said, "that unless you let me sleep I—couldn't rest—like this. Don't you?"

"Are you not comfortable?"

"Yes. . . . But that has nothing to do with it. You know it."

He murmured something which she did not catch.

"I don't *care* to rest this way if we are going to remain awake," she whispered.

"I am asleep," he replied, drowsily.

Whether or not he was, she could not be certain even after a long while. But, in argument with her conscience again, she thought she ought to take the chance that he was asleep, because, if he were, it would be inhuman of her to lift her head and arouse him.

Meanwhile the train moved ahead at a fair speed, not very fast, but without stopping. Other trains gave it right of way, hissing on sidings—even military and supply trains which operated within the zone controlled by General von Reiter's division. The locomotive carried several lanterns of various colors. They were sufficient to clear the track for that train through that strip of Belgium to the Luxembourg frontier.

Hills, woods, mountain streams, stretches of ferny uplands, gullies set with beech and hazel flew by under the watching stars.

Over the fields to the west lay what had been Liege. But they swung east through Herve, past Ensival, then south by Theux, Stavelot, over the headwaters of the Ourthe.

Forest trees almost swept the window panes at times; lonely hamlets lay unlighted in darkened valleys. Karen's blue eyes were shut, and she did not see these things. As for Guild, he lay very still, wondering how he was to get the papers—wondering, too, what it was about this girl that was making this headlong, nerve-racking quest of his the most interesting and most wonderful journey he had ever undertaken.

They were not asleep, but they should have been. And in separate corners. Conscience was explaining this to her, and she was really trying to find relief in sleep. Conscience was less intrusive with him, except in regard to the papers. And when it had nagged him enough, he ceased wondering how he was going to get them, and merely admitted that he would do it.

And this self-knowledge disturbed him so that he could scarcely endure to think of the matter and of what must happen to their friendship in the end. Sorrow, dismay, tenderness possessed him by turns. She seemed like a slumbering child there on his shoulder, softly fragrant, trustful, pathetic. And he was pledged to a thing that might tear the veil from her eyes—horrify her, crush her confidence in man.

"I can bribe a couple of old women," he thought miserably—"but it's almost as bad as though I did it myself. Good Heavens!—was a man ever before placed in such a predicament?"

And when he couldn't stand his horrid reflections any longer he said, "Karen?" again. So humbly, so unhappily that the girl opened her blue eyes very wide and listened with all her might.

"Karen," he said, "in a comparatively short time you won't listen to me at all—you won't tolerate me. And before that time is upon us, I—I want to say a—few—words to you . . . about how deeply I value our friendship. . . . And about my very real respect and admiration for you. . . . You won't let me say it, soon. You won't care to hear it. You will scorn the very mention of my name—hate me, possibly—no, probably. . . . And so now—before I have irrevocably angered you—before I have incurred your—dislike—I want to say—if I may—that I—never was as unhappy in all my life."

Lying very still against his shoulder, she thought: "He does not really mean to do it."

"Karen," he went on, "if you don't find it in your heart to spare me this—duty—how can I spare myself?"

She thought: "He *does* mean to do it."

"And yet—and yet——"

"He won't do it!" she thought.

"There never has been a coward in my race!" he said more calmly.

"He *does* mean to do it!" she thought. "He is a barbarian, a Hun, a Visigoth, a savage! He is a brute, all through. And I—I don't know what I am becoming—resting here—listening to such—such infamy from him! I don't know what is going to become of me—I don't—I *don't!*"

She caught her breath like a hurt child, hot tears welled up; she turned and buried her face against his arm, overwhelmed by her own toleration of herself and the man she was learning so quickly to endure, to fear, and to care for with all the capacity of a heart and mind that had never before submitted one atom of either mind or heart to any man.

What had happened to her? What possessed her? What was bewitching her that from the first instant she had laid eyes on him she seemed to realize she belonged with him—beside him! And now—now a more terrifying knowledge threatened, menaced her—the vague, obscure, formless idea that she belonged *to* him.

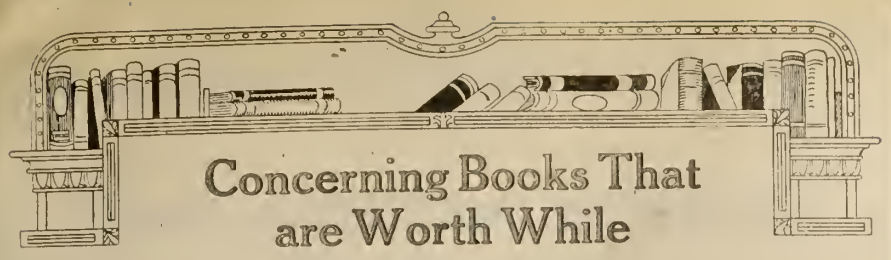
Did it mean she was in love! Was *this* love? It couldn't be. Love came differently. It was a happiness, a delight, a firm and abiding faith, a sunburst of self-revelation and self-knowledge. It wasn't tears and conscience and bewilderment, and self-reproach—and a haunting fear of self—and a constantly throttled dismay at her own capability for informality—the informality, for example, of her present attitude! And she wept anew at her own astounding degradation.

Love? No, indeed. But a dreadful unaccountable exposure of her own unaccountable capacity for familiarity! That was it. She was common—common at heart, common by instinct. She had thought she had a will of her own. It seemed she had not. She had nothing!—nothing admirable in her—neither quality nor fineness nor courage nor intellect. It must be so, or how could she be where she was, blotting her tears against the shoulder of a man she had known two days!—biting at her quivering lip in silence there, miserable, bewildered, lonely—lonely beyond belief?

After a moment she said, without emphasis, and thoughtfully, as though in self-communion to make things clearer to herself:

"I'm really well born. You might be pardoned for not thinking so——"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)



Concerning Books That are Worth While

---and Some Others

By Owen E. McGillicuddy

A Chance to Live, by Zoe Beckley. Published by The Macmillan Co. of Canada. Price, $1.60.

THIS is a little gem of a novel, written by one of the feature writers of the New York "World," who amply demonstrates that she has a very unusual gift for observing human nature in its various manifestations in a large city.

Miss Beckley was urged to write this book by Miss Kathleen Norris, several of whose stories have appeared from time to time in the pages of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. In a brief introduction, Miss Norris pays a tribute to Miss Beckley's ability, and tells how the story came to be written. "After two years of waiting, Miss Beckley has written the story which I asked her to. She showed it to me a few nights ago, and I laughed and cried over it as usual. It is the story of one small, ambitious, wistful, life-hungry girl—Annie Hargan—lost in the lower regions of New York like a hundred thousand others, climbing and hoping in spite of the pitfalls and despairs that we leave in the path of such girls, studying life with half-puzzled and half-frightened eyes, holding tight to the miraculous truth of her own soul—as so many girls mysteriously do in spite of all our civilization does to crush it and them.

"And if it comes to you to wonder how many other girls' feet are going to naturally and simply follow Annie's feet, and how many other girls are going to find the solution where she finds it—well, Zoe, Annie and I can only assure you that the facts are these—and we are dealing in this life with facts.

"For me it is only to bespeak your interest and affection for little Annie Hargan as she steps shyly but courageously into the world of loved heroines of fiction. And like Napoleon's irrepressible laundress, or like the curtain-raiser who nodded a last reassurance to Galli-Curci when she made her first bow to us, I take the privilege to wish her godspeed on her new way, and with her toil-worn and tired but strong little hands in mine, allow me to say, 'Ladies and gentlemen—Annie.' "

This column is pleased to recommend this book to the many readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, because in it they will not only have the pleasure of reading a tale well told, but will also receive a knowledge of conditions as they affect many of our girls in the large cities of America. It is one of the few novels of this season which will afford complete satisfaction to all who do read it.

Democracy in Canada, by John D. Hunt. Published by The Macmillan Co. of Canada. Price, 50c.

A LITTLE over a year ago, The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Limited, published a volume by Mr. Hunt, dealing with the cultivation of good citizenship, under the title, "The Dawn of a New Patriotism." This work proved to be of such value and was so well received by the reading public that the first edition was exhausted as soon as it had been issued. When the second edition appeared, it was decided to add an additional chapter dealing with the development of self-government in the Dominion. This chapter has been reprinted, and is issued now as a separate book under the title, "Democracy in Canada."

The small volume gives a concise but connected general summary of the important events, political issues and constitutional changes which have affected Canada since 1763, when French occupation of the country ceased. The essentials of Canadian history are thus given in such a way that they will appeal, not only to the occasional reader, but also to those who have a deeper interest in Canadian history. The little volume is written in a non-partisan spirit, and is, apparently, an honest attempt to give the average citizen a short and interesting story of the steps by which the threshold of Canadian nationhood has been reached.

Twinkletoes, by Thomas Burke. Published by The Musson Book Company. Price, $1.40.

THIS is a novel which, despite a certain strength of artistry, we cannot recommend to the readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. It is a story of the gradual deterioration of a London dancing artist, who, losing faith in her father on discovering him to be a counterfeiter, has not the strength of character to save herself from a life of common prostitution.

The novel is not one which should be allowed to fall into the hands of boys and girls, and will afford little helpfulness to any adult reader, notwithstanding the many capabilities which are shown in the actual writing of it by this young but thoughtless novelist.

The Aims of Labour, by the Rt.-Hon. Arthur Henderson. Published by McClelland & Stewart. Price, $1.00.

IN this book the Secretary of the Labor Party of Great Britain counsels and warns his fellow Britons against the doctrines of violence which certain groups of revolutionary Socialists are preaching in many countries. He protests against the notion of a revolution by "bombs and bayonets," and deplores the propaganda of the so-called "Bolsheviki" as tending seriously to undermine belief in the efficacy of political action.

In a brief preface, Mr. Henderson states that the sole purpose of the book is to advance the social and political ideals which he has at heart. "In presenting this little volume to the public," he writes, "no pretense is made that it is a complete or comprehensive statement of the aims of British labor. The main substance of several of the chapters has already appeared in the form of articles published in various magazines and newspapers. When it was suggested that I should issue them as a collection of chapters dealing with some of the vital problems now confronting the democratic forces of Great Britain, I agreed to do so, in the hope that they might prove of some little help to my prospective readers in forming their own views on the questions which are discussed."

Mr. Henderson is professedly a Socialist, and has an international reputation as one of the leaders of the movement, but his teachings are scorned by revolutionists like the Bolsheviki in Russia, the Spartacans in Germany, and the "Reds" in other countries. In people of this "unstable temperament"—a very charitable description of advocates of brigandage and terrorism—Mr. Henderson sees the enemies of true social progress. He points out that revolution, in the sense of armed insurrection, is alien to the British character, and that no responsible person can contemplate such a possibility without horror. The whole book is a reasoned appeal for gradual and peaceful transformation of industrial conditions.

The Canadian Almanac for 1919. Edited by Arnold W. Thomas. Published by The Copp-Clark Co. Price, $1.50.

THIS is the seventy-second year of publication for this annual compendium of useful information, and the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64.)



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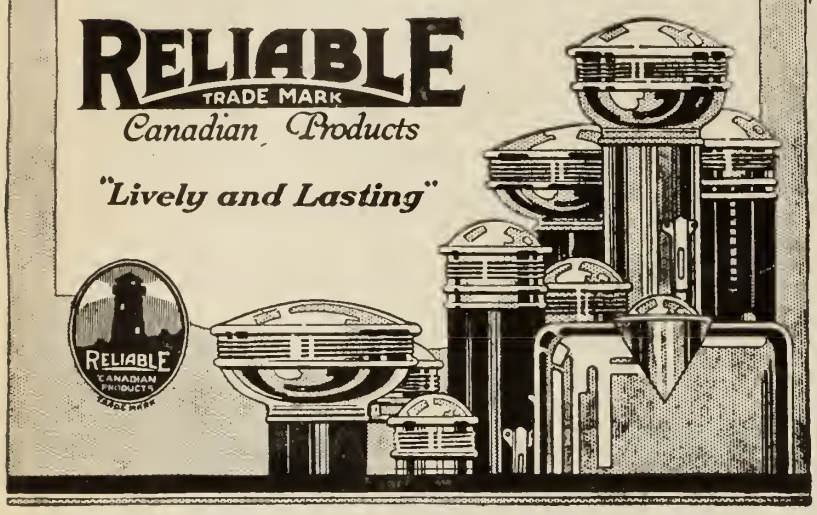
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Literature and Journalism

What It Means To Be a Woman Reporter: By Katherine Hale

(No manuscript will be read unless typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.)

THE life of the woman reporter! "Will you kindly write an article on the kind of work and life a girl encounters when she is looking for and finally gets a newspaper reporter's job? What are the qualifications, education and personality necessary for success? Does a girl require personal courage to go into slums, or among foreigners when sent to report?"

One of the most interesting positions on a daily paper is that of the woman reporter. Hers is by no means "routine" work. she is in very truth never sure "what a day may bring forth."

On the average city newspaper there are many departments filled by writers of varying degrees of experience and ability. There are the "cub" reporters, the boys just beginning work, the night reporters, the day reporters, the "special" reporters who are valuable, each in a certain line, and there is the woman reporter. None of these sign their work, they, like the editorial writers, are bound up with the body of the paper. The reporters represent the news and the editors the voice of the paper.

Special writers have a place by themselves though many a special writer also does reportorial work. The special writer signs his or her articles. "Critics," in Canada at least, are usually merely special writers who are assigned the book reviews, musical criticisms, theatres and art notes. Special writers usually do a good deal of "free lance" work. That is, they may take several magazine commissions along different lines, go into short story work, etc., and still appear weekly in the columns of their own newspaper; whereas the regular reporter is usually too busy to go farther afield than his or her daily assignments.

AS the first step in a journalistic and even a literary career nothing can be more educative than the life of a reporter. In the case of a young girl just beginning, her assignments will not be too alarming at first. It is highly improbable that she will be hurried at once to report police court proceedings or a baseball match, of which she may not even know the technical language. Besides, these are important items and the beginner must start humbly. She will in all likelihood be sent to a Woman's Temperance Meeting and must be very careful of her shorthand, for Mrs. A. does not want her ideas mixed up with those of Miss B. or Miss C., and an uplift meeting of any sort is no occasion for little mistakes. Women are much more severe on mistakes in reporting than men, as any editor will tell you.

Some of the requirements of the woman reporter, apart from the requisite knowledge of shorthand and stenography, are a healthy body, which implies strong nerves, the habit of observation, instinctive concentration—by which I mean the power to throw the mind entirely on the subject in hand—and a keen journalistic curiosity about the ways and workings of ordinary human life all about us.

I do not think that the success of the woman reporter means any special educational training, to fit her for the post. Her work itself will be a training, a training so great that it will tinge all the rest of her life, with the knowledge gained, no matter in what sphere it may be lived. As for "personal courage," every career that is worth while requires that. For my part, as a writer, I should say that it requires much less personal courage to go on a sudden mission to some sordid slum than to deliberately enter into training, for instance, in an ordinary well-regulated hospital, where everything runs by clock-work and nurses are well protected young women. To see other people's inevitable suffering is a much more terrifying process to me than to encounter the vague possibilities of an unknown slum. But that is a matter of personality; journalists, like nurses and poets, are born, not made.

I am sure that my correspondent, like many others, wants to know the comparative remuneration of the woman reporter.

Well, that depends largely on the size of the city and the circulation of the paper which employs you. It depends also, as you will easily understand, on your experience and ability. Probationers in a hospital are required to put in three years of training, with at least eight hours a day of work, without any remuneration, before they are qualified to ask for a weekly fee. The woman reporter is paid from her first assignment, usually at "space rates" which vary from two dollars to five dollars a column. After a time, when she has proved herself an able reporter, she may be taken on salary which is paid weekly, and this may run from ten dollars a week up to twenty-five. Then her time belongs solely to the paper which employs her, and usually her hours of work are defined.

THESE hours vary according as the paper is a morning or an evening sheet. When it is published at noon, the forms are what we call "locked" about eleven o'clock in the morning. Nothing may be added after that time. With a morning paper this mystic rite is performed about midnight, so that the afternoon and evening are the busy times. The haste with which the social reporter at a dance, the dramatic critic, the woman who is taking notes at an evening meeting, departs from the scene of action at ten thirty or eleven o'clock, by no means implies a lack of interest. It signifies a natural inclination to get one's copy in while there is yet time.

I have often heard the remark at a concert or theatre. "No wonder artists despair of fair criticisms. Watch so and so of the 'Era' disappear before the best thing on the programme!"

Yes, but, dear Sir or Madam, the play or the concert may have been late in starting, it is nearing eleven, time is pressing. If you are to see your name in the social column tomorrow morning, or to read all about the quality of Galli-Curci's voice, or just what so and so said about the Makings of Peace, that harried individual, the reporter, or the special writer, as the case may be, should, by this time, be at a green shaded desk with the typewriter going like mad.

And it is really a very fine game!

TO be, if not a voice, at least a faithful echo of the doings of this big, puzzling, splendid old world—to learn to report accurately its doings—this is surely interesting enough to make up for the rigors of learning the process. And there is always the hope that the reporter will himself become a "voice" in time. I do not see how any man or woman can report life faithfully, with the seeing eye and the understanding heart, without coming to certain realizations that will eventually give him or her the power of self-expression. For the greatest artists are really just the truest reporters of life. There is in them an entire absence of the spirit of small criticism, of ego, which makes the affectations and mannerisms of the lesser lights in all fields. That is why supreme art always seems to the outsider so "natural."

Someone, speaking of a great novel of the war, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by Vicente Ibanez, a Spanish writer, said, "Why it is really just a straight report of the way the war came to certain people in Europe!" Yes, but with what shining truth, with what ruthless clipping of unnecessary detail, with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.)

The Piano's Place In Music

Its Importance for Those Who Would Learn to Sing

By Hector Charlesworth



LAST month the writer dealt with the history and evolution of the pianoforte from a small, simple contrivance of the middle ages into one of the most imposing, and certainly the most widely used of modern instruments. There is much to be added on the subject of its general utility in the mission of spreading the art of music; which accounts for the manner in which it continues to hold its own, despite the fears of those, who, when reproducing instruments first came into general use, predicted that it would decline in popularity.

The primary reason, of course, is that the instinct of a large part of humanity is to make music themselves, and not to be content with merely listening to music mechanically reproduced in which they have no share. But it is the wonderful adaptability of the piano as the support of the human voice and of other instruments, that makes it an indispensable factor in modern music. The ease with which its principles are mastered; and the fact that its tone is already created, and only awaits a stroke on the right key to be evoked, make it possible for the child or adult of indifferent ear to obtain satisfactory results, so long as he pays attention to what his fingers are doing. Let us make this point clear; only a comparatively small number of people, even when possessed of passable voices, find it possible to sing in tune, let alone to read music at sight for singing purposes. Only by aid of careful training and a correct ear does a pupil learn how to form the notes of the scale on the violin. All this is already done for the pupil at the piano. Once he learns the notes on the staff that correspond to those on the keyboard, the tone will take care of itself if the piano is properly tuned; and the result depends on his dexterity and taste.

For many years, the piano has been recognized as an indispensable aid to the art of singing and to performace on the various stringed instruments of the viol type. It is a fact known to most of those who are brought into contact with music in a professional way that many singers are deficient in musical aptitude. They lack the intuition which enables one person to sing or whistle in tune; where another equally fond of music utterly fails. But most people with voices can learn to sing a given set of notes correctly if supported by the piano. They accustom themselves in the melody of a song by singing it in unison with the piano. Trained musicians of highly developed ear are apt to dismiss singers as poorer musicians than any other class of musical executants. In the belief of many this conclusion would be less true if more young people had learned how to play the piano before they seriously attempted to sing at all. Take for instance the boy or girl who develops a beautiful voice in adolescence and is completely without musical training of any kind. Such young people are entirely at a loss as a rule when they start to make use of their gift.

A REMEDY is to be found in the practice, now becoming more and more general, of teaching the young child the piano as a part of his general education. The utilitarian parent may ask with regard to the youngster, "Of what use is the piano going to be to him?" You never can tell. It may turn out to be of enormous practical use, entirely apart from the boon of an addition to his general culture. It is best that children should begin lessons on the piano at seven or eight, so that their hands may become accustomed to the use of the instrument, while still soft and plastic. On the other hand, except for simple school ditties which cause no strain on that delicate organ the human voice it is regarded as liable to cause serious physical consequences to try and induce a child to engage in the more difficult feats of song, unless they come naturally to him. Even with the child who is naturally a sweet singer a knowledge of the piano will be the best of all possible aids while the youth who develops a fine voice in his or her 'teens will find the knowledge of the rudiments of music, so easily acquired at the piano, of tremendous advantage. It may be added that in such cases vocal studies will leave but little spare time for other lessons; while inexperienced hands become stiffer and less manageable with the passing of childhood.

FOR this reason it is good policy for parents who can afford to make a small sacrifice to anticipate future developments by setting their children to the task of learning the piano while they are little. When they reach adolescence and develop social or musical ambitions, as most of them do, they have a groundwork of ineffaceable knowledge that will last them all their lives. If nature has shed its dower upon them in the shape of beautiful voices they have a foundation on which to start and build careers.

There is hardly anyone, however, remotely located, who has not heard of the bird-like singer, Madame Galli-Curci. They may not have been so fortunate as to have actually listened to her in some great concert hall; or even to have heard the records of her voice which have travelled to countless localities that she could never hope to visit; but they have read of her in newspapers and magazines; and know of the great fame and fortune she has won in North America in the short space of two or three years. Yet it is a fact that Madame Galli-Curci did not commence to sing until she was approaching womanhood, and even then did not take singing lessons. Her knowledge of how to sing was gained from the fact that she was a trained musician in other branches. A year or so ago Madame Galli-Curci said: "A girl who desires to be a fine singer must not begin vocal study too young. She should not be singing much even at sixteen or seventeen years of age, but should wait until she is at least eighteen. But those early years should be well used, learning much of the piano; for a singer must be able to play her own accompaniments."

THIS latter statement would surprise some singers; but what Madame Galli-Curci meant was that to practice properly the vocal pupil must have the aid of the piano to learn the real structure of the song. Other great prima donnas like Marcella Sembrich and Nellie Melba are insistent on piano study as essential in enabling the vocal student to perfect herself in the art.

For the above reason many vocal teachers advocate the continuance of piano lessons along with vocal lessons if a pupil can afford it and has not received early instruction in that instrument. With regard to the violin music in which in all public performances the piano plays a part, the condition is different. It goes without saying that the violinist cannot accompany himself; and is compelled to gain sufficient confidence in private practice to do without its aid. But the public ear demands the support of the piano to enrich the effect in the concert hall; which is but another illustration of the piano's pervading influence.

THUS far one has only spoken of the pianoforte as the servant and coadjuster of other branches of musical effort. It is almost unnecessary to add that as a solo instrument it wields a great and potent influence all its own. In fact to lovers of music there is nothing more satisfying than piano music interpreted by some highly gifted performer; while in the home it is, to those who can play, an ever-ready

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60.)



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The Journal Juniors' Club

Conducted By Ethel Bain

Stories by Our Girls and Boys Become More Interesting Each Month



MY Dear HOME JOURNAL Children:

Our Club is just like a lucky bag. Why? Because it is full of surprises. The surprises are the interesting letters you send in. One grown-up, when she had finished reading of how you helped to win the war, confessed that the club members had made her feel ashamed of the little she had done towards ending the greatest war in history.

I am sure the birds enjoyed their Christmas treats. Wasn't it a splendid idea of Clotilde's, putting the warm bricks out for her feathered friends? How well she solved the problem of the cheeky sparrow. No wonder the birds love you, Clotilde. Possibly the strangers were red-breasted nuthatches. Watch them, and then write me a letter and try to describe them better.

No letters were received for Contest No. 3. This was for children under twelve years of age. Don't give up trying, for you know that every member cannot win a prize the first time they contribute. Write again, won't you, and so help to keep your own page the most interesting in the JOURNAL?

Your sincere friend,
ETHEL BAIN.

Contests for March

1. For boys and girls from 12 to 16 years. A letter of 500 words about the birds which arrive from the South this month.
2. Camera Contest for boys and girls up to 14 years. Any subject.
3. For boys and girls up to 11 years of age. A letter of 300 words about the "Robin."

Write on one side of the paper only.

Name, age and address must be written on each contribution.

PRIZE LIST FOR JANUARY CONTESTS.

1. "My Work for the Red Cross." Awarded to Mayme Tompkins, age 13, R.R. No. 1, Lindsay, Ont.
2. "My Christmas Treat for the Birds." Awarded to Clotilde Dinner, age 12, Ziska, Ont.
3. "My Work for the Red Cross." Children under 12 years of age. No letters were received for this contest.
5. Prize for best photograph. Awarded to Carmeletta Yallop, R.R. No. 1, Tillsonburg, Ont.
6. Prize for scrap book. Awarded to Maud Gillespie, age 11, 159 Fourth Ave., Niagara Falls, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Contest No. 1—Reta Hiscocks, Rodney, Ont.
Contest No. 2—J. Moore Hart, Cannington, Ont.

PRIZE LETTER.

"My Christmas Treat for the Birds."—By Clotilde Dinner, age 12, Ziska, Ont.

Having read in the December number of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, about a little boy and girl who put their Christmas Tree outside with a treat on it for the birds, inspired me to do the same.

On Christmas Eve, when my brother and I went to the swamp for our tree, I got him to cut down another little tree also, about two feet high.

We took the trees home and after decorating our own, I took the other and tied many little pieces of suet, crusts, liver and bones to it. After this was done I tied it to the board outside, where the birds came to feed. I also scattered crumbs on the board and ground.

Early Christmas morning I was awakened by a sweet "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee." Jumping up, I looked out of the window and beheld a little chickadee and a big bluejay happily devouring the goodies.

I watched for a while and presently along came some more chickadees and two little reddish black birds, but to mar the happiness of the feast an English sparrow came and tried to drive the others away.

When I was dressed I went out and put some scraps on a board a little distance away. The sparrow growing tired of quarrelling flew over to the board and began eating, leaving the rest alone. I then put two heated bricks on the bird board for them to warm themselves.

I had a very happy Christmas this year, and I think what added to the happiness of it was the thought that I had shared my things with some of God's little creatures.

PRIZE LETTER.

"My Work for the Red Cross."—By Mayme Tompkins, Age 13, R. R. No. 1, Lindsay, Ontario.

Not being able to leave home to go and work in an ammunition factory I decided to help the Red Cross. So I joined the Cambrai Women's Institute of which I am the youngest member.

While the war was on, the Institute bought flannelette, making it into various garments for soldiers such as surgical shirts, etc. The women would meet at the home of a member and cut it into the various articles that it is used for. These were distributed to be made. I made a number each time. We also bought yarn which I helped knit into socks.

Each month we pack boxes for the boys from around here that are overseas. We always put in a pair of socks, fruit cake, tobacco, home-made candy, gum and a home-made candle; sometimes we put in towels and soap, or writing paper, or some other small sundry.

As I have no brothers at all, and no friends overseas, I put notes in the pockets of the shirts and in the socks, and so got the names of soldiers, to whom I wrote and tried to cheer them up a little.

Last summer, as a means of raising Red Cross money, the Institute decided to hold a contest to see who could collect the most money. I came first, having collected the sum of fifteen dollars and twenty-five cents in the month of July.

In the winter we had a social evening at the home of one of the members. Mother and I baked pies, a cake, and made sandwiches. I gave a recitation, took part in a dialogue, and helped serve lunch.

We also have had two basket socials. At one I took a basket, which sold for one dollar and a half. At the other one I had a basket ready and a recitation prepared, but just before it I took the "flu," so unfortunately was unable to go.

Now, as they do not need surgical shirts, we are making flannelette underwear, sheets, pillow-covers, etc., for relief work. So, as I also worked on the farm in the summer to help production, I do not think I can be looked upon as a shirker.



Prize photograph taken by Carmeletta Yallop, age 12, Tillsonburg, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION.

"My Christmas Treat For the Birds"—By J. Moore Hart, Age 11, Cannington, Ont.

This Christmas I thought I would give the birds a treat. I first went to the house and got a broom and swept away the snow from a level stretch of ground. Then I got wheat and grain of all kinds, and scattered them on the swept space. I also got bits of suet, breadcrumbs and other tasty morsels of food that all birds like.

Then I watched the birds come, in twos and threes, and start devouring the supply I had put out for them. When they had flown away, I went and looked at the spot where I had put the food, but there wasn't a crumb left. I hope some other boy or girl will try this next winter and just find out what a kindness it is to help the birds.

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

Dinner, Clotilde, Ziska, Ont.
Hiscocks, Reta, Rodney, Ont.
Hart, J. Moore, Cannington, Ont.
Keating, Maurice, Halifax, N.S.
Tompkins, Mayme, Lindsay, Ont.
Yallop, Carmeletta, Tillsonburg, Ont.
Gillespie, Maud, 159 Fourth Ave., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Wallace, Kathleen, Oxbow, Sask.
Jackson, Mary E., R.R. No. 1, Malton, Ont.

Only A Sparrow.

"HELLO, chicken!" Bushy, the red squirrel, cried, as he scampered down his home tree to greet the bird scratching amongst the dead leaves.

"I'm not a chicken, I'm a sparrow," retorted the bird.

"But," protested the red squirrel, "sparrows don't scratch."

"Yes, they do, at least fox sparrows do. What's more, we use both feet when we scratch and that is more than any chicken can do, because it only uses one foot at a time. See—" and there and then the fox sparrow began to scratch vigorously, scattering the leaves, like any barn yard fowl.

"But," persisted the red squirrel, "Why are you called the fox sparrow? You don't look like a fox."

"No more than you do, but I expect it is on account of my reddish brown feathers. You can see they're quite the same color as the fox's fur. Still I can do something that a fox can't."

"What is that?" eagerly asked Bushy.

"I can sing," proudly answered the bird.

"Sing," echoed the disappointed squirrel, "But—but I thought all birds could sing."

"Did you ever hear a turkey or an eagle, or a vulture sing?" sharply asked the fox sparrow. "I never did," he went on. "They scream or cry, but as for singing, no, they leave that for the smaller birds to do."

"I'd like to hear you sing," said Bushy shyly.

"Would you?" replied the now delighted bird. "Listen then." At once the fox sparrow flew up and perched on a bush and gave Bushy, the red squirrel, a joyful surprise, for he burst into the fullest, richest song he'd ever heard. Such glorious tones they were, that a lonely wayfarer on the nearby road stood still to listen and feared to move lest the slightest noise would stop the golden voiced singer. There was a tinge of sadness in the strains of music that poured forth from the feathered songster but they only added beauty to his song and the red squirrel gasped in astonishment that such a volume of tone could be contained in so tiny a throat. His song ended, the fox sparrow briskly descended to the ground in search of more insects.

"WELL," exclaimed the red squirrel, "I wish I could sing like that, but there, squirrels never sing."

"No, they chatter," laughed the fox sparrow. "Never mind, Bushy. It would never do for us all to be alike."

Neither would it, but I dare say many of us wish we could sing as well as the fox sparrow. This hardy bird, seven inches long is the best singer of all the sparrow family. You wouldn't think so if you heard his weak call-note of "tseep, tseep" in the roadside bushes. Scratching amongst the dead leaves he finds hundreds of insects still in their winter sleep. These insects are only awaiting the sunshiny days of April, then they will be awakened by the warmth of the sun's rays and as soon as they are awake they will attack the trees. The fox sparrow wages war on the sleeping enemy and destroys hundreds of these tree pests, for this is the work that Mother Nature has given him to do, and in the early days of March you will see him hard at work.

INSECTS and weed seeds are what he feeds upon, so he is indeed a valuable worker and those of you who live on a farm should encourage him, for he loves those tiresome weeds and your weed patch won't grow any larger if you make friends with the fox sparrow. "But, he's a sparrow," you will say. Yes, he is a sparrow and sparrows on the whole are not favored. But remember, that there are good and bad sparrows.

The sparrow family is large and when one knows the various members one is apt to get a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56.)

Points For The Novice Motorist

By JEROME T. SHAW.

THERE are always to be found a number of motorists who become stranded by the roadside each time they venture beyond a very limited distance from home. If the cause of their forced delays were investigated it would be found that they were generally of a trivial nature, such as could have been avoided by taking the proper precautions in advance.

So often does the "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" moral enter into the conclusion drawn from the diagnosis of the situations which "hang up" the owner on the roadside, that this article is devoted to a recapitulation of some of the more simple remedies, or precautions, that are the secret of success of those fortunate owners who run their cars year in and year out without roadside delays.

Contrary to the usual opinion, these successful owners know no more than the average; few have had any extensive experience in machinery and the majority have never been inside an engineering works. Perhaps their success is due to their ability to apply the remedy in advance of the difficulty, or because they conceive causes before their effect is produced; at any rate, they seem to possess a faculty of warding off the demon of breakdown.

Here are some useful hints that can undoubtedly be applied with advantage to your new car, even though your neighbor stands in no need of the same advice, since his car's mechanism is already perfect to this degree.

Since it is the engine that makes the car go, so it must likely be some failure in the engine that is the cause for which it stops. And, moreover, just as it is the diet to which the human body is subjected that has more to do with its fitness or unfitness of condition than any other factor, so it is the fuel supply of an engine that, before all else, needs to be perfectly arranged. Let us, therefore, start these simple remedies at the beginning by considering the fuel supply, and let us further bear in mind that in the case of all simple remedies it is a thorough recognition and appreciation of the first principles that makes their application a success.

Filter the Gasoline.

THUS, in the fuel supply, let us start with the principle of cleanliness, than which there is no principle more vital to the preparation of any kind of food. Impurities in the engine's fuel supply are fatal to good working; in fact, the impurity seldom gets as far as the engine before it causes trouble, since the minutest speck of solid matter is sufficient to choke the jet of the carburetor and interrupt all further supply from that point onward. Notwithstanding the fact that you are dealing with minute and invisible difficulties, consistent care is an absolutely sure way of eliminating their evil work.

When filling the tank, for example, make a practice of wiping clean the region of the opening before removing the cap, as this is generally covered with dirt and dust. Never fill the tank without using a strainer, and if you have no strainer or chamois, use a silk pocket handkerchief for it makes an excellent filter.

Incidentally, when you want to know the amount of gas in your tank and have no gauge, do not use a dirty stick as your measuring gauge; many a one unconsciously does so after taking the most elaborate precautions to eliminate particles not one fraction as large as those he afterwards introduces wholesale without realizing it.

Replacing Fuel Leads.

SOMETIMES the fuel pipe breaks, and the cause is generally vibration. The first thing to do is to fit in a new length and see that the pipe is properly supported; for this purpose follow the channel side member of the main frame; the pipe can be well supported and excellently protected there.

Even when the gasoline is filtered at the tank there should always be a filter in the supply pipe also, and preferably it should be situated near the carburetor, for then it is in a very accessible position. If your car is not already provided with one, such an accessory should be obtained without delay; if it is already there remember that it needs cleaning out occasionally. If your gasoline pipe breaks at the union near the carburetor, procure a longer length of pipe and coil the extremity in a loop so as to make the attachment less rigid.

Ignition Difficulties.

IGNITION troubles, at one time, were supposed to be the cause of every ailment to which an engine was heir, but since the general adoption of the more perfected ignition systems the firing arrangements have been so much improved that even an expert thinks twice before blaming the spark, even though he may feel that there is something at fault in the circuit. Nevertheless, the ignition system of most of the modern electrically equipped cars is rather delicate, notwithstanding that it does wonderful work, and if anything does go wrong with it, it is scarcely within the province of the amateur to set it right. For this reason, the motorist in outlying districts, far from the conveniences of the local repair shop, would be well advised to have on hand sufficient spares for his car, including a set of dry batteries, and to find some quiet corner under the seat where they can be stored away in wrappings against emergency. They can be made to fit in a small space, and they weigh but little; but what a blessing they will be should you happen to have a serious breakdown in that quarter.

If the car has magneto ignition you will not have to depend upon batteries, but it may be wise to carry a spare kit containing an extra high-tension brush and a low-tension contact breaker. Do not overlubricate your magneto, and do not let it get covered with oil and dirt; above all keep water from it, and if you are going to dash through a driving rain and deep puddles, beware, for your gladiatorial spirit will produce spectacular splashes that will put your ignition system out of commission, perhaps at a very critical moment. As to the lubrication, two or three drops of oil every 500 miles is enough for any good magneto.

Hard Starting.

WITH neglect some engines become increasingly difficult to start and the first things to look at are the spark plugs and the battery or magneto contact breaker. Generally the gap between the sparking points of the plugs is too large, and often the separation of the contact breaker points is too small. The gap in each case should be one-fiftieth of an inch for a magneto system and slightly larger for a battery system, unless there are special instructions to the contrary.

Now and then you will be tempted to change your plugs for a different pattern that is said to be an improvement. Undoubtedly, some plugs are better than others, and especially is this the case when they have to work on engines where the oil is deposited on the porcelain and having become carbonized causes a short circuit of the current, thus putting the plug out of action. Therefore, when you select your plugs, bear this point in mind. If the threaded portion of the plugs are short in their reach they will leave a small pocket in front of each spark plug where inert gases can get trapped. It is now very generally recognized that the distortion

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)

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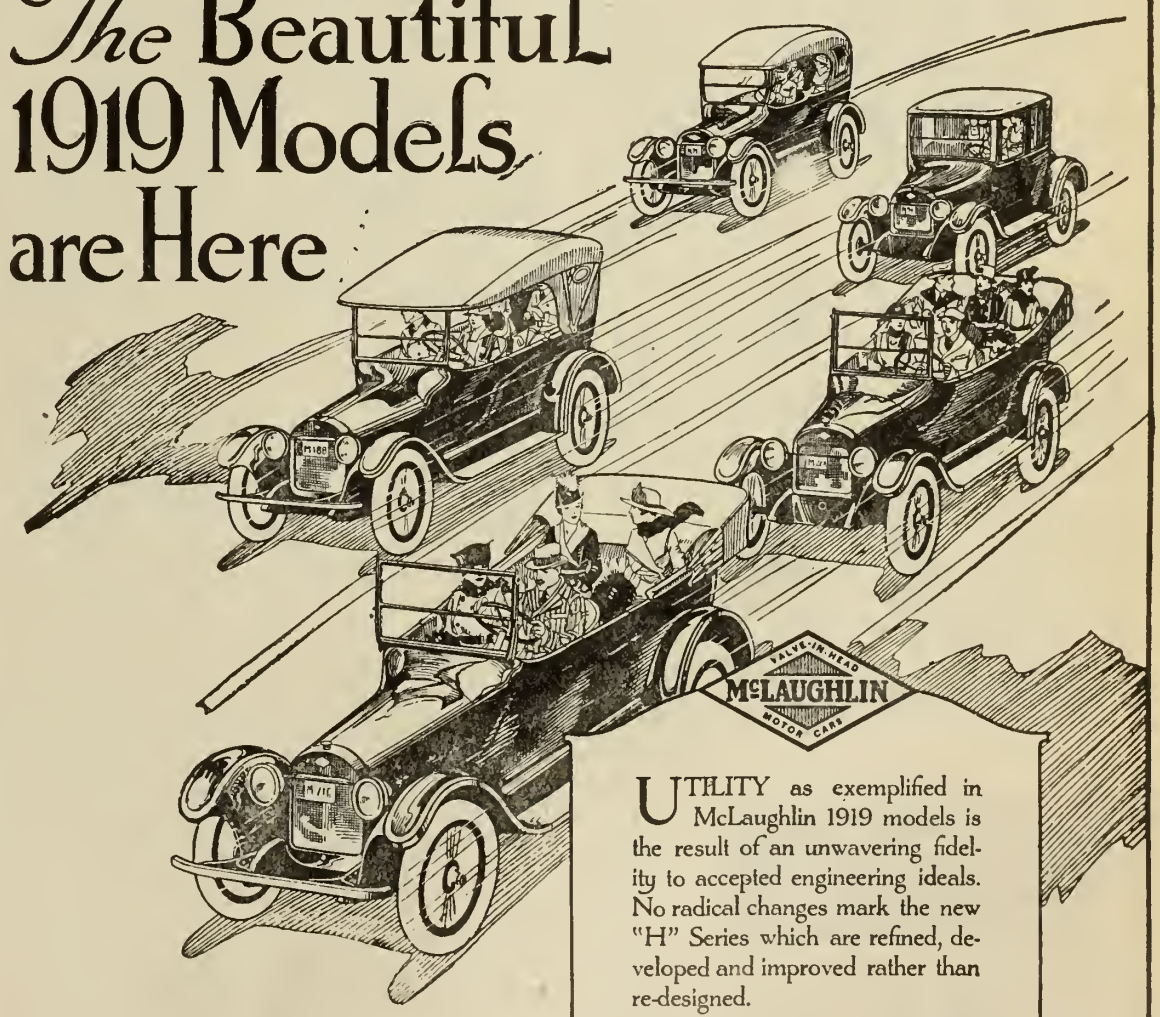
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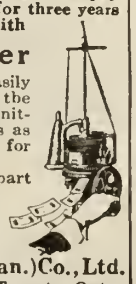
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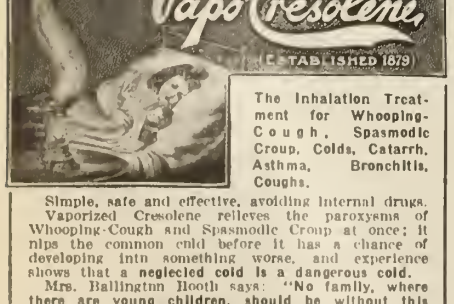
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Around the Hearth

By Jennie Allen Moore

"Summer and Winter and Spring,
Heat and the cold and the rain—
This is the tale the years bring,
Blessing and bane.
Labor and reaping that's sweet,
Twilight and day and the night,
Seed and the soil and the wheat,
Darkness and light.
God made the earth for man,
Home for a little span."

—Owen E. McGillicuddy.

OPPOSITIS.

THIS page shall be named in honor of the first letter in my correspondence pile. It arrived last year, just before my answers were sent to the press, but on account of its length could not be fitted into the allotted space. I crave the writer's indulgence for my delay, but my readers will kindly remember that there is only one mail-bag a year for public replies. All who desire their questions answered privately must so indicate by sending stamped and addressed envelopes, all of which receive my prompt attention. Following is the letter in its completeness:

My Dear Jennie Allen Moore,—

Having been a constant reader of the Canadian Home Journal for somewhat over ten years, I want to tell you a few of the things which are dashing through my mind, knowing full well that I will have a sympathetic listener, who will respond with a heart full of understanding.

Yes; it pertains to my own sex—and yes, again, to persons somewhat close to the years which I am now numbering as mine—the dear, blessed forties.

Do you ever wish you could go back, dear Jennie Allen Moore? I don't. I wouldn't exchange the blessed security of husband and daughter love, and the discernment and poise which experience and battling with the world have brought me, for all the thrills and visions of youth.

As I look back over the years, and from the height of my motherhood and mature womanhood observe the lives of young people about me, I do not look with envy, but with a feeling of satisfaction that I do not have to pass again through the deep waters of doubt, longing and disappointment. And so, I am coming to my point.

I am glad to be forty, but if, having reached it, I have arrived burdened with some of the little characteristics and peculiarities which are clinging to many of the women within my scope and vision, I do wish some one would feel free to tell me about it. That is why I am going to talk to you about some of my observations, thinking you might pass the criticism along through the medium of your page and save many a delightful feminine creature from falling into the ways—not of the wicked, but of the obnoxious.

Do you know her—she who is nearly always contrary-minded; who seldom agrees with your already expressed opinion? I have one friend who seems to be quite seriously afflicted—and it is serious, because where once her companionship was desirable, her friends are gradually leaving her to herself, and she is making her way quite alone. That is a calamity to befall anyone—for one cannot be disagreeable and retain friends.

By way of illustration, let me relate our conversation of the other day. We were at luncheon, and I made the remark that I did wish I could find a cream pitcher that did not drip. Immediately she replied: "We have fifteen at home, and not one of them drips."

Once again I said: "I have two pairs of gloves, all spanking clean and ready to wear." She answered: "Oh, I always keep a dozen pairs ready to put on."

Just that constant disagreeing with your opinions, or anyone else's, is very trying and disquieting. It is just a habit—a bad habit—and unless one takes a mental inventory one may be going around among friends with that ungracious and annoying habit fastened on tight forever.

I meet it so often now, and have been taking close count. It strikes the people verging towards forty. Tell them something, Jennie Allen Moore, how unloving and unlovely a woman is who is letting herself—gradually perhaps—through the gates of "oppositis."

I remember hearing one of my friends say that in one of her father's last talks with her, he said: "Never pointedly disagree with the previously expressed opinion of any other person in the room." That is a little broad, perhaps, else we would never have an exchange of outlook; but better err in that direction than let the pendulum swing just as far the other way.

What do you think of this trait, dear friend? Have you met this characteristic I speak of, and do you admire it? Tell me some time on your page.

A. W. L.

THE latter part of your letter reminded me of an incident of my teaching days. There were eight children where I boarded, and a byword among them was, "Who disputes you?"

An old man who had stayed with them at times was wont to greet their childish exclamation of "It's starting to rain" or "It's an awful cold day," and such like remarks, with this phrase, even although he was not directly addressed, and thus the expression grew into a joke.

He was troubled with "oppositis"—what a suitable name you have chosen—and when he couldn't contradict he gave vent to his feelings by growling out "Who disputes you?"

Have I ever come across it, you ask, and do I admire it? Oh, yes, friend; I know it well. It is a disease with some people, they are so sorely afflicted. They always take the opposite side apparently for no other reason than to be contrary. They will admit to nothing that is said or done that pleases or suits other people—exactly the reverse is their idea. How tiresome in a man, and how unlovely, as you say, in a woman!

One asks, why or what causes such results; and instead of being answered in a few words, one is led through such a labyrinth of questions that you are exhausted long before the convincing category leads you up to the point you wish to know.

Admire that? No, indeed. Such people, where I am concerned, are given a wide berth. Life is too short to argue and convince unceasingly. I like the people that take some things for granted, and if their opinions differ from others, manage to enjoy it without everlastingly giving it expression to force discussion.

We will welcome you again in our column, friend, from your distant home and in your own breezy style. Your letter will give rise to new thought, and, let us trust, yield fruit. Many of us need just such a little reminder to prevent us drifting into uncongenial ways, and this little talk may bring our peccadilloes into the limelight, and so lead us into improvement.

"G. J." wishes that I "might find space in 'Around the Hearth' for the language of flowers."

Little girl—for young and sentimental is what I believe you to be—you have waited a long time for your answer. In many patent medicine advertising books, and in some almanacs, there is given in a very complete form, the information you seek, as well as the significance of names, the wedding anniversaries, language of precious stones, etc. Be on the lookout for one of those, but, in the meantime, here is a list of the most common flowers:

Apple blossoms, preference; aster, I will think of it; Calla lily, beauty; cedar, I live for thee; carnation (white), disdain; carnation (red), sympathy; daisy (white), innocence; geranium, consolation; goldenrod, encouragement; honeysuckle, bond of sweetness; lily of the valley, return of happiness; yellow lily, gaiety; morning glory, coquetry; red rose, I love thee; white rose, purity; yellow rose, jealousy; primrose, inconstancy; violet, modesty; orange blossoms, chastity.

IN a very friendly letter from "Mrs. J. A. P.," she inquires: "Is there any place—a children's hospital or shelter—where second-hand picture postcards would be welcome? I remember when my child was small, a few cards would often amuse for a long time. Now we have so many they are in the way; and no doubt many others feel the same way. We would be glad to get rid of them if they could be of any use, but we do not like to burn them, as they are really pretty and interesting."

Indeed, they are too pretty and instructive for such a fate; and, yes, I believe they would be welcome in a "children's home," but in a loose collection would soon be lost or destroyed. I never cast aside a picture postal. They are all put into a box awaiting my leisure week—which usually arrives in midwinter, when housed in with a howling snow storm.

Then I make a bowl of just plain flour paste, and procure an old cash book or ledger from some business man's discarded or disused pile, and paste the cards in as picturesquely as possible. There are always other little fancy cards that come in soda and in candy boxes, with colored or embroidered paper to fill in any gaps, and the prettiest book imaginable is the outcome. A bunch of leaves—three or four together—would be required, cut out about an inch from the binding, here and there, in order that the book would close properly. It will take time, of course, but the pleasure the book affords doubly repays.

THE next letter I pick up is a lengthy one, and cannot be answered in full in this public column. It will require a private answer, and the questions must be put in a concise form, and not so many scattered ideas from which to frame my reply.

As no name was given in this case, and only initials used, I shall observe the secrecy desired of me by not using them, leaving the writer to detect her letter by the reply I make. As all letters are strictly confidential, and destroyed as soon as the answers go forth, correspondents may feel free to subscribe their full names to prove the good faith of the writer, as the editor's memory is never taxed to retain any of those addresses.

Question No. 1 asks: "Do you have any faith in those people who read our hands, called palmists? How much do they charge? I sometimes wish I knew what was before me."

Professional palmists usually charge a dollar, I believe, sometimes double that. They have different prices. But, friend, they do not reveal the future as "fortune-tellers" are supposed to do; but tell you what the lines on your hand indicate as to your abilities and qualifications, and what you are best fitted for. I have heard some very clear delineations of character, but do not allow it to leave any deep impressions.

Question No. 2 asks about certain books, and "whether they would be helpful, or are they dull?"

That largely depends upon the sort of reader you are. If you are seeking information, you will find them full of interest; but if you enjoy fiction, and only light reading, you might find them too deep. What you need is a discriminating study of human nature—yourself included.

(Continued on page 54.)

Scalloped Celery.



Celery and Cherry Salad.





Celery with Meat Cutlets.

Celery en Casserole.





Celery stuffed with cheese and nuts.

Celery at Its Best

By Marion Harris Neil

(AUTHOR OF "HOW TO COOK IN CASSEROLE DISHES.")

Celery is one of the Most Valuable Vegetables We Possess, and by Some Cooks Counted Also the Most Economical.

IT possesses great medicinal value; especially it is proved to be a wonderful curative food for those suffering from rheumatism. Celery is practically indispensable to good cooking, because it can be used in such numerous ways.

The economical claim for celery is that there need be absolutely no waste with it, and this cannot be said of any other vegetable. The stalks can be used for special purposes, and then the so-called "trimmings" can be used for flavoring soups, broths, stews or sauces. In some places the leaves are made use of, and even the seeds are employed for seasoning.

Besides the many ways in which celery can be used for cooking, it is also served in the raw state, but it is less easy of digestion than when cooked.

Scalloped Celery.—Cut celery in one-half inch lengths, and cook until tender in boiling salted water. Drain, and reheat in white sauce. Put the celery into a greased fireproof dish in layers, sprinkling each layer with grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Have the last layer of breadcrumbs and cheese, dot with butter substitute, and brown in the oven. Serve hot.

Celery Stuffed with Cheese and Nuts.—Select tender white stalks of celery, leaving on the leaves; wash, dry and chill well. Beat two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute until creamy, add three tablespoonfuls of cream cheese and beat again, then add one-fourth cupful of finely chopped nut meats, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and a few grains of paprika, and spread on the inside of the celery stalks. Serve garnished with radishes, diced pickles and stuffed olives.

Celery En Casserole.—Remove the outer stalks from four bunches of celery, leaving the bunches six inches long. Wash and scrape the stalks and cut them in quarters, lengthwise. Put them into a saucepan, add one teaspoonful of salt, cover with boiling water, and cook for five minutes. Drain the celery and place it in a fireproof dish with one teaspoonful of extract of beef and two cupfuls of boiling water. Cover and cook in a moderate oven until tender. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and cook for two minutes. Add to liquid in fireproof dish, stirring continually. Stir until it boils, and season with salt, pepper and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Sprinkle with browned breadcrumbs, and serve hot.

Celery Cream Soup.—Cut up some cleaned celery and measure one cupful. Boil until tender in six cupfuls of boiling salted water. Heat four cupfuls of milk in the upper pan of a double boiler. In a bowl mix three tablespoonfuls of butter substitute with four tablespoonfuls of flour, over this pour the hot milk slowly, stirring well. Return to the double boiler, add the celery and the liquid, season with salt and pepper, and heat until creamy. Beat up the yolk of one egg in a soup tureen, with one-half cupful of cream. Into this pour the soup when ready to serve.

Celery and Cherry Salad.—Chop fine one head of cleaned celery, including root and leaves, add one cupful of preserved cherries from which the stones have been removed, mix with mayonnaise dressing, to which one cupful of whipped evaporated milk has been added, and serve on crisp lettuce leaves, with mayonnaise or boiled dressing separately.

Another Method.—Mix finely cut celery with cold sliced beets and two tablespoonfuls of chopped nut meats, and serve with French dressing or mayonnaise dressing.

Celery and Meat Cutlets.—Mix three cupfuls of cooked and chopped celery with one cupful of fine breadcrumbs, one cupful of cooked cold meat, chopped, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one onion, chopped, and one well-beaten egg. Form into neat cutlet shapes, roll in fine breadcrumbs or cornmeal, dip in milk or beaten egg diluted with cold water, roll again in breadcrumbs or cornmeal, and bake in a hot oven or fry in plenty of smoking hot fat. Drain and stick a small piece of macaroni in the end of each cutlet to represent the bone. Serve hot, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

Celery Pie.—Soak one cupful of sago or tapioca over night in one cupful each of milk and water. Wash and scrape four sticks of celery, shred it very finely, add one large tomato, skinned and chopped, one-half cupful of grated cheese, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one-fourth teaspoonful of mustard, and the sago or the tapioca. Put into a deep pie plate, cover with crust, and bake in a hot oven for one and one-half hours. Serve hot. This makes a most delicious pie.

Celery Sauce.—Take two sticks of celery and wash them well, cut them up in small pieces, put them into cold water, let it come to the boil, drain, wash them in cold water, and put them into a saucepan with three cupfuls of milk and one cupful of water, let this boil up and then simmer for three hours. Then add two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute mixed with four tablespoonfuls of flour, stir until it boils, then cook for ten minutes, stirring occasionally. Strain, reheat, and add one-half cupful of evaporated milk or cream, and use.

Celery Braised.—Wash well and trim four heads of celery and leave them in cold water for two hours, then tie them up with string and put them into a saucepan with cold water sufficient to cover them; bring them to the boil, then wash them in cold water. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute into a saucepan with a few sliced vegetables, such as carrot, onion, a little turnip, and place the celery on the top; cover with a greased paper, and cook gently for twenty minutes. Add three cupfuls of water or stock, and cook for two and one-half hours, adding more boiling water or stock as that in the saucepan reduces. Remove the celery when ready and split the heads into quarters, and flatten them out with a knife. Dish on toasted croutons, and strain the gravy round. Serve hot.

Fried Celery.—Parboil, drain, dry, and cool several stalks of cleaned celery and cut it into short lengths. Dip into melted butter substitute and fry until nicely browned, or dip into fritter batter and fry, or dip into beaten egg and toss in breadcrumbs, and bake in a hot oven or fry in smoking hot fat. Serve hot with brown sauce.

To make the fritter batter: Sift one and one-half cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt into a bowl, add one well-beaten egg to one cupful of milk, and stir liquid gradually into the dry ingredients, beating thoroughly, then add one tablespoonful of melted butter substitute, mix and use.

Celery and Cream Biscuits.—Cut and rub one tablespoonful of butter substitute into two cupfuls of flour, add one-half ounce of grated cheese and a pinch of salt, and make into a stiff paste with one yolk of egg and a very little water. Roll out and cut into rounds. Prick with a fork, and bake on a greased baking tin in a moderate oven. When cold put the following mixture on the top, sprinkle with a little finely chopped parsley, and garnish with celery leaves.

For mixture: To six tablespoonfuls of whipped evaporated milk or whipped cream add one tablespoonful of grated cheese, four tablespoonfuls of finely chopped celery, salt and pepper to taste. Pile on top of the biscuits.

Celery Boiled.—Trim and wash the heads of celery and leave them in cold water for two hours. Cut the sticks into even lengths of about four inches, tie them in little bundles and cook, uncovered, in boiling water, with a little salt added, until tender. Drain, remove the strings, and lay the celery on pieces of toast that have been dipped in the celery liquid. Pour over a good white sauce. Serve hot.

Celery with Poached Eggs.—Prepare and cook celery and cut it into small pieces, and put it into a saucepan with one cupful of thick white sauce. Simmer for thirty minutes, add a few grains of paprika and a grate of nutmeg, and rub the celery through a sieve.

Clean the saucepan, return the celery to it, add one-half cupful of milk, and stir gently until hot, but do not allow to boil, and arrange on a hot serving dish. Put toasted or fried pieces of bread on the top of the celery, then poached eggs on top of this, and serve at once.

Celery Sandwiches.—Prepare some thin slices of toasted and buttered bread; spread one side with a layer of tartare sauce, lay upon this thin slices of cooked meat and some finely shredded celery. Place two together, press and cut into the desired shapes, and dish up in a circle. Garnish the dish with celery cut in dice and celery leaves.

Celery Curled.—Clean and cut crisp celery into one and one-half inch lengths; with a sharp knife begin at the outside of the stalk, make six cuts one-half inch in length, then five parallel cuts, and cut the other end in the same manner. Throw at once into ice water. In one hour these pieces will curl, giving the celery the appearance of being fringed.

Celery, To Serve Raw.—Choose small heads of celery for serving raw, as they are usually the sweetest and the most tender. Remove the outside stalks, reserving these for flavoring and cooking purposes, and use the white, crisp stalk in the centre. Separate these and wash and brush them well in cold water. If large, cut the stalks in halves lengthwise, and curl the ends if wanted. If time permits, allow the celery to lie in cold water for thirty minutes, then serve them in a glass three parts filled with cold water, or in a flat celery dish on a bed of cracked ice.





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The Pleasant Side of Housecleaning

There Is an Element of Real Fun There If You Search It Out

By Ethel M. Porter.

YEARS ago I knew a woman who prided herself on the fact that she never cleaned house.

"No, never," she would snap, "I would consider it a disgrace to ever have my house in need of cleaning," and one glance within its formidable portals was enough to convince the most skeptical that such was indeed the truth. The proverbial new pin paled into insignificance in comparison with its flawless severity. Three times a day certain rooms were swept and dusted, and a chance caller had hardly taken her departure before a cloth was seized to dust the chair upon which she had sat.

It always seemed to me that this woman deprived herself of a very great deal of fun in her work, for she never had the keen joy of seeing it count, and this is a very real delight. It is almost worth letting things get downright "upsidedown" for the sheer pleasure of having them straight again. Then when one is making the transformation there is always the temptation to change things about, put this article where another was, paint this and varnish that, all adding a zest and a "zip" to one's work. Let the above quoted lady keep things always in spotless order if it suits her. I believe the great majority of women have too much creative instinct to find pleasure in such enervating monotony.

HAVE you ever wished to find yourself possessed of some small, old, unused house, fearfully and wonderfully planned, in some country-side or village, for the sheer pleasure of taking it in hand and experimenting in making it livable, comfortable and —yes, artistic—on the very smallest possible expenditure of money? This is genuine sport. If you do not think so, try it in one room of your house, unless you are already overburdened with a multitude of furnishings, in which case probably a process of elimination would give the most enjoyment. And there is no better time to start this than at Spring housecleaning season.

Nature is busy making the out-of-doors beautiful, changing her coloring, and readjusting. Why not keep pace inside? The actual cleaning of the house is least important, and interest —the real fun—lies in the changing, making something out of nothing, and often making nothing out of something, for most homes contain an innumerable number of useless articles which should be promptly disposed of. If, as a well known authority advises, these things must be preserved, have a room saered to the memory of—and into this hallowed spot place those things which mar the unity and beauty of your home. Age does not make things either beautiful or ugly—some old pieces of furniture are truly lovesome because their lines are good and the design pleasing. Other old articles are very ugly. Learn to value them for their beauty alone, for it is only thus that we can hope to raise the standard of interior decoration. If a new thing is good in design and pleasing accept it as readily as if it were old. Blind worship of the work of the past is detrimental both to progress and spontaneity of effort.

Painted Furniture.

HAVE you ever tried painting the pieces of furniture which do not seem to suit your rooms? Such treatment is particularly suitable for bedrooms or breakfast rooms and many very attractive dining-rooms have been furnished with painted furniture. Soft French gray, deep ivory, almost any subdued color, or black may be used with good effect, and if a note of color is desired, gay little medallions may be introduced to suit the lines of the furniture. If these are kept in conventionalized flower design in colors or gold the work of even an amateur is quite effective.

ONE of the most attractive little dining-rooms I have seen was furnished with painted furniture. The girl owner was only able to purchase the most inexpensive of kitchen chairs and table which she enamcled carefully in gray with rose and gold decoration. Gray walls, very light in tone and warmed with yellow, formed the background for some good prints. large windows permitted a flood of sunshine in the small room, and the gay, small patterned chintz took away any sombre note that might have existed. The newest idea in drapery, (or one should rightly say an old idea, for it is decidedly Victorian) the tie-back, was used with good effect. Probably the lighting of this room was the most original of its many interesting features. The fixture consisted of a simple wooden butter-bowl enameled inside with white and rose and gold on the underside. Large silk cords fastened the bowl to the ceiling and the electric light bulbs were placed inside the bowl—the white enameled lining serving as an excellent reflector.

A very effective screen which had outlived its beauty as burlap was treated to several coats of paint, and near the top of each panel a medallion of bright old-fashioned flowers was painted. The result was a screen as charming as it was original, and exactly suited to the room for which it was intended.

The great trouble with so much of our house furnishings is they do not fit, or seem to belong together. There is no relation between the room and the furniture, and even the different pieces of furniture have little co-ordination. This however, is largely a matter of education, and the condition will right itself in time—the study of art in our public schools will be one of the greatest factors in bringing about a better state of affairs. Just now the fun is in transforming these misfits of furnishings.

Colored Walls.

THERE are times when it seems impossible to associate longer with certain papers on our walls, and yet one may not have the wherewithal to re-paper. In such cases it is well to know that one can apply tinting (I do not like this word, it suggests those frightful pale pinks and blues one has seen) or coloring with a brush, right over the paper already on the walls. To finish, paste on a border of well designed paper which may be purchased by the yard. Even panelling may be put on in this way.

The Obtrusive Rug.

HERE is a reliable test for the artistic merits of a rug. Do you notice it first when you enter a room? If you do, rest assured it should have treatment. If the rug is a good one, do not experiment with it yourself, but send it to a reliable establishment to have it dyed or toned down in harmony with the room. Rugs are so very like the small child we used to hear about "When they are good, they are very good, but when they are bad, they are horrid." The rug is the foundation of your decoration, and until it is right, a room is hopeless.

And these are the things that make housecleaning time interesting. There is not a woman who does not know that deep down in her heart there is the keen desire to remake, improve, and beautify. Man may rave and fume over the upset and turmoil, but it means progress, it means a desire for better conditions, more beauty and refinement in our surroundings, and is this not desirable even if it does come by the housecleaning route?



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Painting by CHARLES CHAMBERS

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What Has Joan of Arc to Do With Modern Times?

By Edith Halsted Lorway

THERE are four songs which always send a thrill through me from "my toes up"—they are my national anthem when heard in a foreign land, my Alma Mater, and "Keep the Home Fires Burning," sung as our khaki-clad boys swing along, and the song, "Joan of Arc," which when sung by the ringing voices of a vast audience seems to catch some of the mirrored splendor of the "Marseillaise" itself. And we whose school-books are perhaps long dusty on the shelf wish we could remember a little more about this Joan of Arc, but somehow the days seem so full of present-day duties we never seem to get the time to sit down and "look her up." We want to refresh our memory as to *why* this mediæval heroine should be so brought into the limelight of the twentieth century, for surely, we think, there are enough heroes and heroines—our own boys and girls who were there in Flanders' land—as heroic, as great, as any personality of fact or fiction. Why, then, do we hear so much of Joan of Arc in modern song and drama?

The reason lies here—Joan, though she was a very real and vital person, yet to our minds typifies an idea, the idea of exultant, vibrating enthusiasm which is ready to die, and does die, for the cause at stake. We know that this terrific modern war has turned the books of history from more or less "dry," dead facts into something pathetically understandable. Men and women of Biblical times, men and women of Greece, Rome, the middle ages, who through warfare suffered, are as real to us as the fate of Belgium; the goodbyes of ancient sweethearts and mothers, as real as our own goodbyes.

We have also taken it home to our minds with a concrete meaning, that whereas no volcanic social disturbance can take place in any nation, but every other nation near and far, great and small, feels the distant rumblings—likewise we understand that events and personalities living in one age will throw their search-light, and tingle their influence through the human chain of the ages yet to be.

SOME, we know there are, who think that this war is but the beginning—that there is to be a century of upheaval and the passing of the nations; but let us not forget that the darkest time is just before the dawn, and that there is probably a "Dawn of Tomorrow"—finer, greater, than we now can know—that dawn, true, *we* may not see, but our children will. Now we look "as through a glass, darkly," but it may be that whereas Christ was crucified, that humanity through the succeeding ages might pause and remember, yet the mass of that careless humanity, has passed by unheeding; for we have clashed in our creeds, we have builded the great cathedrals while we let little children toil, and let girls be caught in the white slave nets and all the time *we* danced "the light fantastic toe." This we have done and Christianity has hung its head—now may it not be that an all-wise Spirit, who sees not one age, but scans the chain of all time, past and to be, has marked our particular day, for the crucifixion of humanity. Christ uncrucified might have disappeared from the thoughts of men, Christ crucified walks with increasing force through the busy marts of men. Humanity uncrucified might have in spite of our worldly wisdom and wealth, become as to soul, increasingly petty, and dwindled away—Humanity crucified and bearing with Atlas-like fortitude, the burdens of our time, becomes a figure colossal, standing upon the earth, yet touching the Divine.

It is said that of every man who goes "over the top," or rides over the sea, when a crucial crisis comes to him, there is near him as a breath, the spirit of some woman—his woman. It is this spirit of the woman inspiring, leading on, idealized if you like, which is making the fifteenth century Joan of Arc such a thrilling personality, not only through France, but through the British Empire and America, "Joan of Arc, We are Calling You."

Many of us have seen that wonderful picture of her hearing the voices, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but because the voices seem to hold such a large part, we are apt to think of her as a heroine in a fine legend. Yet never did a woman live, really live, more vigorously. purely and heroically than Joan of Arc.

BORN IN 1412, a peasant girl in the mountains of Vosges, she could claim no powerful friends nor influence of her own. While her brothers tended the flocks, she helped her mother spin and sew, and when not needed to do that she helped care for the village sick. Although she had neither money nor influence to start her in the world. she *did* have strength, health, beauty, and a great love of romantic adventures, while her religious fervor and unusual piety. dominated all her other qualities.

When she was thirteen years old, she began to hear strange voices, and to see visions, all of which called her to the service of her country, and of her God. promising her that some day she was to do something great.

At the time when Joan of Arc was about eighteen, France was poor, miserable and drained of her fighting men —drained through a war which had originated by Edward the First claiming the throne of France. Edward the First was dead, but the dispute as to which sovereign, English or French, should sit on the French throne, still continued.

In 1428, the Duke of Bedford resolved to take Orleans, a city on the north bank of the Loire, and the key to the South, but as it was well supplied with provisions and strongly fortified, it would by no means be an easy city to besiege.

It was now that Joan of Arc began to feel most strongly that the time had come for her to act. What did she. a peasant girl, know of war or equestrian exercises? Yet she determined to obtain an interview with the governor, Baudricourt. This was not an easy task, and when she did at last obtain one, he merely laughed at her, and told her uncle to take her home. But the voices never left her, and she came back to Baudricourt so often, that he finally told the king about her. Fortunately, the Duke of Lorraine became interested in her and sent her to the king with a guard to protect her.

AS the drowning man grasps at the straw, so the ministers of France thought that Joan of Arc, by her mere enthusiasm, might be able to arouse the common people, and to put new life into the French resistance.

By her lack of vanity and ambition, she won the hearts of the noble ladies, especially as they saw she had no worldly ends to gain; so it was not long before the French government granted her an army of six thousand men.

With this army, and dressed as a man she set out to take Orleans. Joan did not fight herself, but by encouraging her men she spurred them on to victory. The first thing she did upon entering the city was to march to the cathedral where a service of thanks was held.

Her next task was much harder, to capture Toires and Chalons. However the Maid again triumphed, and the French king was crowned in Chalons.

After the capture of Chalons, Joan wished to return to her own village. but the king urged her so hard to continue the war, that she finally consented. In one way, this may be considered the mistake of her life, in another way it may be considered as the step which led her to martyrdom, and thus to the everlasting homage of the world.

After the taking of Chalons, she met with one defeat upon another; for this poor village girl had no genius for war, but had only been led on by a mighty inspiration.

She was defeated at Compiegne. and there the Duke of Burgundy took her a prisoner. The most disgraceful thing connected with her capture is that no effort was made by the French to obtain her release; so that John of Luxemburg basely sold her to the English, like merchandise, for ten thousand livres.

A TRIAL of mere mockery was held by the English, at which Joan was tried for heresy—Joan who was too ignorant of religious doctrines to doubt the creeds which the priests had taught her. Never has a more unjust trial taken place in the name of justice. The outcome was, that she was sentenced to go to the Castle of Rouen, and there to be put in an iron cage and chained to its bars!

Then after another wicked, absurd trial, she was dragged to the stake and burned. calling "Jesus, Jesus, my voices, my voices!"

Joan of Arc lived in an age when England had not yet emerged from barbarism. Yet Germany to-day is farther behind than either of these nations were 500 years ago! May the light soon break upon the Saul-like blindness of Germany. But it is Joan, not her captors, of whom we are thinking here. In France as elsewhere, people have been unjustly sentenced to death for their religion or their country many times, therefore it is not for her martyrdom *alone* that she has become the national saint of France, but because of her girlish enthusiasm and the devotion of her womanhood which, through 500 years, have inspired a nation.

FULL well we know that the signing of the armistice does not mean the immediate healing of all wounds—there is yet much Red Cross work to be done; the Y.M.C.A. still calls; The Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus; all the other great and noble organizations still pleadingly look to us; lay a needy hand upon our pocket books and our woman's strength. We Canadian women do not pretend to understand the mazes of Bolshevism, nor have we as a nation yet decided whether Socialism—Socialism of the more sane type—is merely hallucination of a nerve-strung and over-wrought world or whether it is a real child of the flesh, being given birth to with the pangs of revolutionism of a blood-stained Europe. We do not know; our grandchildren—perhaps our children—they will know, but we ourselves are too near the firing-line of events to have our twentieth century glasses focused in proper perspective.

This, however. we do know, that it is given to us women of the twentieth century to hold high the banner of Joan of Arc—not necessarily by engaging in actual combat, but by letting the spirit of our womanhood sweep through munition factories; blow over the harvest fields; race with the ambulance cars; stand unflinching through long hours of hospital duty; keep time to the "click, click," of knitting needles, and the "stitch. stitch," of sewing machines; shine compassionately and wisely around the fatherless child; and if the cross of war even yet be handed to us, may we not falter, having come to know that the spirit of Christ still lives—that the Spirit of Joan of Arc still lives; and that the Spirit of Modern Womanhood will live,—"Joan of Arc, We Are Calling You."



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Savory Meat and Fish Pies

Some New Recipes for the Use of Fish and Meat in Pies

By Marion Harris Neil

AUTHOR OF "SALADS, SANDWICHES, AND CHAFING-DISH RECIPES."

There is nothing more appetizing or satisfying than a meat or fish pie. Served in the form of a pie, a small quantity of meat or fish will go further than the same quantity served alone.

Mutton Pie.—One and one-half pounds of mutton, two sheep's kidneys, one onion, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, five parboiled potatoes, one cupful of stock or water, one teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper and plain pastry.

Choose a piece of mutton without much bone or fat, wipe it and cut it in small pieces. Remove the skin and the core from the kidneys and cut them in thin slices. Toss the meat and kidney in the flour and then sprinkle them with the chopped parsley, onion chopped and seasonings, add th potatoes cut in slices and put the mixture into a fireproof baking dish, piling it rather high in the centre, and pour in the stock or water. Cover the pie with pastry, and bake in a hot oven for one and one-half hours. A few slices of tomato will give a nice flavor. Mutton by itself is rather greasy for a pie; the potatoes are put in to absorb some of the grease.

Salmon Pie.—One can of salmon, two cupfuls of bread or cracker crumbs, four cupfuls of good white sauce and pastry. Remove the liquid, skin and bones from the salmon and flake it. Line a deep fireproof dish with pastry, then fill it with alternate layers of fish, crumbs and sauce. Cover with pastry and bake in a moderate oven until nicely browned on the top. Have the sauce well seasoned with salt, pepper and paprika.

Rabbit Pie.—One large rabbit, or two small ones, one-half pound of bacon or ham, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one fourth teaspoonful of pepper, two hard-cooked eggs, a dust of powdered herbs and pastry.

Cut the rabbit into neat joints, remove the top bone from the legs; put the flour, salt, pepper and herbs on to a plate, roll in this the rabbit, cut the eggs in thin slices, also the bacon or ham; arrange in a baking dish alternate layers of the rabbit, egg, and ham, also sprinkle a little salt and pepper over the egg; add four tablespoonfuls of water, and line the edges of the dish with pastry, cover with pastry, decorate with a few leaves of pastry and brush over the top with a little beaten egg and bake in a moderate oven for one and one-half hours. Meantime cook the bones with water, one small onion sliced, one blade of mace, a few sweet herbs, and season with salt and pepper; when cooked add one tablespoonful of gelatine and when the gelatine is dissolved, pour the gravy into the pie. This pie may be served hot or cold.

Pork and Turnip Pie.—An appetizing and inexpensive pie can be made as follows: Cut in small pieces two pounds of fresh pork, place in a saucepan, add three white turnips chopped fine, one tablespoonful of chopped suet, salt and pepper to taste and two cupfuls of water. Cook until the turnips are tender, stirring frequently. Line the sides of a deep fireproof dish with strips of pastry, and turn the pork and turnip mixture in. Cover with a top crust and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

Another Method.—Three pounds of loin of pork, one tablespoonful of tomato or walnut catchup, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered sage, one onion chopped, two cupfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of butter substitute and baking powder crust.

Use the thick end of the loin of pork. Place a layer of the pork on the bottom of a baking dish, sprinkle with parsley, place in another layer, and sprinkle with onion, add another layer and sprinkle over it the catchup. Make a gravy by boiling together the butter, milk, flour, and seasonings. Pour this over the pork, and cover with a thin layer of bread crumbs. When the meat is nearly done remove from the fire and put the crust over the top, and bake in a moderate oven.

Russian Fish Pie.—Cut the flesh from the bones of a cooked haddock or a thick slice of cod, then cut it into pieces one-half inch square. Add one chopped, hard-cooked egg, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, two tablespoonfuls of thick white sauce, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper.

Into a bowl sift two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cut and rub in one-half cupful of butter substitute, and add gradually enough cold water to mix the whole to a stiff paste. Turn it out on to a floured baking board, work it lightly into a smooth ball, then roll it out into a neat square of about nine inches. Place the fish mixture in the centre, and fold each corner of pastry into the middle, so as to form a large envelope. Brush over with beaten egg or a little milk, and garnish it with four leaves of pastry. Place it on a greased baking tin, and bake it in a moderate oven for forty minutes. Garnish with parsley, and serve hot with white or tomato sauce.

Excellent Egg Pies.—Line some gem pans or tartlet tins with thin rounds of plain pastry. Line with white paper, fill with raw rice or beans and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Shake out the rice and papers and return to the oven for a few minutes. Mix one cupful of chopped cooked meat or poultry with four chopped hard-cooked eggs. Mix three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs with one-half cupful of boiling milk, add this to egg and meat mixture add two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of onion juice, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute and salt and pepper to taste. Divide the mixture into the pastry cases, lay a slice of peeled tomato on the top of each pie, and bake in a hot oven until very hot.

Meat Pie With Oatmeal Crust.—Into a saucepan pour three cupfuls of water, add one teaspoonful of salt, bring to boiling point, sprinkle in one cupful of fine oatmeal and cook for twenty minutes. Leave until almost cool, then spread on bottom and sides of a greased fireproof dish, and in the centre place any kind of cooked meat cut in small pieces, add chopped onion and parsley to taste, and cover with some more of the oatmeal paste. Cover with a greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve hot with gravy made as follows: Take any bones left from the meat, and chop them small and put them into a saucepan with cold water to cover, add two peppercorns, one bay leaf, and one peeled onion with three cloves stuck in it. Simmer for one hour, then strain off the stock and to one and one-half cupfuls add a little kitchen bouquet if necessary, and two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with four tablespoonfuls of cold water, then cook for six minutes and serve hot.

New Onion Recipes

Use Onions to Keep the Body Healthy

By Marion Harris Neil

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO COOK IN CASSEROLE DISHES."

The onion belongs to the lily tribe, the bulb being the part which is edible. The leek, shallot, garlic and chives all belong to the same family. The onion has wonderful medicinal properties; it contains a pungent volatile oil which is rich in sulphur, besides other valuable minerals. Not only is it a useful adjunct in cookery for flavoring purposes, but cooked and served by itself it is one of the healthiest vegetables we have, being both purifying to the blood and soothing to the nerves. When to be used alone (not as flavoring merely), they should, like all strong-tasting vegetables, be "blanched," as it is called, by putting them on in cold water, allowing this to boil, and then straining it off. Afterwards they can be either stewed or braised in stock, or cooked like other vegetables in boiling water, with salt in it. Onions take a long time to cook. For large onions two or three hours must be allowed. Small onions will require about one hour.

Onions, Baked.—Take off one layer only of the outer brown skins. Put the onions in a saucepan in slightly salted boiling water, and boil them for one hour. Take out the onions, twist each up in a piece of greased paper, and put them in a baking tin in a moderate oven for two hours, or until they feel quite tender when pierced with a sharp skewer. Either serve them unpeeled in a hot vegetable dish and pass sweet butter with them, or peel and pour over hot brown sauce. Allow one onion for each person.

Or choose onions of equal size. Cut off the roots and tops and remove all the brown outside skin. Throw the onions into a saucepan of boiling salted water; boil them for fifteen minutes, and drain well. Then place the onions in a deep fireproof dish, just large enough to hold them. Season well with salt and pepper; heat one cupful of fresh or evaporated milk and pour it over. Add four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, broken in small pieces; cover with a greased paper and bake in a moderate oven until tender, basting occasionally with the milk. Serve very hot. One tablespoonful of grated cheese may be added when nearly ready.

Glazed Onions.—Two dozen small onions, four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, salt and pepper to taste; two tablespoonfuls of stock or water and one tablespoonful of brown sugar.

Remove the skins from the onions and throw them into boiling salted water for five or six minutes, then drain. Heat the butter substitute until browned, then fry the onions a light brown; add the stock or water, sugar and the seasonings, and simmer until tender. Dish, and pour round the gravy.

Small Fried Onions.—Put some small onions that have been peeled into a saucepan with cold water and a little salt, and bring them to the boil; then strain and put them in a clean saucepan to cook for one hour with four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute (for one quart of onions), a dust of paprika, the strained juice of one lemon and one-half cupful of stock or water. Cover the pan and allow to cook steadily at the side of the stove; take up when tender, and roll them in chopped parsley, and then into flour and beaten egg; then toss in bread crumbs or cornmeal and fry in smoking hot fat until brown. Serve garnished with parsley, and serve the following sauce separately: Take the liquor in which the onions were cooked and mix it with one-half cupful of thick brown sauce; boil up, strain, and use.

Onions a la Mediterranee.—Take three dozen small onions, peel and blanch them, and put them into a saucepan with one cupful of fresh or evaporated milk and two ounces of fat and lean raw ham or bacon, cut up in small pieces. Wash a crisp lettuce and shred it, and sprinkle over it a little pepper and salt, and place it on the top of the onions. Put a greased paper over and cover the pan with the lid, and let it simmer for one hour; then add to it two yolks of eggs that have been mixed with one tablespoonful of thick white sauce. Shake the pan over the fire after adding the yolks of eggs, and when the mixture has thickened turn out the onions on to a hot dish. Garnish it round with a border of plainly-boiled macaroni or spaghetti, and serve very hot.

Onion Soup.—Three large onions, two cupfuls of boiling stock, two cupfuls of hot milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, two raw yolks of eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cream, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, a dust of powdered nutmeg and toast. Peel and slice the onions. Put them into a soup pot with cold water to cover; bring them to boiling point and cook five minutes, then drain. Melt one-half of the butter substitute in a saucepan; add the onions, and cover them and let them cook in the butter substitute for ten minutes without coloring in the least; then add the stock and simmer the soup until the onions are soft, then rub through a sieve. Rinse out the saucepan, melt the remainder of the butter substitute in it, and stir in the corn starch; add the sieved soup and milk gradually, and stir until it boils. Beat up the yolks of eggs with the cream and add them to the soup. Re-heat it again, without allowing it to boil. Serve hot with small squares of toast.

Onion Salad.—Slice large onions, sprinkle with salt and allow to stand for thirty minutes; drain and pour over boiling water to just cover, and allow to stand until the water is cold. Drain, rinse and pack in a colander with alternate layers of shaved ice. When crisp, dry and serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing, sprinkling with chopped parsley.

Or, mix equal quantities of sliced onion with sliced tart apples; add mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce leaves.

Stuffed Onions.—Four large onions, two tablespoonfuls of cooked meat, two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of brown or tomato sauce, four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute and one-half cupful of stock or water. Choose onions of equal size. Cut off the root and top and remove all the brown skin. Put them into a saucepan of boiling salted water; boil them for ten minutes, then strain and throw them into cold water. When cool enough to handle, remove one or two of the outer coatings from the onions and scoop out the centres, making a hole large enough to receive two tablespoonfuls of stuffing. Chop up these onion trimmings; put them into a fireproof baking dish with the butter substitute and the stock or water, and make them hot over the fire or in the oven. Then make the stuffing. Use chicken, tongue, ham or any nicely-cooked meat, and chop sufficient to make two tablespoonfuls. Put it into a bowl with the bread crumbs, parsley, sauce and seasonings. Fill up the centers of the onions with this mixture, piling it rather high in the center. Place them in the fireproof dish with the onion trimmings; cover with a greased paper, put on the lid and cook in the oven or on the top of the stove until the onions are quite tender, about two hours. Serve in the same dish.

If desired, chopped nuts may be used in place of the meat. This makes a very good supper dish.



Both Carry The Same Food Value

Measured by Energy Units

The 35-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6,221 calories of energy. And foods, as you know, are now measured by calories.

Note what a bulk of some foods it takes to equal that single package. That is, to supply the same energy value.



It Equals In Calories

73 Cans of Tomatoes
Or 21 Cans of Peas
Or 50 Large Potatoes
Or 750 Oysters
Or 80 Bananas
Or 22 Pounds Perch.
Or 89 Eggs
Or 9 Pounds Veal Cutlets

Compare the cost on this same basis and the difference is amazing. See table below.

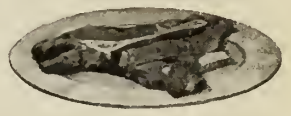
Note that meat foods, fish and eggs average ten times Quaker Oats' cost for the energy they yield.

But the difference is greater still. The oat is better-balanced food. It is more nearly a complete food. For people of all ages, it is called "The Food of Foods."

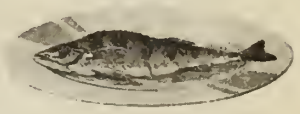
Note these cost comparisons, based on prices at this writing. Consider them in your breakfasts. Ten people can be fed on Quaker Oats at the cost of feeding one on meats.

Cost Per 1,000 Calories

Quaker Oats	5½	cents
Round Steak	41	"
Veal Cutlets	57	"
Dried Beef	70	"
Salt Codfish	75	"
Fresh Halibut	53	"
Hens' Eggs	70	"



This Costs 57c
Per 1,000 Calories



This Costs 60c
Per 1,000 Calories



Quaker Oats Costs 5½c
Per 1,000 Calories

Quaker Oats

The Exquisite Flakes

In Quaker Oats we flake the queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The result is a flavor which has won millions, and which costs you no extra price. Don't forget to specify this brand.

Two Sizes: 35c and 15c—Except in the Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada — Saskatoon, Canada

(3025)

"The intimate article of dress known as the corset which the majority of women wear but know very little about"

Alice L. Cutler, M. D.

IN THIS pertinent way the well-known medical authority, Alice L. Cutler, M. D., describes the most important garment in the wardrobe of women.

But women, generally, *do* know more about corsets today than they did before The War; they are beginning to realize those proven fundamentals of correct corsetry *always* known and appreciated by every wearer of a correctly fitted Gossard Corset. It was sufficiently proved in the war that only by the hygienically correct support of those muscles which protect the vital organs are women capable of sustained effort in any line of endeavor. Thousands of women were broken in health before this demonstrated truth was fully appreciated and corsets declared a war essential.

The important part that Gossard Corsets were privileged to play in sustaining Canada's splendid woman power will always be the brightest achievement in the long succession of triumphs that have marked the development of the original front-lacing corset to its unquestioned leadership in modern corsetry.

Every Gossard Corset is hygienically correct. If properly fitted to the figure for which it was designed, and carefully adjusted each time it is worn, it will mould that figure to the ideal proportions of its type. It will give a priceless all-day comfort. It will safeguard the wearer against those bodily ailments that are often the result of improper corsetry. It will render a wearing service that alone is worth the price paid for the garment.



GOSSARD CORSETS

The Original-Unequalled Front Lacing Corsets



Buy your corset carefully. To again quote Dr. Cutler, "No one wants to be ill, and when women realize that the constant wearing of an ill-fitting corset helps to keep our hospitals open they will insist on being properly fitted to corsets instead of buying them hit or miss."

Gossard Corsets are easy to buy because of the exact science with which they are designed for the needs of the various figure types. Their proper purchase merely means that thoughtful care you generally give to matters of importance.

Adjusting a Gossard is simplicity itself; it is so simple as to offer no excuse for neglecting that daily adjustment by which alone the full benefits and service of the corset may be realized.

Never hurry in putting on your corset. That elusive charm called "style" is nothing but correct body poise induced by a correctly fitted corset. You may be sure that the woman you admired today has taken the time to carefully adjust her Gossard.

Every Gossard Corset represents complete corset economy regardless of its price.

No woman is so poor she cannot afford a Gossard Corset. No woman is so rich she cannot afford to practice true corset economy.

The more you know about correct corsetry the more you will appreciate the superiority of Gossards from the standpoint of comfort, hygiene, style and wearing service.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited

Largest Makers of Fine Corsets

284-286 West King Street, TORONTO

Made in the United States and Canada

Wear Gossard CORSETS They Lace In Front

Worn with Health and Comfort by Women the World Over



Ideal Figure Tall Slender | *Ideal Figure Short Slender* | *Ideal Figure Tall Heavy* | *Ideal Figure Short Heavy* | *Ideal Average Figure* | *Ideal Figure Large Below Waist* | *Ideal Figure Large Above Waist* | *Ideal Figure Curved Back* | *Ideal Figure Short Waisted*

Spring Time Fashions of Latest Mode



The suit with box jacket, belted and vested, is one of La Mode's favorite themes for the Spring, as for example the illustration below.





Its rival is the semi-fitted jacket, also belted and with a flare to the peplum, as shown above. The material used in both is navy blue gabardine.

Gowns Designed To Show The New Spring Modes

Elaborately braided with soutache is the black charmeuse gown with Chinese sleeves. The unique cuff is of tucked net and matches the shawl collar.

Foulard is the fabric used for the gracefully draped gown on the right, which is vested and collared with white satin.

There is something distinctly new in neck lines this season. Besides the round and square collarless necks, there are the deep U-shapes, filled in with tuckers of fine organdy. Then, strictly tailored dresses of serge have the flat Buster Brown collars. These invariably are trimmed with black silk Hercules braid.







THE chemise dress is to be more popular than ever. The model illustrated on the right is of navy blue gabardine over black satin and trimmed with cut-out applique.

The illustration at the left is a Harry Collins model of white khaki kool with pussy willow design embroidery in grey and brown angora wool.

Patterns cannot be procured for the costumes illustrated on this page.



Smart Coats and Wraps For Early Spring











The model in the lower left corner is smartly attired after the fashion of the moment. Her cape is of navy gabardine with grey collar and waistcoat, with two buttons, one for utility and the other for ornament. Her plaid woolen pleated skirt is in the height of fashion; so is the pineapple straw sailor.

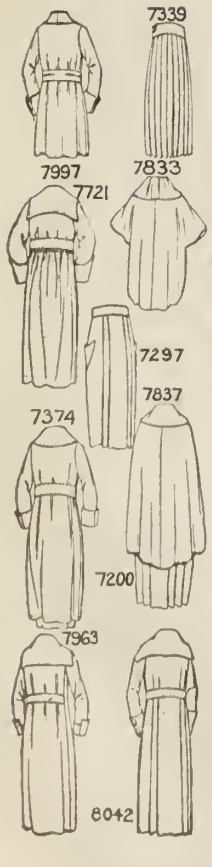
The centre figure showing the back view is also wearing a navy gabardine cape, which is shirred to a shallow yoke, almost concealed beneath a close-fitting collar with long point, tipped with a silk cord tassel. The chapeau is of fancy braid with satin and wings.

The third model is more intricate. The skirt is gathered to a deep yoke which has long ends that encircle the body and fasten in front with a large buckle. The deep collar is typical of the season's capes. The small turban of fine straw and ribbon with front trimming is one of the Spring's most popular styles.

Patterns cannot be supplied for these coats. They are shown in order that they may serve as a guide when deciding upon Spring wraps.

Coats and Capes For Sports Wear and Practical Service





7997—Ladies' Single-breasted Coat (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge (open) about 1⅝ yard. As illustrated, size 36 requires

2¾ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth
3¼ yards 36-inch lining

7339—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Skirt (20 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 26 requires

4⅛ yards 36-inch serge

7721—Ladies' Single-breasted Coat (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 47 inches. Size 36 requires

3¾ yards 54-inch velours
¾ yard contrasting broadcloth for collar
5 yards 36-inch lining

7963—Ladies' Double-breasted Coat (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge of coat (open) about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires

3½ yards 54-inch check velours
4¾ yards 36-inch lining

7833—Ladies' and Misses' Cape (25 cents). Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years and 36 and 42 bust. Size 36 requires

4⅜ yards 36-inch velveteen
4⅛ yards 36-inch lining

Cape may be closed high at the neck with a wide gathered collar; perforated for open neck with shawl collar.

7297—Ladies' Four-piece Plaited Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Any size requires

4 yards 36-inch plaid

This requirement is for skirt in 36-inch length including a 3-inch hem and pointed pockets; or 4¼ yards 36-inch material if made with side gores having inserted pockets.

8042—Ladies' Single-breasted Coat (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires

3½ yards 54-inch gabardine
4⅜ yards 36-inch lining (making seam at center-back)

Coat has large convertible collar buttoned high at the neck, or rolled with fronts, forming revers. Back of coat laid in plaits, stitched above the waist-line and pressed below. Patch pockets; and long one-piece sleeves finished with deep turn-back cuffs. Length of coat at center-back, from neck to lower edge 47½ inches.

7374—Ladies' Coat (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires

3⅞ yards 54-inch cheviot
4½ yards 36-inch lining for coat without cape

Length of coat at center-back 48½ inches. Coat may be made with or without the circular cape which is perforated for an open-back cape. Large collar closed high at the neck, or turned down and the fronts rolled back to form pointed revers.

7837—Ladies' and Misses' Cape (25 cents). Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years and 36 and 42 bust. Medium size requires

3⅞ yards 36-inch serge
3⅜ yards 36-inch lining

Cape has convertible round collar.

7200—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 2⅞ yards. Size 26 requires

4¾ yards 36-inch check worsted

Skirt has high waist-line and close at left side-front under plait.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Spring Tailored Suits Show Jackets of Varied Lengths



7590—Ladies' Jacket (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32½ inches. Size 36 requires for jacket with shawl collar

2⅝ yards 44-inch striped worsted
3¼ yards 36-inch lining

7905 — Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires

2⅜ yards 44-inch striped worsted

7264—Ladies' Jacket (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires

2⅞ yards 54-inch tweed
3 yards 36-inch lining

7394—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 26 requires

2 yards 54-inch tweed

7720—Ladies' Semifitted Jacket (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 27½ inches. Size 36 requires

3½ yards 36-inch velvet
3¼ yards 36-inch lining

7696—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires

3¾ yards 36-inch velvet

7170—Ladies' Jacket (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires

2⅞ yards 54-inch velours

7888—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 2 yards. Size 26 requires

2½ yards 54-inch velours

8040—Ladies' Jacket (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 38½ inches, perforated for 34 inches. Size 36 requires

3 yards 44-inch serge
4¼ yards 36-inch lining

7928—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (25 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 26 requires

2⅜ yards 44-inch serge

7958—Ladies' Jacket (25 cents). Six sizes. 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires

3⅞ yards 44-inch gabardine
3 yards 36-inch lining

7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires

3 yards 44-inch gabardine

7960—Ladies' Jacket (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 43 inches. Size 36 requires

4 yards 44-inch tricotine
4⅛ yards 36-inch lining

Jacket has open neck and square collar, perforated for open neck with shawl collar. The underarm sections finished with applied pieces having belt extensions. Front and back of jacket laid in plaits below the waist-line. Inserted pockets, and two-piece sleeves with cuffs open at the back.

8092—Ladies' Three-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Nine sizes, 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires for skirt with yoke 2¾ yards 44-inch tricotine. Skirt has 2-inch high waist-line and closes at center-front. Removable pointed yoke or a wide belt with pointed ends.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Simplicity and Serviceability Mark the Season's Street Frocks



Dress **7511**
Embroidery
12372

Dress **7824**

Dress **7822**
Braiding
11653

Dress
7840
Braiding
11602

Panel
Jumper
7703

Dress **7820**
Braiding 12468

Dress **7671**
Braiding 12426

7511—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt in 39-inch length about 2 yards. Size 36 requires

4⅜ yards 44-inch serge
⅜ yard 27-inch satin
1 bought belt

12372—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (3½ yards of 2- and 3¾-inch borders), 20 cents.

7824—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1¾ yard. As illustrated, size 36 requires

3⅝ yards 44-inch checked material
¾ yard 27-inch black satin
⅜ yard 18-inch or wider white satin for vest

7822—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires

6 yards 36-inch checked taffeta
½ yard 36-inch white satin
2¾ yards braid

11653—Blue or yellow transfer pattern 15 cents.

7840—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires

2⅜ yards 36-inch black satin
2 yards 54-inch blue serge
¼ yard 27-inch white satin
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

11602—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (2 yards of 1- and 2-inch border), 15 cents.

7703—Ladies' Jumpers (20 cents). Sizes small, medium and large, corresponding with 32, 36 and 42 bust.

7820—Ladies' One-Piece Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge of dress about 1⅝ yard.

7703 and 7820 in medium size, require

4 yards 36-inch black satin
1⅝ yard 44-inch blue serge

12468—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (2½ yards of 18⅞-inch border), 25 cents.

7671—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires

4¾ yards 36-inch black velvet
¼ yard 27-inch white satin
2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of gores

12426—Blue or yellow transfer (6 yards of 4-inch border), 15 cents.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Afternoon Frocks of Serge, Check and Worsted



7992—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

7910—Ladies' Two-Piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. As illustrated, 7992 and 7910 in medium size, require

4⅛ yards 44-inch serge
¼ yard 27-inch white satin
1⅜ yard velvet ribbon
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

Blouse has square neck, with a collar which is round at back and pointed in front, or V-shaped neck with round collar. One-piece flowing sleeves with flaring cuffs or plain one-piece sleeves with turn-back cuffs. Applied front and crushed girdle in one piece, finished with a straight sash over the closing at back. Skirt has three-inch high waistline and straight lower edge closed at left side seam. One-piece straight belt with strap extensions in front; or two-piece belt closing at left side with attached straps, and plaited sections having pockets inserted.

7990—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. If made as illustrated, size 36 requires

3 yards 44-inch checked velour
3⅛ yards 36-inch black satin
½ yard 32-inch white satin
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

8043—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

8034—Ladies' Skirt (20 cents). Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. 8043 and 8034 in medium size, require

3 yards 36-inch black satin
2½ yards 44-inch gabardine
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

The blouse is in the new revers style, the fronts turned back in revers to show a satin vest. Bone buttons form an effective trimming.

8016—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires

6 yards 36-inch velvet
⅜ yard Georgette
½ yard fringe
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

12425—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (3 yards of 14-inch border and 2 yokes), 50 cents.

Velvet is much favored for afternoon gowns developed on simple lines, and with fringe and embroidery or braiding as the decorative notes.

8028—Ladies' Blouse with Panel (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

12376—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (3½ yards of 8-inch border for braiding), 20 cents.

7330—Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. 8028 and 7330 in medium size, require

6⅜ yards 44-inch serge
¼ yard 32-inch or wider white cloth

Here we have the new panel blouse with Mandarin sleeves; combined with a skirt that has high waistline and straight lower edge; closes at left side seam or at center-back.

Serviceable Dresses For The School Girl



7564—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1¾ yard. As illustrated, size 16 requires

2⅝ yards 44-inch checked cloth
2⅛ yards 36-inch satin
⅞ yard cord for girdle

7734—Misses' One-Piece Dress (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of dress about 1⅞ yard. As illustrated, size 16 requires

3⅞ yards 36-inch material
1¼ yard 36-inch contrasting material

7712—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1⅝ yard. As illustrated, size 16 requires

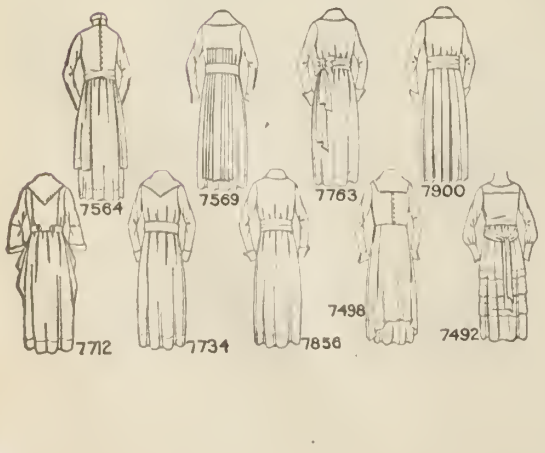
3⅛ yards 44-inch serge
1⅝ yard 40-inch black satin
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

12469—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (24 motifs), 20 cents.

7498—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of flounce about 1½ yard, tunic about 2¼ yards. As illustrated, size 16 requires

5½ yards 36-inch velvet
⅜ yard 22-inch or wider satin
2½ yards velvet ribbon
1⅞ yard 36-inch lining for gores and underbody

12466—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (3½ yards of 3-inch border), 20 cents.



7569—Misses' One-Piece Dress (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of dress about 2 yards. As illustrated, size 16 requires

5⅝ yards 44-inch serge

12058—Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents.

7900—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years). Width at lower edge of skirt with plaits drawn out, about 2⅜ yards. As illustrated, size 16 requires

4¼ yards 44-inch wool Jersey

12326—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (6 yards of 4-inch border), 15 cents

One-piece gathered skirt with high waistline and straight lower edge (closing to the left of center-front) attached to underbody at raised waistline.

FOR DETAILED DESCRIPTIONS SEE THE COUNTER CATALOG

7856—Misses' and Juniors' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 12 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. As illustrated, size 16 requires

3¾ yards 44-inch wool mixture
⅜ yard 27-inch velvet

7763—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt with plaits drawn out about 1⅞ yard. As illustrated, size 16 requires

4¾ yards 36-inch material
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

The skirt is closed at left side seam under the plait.

7492—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt about 3 yards. As illustrated, size 16 requires

7¾ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor
¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette
⅜ yard 10-inch lace
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

Misses' Spring Suits in a Variety of Styles

SKIRTS

The skirts for Spring will be built on youthful lines, not too tight, and having the appearance of tapering at the foot line. There are many smart, novel cuts that accentuate this effect. These skirts are worn about seven inches from the floor.



7962 — Misses' Jacket (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards 44-inch serge for jacket with notched collar, 2⅝ yards 36-inch lining.

6768 — Ladies' and Misses' Three-piece Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes for ladies, 22 to 32 waist; and four sizes for misses, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of misses' skirt about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch serge.

7796 — Misses' Jacket (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years

7773 — Misses' Two-Piece Suspender Skirt (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires for suit 4½ yards 36-inch velvet.

7267 — Misses' Jacket (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch serge, 2½ yards 36-inch lining.

7400 — Misses' Three-piece Skirt and Jumper (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 54-inch serge for plain skirt.

7611 — Misses' Jacket (20 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires for jacket with shawl collar 2 yards 54-inch gabardine.

7773 — Misses' Two-piece Suspender Skirt (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch gabardine for plain skirt.

7263—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch velveteen.

7624 — Misses' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch plaid.

7771 — Misses' Eton Jacket (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years.

7624 — Misses' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires for suit 3⅜ yards 42-inch poplin.

7611 — Misses' Jacket (20 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years.

7714 — Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires for suit 3 yards 36-inch plain sports silk, 2¼ yards 36-inch printed sports silk.

7182—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch tricotine.

7714 — Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (25 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch tricotine for plain skirt.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Clothes The Younger Generation Will Delight In



Dress 7953

7953 — Juniors' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

7956—Girls' and Juniors' One-Piece Dress (20 cents). Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 years.

Dress 7956



Dress 7426



Dress 8032

7950—Girls' and Juniors' One-Piece Plaited Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.



Dress 7979

8032—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

FOR DETAILED DESCRIPTIONS SEE THE COUNTER CATALOG





Dress 7950



Dress 7817



Middy Dress 7674

Dress 7748

7674 — Juniors' Middy Dress (20 cents). Six sizes, 12 to 17 years.



Dress 7844

7748—Juniors' Middy Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

7979—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 6 to 12 years.

7817—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 8 to 16 years.



Dress 7942

7793—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (25 cents). Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 13, 15 and 17 years.

7426—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (25 cents). Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 years.

7844—Girls' and Juniors' One-Piece Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

7942—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

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Afternoon and Street Frocks of Taffeta, Serge and Satin



Blouse **7784**
Tunic Skirt **7933**

Dress **7882**
Braiding 12058

Blouse **7876**
Beading **12372**
Skirt **8054**

Blouse **7878**
Braiding **12419**
Skirt **8059**

Dress **7709**

7784—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust.

7933—Ladies' Two-Piece Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1⅝ yard with plaits drawn out.

7784 and **7933** in medium size require
6½ yards 36-inch satin
⅜ yard 4-inch Georgette
1¼ yard 5-inch lace
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

A charming frock for afternoon wear may be developed from this model in satin, crêpe de chine or crêpe meteor.

7709—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1⅜ yard. As illustrated, size 36 requires
4¾ yards 36-inch velvet
2⅜ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and gores

Dress is closed on left shoulder and left side-front. High neck, perforated for V-shaped and round neck. One-piece plain sleeves perforated to be cut off, and finished with flowing sections rolled to form cuffs; one-piece flaring sleeves laid in plaits at back. Three-piece tunic (closing at left-side-front) attached to the waist. Two-piece skirt attached to underbody at natural waistline.

The round collarless neckline of this frock gives it a distinctive style. Velvet and satin are both suitable for making this up.

7878—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust.

8059—Ladies' Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard.

7878 and **8059** in medium size, require
4¾ yards 40-inch Georgette
3 yards 36-inch satin
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

12419—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (6 yards of 5-inch braiding border), 15 cents.

7876—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

8054—Ladies' Skirt (25 cents). Eight sizes, 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard.
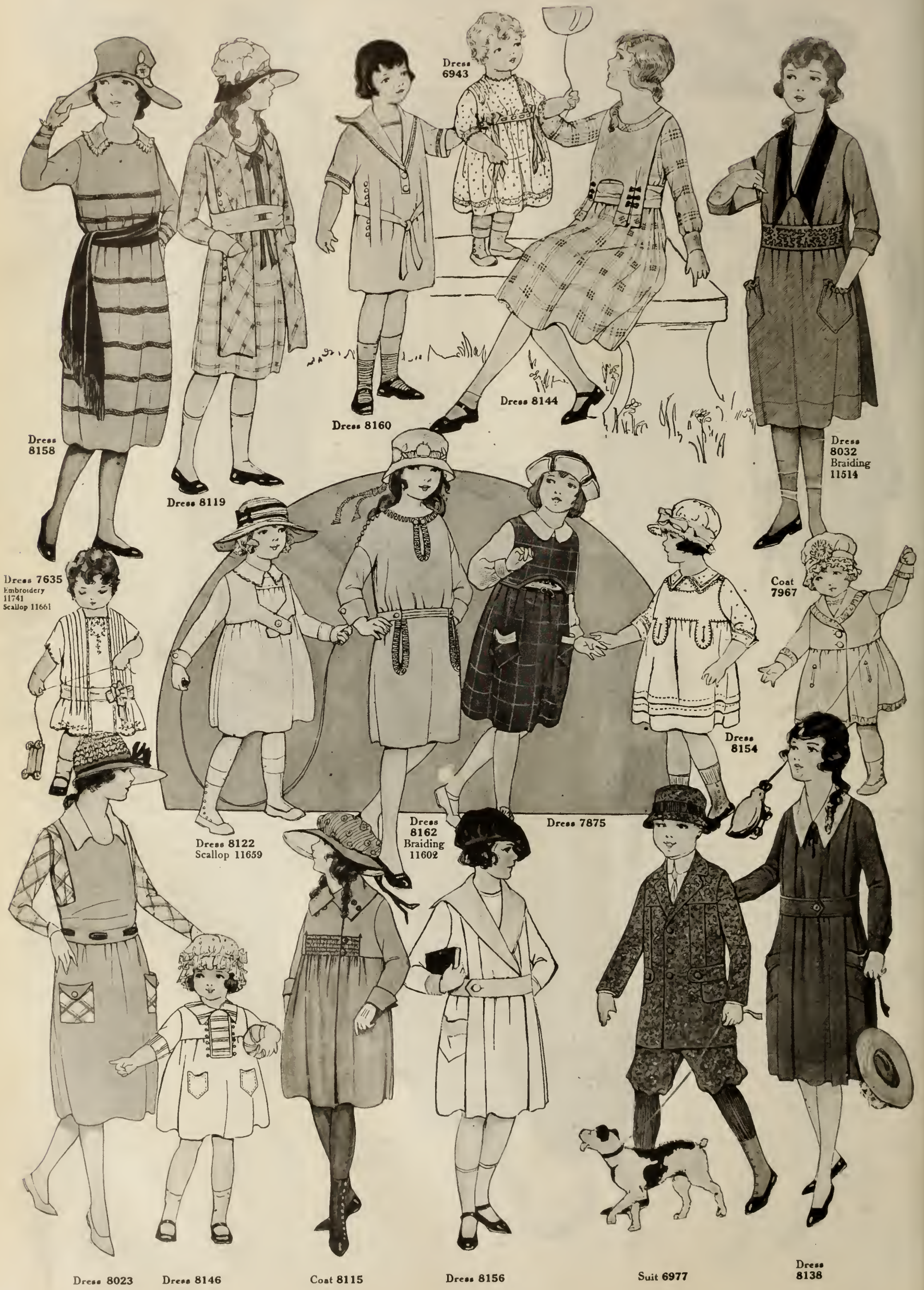
7876 and **8054** in medium size, require
5¾ yards 36-inch satin
1½ yard 40-inch Georgette
½ yard 40-inch white Georgette
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

12372—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (3½ yards of 2- and 3¾-inch borders for beading or braiding), 20 cents.

7882—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Five sizes 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt with plaits drawn out about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires
4 yards 44-inch serge
⅜ yard 32-inch or wider white material
6 yards braid
⅞ yard 36-inch underbody lining

12058—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (16 motifs), 15 cents.

Here Are Charming Styles For All Occasions



If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



PALMOLIVE

After a Journey Three Thousand Years Ago

Travel stained caravans, halting for the night, sought the same source of refreshment that weary travelers do today. A bath with Palmolive was the great "First Aid."

For the same Palm and Olive oils to which Palmolive owes its famous qualities, was the great toilet luxury of that remote age.

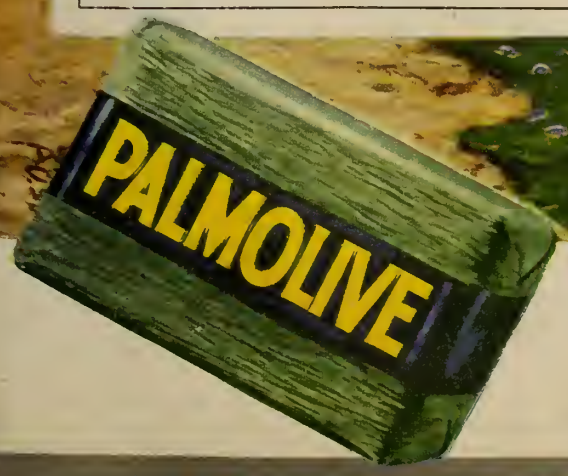
Theirs the discovery—ours the final perfection of the most perfect cleansers the world has ever known.

Palmolive is sold by leading dealers everywhere. It is supplied in guest room size by popular hotels. It is the favorite soap of the army and navy, at home and abroad.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED

Toronto, Canada

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U.S.A.



Painted for The Palmolive Company by Dean Cornwell

NOTE: From the earliest recorded times Palm and Olive oils have served as cleansers and protectors to the people of oriental climes. Their wonderful qualities have guarded the peoples of these countries against hot sun and dry wind for centuries. These same qualities are embodied in the modern Palmolive.

For *cleansing*, one cream — For protection, an entirely *different* cream

To give your skin the loveliness it should have, two entirely different creams are needed — an oil cream for cleansing, and a non-oily cream for protection



The nightly cleansing and massage with Pond's Cold Cream keep the skin clear and smooth

THE skin is constantly being toughened and coarsened by its daily exposure to wind and dirt. Unless you take care to cleanse it thoroughly of all impurities at night and to protect it properly during the day, you deliberately sacrifice the clear, fresh-looking complexion you could so easily have.

Cleanse the skin thoroughly each night

Particularly at the end of a windy, dusty day the pores of your skin are filled with fine particles of grime and dirt. To make the skin clear and fine-textured, it must be kept thoroughly cleansed.

Before going to bed, cleanse the skin liberally with Pond's Cold Cream. The soothed, *refreshed* feeling will be noticeable at once.

You will find Pond's Cold Cream a perfect oil cream for massage as well as for cleansing.

Protect your skin all winter

Every woman who cares about her appearance knows that in cold winter days the skin must be especially protected to prevent its becoming rough, red and chapped. You can protect your skin from wind and cold, can keep it soft and smooth by applying a little Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out.

Rub it lightly into your skin. At once it disappears without leaving a trace of disagreeable shine. By taking this simple precaution, you can keep your skin lovely all winter.

The very first application will show you how much your skin is benefited.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is wholly different from any other cream you have ever used. It contains no oil and cannot make the skin shiny. Its purpose is to give you a pure, greaseless cream for use in the daytime; to protect your skin from dirt, wind and chapping; and for use in the evening or whenever you want to freshen your skin and make it especially lovely.



Famous women who use it

Billie Burke, Frances Starr, Martha Hedman, Elsie Janis, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Mabel Taliaferro, Marjorie Rambeau, and others of the most famous women of the stage use Pond's Vanishing Cream constantly.

All of the ingredients of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream have been carefully selected and tested. Only the purest and freshest are used. Neither cream will grow hair or down on the skin. Try them both for a week and notice how much lovelier your skin looks.

Free sample tubes

Tear out and mail the coupon today and we will send you sample tubes of each cream free. Or for 10c to cover postage, packing, etc., we will send you larger tubes of both creams, containing enough to last two weeks. Send for them today.

Address Pond's Extract Company, 146-T Brock Avenue, Toronto, Canada.



You can get Pond's Cold Cream in either the tube or the jar

AT a moment's notice, whenever you want your skin to look its best, Pond's Vanishing Cream brings it new freshness. As a protection, too, you should apply a little just before going out into the cold. It prevents roughening and keeps the skin fair and soft



Keep Pond's Vanishing Cream where you can get at it often during the day

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 146-T Brock Ave., Toronto.

Please send me, free, the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I devote the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount **to cover postage, packing, etc.**

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

MADE IN CANADA

New Spring Frocks For Small People

Bloomer Dress
7810
Embroidery 12276

Dress 7985

Dress 8052
Embroidery 12081

Dress 8017

Scallop on pillow 11661

Suit 7955

Dress 7945
Embroidery
12377

Dress in Set
6827
Embroidery
11339

Dress in Set
7994
Feather-stitch
12363

Dress 7972
Embroidery
12413

Reefer 7594

Coat 7767
Embroidery 11728
Scallop 11979

Dress 8144
Embroidery
12485

Dress 7931

Rompers 8058

Dress 7940
Embroidery 12095

Suit 6569

Dress 7864

Suit 8062

Dress 8087
Scallop 11661

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CANADIAN - WOMEN'S - INSTITUTES

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Parliament Buildings.

Institute Reports From All Parts of Canada Denote Progress

The Annual Convention of Women's Institutes of Ontario

Postponements are sometimes not satisfactory, but no one will question the success of the Ontario Women's Institutes Convention postponed from Novemher, 1918, and held in Toronto on the 4th, 5th and 6th of February. Over five hundred Institute members from almost every point in Ontario were in attendance and the keenest interest was manifested in all matters under discussion. While patriotic work is not yet at an end, the dreams of aggressive Institute work which had been set aside were allowed a promise of early fulfilment.

The Convention was pleased to greet the new Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. George Henry, who came in to give a word to the delegates.

The message which Lady Hearst gave in her address of welcome was that the women continue in peace the practice of thrift and service that had been developed during the war and to cultivate the broadest public spirit—resist everything tending to make for class distinction.

Miss E. E. Haycraft, after acknowledging the cordial words of welcome, said that the uppermost thought for first consideration is work of reconstruction; the Institutes are not to be among those organizations which have outlived their usefulness. Our interest must still be in the youth of the country, in local charities, in hospitals and all work of a community nature. Canada, as a result of war will be a changed nation; let us hope that our women will he changed also and have a broader outlook on life. Many conditions require improving and it is our duty in a large measure to cope with them. As Institutes, let us put before the world a work of which no one of us need be ashamed.

Mr. Putnam, the Superintendent, summarized the work of the year and referred to features which would be given prominence in the coming months, matters dealing with Child Welfare to receive special attention. During the Institute year, 1917-18, with a membership of 30,000, the total contribution to patriotic work in cash and goods amounted to at least. $85,000. The total for the war period had been well up to the two million mark. A goodly number of Institutes have included the Demonstration Lecture courses in their programme and these have been particularly attractive to the girls in and outside of the Institute. During the past six years, 13,000 had taken advantage of these Courses. The importance of Medical Inspection in schools had forced itself upon many of the rural districts, and 289 schools had been inspected during the year; 14,076 children had been examined, the percentage of defects being approximately: impaired vision, 19%; defective teeth, 68%; defective tonsils, 33%; defective hearing, 10%. Many cases of impaired vision were found to be due to improper lighting in school rooms.

In referring to the Canning Centres carried on in co-operation with the Red Cross Society, Mr. Putnam stated that the product had totalled over seventy-six tons of vegetables fruit, chicken, soup, etc. Mr. Putnam also spoke of the desire of the Department of Agriculture to formulate plans for permanent Provincial Women's Institute organizations. The plans accepted by the Convention are outlined in the resolutions, a copy of which is found in another column. Here we might mention Federal organization of Women's Institutes, and similar organizations will be discussed at a special meeting called for the purpose at Winnipeg, in February, the Ontario representatives being, Mr. G. A. Putnam, Superintendent, Mrs. Wm. Todd, of Orillia, and Mrs. James Patterson, of Gadshill.

An outline of forward movements for Institutes as given in the Superintendent's report will appear in another issue.

Two announcements of particular interest were made by the Hon. H. J. Cody, Minister of Education. The first one was that beginning in March, the Department of Education will institute a complete medical survey of the rural and smaller town and village schools of the province by a corps of doctors and nurses appointed and paid by the Department, in conjunction with the Women's Institutes.

The survey is not only for the securing of information regarding conditions, but to encourage school authorities to secure regular Medical advice and nurses for the school.

The other announcements made also tend to the welfare of the child and referred to a bill heing prepared which will render farmers' wives and daughters eligible as members of school boards, whether the woman in question has property or not. Farmers' sons will be accorded the same rights. Dr. Cody considered the women on School Boards of incalculable value.

Dr. Cody urged the Women's Institutes to create public opinion that more money be spent on Education. "Never believe that the interests of any class in the community will be served at the cost of the misfortune of another class. All classes have the same common interest and over the world at present there is sweeping a fresh sense of the value of education. Education needs a great deal of expenditure, and therefore, if you want education you must create a public opinion that it is not only worth while ideally, but is worth while paying for. Education is the most valuable investment that can be made for Canada."

Dr. Cody, speaking of Reconstruction work, which is the problem of the day, said that this does not mean a return to former conditions but a change to a better, fairer world, and a more equitable distribution of the opportunities of life. We have a new vision of responsibility and opportunity. Great things can he done by co-operation, as has been proven by the war.

No problem is too hig to be solved. The good God, who has brought us through the days of conflict will bring us through the other. That is the best guarantee that we will get through. We must take up the task of citizenship with a new sense of responsibility.

Dr. G. C. Creelman, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, who recently visited England in connection with the Khaki University, had the privilege of attending the annual meeting of the Women's Institutes of England. England has made wonderful strides in Institute work, having organized over 900 branches in three years, and has been the means of breaking down much class distinction. One of the special features of their regular meetings is that they usually have something home-made to sell from which the Institute get a percentage to be used for general expenses. Toy-making has become the special work of the Institutes. These toys are made of scraps and have been sold at every Agricultural Exhibition. Some samples of toys had been given Dr. Creelman to bring back to Ontario and made an interesting display at the evening session when Dr. Creelman gave the address.

The outstanding features of the Institutes in Great Britain are:

(1) Stimulating interest in Agricultural activities, covering co-operative buying and the developing of profitable and pleasant country life.

(2) Developing Co-operative Enterprise.

(3) Encouraging Home and Local Industry.

(4) Study of Home Economics.

(5) Providing a centre for educational and social intercourse for all local activity.

In preparing their programme the rule is to provide: Something to hear; Something to see; Something to do.

And in all their work they seek to have "The vision of what it should be. the Understanding that it can be. The Faith that it shall be."

Taking it all in all, the Women's Institutes of England have been perhaps the biggest thing that has happened in country places.

"It is a great idea, the slow awakening of much that is good and beautiful. the realization of the purpose for which it was created, and from these splendid schemes and objects as laid down by the plan of Women's Institutes, there should arise a changed and glorified country to respond to the Love which formed it all out of nothing, but which determined each individual to become a part of a perfect whole."

Rev. G. C. Pidgeon, of Toronto, in his brief address on "Things Learned from the War," spoke of the splendid spirit of comradeship which has developed among the men in khaki and their wonderful capacity for sacrifice. He expressed the opinion that it is too fine a thing to lose now that the war is over. Perhaps no organization is more in harmony with such a spirit than is the Women's Institutes, and it is for that organization to create and develop a spirit of friendship and of social intercourse among those living in the rural districts.

One of the happiest events of the Convention was the singing of a number of returned soldiers now taking vocational training at Hart House. The appreciation of the audience and the spirit in which the men gave song after song made it an inspiration for all. The feeling of the audience was expressed in a practical way in an offering of $176.00, to be used by the boys for musical instruments or whatever they think best.

An undercurrent of thought in nearly all the addresses was that of the welfare of the child. and in an interesting talk on the "Hot Lunch for Rural Schools," Mr. Leake, of the Ontario Department of Education, outlined the benefit of such an undertaking. Mr Leake spoke of the enjoyment of the hot dish—cocoa, soup apple sauce, or some other easily prepared food—added to the lunch brought from home, and eaten in an orderly manner. An opportunity for teaching the rudiments of table manners at such a time would be given. Not only from the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49.)



This interesting photograph was taken at the time of H.M. Queen Mary's visit to the Women's Institute Exhibition in Caxton Hall last month.

The central figure is that of Mrs. F. Tyrell Godman, of Little Ote Hall, Burgess Hill (formerly Miss Josephine Ellison, of Victoria, B.C.), president of the Sussex Federation of Women's Institutes. Mrs. Godman has been associated with Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E., the founder of Women's Institutes in this country, since the beginning of the movement here.

The stall is that of the Sussex Women's Institutes, which won the prize banner presented by Lady Cowdray. The now famous "Cuthbert" rabbit made by Sussex Women's Institute members is seen next the police woman. Over five hundred dollars' worth of toys made by Sussex village women was sold during the Exhibition from this stall alone.

Sussex has upwards of eighty Women's Institutes, or one-tenth of the total number in England and Wales, with a central office at Haywards Heath, runs several co-operative market stalls, has published a book, "The First Women's Institute School," and a play, "The Baby in the Ring," held a big Village Industries Exhibition in Brighton on January 15th, opened by the Countess of Chichester, and is not only developing rural life and industries, but is reviving old Sussex pageants, dances, mummers' plays with masques, and many ancient and forgotten customs.

A great deal of the success of the Sussex Women's Institutes is due to Mrs. Godman's enthusiasm and organization. Mrs. Godman's husband, Captain F. T. Godman, 9th Sussex Regiment, died a year ago, a prisoner of war in Germany.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48.)

standpoint of enjoyment, but also from a physical standpoint, is the hot lunch to be commended. Mr. Leake emphasized the great necessity for a supervised lunch hour. For the first year, the pupils donate the material for the hot lunch; from the second year the Department of Education makes a small grant, covering the cost of the materials. Very full information regarding this phase of rural school work, including manual training, is to be sent to the Women's Institutes at an early date.



MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY
of Edmonton, elected President of the new Federation of Women's Institutes.

At the Convention of Women's Institutes held at Winnipeg on February 13th-17th, the following officers were elected: the appointment of a Second Vice-President was left to the Cercles de Fermieres of Quebec. Mrs. J. F. Price of Calgary was elected Corresponding Secretary, and Miss Eliza Campbell of Lower Kingsclear, N.B., Treasurer.

The following Directors were appointed: Miss Mary McIsaac and Miss I. Noble, for Alberta; Mrs. Blackwood-Whiteman and two others to be named, for British Columbia; Mrs. W. H. Dayton, Mrs. Watt and Miss Helen McDougall, for Manitoba; Mrs. W. M. Todd, Mrs. James Patterson and Mrs. G. A. Putnam, for Ontario; Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Bracass and Miss Abbie DeLury, for Saskatchewan; Miss S. J. Armstrong, Miss A. L. Hill, and one from the Cercles de Fermieres, to be named for Quebec; Miss Hazel McCain, Miss Eliza Campbell, and Mrs. J. W. Lawlor, for New Brunswick.

Dr. Margaret Patterson, of Toronto, who has become so well known through her lectures in connection with the influenza epidemic, gave an address on "Physical Development." She said: "It has taken this war to teach us the value of life, and I feel that the women should at once start a 'talk health campaign.' We must have general education along health lines. It is estimated that the economic loss alone in the United States each year from unnecessary and preventable diseases is over a billion dollars, and the percentage in Canada is quite as high. Surely there is something wrong when one-third of all persons born die before they are twenty years of age. We have rightly been taught to conserve, and we must continue to do so, for millions are still hungry, but our conservation has not gone far enough. We have left the best for the last—the conservation of life. Now the time is ripe for action." Among the good things which Dr. Patterson believes the war will bring us are:

An estimate of the value of the individual citizen; a better appreciation of the necessity for personal physical preparedness for the activities of peace and good citizenship; better care of the health of the average citizen by the Government, and the providing of courses of instruction in hygiene and health matters in all our educational institutions and to citizens generally; universal physical training for both boys and girls, and more attention given to wholesome recreation and provision made for sufficient play for both old and young to keep them normal; the suppression of vice diseases, and a nation-wide campaign against all unnecessary disease.

In all of this it is for the individual to co-operate with those in authority.

The use of paper handkerchiefs by school children was commended by Dr. Patterson, who stated that statistics show that where these are used there is less illness, and there are fewer absentees from school.

Dr. Patterson spoke in a most comprehensive manner of the care of the baby, and the needless fatality among babies. Mothers were advised to avail themselves of all the help they can get in the care of the baby. "Parenthood is the noblest privilege given us, yet the care of children is an unskilled profession in Canada."

Reference was made to the publications of the Provincial Board of Health and the value of the Baby Clinics held under that Department.

Dr. Mary McKenzie-Smith. who has done considerable medical inspection in rural schools, spoke of the value of the work. In renewing her work, she found in one school 22 per cent. suffering from defective eyesight, and in another as many as 40 per cent. suffering from eye strain. A very small proportion of these were hereditary cases—the rest were caused by defective lighting. Dr. Smith urged the Institutes to do what they can to see that the schools have not only proper lighting, but proper colors in the decoration of the walls. Dr. Smith also referred to the large percentage suffering from decayed teeth, adenoids, diseased tonsils and defective hearing due to adenoids.

The purpose and plan of the Demonstration Lecture Courses were outlined by Miss Sutherland, of the Department of Agriculture. The courses are made as comprehensive as possible in the ten lessons of each course, and as college-like as possible.

In connection with the course in Domestic Science, if time permits, information is given in table-setting and house management.

Miss Gertrude Grey, of Toronto, one of the demonstrators in these courses, was present at the Convention with a class of seventy-five from Thistletown.

The popularity of the course is evident from the fact that the class rose from 47 to 75.

Several dresses made by a sewing class in Dundas were shown and were all that could be desired. Mrs. Pirie, Dundas, spoke a few words in appreciation of the course.

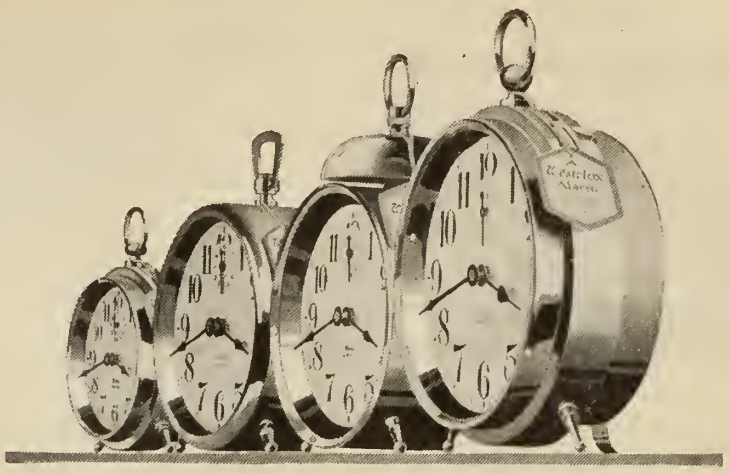
Two Institute members from St. George who had taken the Home Nursing Course with that Institute, demonstrated the changing of sheets without uncovering the patient, and also the giving of a hot mustard foot bath in bed. Dr. Smith remarked that she had found this foot bath of exceptional value in breaking up fever in "flu" cases. Other members of this class demonstrated bandaging. Dr. Smith spoke of the recording of temperature, the respiration, the food taken by a patient, and other information gained in the home nursing course as being of the utmost value to the doctor. Dr. Smith also paid tribute to the assistance which the Home Nursing pupils had been able to render in the Influenza epidemic.

Miss Graydon, a nurse, told of the "Follow-Up Work" after the inspection and referred to the classes held in the school for demonstrating general emergencies.

Mrs. Drinkwater of Streetsville, gave an account of the first rural dental clinic ever held, as well as a medical clinic held previously.

The Girls' Work was dealt with by Miss K. McIntosh of Brampton, who has given considerable attention to this phase of Institute work in Peel County. She said we must begin with our girls and get them to eliminate the petty things and see that love and service for home and country are the greatest things in the world. We need the joy of living and the beauty of life which the girls bring into our Institutes.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)



Westclox

HERE they are; the four top-notchers in the Westclox line. Big Ben heads the family. He's a good, substantial timekeeper and a loyal call-clock.

At his right, America: trim, alert, competent. Then Sleep-Meter, a close second to Big Ben; refined, neighborly, watchful.

Last but least only in size comes little brother, Baby Ben, who tucks cozily into places where Big Ben might feel out of place.

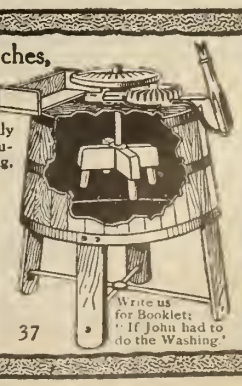
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HAMILTON WINNIPEG

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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Absorbine, Jr., relieved him, and after he had applied it regularly for a few weeks, he told us that his legs were as smooth as when he was a boy and all the pain and soreness had ceased.

Thousands have since used this antiseptic liniment for this purpose with remarkably good results.

Absorbine, Jr., is made of oils and extracts from pure herbs and when rubbed upon the skin is quickly taken up by the pores; the blood circulation in surrounding parts is thereby stimulated and healing helped.

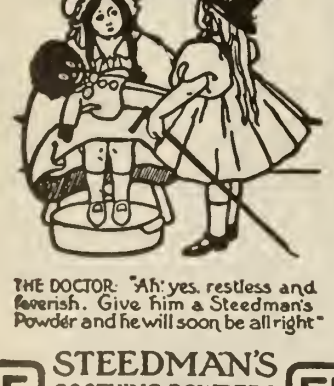


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Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49.)

She would have them make the following rule to live by:

For yesterday is but a dream,
And to-morrow only a vision,
To-day, alone, is ours.
But each to-day well lived
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness.
And each to-morrow a vision of hope.
Live well this day—
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.
—From the "Sanskrit"

Miss McIntosh told of the canning classes and competitive exhibition for the girls in that county and of the classes in Mothercraft, and of the information gained which would stand them in good stead in the coming years. Among the class mottoes suggested by the girls were "Plan your work and work your plan"; "Each for all and all for each"; "Carry on".

Canning Centres was an interesting item on the programme, Mr. P. E. Culverhouse of Vineland telling of the equipment necessary and its cost. Mr. Culverhouse's idea is that those centres which have been used for patriotic purposes, could now be turned to community use, where with a carefully supervised outfit, every family in the neighborhood could preserve food. There would be a saving of labor and expense, as the up-to-date equipment would make the work very much easier than would be possible in the ordinary home. Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. Bluett and Miss McTavish spoke of the co-operation developed in the carrying on of the work, the splendid spirit of the women, and expressed themselves as seeing great possibilities in a community canning and kitchen centre. Reference has been made to the immense output of the centres established which was used wholly for military hospitals overseas and at home. Several of the centres had rendered invaluable aid during the Influenza epidemic in preparing food.

Patriotic work had its place on the programme. Colonel Noel Marshall spoke of the work of the Red Cross Society, a work of which we perhaps can never realize the full value.

The needs of the Serbians and Belgians and the French refugees were placed before the Convention by Mr. W. A. Langton, Miss C. Laing, and Mr. J. M. Lyle. These appeals will, we are sure, meet with a very ready response from the Institutes.

The rural aspect of the Housing Problem was the subject of a talk by Prof. C. B. Sissons of the Housing Commission. Proper home conditions is a matter which we must be interested in. A home may be merely a shelter or a dreary workshop. There should be work and leisure combined in just proportions. Leisure is important, but work, and plenty of it, is more so. There should be facilities for work. From replies to a questionnaire *re* housing conditions on the farm, Prof. Sissons had found it quite evident that the cottage for hired help on the farm is conducive to securing better and more permanent help. The attitude of the farmers was unanimously in favor of the separate home for the hired man. Prof. Sissons foresees within the next few years a radical change in the matter of modern conveniences in the farm home.

In his remarks on Women's Work on the Farm, Dr. W. A. Riddell, Director of the Ontario Labor Bureau spoke appreciatively of the work of the Farmerettes during the past two years and was of the opinion that while there will be an increased number of men for farm work, the farmerette will still be required. It is his hope that a more satisfactory wage will be offered. Dr. Riddell, in referring to the farm situation, stated that he thought that this can only be solved by giving the hired man a cottage to live in.

Mrs. James Patterson, of Gadshill, a real woman of the farm, told in a most interesting way of what the farm women are doing. She said: "The farm women have always worked hard, with few intermissions and little recreation, and, if the hard places have been made easier, and the long ways shortened, the Women's Institutes is largely the medium by which it has been brought about." Mrs. Patterson contrasted the daily work of the farm woman of twenty-five years ago with that of the farm woman of to-day, outlining the easier methods which have brought about a saving, not only of time, but of strength; but, withal, the work of the farm woman is not an easy job. Mrs. Patterson paid a tribute to the women who have taken a hand with the hoe, the pitchfork, the team and the tractor. "Why should any one hint at drudgery when a woman is seen with a hoe any more than seen with a golf stick? Each in their own way is developing energy and vigorous health." With all the work on the farm, the farm woman has found time to take her part in patriotic work, and, finds time, too, to keep posted as to current events. "The farm woman has come very close to nature in God's very wonderful creation of the things about her. What woman does not like to go and pet the gentle mare and her frisky little colt, and when milking the cows to give them an extra pat on the neck, and to be surrounded by that barnyard medley of geese, ducks, turkeys and chickens? If she does not find her happiness in this, she has missed her calling." Mrs. Patterson looks forward to a not far distant day when the farm women will be taking a more active part in school and other matters which concern the rural communities.

A discussion of District Annual Meetings brought out some good suggestions. In East York, the Board of Directors meets a few months before the District Annual to outline the programme, leaving the details to be worked out by the Executive. Each district director is expected to report this meeting to her branch at its first meeting. When final arrangements are made, the District secretary notifies all branch secretaries. Two sessions are held, morning and afternoon, and, if time permits, one or two addresses are given with a view to deepening the interest and giving a broader view of work.

The Prince Edward District officers begin in April to plan for District Annual, the arrangements being very much as outlined above.

In preparing the programme, each branch is asked to provide one item. A special speaker is usually announced to deal with such subjects as will be of special benefit. In the morning session, which is really the most important, the business is carried through in regular order. This district has good results in allowing each branch to contribute what it thinks best for the afternoon session —music, readings, reports, etc. Each branch has been supplied with copies of "Order of Business."

In West Kent, a uniform programme for the year for all the branches is planned at the close of the district annual meeting.

A talk on "Extending the Work in the District" by an East Simcoe District officer seemed so good that we are giving it in full on another page.

A district officer from South Oxford spoke of the work which the Institute may do to help the soldiers' wives make good homes in Canada.

Among the Branch Reports, West Seymour reported educational work; another branch reported improvement in the library, and plans for a young men's recreation room.

Mrs. B. O. Allen, of Fort William, reported for the Thunder Bay and Kenora Districts. She mentioned special local features introduced. In one township an Institute fair had been inaugurated, and is now a successful annual affair. In many townships, halls have been built, which serve as social centres and for all public meetings. In some districts the Institute women do the catering for all large assemblies, and during the influenza epidemic, one Institute opened a diet kitchen. The greatest accomplishment during the last two years has been Medical Inspection. Practically all the rural schools have been inspected. Mrs. Allen stated that it was difficult to express the appreciation of the people for this. She also referred to townships with goodly numbers of children without schools. The Institutes are interesting themselves in this, and hope soon to have this condition remedied. A home for the feeble-minded in those districts is claiming the interest of the Institute women, and the needs have before this been brought before the proper authorities. "District nursing" is the dream of the Institutes in that part of Ontario, and one which they hope soon to have realized. Mrs Allen is of the opinion that any assistance given that district will be a good investment.

Mrs. Locking, of Emo, reported for the Institute of the Rainy River District, making special reference to the Medical Inspection. The story of the clinics held was an interesting one. One hundred and thirty-five operations were performed, all of which were successful.

The work of the branches there has been largely patriotic, but now attention is being turned to other matters, a hospital at Emo being one of them. An interesting bit of information was that through the efforts of the Institutes, the only doctor between Fort Frances and Rainy River, a distance of sixty miles who was likely to leave for military service, was retained for service in the district mentioned.

Short addresses were given by Miss Saunders, of the Y.W.C.A., who thanked the Institute for their co-operation in housing the girls who did war-time work on the farms, and who also outlined her organization standard for "Canadian Girls in Training"; by Mrs Griffith Thomson, of the McAll Mission, asking the Institute to become affiliated with that mission, and by Mrs. C. A Chennel, who spoke of the Thrift Stamp League.

The Convention was pleased to have Mrs. W. E. Sanford, of the National Council of Women, come with her greeting, pleading for mutual helpfulness and selfless service. Mrs. L. A. Hamilton of Toronto, spoke briefly, referring to the franchise as a great heritage. She thought we would be very ill-advised if we allow ourselves to fall into partyism She emphasized the danger of being attached to a party instead of a principle Party politics was described as an outworn system, and the women were urged to keep independent. Women should get together for their own special needs.

Several new books were mentioned by Mrs. Becker as being helpful in studying the questions discussed by Mrs. Hamilton.

Major Bailey, of the College Street Military Hospital, in an address on Occupational Therapy, described the types of nervous diseases among the soldiers and how the different temperaments would be affected by strain. The shell-shocked man should not be given sympathy, but something to do. Examples of work in basketry, wood carving and inlay, hammered brass and bead work were shown, evidences of what these men are able to accomplish in a short time. With each piece of work the story of the man who had made it was given, in some cases a paralytic, and in one, an insane man.

Mr. Swift, of the Institute for the Blind, spoke of the splendid work which that Institute is doing for the blind These blind soldiers, Mr. Swift stated are making remarkable progress in their vocational training, and special reference was made to several who are taking the poultry course at the O.A.C Guelph.

The Convention closed with a few remarks from Mr. Putnam, the Superintendent.

Extension of Institute Work in the District.

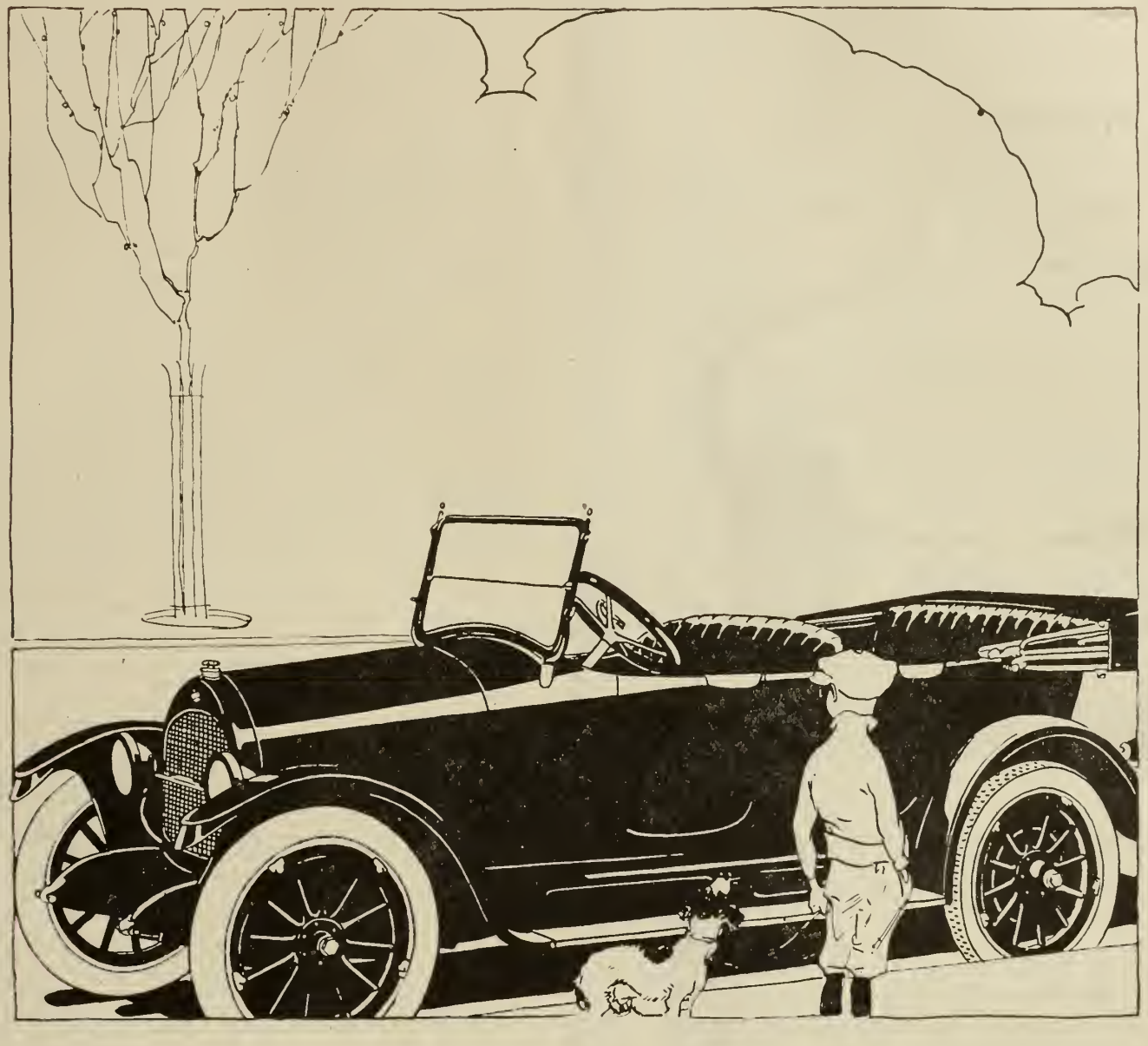
Mrs. Wm. Todd, Orillia.

There is a living germ in the Women

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52.)

Overland

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GOLD DUST

The Busy Cleaner

MADE IN CANADA

Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work



Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.)

Institute—the germ of service, of mutual helpfulness. Therefore, to extend the work is not merely to increase the membership of the branches already organized and to add other branches to them, but it is to spread that spirit of service as leaven is spread, by personal contact. So the District President should visit each branch, get into sympathetic touch with its membership and study to make her office valuable to each branch.

The average District President herself, a busy woman, may say, "I have no time for visiting," but four years and a half of war have shown us that we always have time for the thing we wish to do; it simply depends on how deep the interest is—how broad the estimate of the possibilities in the work.

The District President should not only visit the branch, but she should make of herself a link between the branch and the central office, (1) by helping the work of the visiting delegates to her district, creating an interest where there is none and developing it where it languishes; (2) by encouraging the branches to avail themselves of the special courses provided by the Department; in short, by leading them to feel themselves to be parts of a great co-operative scheme "for Home and Country." Good business methods should be demonstrated by the District Secretary-Treasurer, who should be an occasional visitor to the branches, and should ever be in touch with them through correspondence. Best results can be obtained by the thorough co-ordination of all the benefits proffered by the Department. We cannot afford to be narrow, or to confine our efforts to one line, but every line of work open to our Women's Institute should be presented in the most practical manner, that, in turn, every advantage may be the real possession of each branch, because understood and appreciated by them.

To serve as leader, the District President must prove herself true to the spirit of the Institute ideal or germ of life, and loyal to all the great construction agencies which that living germ of service calls into action. She can never lead by "knocking," but should strive to develop in herself and in those she serves a broad-minded discrimination between constructive criticism and mere pointless fault-finding of things in general.

Lastly, by every means in her power, she should foster co-operation between the Farmers' Clubs and the Women's Institutes, where both exist in a community, or between the men in places of authority and the Women's Institute, where the latter is in a town or village community. This is our great strength as a women's organization—that there is a close community of interest between our aims and our work and the interests of our Canadian men, wherever they may be found.

Resolutions.

The resolutions presented at the seventeenth annual Convention of the Ontario Women's Institutes were dealt with as follows by the Resolutions Committee (Mrs. William Todd, Orillia, chairman; Dr. Margaret Patterson, Toronto; Mrs. L. C. Burns, Caledonia; Mrs. James Patterson, Gadshill, and Miss M. E. Pearson, Merrickville):

1. The Committee recommended that the resolution from the Lobo Women's Institute, requesting that military training in our schools and colleges be eradicated from the school curriculum, and in its place additional prominence be given to physical culture, be laid over until such time as full assurance is given that such training is not necessary.—Carried.

2. That the resolution from the O'Connor Women's Institute, asking that free homes for the insane be provided, and also that the resolution from Kenora, Thunder Bay and Rainy River Districts, asking for adequate provision for the insane and feeble-minded, be endorsed by this Convention, and forwarded at once to Dr. Clarence M. Hinch, Secretary of the Provincial Organization for the Care of the Feeble-Minded.—Carried.

3. That we endorse the protest of the Wilson Road Maidstone Branch against the importation of poppy seed into Canada, as it is believed to be a noxious weed, and that such protest be forwarded at once to the Horticultural Societies Convention now in session. —Carried.

4. That the resolution of the Central Dumfries Women's Institute, asking this Convention to petition the Government to grant universal suffrage to women before the next election, be laid aside as not coming within our jurisdiction.—Carried.

5. That, with regard to resolutions from Central Dumfries and Halton County upon daylight saving, we ask careful consideration by our Federal Government as to whether the advantages of this measure outweigh its disadvantages, and if its continuance be found to serve the best interests of the Dominion, that this Act be so amended as to make it more acceptable to the rural people.—Carried.

6. That, in respect to the resolution from North Essex, asking that action be taken to stamp out the manufacture, sale and importation of cigarettes, we urge our members to interest themselves in the study of the increased use and the injurious effects of cigarettes upon the children, with a view to arousing public opinion as to the necessity of such action being taken.—Carried.

7. That the South Lanark resolution, strongly condemning the Senate for vetoing the Bill for Amendment of the Criminal Laws as passed by the Commons, be endorsed, and that we express the hope that in the light of further consideration these amendments will be passed at the coming session.—Carried.

8. That the resolution of South Lanark, asking that a woman (or women) be appointed on the Board of Censors for moving picture films, be adopted, with the addition that we ask for a Dominion Board of Censors, to standardize pictures so presented.—Carried.

9. That the resolution asking that lectures on "Laws Relating to Women and Children" and on "Citizenship" be included in our summer series of subjects, be adopted.—Carried.

10. After careful consideration of the two plans submitted for provincial organization, the Committee recommended that Plan A be adopted as a temporary measure, with the addition that the seventeen representatives have power to add to their numbers.

Plan A.—That a Board of Directors be elected at the annual conventions, or at special meetings held in each of the seventeen districts indicated below, and approved by the Central Convention:

No. of District.	*Counties in District.*	*No. of Branches.*	*Representatives for 1918-19.*
EASTERN DISTRICT—			
1.	Dundas, Glengarry, Prescott, Stormont	21	Mrs. J. P. McNaughton, Maxville.
2.	Carleton, Lanark, Renfrew	44	Mrs. Jas. Reid, R.R. 2, Renfrew.
3.	Addington, Amherst Isd., Brockville, Frontenac, Grenville, Leeds South, Leeds North and Gren. Lennox	32	Miss M. E. Pearson, Merrickville.
		— 97	
CENTRAL DISTRICT—			
4.	Hastings, North'd, Prince Edward	62	Mrs. W. R. Munro, R.R. 3, Demorestville.
5.	Durham, Haliburton, Peterboro, Victoria	55	Miss E. E. Haycraft, Bowmanville.
6.	Ontario, York	55	Miss Kate McKay, Brechin.
7.	Dufferin, Grey	62	Mrs. Jas. Gardner, Owen Sound.
8.	Halton, Peel	56	Miss H. Beardmore, Port Credit.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)

The Food Value of Candy

ALL down the past centuries the human race has adopted such combinations of foods as best ourished the body. This was done ng before there was a chemistry or hysiology of food. Yes, long before ie first chemist or physiologist was orn. As the result of instinct, guided y experience, mankind had been con-ming large amounts of sugar foods, r other foods that in the process of igestion are converted into sugars. hese sugars or their equivalents were otained from the juices of plants, or om various substances that were put rough some process which changed em into sweet tasting, relishable, and utritious foods.

The Carbohydrate group of foods con-in carbon, oxygen and hydrogen in arying proportions. Sugars may be vided into the following groups:—

1. Sucroses, or disaccharids, such as ne sugar, beet sugar, maple sugar id malt sugar.

2. Glucoses, or mono-saccharids, such grape sugar (dextrose), fruit sugar evulose), and corn syrup.

3. Invert sugar, such as honey, which one of the forms in which the earliest e of sugar is recorded.

T must be remembered that the large amount of starch consumed as food ust be converted into glucose or dex-ose sugar before it can be made use in the body. It has been stated by minent authorities on foods that about ne-quarter pound of sugar per twenty-ur hours is the maximum amount re-uired by an adult. If more than this consumed, the extra amount will be creted by the kidneys. This would be out ninety pounds of sugar per an-um Children can assimilate more gar than adults because of their latively active muscular energy and latively large body surface for losing at in proportion to their size. They not as a rule care for fat meat, and efer sweets as a natural substitute.

It has now been established by chem-s and physiologists that, if sugar be t taken as a food, the digestive organs ake it out of other elements in the od. Such diets as potatoes, bread, rnmeal, arrowroot, sago and rice are ry rich in starch, which yield in gestion maltose, then glycogen, and ally the sugar that feeds the body. e healthy adult working hard requires ily nearly 2,000 grains of nitrogenous ods, about 750 grains of fats, and out 6,000 grains of carbohydates, ade up of starches and sugars.

Candies are among the attractive and eful forms in which sugar is used as food. They contain large quantities cane sugar, with frequently some s such as butter, nuts and fruits, rn syrup, starch, chocolate and flavor-g. All of these elements are useful ods. Nuts and fruits are recognized yielding a good percentage of pro-d nitrogenous material which is one the absolute essentials in body build-g nutrition. The fat is also a proper nstituent in every dietary. Corn rup is but another form of sugar, as s been aforestated.

STARCH found in exceedingly small quantities in good candy is also con-rted into sugar in process of diges-n. Chocolate is a most nourishing fat food and a delightful stimulant, especially valuable in cases of extreme fatigue or exposure. The flavorings are stimulants to the digestive organs, and increase the flow of saliva, gastric fluid, pancreatic secretion, and the action of the intestinal glands.

There is a rather widespread notion that eating candy injures the teeth. There is not the least scientific foundation for this opinion. The lack of sugar is much more likely to injure the teeth, through impaired nutrition, than even its excessive use is liable to do by any digestive troubles which might result from such overuse.

In like manner there is very little foundation for the common opinion that the consumption of candies causes diabetes. It is true that the abuse of sugars may produce a mild form of temporary diabetes, which disappears on the proper regulation of the diet. This form of diabetes is quite rare and unimportant. The excessive ingestion of any other food will cause derangement of health also. It is very doubtful if the use of candy, in any form, ever causes a case of true diabetes.

Statistics show that the annual per capita use of sugar in Canada and the United States is about eighty-four pounds. That of Britain, before the war, was about ninety pounds, though the latter figure does not represent the consumption of Britain itself, as a certain percentage of the sugar used in the country was exported to other countries in the form of sweet goods. This would give such large consumption figures per year as:

Canada	314,000 tons
United States	3,954,187 tons

THIS gives some idea of the importance of sugar and sugar products as food. The amount of sugar which each individual requires, indeed must have, may be taken partly in beverages, with fruits, with cereals, as a dessert, as jam or preserves, or as candy. The housewives are making fruit candies when they put down jams, the ingredients of which are some fruit and cane sugar. Such fruit candies, however, lack the other valuable materials which are incorporated in candies as produced by our Canadian manufacturers, and therefore are not so well balanced from a dietetic standpoint.

In candy, as a food, the essentials are the selection of good material, that the preparation should be well done, and that the product be properly kept in the sales shops. These are the same essentials one expects in the preparation of any other article of food; and apply to bread as much as they do to candy. Good flour, good baking and good keeping will insure good bread. Good material, good making and good keeping will guarantee good candy. These conditions being assumed, then candies are among our most valuable foods, particularly so as foods for the young, whose instincts have guided them correctly in their fondness for sweets of all kinds.

Confections in which chocolate is combined are not only delightful, but conducive to good health, and among our most highly esteemed modern food products.

Literature and Journalism

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

at actual vivid color it is all sur-nded!

After all, art is just a light let in Truth.

And so I would say to correspon-nts who want to take a first step in rnalism, which is so often by way reporting, that it is a good road to llow, one which leads out by a raight and narrow path at first, to de avenues with broad vistas ever ening before one. Women are as ch a part of newspaper life now-a-ys as are men. Women are writ-g editorials and doing critical work ite as extensively as they are re-rting.

I think perhaps an experience in porting is something like a col-ge education. It is not really ne-ssary to success in writing but it is a very useful experience. Some of the most brilliant newspaper writers that Canada has ever known, such as "Kit," of the "Mail and Empire," Lally Bernard, of the "Globe," Sarah Jeannette Duncan and others, never spent an hour at the reporter's desk—and I remember how "Kit" used to scorn a typewriter. But we must remember that these women began to write twenty-five years ago, when the make-up of a newspaper was a different thing from that which it is to-day, and they would have been the first to assent to the fact that while all journalistic experiences are not absolutely necessary to the complete writer, nevertheless they are so helpful that one cannot very well afford to let them pass.

KATHERINE HALE.

Only Trained Corsetieres are Permitted to Fit

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INTELLIGENT fitting of corsets is as important as the quality of the corset itself. That is why every possible step is taken to insure the fitting of "La Camille" Corsets by skilled corsetieres only. "La Camille" Corsets have earned too worthy a reputation to be jeopardized by improper fitting.

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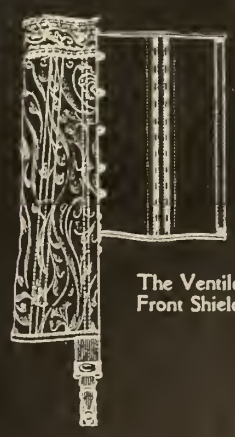
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The back shield is a lattice work ventilating strip, soft and pliable, preventing pressure on the spine and nerve centers.

The front shield also acts as a ventilator, prevents flesh from protruding between lacers; permits better adjustment of corset.

The model illustrated is made from brocade in pink. The elastic inserts under bust provide for figure with full diaphragm.

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..... Dupuis Freres, Ltd.
Toronto.....T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
Vancouver .....David Spencer, Ltd.
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Before going outdoors protect you skin against the cold and keen winter winds that ruin the complexion.

"Vaseline" Camphor Ice soothes and smoothes the skin, relieves the pain of chapping overnight. It is compounded simply of gum camphor and the well-known

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly—perfectly sterilized—safe as well as healing to the tender skin of the face and cracked and bleeding hands.

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Other "Vaseline" Products and Uses

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TERMS: $1-$2-$3 Weekly
We trust any honest person.
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JACOBS BROS.
Diamond Importers
15 Toronto Arcade.
TORONTO.

Points For The Novice Motorist

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

or wave motion of the incoming mixture exercises a very beneficial influence on the rapidity with which the flame is propagated throughout its midst.

A little point to remember, when judging plugs on first principles, is the tremendous heat to which their extremities are subjected inside the cylinders. If there is too great a mass of metal it is likely to retain so much heat as to cause pre-ignition; on the other hand, the over-heating of a properly designed section of porcelain will cause deposited oil to be absolutely burned away and thus automatically prevent short circuiting from this cause.

Do not forget, of course, to keep all terminals tight and clean, neither forgetting to see that the wires are well clear of the exhaust pipe. It is not every car that has the refinement of a special casing for the wire. Another useful precaution is to number each wire at its ends and to number the firing order of the cylinders and the magneto or distributor terminals accordingly.

Remember, also, when you remove a magneto for any purpose that there are two ways in which the coupling connection can be re-made when putting the magneto back, but that there is only one position that is correct, and this is determined by the position of the high-tension distributor brush and of the pistons in the cylinders of the engines. Always, therefore, observe the position of the high-tension distributor before removing the magneto and never on any account turn the engine when the magneto is not attached. By this little precaution you may avoid all trouble when re-coupling.

Tire Knowledge.

IN tire troubles the most you can do is to minimize the inconvenience resulting from a mishap. In the first place, use nothing but the best tires and always take the trouble to see that they are inflated to a proper pressure, which depends a good deal on their size, the weight of the car and in some measure the speed you drive at. Twenty pounds per inch of cross sections (80 pounds for a 4 inch shoe, etc.) is a safe rule to follow.

In the whole art of motoring there is nothing more economical than moderation in speed, and especially is this true in regard to tire troubles. Carrying a rim with an inflated tire already attached saves the trouble of repairing a tire on the road. When faced with the necessity of making a repair, keep cool, put on an overall suit and go to it with a smile—it pays

Around The Hearth

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

THIS last question seems somewhat out of season, but as my copy was sent in before it arrived in October I will leave it for consideration for next Christmas. "Mrs. R. C." writes the following:

"Dear Jennie Allen Moore,—What do you think of giving presents this year, when there is such a demand on our purses for other things? And do you think that giving away some of our surplus old-fashioned silver and dishes would be acceptable among the poorer classes in a city or large town?"

I am really glad you asked me about that. It furnishes me with an excuse to tell you something I experimented upon last year. Nearly every housewife can take the cue. You know how every one loves to add to her dishes, and how the old-fashioned pitchers and salad bowls and cake plates are relegated to high shelves in the pantry or cupboard. Last year my housecleaning lagged, and it was near Christmas when I ascended the step-ladder to investigate the top shelves of the pantry.

The dish that had been wont to hold boiled eggs when three healthy lads surrounded the table was there—but the three boys were gone. The mottled, thin glass water pitcher that had done duty in years long gone had been supplanted by a water bottle of more modern design. The high, old-fashioned cake plate stood at dusty attention; and the glass bowl that had held our defunct "fish" family stood silently by.

Needless to say, I acted upon the suggestion that presented itself. These articles now repose in other cupboards—nay, sideboards—given places of honor, because they were appreciated instead of the dishes that had been broken "coming across" or been given away to save space and packing.

Those of you who have stacks of discarded saucers and plates, odd cups and vegetable bowls, hand them out now, when purses are slim, and the price of dishes is high and breakages still occur. In many homes where there are children there are not sufficient dishes to set the table properly. There is the hint. I leave it with you

Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

"Your father is of that caste."

"General von Reiter is not my father."

"What!" he exclaimed, astounded.

She turned her face from his shoulder and looked up at him.

"He spoke to you of me as his daughter. You spoke to me of him in that relation, too. I did not enlighten you because it did not seem to matter. But it is not true."

"Is he—your guardian?"

"No; I need none. My father was a German officer—of that caste. My mother was Danish. . . . Something happened—I do not know what. I was very little. And my mother would never speak of it. She was very beautiful. I remember her quite well. We lived in Copenhagen.

"Whatever happened occurred before I was born. I know that. Mother told me. My father dropped both title and name and left the army and went with my mother to Copenhagen. He took the name of his mother, who was English—Girard. I never was even told what our name had been. Neither father nor mother would ever speak of it."

She rested there, silent, absent-eyed, gazing into space as though recalling years that had not been unpleasant. Then, serenely meeting his gaze, she smiled up at him.

"You know," she said, "my life has been a happy one. My father was a man of means. We lived very happily in Denmark. I've always thought of myself as Danish.

"My childhood was really wonderful. I had a passion for study, for learning; and I learn very easily—almost without effort. And you know, perhaps, how thorough the Danish schools are, how much they demand of a child, physically as well as mentally.

"And I did everything, Kervyn; learned the accomplishments of a young Danish girl—and was flattered I am afraid, and perhaps spoiled.

"And always I desired to go on the stage—always—from the very beginning—from the time I was first taken to the theatre.

"It was quite hopeless. I did act for charity, and at school; and afterward took lessons. But as long as my father and mother lived that career was not possible. . . Afterward I decided for myself. And first I went to Germany, and they gave me a small part in a company that was going to Posen. And there General von Reiter, who had been my father's friend and brother-officer, met me.

"He was very kind. He wished to adopt me and give me his name. He was very insistent, too—a man—Kervyn, not unlike you—in some respects. But I never dreamed of permitting him to sway me—as you do.

"He knew my desire for a stage career; he has for three years attempted to destroy in me that desire. When I had no engagement, or was studying, he insisted that I stay with his brother and his brother's wife, with whom he lived. He spoke freely of his desire and intention of legally adopting me, called me his daughter when he spoke to others of me—and always I felt the constant, iron pressure of his will—always—not harshly, but with the kindly patience of resolution.

"Then I decided to go to England, study, and if possible gain some experience on the London stage.

"And then"—she bit her lip—"I think I may say it—to *you*—not saying it lightly, Kervyn—then, on the eve of my departure, he asked me to marry him.

"And because he would not accept my answer he exacted of me a promise that in November I would return to Berlin give him my final answer, and choose then between marrying him or a return to the profession I care for most.

"That is my history, Kervyn. No man has ever figured in it; none except General Baron von Reiter has ever even invaded it . . . until you have done so . . . and have made your wishes mine—I don't know how—and your will my inclination—and me more than the friend I was.

"One thing only you could not do—and in my heart I know you do not wish it of me—and that is, make me break my word—make me forget a promise.

"Now I have told you all," she said with a little sigh.

"Not all, Karen."

"Yes, I think so."

"No. You have not told me what answer you mean to make."

Her eyes opened at that. "I am not in love. What answer should I make?"

"You return to your career?"

"Of course, once my promise is kept."

"What promise?"

"To see him and tell him what I have decided."

"Do you think he might persuade you?"

"No!"

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly."

He said, looking at her with a hint of a smile in his eyes: "Do you think I might ever persuade you to give up your career?"

She smiled frankly: "I don't think so."

"Not if I asked?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

A New Profession for Women In Which the Demand is Greater Than the Supply

By Betty O'Hara

THESE are to be surely momentous times of unrest. Labor troubles social difficulties and financial disagreement, seems to be the order of the day. So apparent has this unrest made itself, that it was only a few days ago, that Lloyd George was compelled to leave the all-important questions at the Peace Conference, to smooth the troubled waters.

This settling down from the horrors of war, to what we hope is everlasting peace. seems to be much more difficult than we had anticipated. A fact was forcibly brought home to me the other day, as I sat in the Government Employment Bureau watching the ever moving throng of humanity, which sought refuge near its threshold.

"I have answered advertisements for three weeks," I heard a bright little girl say, as she answered the enquiry of the lady in charge. "I must get some employment soon. for I cannot hold out much longer," and the quivering lips bore out the truth of the statement.

But most of the troubles that employment bureaus encounter. are caused by the labor market being flooded with unskilled labor, while this is the age of specialization; and employers are asking for highly trained specialists, who will bring their venture to a successful issue.

To choose your vocation, then try to reach the top of the ladder is the only sure way to success and to all girls who are thinking of taking up a different line of work I would say, "specialize." Even if you have to forego the pleasure of a weekly pay envelope for a time, it will more than double your salary by the time the second year has elapsed, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing you are doing something really worth while, not as a small cog in the wheel of commercial or industrial life, but an important unit for the betterment of all those with whom you come in contact.

Now as never before in the world's history, there is an increasing demand for bright, happy, intelligent girls, who will help this old world to solve its many problems. Not those idle daughters of the rich. who in by-gone days took recreation and eased a troubled conscience by paying their debt to humanity in what they were pleased to call "slumming." but girls who are trained intelligently to grapple with the problems of industry, social welfare, and recreation.

It is a sphere which is peculiarly woman's. Her quick intuition, tact, and resourcefulness, give her a sympathetic understanding of these problems which is seldom granted to the other sex, It is a sphere, which, on account of its growing necessity and complexity, can no longer be left for accomplishment to the spasmodic enthusiasm of the volunteer worker.

To answer these various and pressing needs, one of the large Canadian Universities has inaugurated a surprisingly short and comprehensive course of studies for the scientific training of the social worker. This course is divided into three parts:

A—Instructs the student in the fundamental conditions and principles of social life and development, which is a study of the underlying social and economic conditions.

B—Gives instruction in respect of the specific conditions and problems of Social Service.

C—Field Work, giving actual practice and training in performance of social work.

In this part of the course the student puts into practice under careful supervision the knowledge she has gained. and this is carried out through the various hospitals, societies and settlements arranged by the university.

Then the studies are so very interesting, although at the first glance one would expect they would be overwhelmingly difficult. This, however, is not the case, for times without number we have spent our leisure hours perusing articles and books on the same subjects for the pure love of it. And when you think of it as a means of understanding humanity, its joys and sorrows, which of us would not give a small part—a few months—of our long lives to understand its greatest problems? Students in this course are obliged to take these subjects as a background and when they decide just what line they prefer, and are most interested in, they are given a chance to specialize in that one particular branch. And their field work is of such a character as will increase their knowledge of such a specialization.

Here is a list of subjects which are considered necessary:

1. Evolution of Modern Industry.
2. Social Economics.
3. Introduction to Psychology.
4. Social Ethics.
5. Social Hygiene.
6. The Social Treatment of Poverty.
7. Community Work.
8. The Municipality, its work and problems.

Then there are six lines of specialization:

1. Medical Social Service.
2. Recreation and Play Ground Work.
3. Child Welfare.
4. Labor Problems.
5. Essentials of Case Work.
6. Settlement Methods.

Besides this there are special lectures given on various subjects of which the students are supposed to have a knowledge, and they have the privilege of reading and studying from one of the finest libraries of its kind in America.

When the course is finished, and the delighted graduate takes her place in the work-a-day world, she will find herself a lady of tremendous importance in the field of labor.

The employer will look to her to put her finger on the cause of dissatisfaction which so often leads to serious labor troubles in the women's realm. Little children will be dependent on her for the happiness of their surroundings. Child miscreants will look to her for guidance and advice, instead of the unsympathetic. domineering. brute force which too often reigns in juvenile courts. In factories and large departmental stores, the comfort and happiness of the wage earners will rest in the hollow of her hand. And the strangers in the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. houses and hostels will remember her as the one bright light in the gloom and glamour of the great city.

Don't you think this is a coveted career for any girl to look forward to? To the girls of the social service, opportunity stands with open arms. The salary is ample and the positions are varied. and more numerous than are the applicants.

It is one of the few places where a girl who is not necessarily a university graduate can see vast results for her work. It is the open door of vast opportunities in both United States and Canada, and no girl who is hoping to make a success of that existence we call life, can do better than take advantage of it.

Change Regarding the W.A.D.

An order has come from Ottawa which cancels the General Service Department of the W. A. D. Those who wish to take up this line of work are employed as civilians by the military authorities. The Masseuse Functional Trainer and V,A.D. Nurses are still under the control of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56.)



You Can Now Get "Prepared"

Junket

MADE *with* MILK

as well as Junket Tablets. "Prepared Junket" (Nesnah) has the sugar. flavor, etc., already added. Easily and quickly made —simply stir in lukewarm milk and let stand. Comes in six pure flavors. A package makes six to eight dessert glasses of Junket.



Plain milk—Nature's most wholesome food—when made into Junket is tempting, attractive and delicious. Junket is both **food** and **dessert.**

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Princess Skin Food	1.50
Princess Hair Rejuvenator	1.50
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Write for Free Sample of this delightful Cold Cream.

Preparations sent to any address, in plain wrapper, carriage paid, with full instructions for home use, on receipt of price.

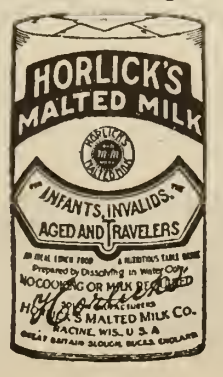
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Very Nutritious, Digestible.

Used successfully everywhere for nearly ⅓ century. Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich milk, with extract of our specially malted grain. Instantly prepared by stirring this Real Food-Drink in water.

Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.

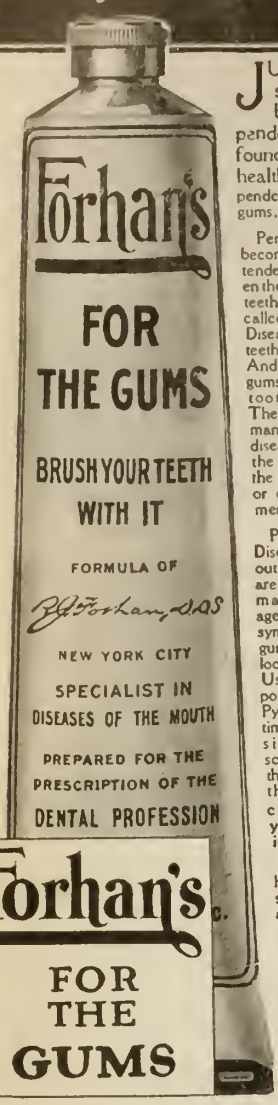
Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.

Ask for and get HORLICK'S

On sale by all Chemists and Druggists.

Canada Food Board License No. 14-385.

Inflamed gums—the cause of tooth-base decay



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth — keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

FORHAN'S, Ltd.
307 St. James St.
Montreal



THE children—and the grown-ups as well—crave a hot, nourishing drink these cold days. Try this:

Mix together, dry—
3 heaping tablespoonfuls Klim
1 heaping tablespoonful Cocoa
Sugar as desired.

Place mixture in utensil, slowly add cool water, avoiding lumps; boil for five minutes or longer. Beating with egg whip improves the quality.

This is an example of the convenience in using Klim. Having a tin of Klim in the kitchen is like having a little cow of your own. Whenever milk is needed for cooking or baking, for tea or coffee, or to drink, just open your tin of Klim and take out the required quantity. What is left in the tin will be fresh and sweet when needed again.

Klim is pasteurized, separated milk in powder form, and will not freeze nor sour.

Sold by all grocers in 1 lb. and 10 lb. tins.

Klim is genuine—the flavor proves it.

Watch for Geo. Baldwin's article in the April number. He will tell you many facts about your garden and its cultivation.

The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

shock, for it is like putting one's hand into a lucky bag and finding all sorts of hidden surprises. Who would ever think that the beautiful goldfinch or the tropical Indigo Bunting bird was first cousin to the brownish gray ragamuffin you see every day on the streets of every city? Does sound strange but it is true. The rich blue plumage of the Indigo Bunting seems a bit of heaven itself and one glances skyward to see if there is a vacant place where that bit of glowing blue has dropped from. Not so his mate, for Mrs. Indigo Bunting is decidedly like a brown sparrow. Sometimes there will be a tinge of blue on her wings and shoulders, but happily for her, her coat is dingy, for thus she escapes being seen whilst on her nest which is always built in a low bush or roadside thicket.

THE Snowflakes, Juncos, Purple Finches and the Rose-Breasted Grosbeaks are all cousins to the sparrows. So too is the Towhee bird. This is no stranger than the tiny humming bird being related to the Nighthawk. The sparrow tribe have all the same kind of conical shaped bills for all are seed eaters and they find their strong bills very useful for crushing the hard weed seeds. There is hardly a day throughout the year that they cannot find food, for even in winter the weeds show themselves above the blanket of snow, and so the sparrow family does not need to migrate any distance. One of the best features of these birds is the quick way they have in adapting themselves to conditions. Have you ever noticed how that little immigrant, the English sparrow, has made himself at home in his new country? We can learn a lesson from this cheerful little bird and that is, that whenever we leave our home town to seek a living in a strange place we shall do well to copy our little friend the sparrow and adapt ourselves to the new conditions as quickly as possible, for by so doing we shall make better progress in every way.

"Sparrows eat the grain," I heard one girl say, and so she encouraged her cat to hunt them. The sparrows thinned in number but the grain still disappeared. At last I convinced her that rats and mice, not sparrows, were spoiling the grain and suggested that a family of Screech Owls in the barn would be better than her cat which was too lazy and too well fed to catch the culprits. Later I heard that the owls had been encouraged and, given time, they repaid the kindness by killing off the grain eaters.

THERE are mischievous birds in every tribe, the same as there are mischievous boys and girls in every family, but they are lovable and have their good points in spite of their faults, and it is the same with the sparrows. The mischievous birds must not be encouraged. Those of you who live in the country districts surely know the Chipping Sparrow, the Vesper Sparrow, the Field Sparrow, the White-throated Sparrow, the—but there, I have named enough for you to observe in your district, and on a future date, we will have a contest, so that you can tell us just what you know and have found out about these birds, which thanks to their protective coloring are more often than not, overlooked by their enemies, the hawks, when those birds of prey are in search of a meal.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A club of girls is planning to take "eats" to the bed patients of one of the military hospitals, once a week. What kind would you suggest the girls should take?—Elsie.

As the hospital cooks do not care about making salads or fancy cakes, I think they would be most acceptable. The soldiers are very fond of both.

Do you think if I took a course in Occupational Therapy, I would have a chance to use it after the work in military hospitals is over?—H. J., Saskatoon.

Of course none of us are sure just what course the civilian hospitals will take after such an upheaval as has taken place in medicine in the last four years, but in all probability the larger civilian hospitals throughout the Dominion will take up this work.

I wish to take a clerical position in one of the military hospitals, to whom should I apply?—H. L. J.

Apply to the Headquarters of the military district in which you live. Since it is in No. 2, address your correspondence to Military Headquarters, College St., Toronto.

I wish to take a nurse's training. Do you think it would be advisable to take a two years' course?—N. L. Brantford.

There are very few hospitals which give a two years' course, and if you wish to reach the top of the ladder in your profession you must be a graduate of a standard hospital, and have three years training. So you see a three years' course is almost necessary.

I would like to take a position with the I.S.C. as a trained nurse. To whom should I address the correspondence?—Kathleen.

Address of the I.S.C. Headquarters is Keens Building, Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Please tell me if the government pays the transportation for girls who have to take the courses at Hart House.—Vancouver.

Your transportation is paid to Toronto and also to the hospital to which you are sent to work.

Could you please tell me if the girls who have to sign up for six months as V.A.D.'s have to buy their own uniforms?—J. H., Niagara.

The government allows V.A.D.'s $60.00 for the uniform, anything more than this the girls must pay for themselves.

I would like to have some training which would enable me to earn my own living, as I do not like anything in the line of book-keeping, I am at a loss as to what I could do.—S. D. K

The Y.W.C.A. is giving a short course for girls and the salary is very remunerative. I am sending you the address for further information. It is the shortest course I know of that is at all remunerative, that is if you do not like book work.

Oh, What a Tangled Web!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

But, alas, the brown hair so often pulled, had acquired a mysterious beauty, and the lifted face that we regret to say Jerry had once slapped in days gone by, in the shadowy moonlight had lost its old friendly familiarity, and become strangely, hauntingly lovely; the little nose he had been known to twitch, was now a thing to dream of, and the soft arm he had often pinched had been transformed into a tender, clinging touch that one might long to feel on lonely nights in France.

They sat in sudden silence while the moon played its noiseless harmonies about them, and the air quivered with the thousand voices of the night. Abruptly the quiet was broken by a voice from the club.

"Peyton, Lieut. Peyton, Western Union on the phone."

It took Jerry but a moment to get the message, and then he was back beside her, followed at a short distance by a friendly crowd. He was a little breathless.

"I'VE got to go, Jean," he said hurriedly, "right off, and let Pirson take you home. Isn't that the worst luck? Orders been changed, leave in an hour." He glanced over his shoulder. The crowd was closing around them. He caught the girl's hands in his.

"Jean, dear," he whispered, "don't forget the game. Remember we're engaged and you haven't even kissed me. They usually do, you know, and besides it's goodbye. Come on, Jean, play up, or Cary Jacobs will know you for a fraud."

The girl gave a little gasp as the soft colour flooded her face. She swayed towards him like a flower, as he gathered her into his arms.

"You see, Jerry," she murmured breathlessly, "I've never been engaged before," and Jerry, unbelievably strong, held her close as he murmured back, "Thank God."

"Stafford, July 9."

"JERRY, dear.

"I WANT to sing a veritable song of triumph. Our scheme has worked like a charm and you are the hero of my young life. No longer am I a rank outsider, but one of the magic inner circle. My service pin is the sesame that opens all doors, and with a perfect right I can tell the grumblers and idlers what I think of them, and they take it. When I stormed about their not knitting they meekly accepted the rebuke and asked for yarn; another crowd is making hospital shirts at my instigation, while the erstwhile tennis club winds bandages. I begin to feel like a missionary blazing a trail in the wilderness. It's like the little woman in that play of Barrie's 'The Old Lady Shows Her Medals,' who invented a son in the war so she'd have something in common with the other old women of the neighborhood. Oh, Jerry, it was a grand idea.

"P.S.—I bought a new record yesterday—'How I Miss You, Dear Old Pal of Mine.' It's pretty."

IT is strange how the presence of an idea can change the current of a life. As the weeks went by, Jean, the unsentimental, who for years had read Jerry's boyish letters with airy unconcern, came to know the sickening disappointment that followed the postman's "Nothing to-day, Miss Peyton." Jean, the game little creature, with nerves of steel, grew familiar with a breathless tension that accompanied each morning's casualty list. She passionately told herself that she would have felt the same with Jerry away under any circumstances, but unacknowledged in her heart was the conviction that she had changed from a care free girl into a patient, waiting woman. Impatiently she would thrust aside these thoughts. It was all nonsense, she would insist, with a queer sinking of the heart, they were only playing a game, and when Jerry came back it would be over and they would return to the old, careless footing. How he would despise her if he knew how foolish she had grown. Still it was very sweet to get his letters, with their new note of tenderness and proprietorship.

"Jean, dear," he wrote one day in the fall, "how would you like to knit me some extra big socks, about size eighteen? The ones you gave me when I came away are about gone, and after wearing them I don't want any bought ones, especially with winter coming on. My sweater, the historic one, has been a life saver on more than one cool night. I have my ears trained now so that they slip in and out without ever catching.

"You know you're some little letter writer, Jeanie. Why didn't I find it out before—I must have bundles of notes from you at home, tied with a blue ribbon, I bet, but you were such a scrappy kid, that we never wrote two in succession without coming to blows.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60.)

A Tale of Two Tires

In Which the Experiences as Given by the Tires Themselves are Better Than a Volume of Advice.

ONE morning two brand new tires emerged from the factory. Rubbing shoulders in the crowded express wagon they became acquainted. The first one smiled proudly at the new-found friend.

"You are the same size as I," she said, "I note from the pattern of your wrapper that you are a 34 x 4. Are you smooth tread or all weather?"

"I'm all-weather," replied the second "And you?"

"Same here," came back the answer.

"Of course I don't have any idea where I am going, but I do hope I am treated well, because it won't take a young lady like myself long to become aged and wrinkled."

So the two new friends talked of their future homes. They reviewed the past. They reminded each other of the tropical days when in their crude state they bathed under the warm sun in the rubber trees. They told their experiences in coming across in the big ships. And they exchanged experiences in going through the wonderful processes at the factory by which they were revitalized into a salable commodity.

But soon the station was reached and they knew they must part. So they bid each other a fond farewell and vowed they would tell their experiences if fate ever again threw them together.

It was a year later when the express wagon drove up to the factory and discharged its load. Eager hands grabbed the worn casings and threw them into the assorting room. Others moved them into assorted piles according to size. Once the worker's hands stopped for a moment as they touched an apparently good casing.

"Good for a couple thousand more with a little repair," his voice was heard to mutter. Then with a quick movement, the tire was laid with hundreds of others of its kind. But something happened the moment it touched its neighbor.

"Get over a little bit," the neighbor's voice was heard to say. "You're mashing my side."

That voice sounded familiar. Sure enough it was the first tire which spoke—the same tire which looked upon life so joyfully that sunny day a year ago.

"Why, my old friend," exclaimed the newcomer. "Tell me where you've been and what you've seen."

"Oh, the story itself is too sad. Life held such hopeful possibilities for me when I first started out to perform my service for humanity, but it wasn't long until my young life was blighted. You can see what a wreck I am. But you look really too good to be among us cripples. You see I've only seen 5,000 miles of the world. It was all due to my owner's carelessness, too. When I left the factory and took my place on the shelf of a Service Station, I was the proudest tire you ever saw. I trembled with anticipation whenever a customer came to buy. I wanted to go out into the world and perform my duty. At last my chance came and I was so happy when the day found me travelling on the rear wheel of a nice red machine. But I hadn't gone forty miles until I was given a jab in the solar plexus that nearly put me out. I tried to brace up, but the blow was so strong it left me pretty weak. But I had about recovered my wind in the next fifty miles when I got another in the same place. It made me wobbly all over. That spot was so sore I could hardly bear to have it touch the ground. It began to feel better, though, for the next five hundred miles, until one day my master's son came home from college and took the red car out to burn up the roads. I enjoyed the fast riding somewhat, but he had a habit of stopping so fast I just had to coast until my skin was red hot and I smelled like burnt rubber. This weakened me and I began to go down terribly. They didn't seem to pay any attention to my condition, and not until I was almost a bare skeleton, did they stop and feed me air. This gave me new life but I still had that bad spot where I had hit those stones.

"The vacation for the master's son seemed to last for a long time because he used me day and night. Frequently he rubbed me against the curbing until my side was chafed and sore. Then he ran me into a lot of glass which he could have avoided easily, and I was cut and bruised something terrible. He never once thought of putting healing lotion on my cuts. I was getting weaker every day and losing strength every minute. My stone-bruised injury was throbbing unbearably. I just collapsed.

"Luckily we were on a smoothly paved street when I took the count. The master couldn't understand what was wrong. He fumed and swore. He took me back to the Service Station. There I was examined by kind and loving hands. They told my master how I had been weakened and abused. They gave him booklets telling how many of my sisters had fallen victims to the careless habits of their owners. But my master was a hard man and he stormed more and said I never was worth the price he paid for me. He finally consented, though, to let them put me on the operating table in an effort to save my life.

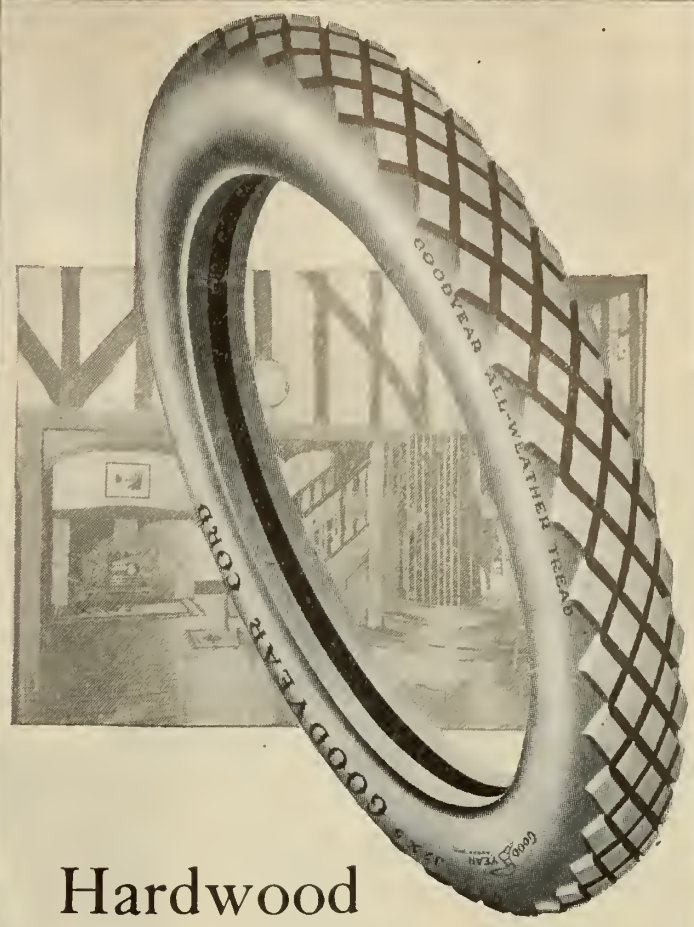
"I spent three days in the hospital and came out feeling like a new tire. It wasn't long, though, until I was suffering the same treatment as before. In a few weeks I felt my old sickness again. Gradually I weakened until I suffered a complete collapse. I never revived until I felt you push against my side when they threw you here. Now tell me how much of the world you have seen."

The newcomer swelled with pride. She seemed to be so happy at her very existence. Then she told her story.

"You'd never think," she said in almost a whisper, "that I've travelled more than 20,000 miles. That was my record. And I feel good enough for a couple of thousand more. I only attended one blowout and just because that put me under for a time, my kind master straightway sent me back to have my place taken by another. There is very little to tell, only that I was treated kindly. I was always given plenty of air. If I was cut, my wounds were healed with soothing cement. My master was careful of bad bumps; he avoided riding in the car-tracks. He never rubbed me up against a curbing. He was kind and I just worked along with him and gave him my best efforts. When he left me, he told a friend I was the greatest value in the world."

Just then the tires were seized by firm hands, and the two friends parted forever.

The moral of course is, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," and the car owner who devotes a certain amount of time to the care of his tires is amply repaid.



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Who Goes There

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

"You wouldn't do such a thing."

"I might if I fell in love with you."

"Is it likely?" she said, the tint of excitement in her cheeks.

"Do you think so?"

"I don't know. Is it?"

"It's perfectly possible I imagine."

"That you could fall in love with me?"

"Yes."

After a moment she laughed as a child laughs at the prospect of beholding wonders.

"Kervyn," she said, "please do so. I will give you every opportunity if you will remain at Trois Fontaines."

"I mean to remain in that vicinity," he said, meaningly; and she laughed again, deliciously, almost maliciously.

"It would finish you thoroughly," she said. "It would be poetic justice with a vengeance."

"*Your* vengeance?"

"Yes, mine. Oh, if you only *did* do that!"

"I think, considering the way you look at it, that I'd better not," he said, rather seriously. "Besides, I've no time."

"No time to fall in love with me?"

"No time."

"Why?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, please."

"Very well. Because after I have the papers I shall enter the Belgian army." He added with a hint of impatience—"Where I belong and where I ought to be now."

She became very silent at that. After a few moments she said: "Had you decided to do that before I met you?"

"Yes. I was on my way—trying to avoid the very trap I fell into."

"The German army?"

"Yes."

"The next station," said the German guard, squinting in at them from the window under his lifted lantern, "is Trois Fontaines."

"What!" exclaimed Guild, surprised. "Have we passed the customs?"

"The customs? This is a German military train! What business is it of the Grand Duchy where we go or what we do?"

He lowered his lantern and turned away along the running-board, muttering: "Customs, indeed! The Grand Duchy had better mind its business—and the Grand Duchess, too!"

A few moments later the locomotive whistled a long signal note to the unseen station.

"Karen," said Guild quietly, "in a few moments I shall be out of debt o General von Reiter. My life will be my own to do with as I please. That means good-bye."

She said with adorable malice: "I thought you were going to rob me first."

"I am," he said, smiling.

The train had already come to a stand-still beside a little red-tiled station. Woods surrounded it; nothing was visible except the lamps on a light station-wagon drawn up to the right of the track.

The guard unlocked and opened their compartment. A young man—a mere boy—came up smilingly and lifted his cap:

"Mademoiselle Girard? Monsieur Guild? I come from Quellenheim with a carriage. I am Fritz Bergner."

He took their luggage, and they followed to the covered station-wagon. When they were seated, the boy stepped into the front seat, turned his horses, and they trotted away into the darkness of a forest through which ran the widely winding road.

Fresh and aromatic with autumn perfume, the unbroken woods stretched away on either hand beneath the splendor of the stars. Under little stone bridges streams darkled, hurrying to the valley; a lake glimmered through the trees all lustrous in the starlight.

Something—perhaps the beauty of the night, possibly the imminence of his departure—kept them silent during the drive, until, at last, two unlighted gateposts loomed up to the right and the horses swung through a pair of iron gates and up a driveway full of early fallen leaves.

A single light sparkled far at the end of the vista.

"Have you ever before been here?" asked Guild.

"Once, to a hunt."

Presently Guild could see the long, two-storied hunting lodge of timber and stucco construction with its high peaked roof and dormers and a great pair of antlers spreading above the hood of the door.

Out of the doorway came a stout, pleasant-eyed, brown-skinned woman who curtsied to them smilingly and welcomed them in German.

Everything was ready; they had been expected. There was a fire in the hall and something to eat.

Guild asked to be driven to an inn, and the housekeeper seemed surprised There was no inn. Her orders were to prepare a room for Herr Guild, who was expected to remain over night. She regretted that she could not make them more comfortable, but the Lodge had been closed all summer, and she had remained alone with her son Fritzl to care for the place.

There seemed to be nothing for him to do but to stay over night.

Karen, waiting for his decision, looked pale and tired.

"Very well," he said to Frau Bergner, who curtsied and went away for their candles. Then he walked over to where Karen was standing, lifted her hand and touched the slender fingers with his lips.

"Good-night," she said; "I hope your dreams will be agreeable."

"I hope yours will be, also."

"I hope so. I shall try to continue a dream which I had on the train. It was an odd one—something about a frontier and a sentry box. You woke me before I had entirely crossed the frontier. I'd like to cross and find out what really is on the other side."

He laughed:

"I hope you will find, there, whatever you desire."

"I—hope so. Because if I should cross the boundary and find—nobody—there, it might make me unhappy for the rest of my life." And she looked up at him with a slight blush on her cheeks.

Then her features grew grave, her eyes serious, clear, and wistful.

"I think I am—learning to care—a great deal for you. Don't let me if I shouldn't. Tell me while there is time."

She turned as the housekeeper came with the lighted candles.

Guild stood aside for her to pass, his grave face lowered, silent before this young girl's candor and the troubled sincerity of her avowal.

And in his heart he knew that, although he had never liked any woman as much as he liked this young girl, he was not in love with her. And, somehow or other, he must tell her so—while there was still time.

CHAPTER XVI.

HE awoke in a flood of brightest sunshine; his bed, the floor, the walls, were bathed in it; netted reflections of water danced and quivered on the ceiling; and he lay looking at it, pleasantly conscious of green leaves stirring near his open window and of the golden splashing of a fountain.

There was a little bird out there, too, diligently practicing a few notes. The song was not elaborate. Translated, it seemed to consist of tweet! tweet! twilly-willy-willy! repeated an indefinite number of times.

Curious to discover what his surroundings resembled, he rose and looked out of the curtained window. There was a grassy carrefour where a fountain spouted into a stone pool; all else was forest; a stream sparkled between tree-trunks, bridged where the drive crossed it.

To bathe and dress did not take him very long. In the hall, which seemed to be the main living-room below, he prowled about, examining a number of antlers and boar-heads mounted on the beamed and plastered walls. The former had been set up in German fashion. antlers, brow-antlers, and frontal bone. and these trophies appeared to him uninteresting—even a trifle ghastly when the bleached skull also was included.

The boars' heads were better, nothing extraordinary in size, but well-tusked. The taxidermy, however, was wretched.

The square hall itself did not appear particularly inviting. The usual long oak table and benches were there, a number of leather arm-chairs, book-racks, cue-racks, gun-racks with glazed panes to protect the weapons, a festoon of spears, hunting knives and curly hunting horns, skins on the floor, brown bear, wolf and stag.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62.)

Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.)

No. of District.	Counties in District.	No. of Branches.	Representatives for 1918-19.
9.	Haldimand, Lincoln, Welland, Wentworth, Wellington ...	77	Mrs. L. C. Burns, Caledonia.
10.	Brant, Norfolk, Oxford, Waterloo	73	Miss E. D. Watson, Ayr.
11.	Muskoka, Simcoe	73	Mrs. Wm. Todd, Orillia.
12.	Parry Sound, Temiskaming..	43	Mrs. Jno. Clark, Englehart.
13.	Nipissing, St. Jos. Isd., Algoma, Manitoulin	44	Mrs. Geo. J. Priddle, Silverwater.
14.	Kenora, Rainy River, Thunder Bay	34	Mrs. B. O. Allen, Port Arthur.
		—534	
	Western District—		
15.	Bruce, Huron, Perth, Union..	59	Mrs. J. Patterson, Gadshill.
16.	Lambton, Middlesex	56	Mrs. J. G. Dawes, Thedford.
17.	Elgin, Essex, Kent	53	Dr. A. Backus, Aylmer.
		—168	
	Total number of branches.....	899	
	Girls' Institutes or Junior Women's Institutes	19	
		919	



Mrs. James Patterson and Mrs. W. M. Todd, representatives from the Ontario Institutes to the Convention at Winnipeg. These delegates, with Mrs. G. A. Putnam, were appointed Directors from Ontario.

The seventeen directors will be empowered to elect from among themselves a president, two vice-presidents, and four (or six or eight) directors to form an executive, and from among themselves or otherwise, a secretary-treasurer.

Plan B provides that at each district annual meeting a delegate will be appointed to represent the district concerned at a meeting to be called some time before September, 1919, for the purpose of completing organization upon the plan to be prepared by the members of the present organization and submitted for approval at the next annual Convention.

The seventeen members then withdrew and appointed the following officers: President, Mrs. William Todd; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. James Reid and Mrs. J. Patterson; Secretary, Mrs. B. O. Allen; Executive Committee, Miss M. E. Pearson, Dr. Annie Backus, Miss H. Beardmore, Miss Kate McKay and Mrs. John Clark. Mr. Geo. Putnam, the Superintendent of Women's Institutes, was made Honorary President.

It is recommended to the seventeen representatives that as soon as possible the Advisory Committee be elected by the Districts which they represent, and be responsible to the Districts for their work on that Committee.—Carried.

11. That the branches be advised to bring matters of official interest to their annual meetings, and from there send in their suggestions, recommendations or resolutions for the agenda of the Convention, and have some person appointed to open the discussion.—Carried.

12. We, the members of the East Harwich Women's Institute, would like to submit the following resolution to the Convention: Resolved that we think it would be very advisable in the interest of sanitary and moral improvement of our schools to appoint two ladies on the public school boards besides the three men trustees.—Carried.

13. We, the Ontario Women's Institutes in convention assembled, representing 30,000 of the rural women of Ontario, realizing the importance of children being brought up under their mothers' care, would ask our Government to institute a system of allowance to needy mothers.—Carried.

14. We wish to record our grateful appreciation of the able services of the late Miss Susie Campbell.—Carried with standing vote.

15. That we desire to send greetings from this Convention to Miss Guest, our representative in England.—Carried.

16. In view of the fact that district organization is being made more complete, efficient work can be done only with additional grant, and we would recommend that a Special Committee be appointed to formulate a definite basis. —Carried.

17. That the Convention wishes to express its thanks to Principal McKay and all who have helped to make the Convention a success.—Carried.

18. Whereas the ignorance of the public in regard to home nursing is appalling, as evidenced during the influenza epidemic, be it resolved that Home Nursing be placed on our public school curriculum; that our Model and Normal students be thoroughly trained in same, and that this course be given careful inspection by our school inspectors. —Carried.

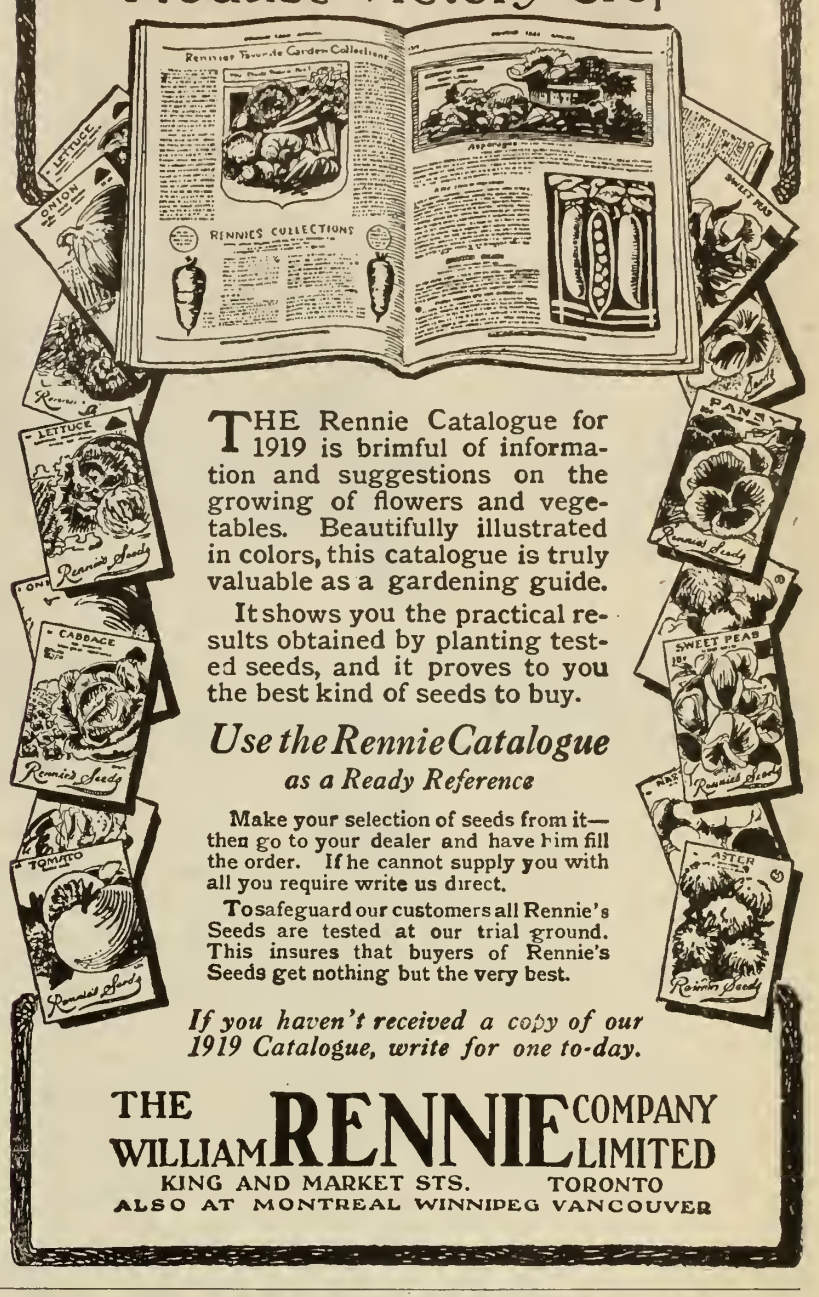
19. That the resolution from Thunder Bay District, petitioning the Premier and the Minister of Agriculture for the appointment of a woman representative for that part of the province to act in the capacity of district representative of the Department of Agriculture, be adopted.—Carried.

20. And finally, the Committee wishes, on behalf of all members of the Women's Institutes of the Province of Ontario, to most heartily endorse the words of appreciation expressed in a resolution from Thunder Bay District of the work accomplished under the able leadership of our Superintendent, Mr. Geo. A. Putnam, and considering the extent and importance of the work done by Mr. Putnam, and considering the great problems of reconstruction now before us, the women of the Institutes, now assembled, petition the Government to make such increase to the salary of our Superintendent as shall assure us of his continued leadership of the Ontario Women's Institutes, the phenomenal growth of which has been largely due to his untiring efforts and his executive ability.—Carried, with great applause.

Moved by Mrs. Fowler, seconded by Mrs. Brethour, that the Provincial Committee provided for in the report of the Resolutions Committee be empowered to nominate two delegates to the meeting of representatives of the Women's Institutes and similar organizations throughout the Dominion, called to meet in Winnipeg shortly to consider the formation of a National Federation, and that the persons so named be submitted to the whole Convention for approval.—Carried.

Sentence Reports of Canadian Institutes will appear next month.

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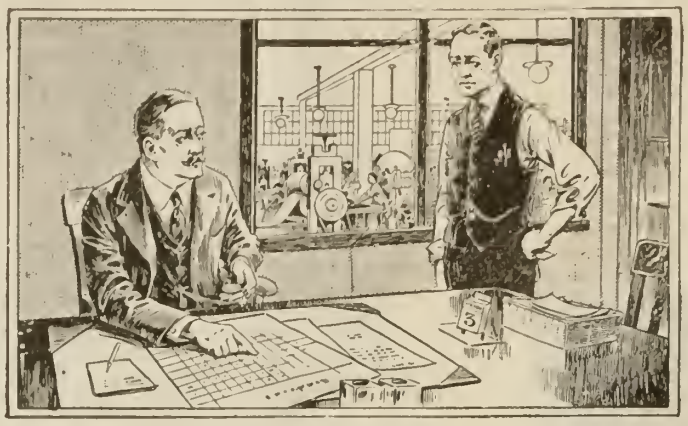
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Pratts

THE TRAIL OF THE BLONDE BEAST on page 7, is worth reading.

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THE time has come when this business—and every other business, to be a success—must run *on schedule*. Our armies couldn't win on any other plan—how can we?"

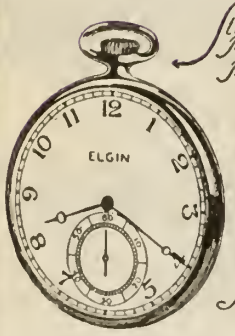
They knew the value of Time "over there." As they waited in blackest night, eager, alert for zero hour, every tick of the Elgin was fraught with grim significance.

For they learned—in those breathless rushes as the barrage lifted—that victory and destruction and eternity were separated only by seconds.

For magnitude of operations and for stupendous outcome the Allied war machine threw into insignificance any previous effort of man. Yet its mighty machinery worked as smoothly and accurately as an Elgin—because everything was planned and carried out *on schedule time*.

Shall wartime efficiency be lost in time of peace? Working to schedule is absolutely essential to profitable production in factory, office, mine and field alike.

Elgin plays its accurate part in these days of reconstruction—just as unerringly as it upheld the Service on land, on sea and in the air.



Streamline Pendant Patented

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Toronto

1A

Editorial from the Daily Star, of Monday, Nov. 4:—

KEEP THE HOUSE MOIST.

One of the cheapest ways of increasing the warmth of the house is to keep the air moist. In summer, when the heat appears excessive humidity is given as the explanation. In winter we are apt to go to the other extreme. A bulletin issued by the Toronto Fuel Administrator says:

"Nature has provided the people of the earth with a great blanket in the form of moisture; take the blanket away, or thin it out, and we get cold. Moisture is extremely necessary to life. In our homes in winter we get an excessive amount of heat and an insufficient amount of moisture, which not only makes the air oppressive and uncomfortable, but accounts for a large percentage of the catarrhal and other diseases of the nose and throat. Dry air at 70 or 72 F. may feel cooler than moist air at 60 degrees."

Simple directions are given for increasing moisture. If the house is heated by a stove keep a pan or kettle boiling. If there is a furnace, the water retainer in the hot-air jacket should always be filled with clean water. It is also advisable to keep a pan of water near the registers, particularly those giving out the most heat. When the house is heated with hot water or steam, pans or humidifiers should be on every radiator. The mere fact of steam or water-heating does not keep the air moist. It is recommended that a hygrometer as well as a good thermometer be kept in every home. Water is a good deal cheaper than coal, and should be freely used.

For Health's Sake Keep Your House Moist

Pure, Healthful Indoor Air Assured by the Use of the

RADIATOR HUMIDIFYING PAN

Positively the Only Efficient Humidifier on the Market to-day



Saves coal—saves your health. Fits between radiator and wall.

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WILSON SPECIALTIES

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The Piano's Place In Music

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

resource against loneliness or boredom During the past half century there has been a great advance in teaching methods, designed to develop the musical intuitions of the budding pianist. Thus the pupil is trained by real teachers to regard the instrument not merely as a machine for the display of great manual dexterity; but as one for delicate and tender expression. The aim is to play it with a "touch" which will bring forth gentle and wooing accents and not merely to hammer out brilliant or thunderous tones. Thus the really good teacher tries to induce his pupil to endeavor to create the effect of song, after he has mastered the intricacies of fingering.

The really great pianists are men and women, who become as it were so much in accord with their instrument, when they are seated at the keyboard, that, despite the magnitude of its mechanical devices, it seems to become part of themselves just as is a violin in the hands of a great virtuoso. Of course comparatively few are so peculiarly gifted that they can make a piano speak as it were with their own voices, but for the person of average taste and ability the wealth and variety of sound in a well tuned piano offers unfailing delights. It is capable of every form of expression, whether of the order that makes the young and vivacious listener eager to dance or of that which inspires tender reflection. For that reason the piano will remain one of the most precious attributes of the home.

Oh, What a Tangled Web!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56.)

"They talk about the French girls, and how chic they are, but every time I see a pretty one, it only sets me dreaming of that last night in the garden with you, when the moonlight played hide and seek in your hair and you kissed me goodbye. That was a pretty dress you wore, pretty enough to be married in, I'd say."

JERRY was playing the game with a vengeance, Jean thought with a twisted little smile, but nevertheless, she slept for nights with that letter under her pillow until the next one came to send her to her room shivering with apprehension.

"Don't worry, dear, if you don't get any word for a while. We're apt to be weeks without the chance of writing, but they'll let you know if your old man has 'gone west' so no news is good news.

"You see you're that old sweetheart of mine, Jean, the only girl I ever scratched or used a stick on, as I'm the only boy you've ever kissed—Yes?—so remember me in your prayers these nights and when our guns thunder out they'll be answering back 'God bless you.'"

Long, weary days followed that letter, sick hours when it seemed to the girl as if unseen terrors held her in grip. Each morning's headlines telling of the big offensive and the fighting brought fresh fears, and the worst of it was that she could expect no word of reassurance from Jerry. Jerry who had grown so infinitely dear. The month dragged by, and still more months and still no word. Shadows came under Jean's gray eyes and her round cheeks developed hollows. She told no one of her trouble, but the whole little suburb watched the girl with friendly anxiety, and even Cary Jacobs became gently tactful.

Poor Jean! It was hard to have all her heart ache at once. Never having known that she possessed such an organ, it had hurt to find that strange pain that the thought of the temporariness of her claim on Jerry had brought, but now that was happiness compared to this sharp keen anguish that caught away her breath and at night made her stretch out pleading hands to the friendly darkness. Jerry was such a boy in spite of his twenty-eight years. She could see him in all his young strength, lying inert on the battlefield, his fighter's face turned to the stars. All the horrors she had read became things that might happen or had happened to Jerry, her Jerry, with the close clipped hair and boyish smile.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61.)

Oh, What a Tangled Web!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60.)

She came back late one night from a long day's activity at the Red Cross. Her whole body throbbed with weariness; even her eyes ached from straining after accuracy in making nine by nines, so that the figure on the wind swept porch seemed but another hallucination. He was sitting on the railing, Jerry's old familiar perch, watching her come up the walk with the dear quizzical smile that was his, but she had seen him like that so often in her fancy that she came on up the stairs quietly, still scarcely realizing that the gaunt man sitting there was a reality and not a creature of her dreams.

THEN she knew him. With a rush she was in his arms, all the suffering of the months in her cry. She kissed him hungrily, feeling his thin cheeks with her fingers and running eager hands through his crisp hair.

Suddenly she drew back. Her onrush had been so quick that the man had scarcely said a word, but like a slap in the face had come the thought to Jean that this was no game she was playing. She had completely forgotten all that in joy at the return of the man she loved, but now hot waves of shame rushed over her face. He must have seen. She turned away and tried to speak, but only a horrid choking sound came from her throat. The man rose for the first time, and a new horror gripped her as she realized that he used a crutch.

"I'm sorry, Jean," she heard from a way off. "I didn't think you'd mind so much, I wanted you to know before I came, but our cable must have gone astray."

He didn't think she'd mind! Through the chaos of suffering that filled her that phrase stood out like a spar. She clutched it wildly.

"Mind? When you can never have any fun any more, ride or swim—or anything, you of all men?" Her balance was coming back. She spoke hurriedly, breathlessly, watching him almost furtively.. There was a chance for her to keep her secret—he thought the sight of him a cripple, had unnerved her. Perhaps that was all he had seen. Perhaps the cards were still in her hands.

Jerry was talking again.

"I won't miss these things, Jean," he was saying, "We see tragedies over there that sort of kill our youth. I suppose a certain readjustment comes with the years, but just now the picture of those old, old men and women with their dead eyes, and the little children's wizened, tortured faces is all I can see. That, and on the other side of the picture—you. You're all that they've lost—all the beauty and sweetness of life." He took her hands in his, and under his fingers felt her ring.

The girl's eyes filled with tears. This was such a different boy from the one who had gone away so gaily. She felt as if her heart would break. It seemed to her, as it will seem to many women, that somehow she must bring the laughter back into those dear eyes, and wipe away the memories of all the horrors. But it was not her place. She looked down at the ring that had grown so precious, and slowly drew it off.

"You must take it back now, Jerry," she said, her voice quivering wistfully, in spite of herself as she pressed the ring into his palm. "It's done its part, but it wouldn't be right for me to keep it any longer. Some day you'll want it for your wife."

ALL the light died out of the man's face. A fighting look came into it as he slipped the ring back into place.

"I want it for her right now," he said quietly. "The game's not up yet. What effect do you think it would have in this town if the first man who comes back with a leg off is thrown down by the girl who had made the biggest bow-wow about patriotism? Who'd be the slacker then? What would you tell them—that it was all a joke? It might make a good story at their expense, but anyway who'd believe it after that night in the garden?"

The girl had drawn away from him, filled with a sick confusion. It was all as he said, of course. She who had been so proud, so sure of herself in all that it meant of devotion and sacrifice, she would be pointed out as the slacker, the worst kind of one, at whom they would think the finger of scorn might rightly be pointed. Yet she loved him. She had got him into this, she couldn't let him marry her to spare her humiliation.

She lifted her head, and a gallant little smile curved her lips.

"Well, you always said I was a good sport. I guess I'm not going to stumble now at the first hurdle. It's my own fault anyway. If I hadn't been so smug over being patriotic I wouldn't have to fall so hard. They might as well have a good mouthful for once, they talk enough over nothing."

Her fingers strayed to the ring again, but before she could touch it one of Jerry's strong arms had swept her close to him, and his eyes, sometimes so kind, were now like steel.

"All right, Jean, if it was all a game, why did you kiss me just now as you did? Why did you look at me as a woman looks only at the man she loves. You were with me last year when they thought I was dying and you didn't act like this. Look at me, Jean."

So might he have spoken to an imprisoned Boche, and Jean looked, but what she saw sent the hot blush of shame away, and in its stead came a lovely glow of happiness. Tense strings seemed to loosen in her heart, and the bubbling laugh came singing to her lips.

"Jerry," she whispered.

"Jean," he murmured, and then the laugh pealed out.

"We're two j's," she choked.

"We are that," he comforted, "j's and jays, whichever way it's spelt."

THE END.

Chocolate the Ready Luncheon

WHEN business prohibits your leaving the office at lunch time, yet you are hungry and tired—eat chocolate! for chocolate is a sustaining food.

All through the war the value of chocolate has been demonstrated.

The Allied soldiers found that when fatigued, eating chocolate renewed their energy, and thousands will testify how bars of chocolate used as emergency rations supplied them with strength to "carry on" in many a tight pinch.

Chocolate has proven its vitality-restoring qualities to every Canadian soldier. Profit by this war lesson. Apply it to civil life.

Eat chocolate as a luncheon—it satisfies—and will help you through the business hours.

Chocolate is a food product which the human system craves and demands. It fills a real need.

Keep a few bars of chocolate in your desk drawer. Eat them when you feel fatigued—they will help relieve the strain of your work.

"Chocolate is a most nourishing fat food and a delightful stimulant, especially valuable in cases of extreme fatigue or exposure."

—*Canada Lancet.*

It is a Splendid Food.



THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA

19

WHO GOES THERE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58.)

A badly stuffed otter displayed its teeth on the mantle over the fireplace between a pair of fighting cock pheasants and a jar of alcohol containing a large viper, which embellishments did not add to the cheerfulness of the place.

For the rest there was a billiard table shrouded in a rubber cloth, and three well-engraved portraits on the walls, Bismarck, after Lehnbach, Frederick the Great playing on flute like fury, and the great War Lord of Europe himself, mustaches on end, sombre-eyed, sullen, cased in the magnificent steel panoply of the Guard Cuirassiers. The art gallery bored Guild, and he opened a door which he suspected communicated with the pantry.

It was a valet's closet, and it smelled of camphor. Shooting-coats hung on stretchers; high-laced shooting-boots were ranged in rows. On a chair lay Karen's skirt and blouse-coat of covert cloth. Both were still slightly damp and wrinkled. Evidently they had been brought down here to be brushed and pressed while Karen slept.

Passing his hand over the brown silk lining of the coat gave him no clue to the hiding-place of the papers; what revealed their presence was a seam which had been hurriedly basted with black thread. The keen point of his pocket-knife released the basting. He drew out the papers, counted them, identified them one by one, and placed them in his breast pocket. Then he laid the coat across the back of the chair again and went out.

He had two hours to wait before there could be any decent hope of breakfast. Nobody seemed to be stirring in the house. After a few minutes, he unlocked the front door and went out into the early sunshine.

It was as warm as a spring day; rain had freshened grass and trees; he sat down on the fountain's rim and looked into the pool, where a dozen trout lay motionless, their fins winnowing the icy water.

No doubt some spring, high on the wooded hills, had been piped down to furnish the pool with this perpetually bubbling jet.

The little bird who had entertained him vocally earlier in the morning was still vocal somewhere in a huge beech-tree. Around a spot of moisture on the gravel-drive two butterflies flitted incessantly. And over all brooded the calm and exquisite silence of the forest.

An hour or more later he got up and re-entered the house.

First he took a look at the valet's room. Evidently Karen's clothes had been brushed and pressed, for they had disappeared.

Another door in the square hall promised to lead into the pantry, judging from significant sounds within.

It did, and the housekeeper was in there as energetically busy as every German woman always is when occupied. And German women are always occupied.

The kindly soul appeared to be much flattered by his visit. They had quite a gossiping time of it while she was preparing the breakfast dishes.

It was mostly a monologue.

No, she and Fritzl were not lonely at Quellenheim, although it was pleasant to have the lodge open and a noble company there shooting. But, like Marlbrook, the Herr Baron had gone to the wars—alas!—and it might take him some time to capture Paris and London and set the remainder of the world in order.

But it really seemed too bad; the Herr Baron was fond of his shooting; Fritzl had reported some good antlers in the forest, and a grey hoar or two—but enormous! As for the place, it would certainly go to ruin, what with faggot stealers and godless poachers!—And the foresters, keepers, and even the wood-choppers all gone off and deserting the place—think of it!—the ungrateful Kerls—gone!—and doubtless to join the crazy Belgian army which had refused to permit Prussian troops to pass! *Prussian* troops! The impudence of it! Gratitude! There was little of that in the world it seemed.

"When does the Herr Baron return here?" inquired Guild, smiling.

It appeared that the Herr Baron was to have arrived at Quellenheim this very week. But yesterday his adjutant telegraphed that he could not come perhaps for many weeks. No doubt he was very busy chasing the French and English. It was a pity; because the autumn is *wunderschon* at Quellenheim. And as for the deer!—they stand even in the driveway and look at the Lodge, doubtless wondering, sir, why they are neglected by the hunters, and asking one another why good fat venison is no longer appreciated at Quellenheim.

"Could you tell me where I may telegraph to the Herr Baron?" asked the young man, immensely amused by her gossip.

"That I can, sir. My careful household reports are sent to the Herr Baron through military headquarters at Arenstein, Prussia. That is where he is to be addressed."

"And a telegraph office?"

"At the railroad station."

"In communication with Prussia?"

"Yes, sir," she said with a vigorous nod. "And whenever any of the yokels hereabout tamper with the wires the Uhlans come and chase them till they think the devil is after them!"

"Uhlans? Here?"

"And why not? Certainly the Uhlans come occasionally. They come when it is necessary. Also they cross the Grand Duchy when they please."

"Then if I write out a telegram here——"

"Fritzl will take it, never fear, sir. Leave it on the billiard table—any telegrams or letters—and they shall be sent when Fritzl drives to the station."

"Where," he inquired, "is Lesse Forest?" And could he send a messenger?

"Lesse Forest? Why the chasse wall separates the range of the Lesse Hills from Quellenheim. Any peasant at Trois Fontaines who possesses a bicycle could take a message and return in an hour."

"Do you know who leases the chasse at Lesse?"

"Yes. Some wealthy Americans."

So he smiled his thanks and returned to the hall. There was writing material on the long oak table. And first of all he wrote a brief telegram to General von Reiter saying that he had fulfilled his promise.

This was all he might venture to say in a telegram; the rest he embodied in his letter to the Herr Baron:

> Having telegraphed to you, and fulfilled my enforced obligations to the letter, I am confident that you, in your turn, will fulfill yours, release the hostages held by your troops at Yslemont, and spare the village any further destruction and indemnity.
>
> You had made it a part of the contract that, in case you were not at Quellenheim, I was to remain over night under your roof.
>
> I therefore have done so. It was not an agreeable sensation, and your forced hospitality, you will recognize, imposes no obligations upon an unwilling guest.
>
> Now, as I say, the last and least item of my indebtedness to you is finally discharged, and I am free once more to do what I choose.
>
> I shall be a consistent enemy to your country in whatever capacity the Belgian Government may see fit to employ me. I shall do your country all the harm I can. Not being a public executioner, I have given the spies in your employment in London a week's grace to clear out before I place proofs of their identity in the hands of the British Government.
>
> This, I believe, closes, for the present, our personal account.
>
> Miss Girard is well, suffered no particular hardship, and is, I suppose, quite safe at Quellenheim where your capable housekeeper and her son are in charge of the Lodge.
>
> May I add that personally, I entertain no animosity toward you or any German, individually—only a deep and inextinguishable hatred toward all that your Empire stands for and a desire to aid in the annihilation of this monstrous anachronism of the twentieth century.

When he had signed and sealed this and directed it, he wrote to his friend Darrel:

> DEAR HARRY:
>
> If you are at Lesse Forest still, which I understand adjoins the hills of Quellenheim—and if your friends the Courlands still care to ask me for a day or two, I shall be very glad to come. I am at Quellenheim, Trois Fontaines.
>
> Please destroy the letter I entrusted to you to send to my mother. Everything is all right again. I may even have time to fish with you for a day or two.
>
> The messenger from Trois Fontaines who takes this will wait for an answer.
>
> Please convey my respect and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68.)



Correct style worn by well-dressed young men in all localities. Lace boot—medium narrow recede toe, low heel—made in black, tan or patent calf

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WHEN you buy shoes, you take somebody's word for value. It is CONFIDENCE which leads you, in the end, to lay down your hard-earned dollars for shoes. And you are right in buying where you feel the most confidence.

This confidence on the part of the buying public is the biggest asset which any dealer, or any manufacturer can have. The reputable, established dealer has YOUR interests in mind when he buys his stock; the manufacturer bears them in mind when he makes it.

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(33)

At the Sign of the Coal Scuttle

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"To think of me—Jinny Croft—keeping house all by my lonesome. If only Madge hadn't had that alluring position offered her just as we got settled so comfy together. It will never do to stay settled alone. I must chum up with some other girl in the city and entice her to my flat to share my solitude and my rent. Comes pretty hard on my purse these days, especially if I am to go shares with my coal bin," Virginia mused grimly, turning to wave gaily back at the sweet, smiling face watching above the geranium blossoms.

It was rush day at the bank and Virginia had no spare moments to think of either Granny MacGrath or the flat, but late in the afternoon as she hurried up the street and caught a glimpse of the beckoning smile in the window of the second floor, she laughed merrily.

"Half an hour before dark and I'll just accept Granny MacGrath's invitation to drop in and visit with her this very minute."

Granny MacGrath, herself, her wrinkled old face beaming her welcome, answered Virginia's knock and her withered, loving arms went straight around the girlish figure.

'JUST guessed it might be you, honey. Now lay off your bunnit and I ken you ain't in any hurry to climb the stairs—no man waitin' for you to make his supper. My kettle is boilin', and we'll spread the cloth on the little walnut table close to the Franklin grate. But first along we'll just sit by the winder and chat. My, but I've been hankering for company. The city's a grand, exciting place, but it gets kind of lonesome when you ain't any of your own to run in and take a cup o' tea with you," explained Granny MacGrath, shaking a shovel of coal on the blazing embers of the Franklin grate.

Virginia sank down into the little wooden rocker with its crocheted tidy —for all the world like the rockers of the friendly village that gave her birth. Granny MacGrath prattled on, drifting into the past with the privilege of grandmothers, and Virginia bent her head of sun-tinted braids close to the scarlet geranium blossoms. And as they sat thus, chatting and laughing of sweet, old-fashioned days, the Man of the First Floor came swinging up the street with a vigorous stride.

"There, dearie, there's one as looks at my window and sees me," exclaimed Granny. "He ain't never waved, but I can tell by the laugh that comes into his eyes that he does see, but, oh, look he is wavin' and ain't his arms strong and muscular. I wish mine weren't so crippled and I could wave back, Couldn't you, now, dearie, just wave your hand at the window and he'd know I like his looking up at my geraniums," coaxed Granny with a pretty wistfulness.

And Virginia's plump, little hand waved gaily above the scarlet blossoms, then remembering the meeting in the morning in the basement, the color surged into her cheek and, smiling grimly, she drew away from the window.

"That's a fine young man, if I know anything about human nature. He's the up-and-comin' sort, wide awake and you just couldn't get ahead of him," announced Granny MacGrath with conviction. But Virginia smiled mysteriously in the twilight flitting through the geranium window. She reckoned that the Man of the First Floor would not get ahead of her.

THE following morning found Virginia Croft bustling merrily about her tiny kitchen, when Benny came clumping, breathlessly excited, to the stairway. She had already peeked down the stairs and had glimpsed Granny MacGrath's coal scuttle standing with expectant air on the second landing. She would go with Benny to the basement and fill it from her own coal bin. Then without even stopping to knock, Benny clattered into the kitchen.

"Miss Jinny, Miss Jinny, what do you 'spose? Granny MacGrath's scuttle ain't out this mornin'. You don't think she's guessed her bin's empty, do you?" he questioned, breathlessly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66.)



A Diagram Picture

Note the Pointed Corn

Why Corns Hurt

Note this diagram picture of a corn. Note its conical shape. The cause of the corn is pressure. And pressure makes it hurt. The point of the corn is pushed into the nerves.

Applying a Blue-jay plaster instantly removes the pressure. Note the felt pad (A) in the picture below. We apply no anesthetic. The pad gives barefoot comfort in the tightest shoe.

But that is temporary. One should not continue a pad. The corn should be quickly ended.

The bit of B&B wax in the centre of the pad does that (as noted in illustration below). In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Only rare corns need a second application.

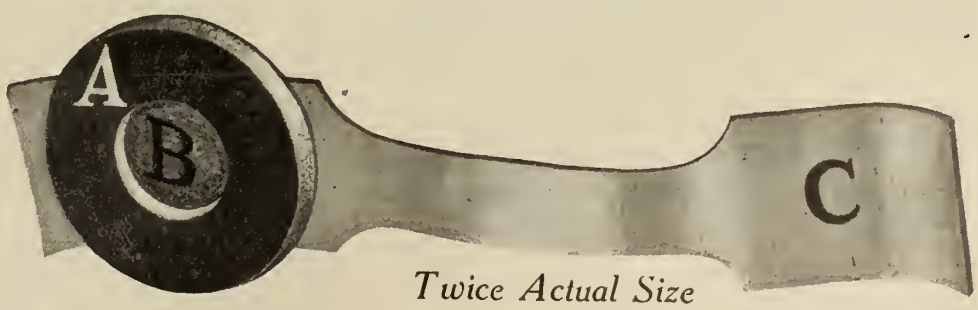
That's the great reason for Blue-jay. It stops the pain, then ends the corn. And it wraps the corn so the action is undisturbed.

Then the action of the B&B wax is centered on the corn. Held there by the rubber coated adhesive tape which wraps comfortably around the toe. Healthy tissue is not affected.

These facts cannot be true of liquid applications. Those are the reasons why millions of people have adopted the Blue-jay method. It is scientific, quick, comfortable and certain.

Keeping corns is folly when this easy way can end them. Treating them in cruder ways is inexcusable.

For your own sake, convince yourself by applying Blue-jay to one corn.



Twice Actual Size

B&B Blue-jay

Stops Pain Instantly

Ends Corns Completely

The Scientific Corn Ender

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Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products.



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Here is Variety:

Sweet Milk Chocolate Almond Bar
Sweet Milk Chocolate Filbert Bar
Sweet Milk Chocolate Nut Bar
Sweet Milk Chocolate Peanut Bar
Sweet Milk Chocolate Fruit and Nut Bar
Sweet Milk Chocolate Raisin Bar
Sweet Milk Chocolate Cocoanut Bar
Sweet Milk Chocolate Bar
Sweet Milk Chocolate Buds
Sweet Milk Chocolate Vanilla Buds
Sweet Milk Chocolate Family Buds
Sweet Milk Chocolate Almond Dainties

Rockland "De Luxe," Sweet Milk Chocolate with Roasted Almonds, Is Delicious.

The war has proved to us once again the great food value of chocolate. It will help you through business hours, relieve brain fag, and give you renewed energy. Keep a few bars of Rockland Chocolate in your desk all the time.

You'll enjoy every bite.

The Rockland Chocolate Company
Toronto

Concerning Books That Are Worth While

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

data and statistics which it contains on almost every field of endeavor in the Dominion must prove to be a work of great usefulness to all those who wish to know the facts and figures as they concern the people and institutions of the Dominion.

The full schedule of the Canadian tariff of Customs, together with the income war tax of 1917, is included in the present volume, and this, with the list of postoffices and railroad stations, would of itself be essential information for any firm doing a national business in the Dominion. Full particulars concerning banking, educational institutions, patent and copyright laws, British scale of Customs, and the Dominion of Canada militia list, are among the features, and the whole five hundred and forty odd pages should be in the hands of every Canadian who takes an interest in the progress and development of his or her country.

A Young Mother's Guide, by Francis Tweddell, M.D. Published by Frederick D. Goodchild. Price, $1.00.

THIS book, which is endorsed by the Mothers' Guide Association of Toronto, is written by one of the best-known children's physicians of New York City. Dr. Tweddell, although formerly a prominent officer of the British Army Medical Staff, is now physician to the Babies' Hospital Dispensary, New York, and in these pages he gives the results of many years' experience with the ills and diseases of children.

A large part of the work is devoted to the feeding of children during their early years, and special attention has been paid to the maladies of older children which result in suffering, loss of appetite and allied ailments. Such trouble producers as adenoids, tonsils, jaundice, vaccination, circumcision, dentition and convulsions are all adequately dealt with and the remedies explained. It is a book which ought to be in every household where babies are popular and their care a first consideration.

The Trail of the Blonde Beast

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Helene's white hands moved slowly, carefully over the surface of her dressing table until they found the powder puff that she sought. Her eyes were on her mirror, examining her flawless complexion.

"*Schrecklich!*" she said in an even tone as Bob finished his recital.

"Is that all you can say?" he demanded aghast. "At least, say it in English. You're an American now, Helen. Don't forget that. The wife of an American diplomat."

"Yes, it is awful," acquiesced Helene, her eyes still on her beautiful mirrored self.

SHORTLY after the "Lusitania" tragedy, Bob's vacation period came to an abrupt end. His chief told him that his services would be required daily at the State Department. His position held no title, but it was generally understood that he had been given important work to do of an exceedingly confidential nature.

Count von Dahl became a very busy man. He spent long hours in conference with the German Ambassador and others of his country's representatives. Besides he evidently had large financial interests in Mexico and certain South American countries. He apparently had nothing to do with the German propaganda that was flooding the country; and he held himself rigidly aloof from men who were bringing down upon themselves the wrath of the United States by their abuse of its hospitality. He devoted his days to business and his evenings to society. He had gained a decided popularity in Washington which he spared no pains to foster. When he appeared at his clubs or at a social function he never discussed the war.

There came a time when the patience of the United States was exhausted. Von Papen and Boy-Ed were caught red-handed in their treachery and were sent from the country. Whereupon Count von Dahl proclaimed with his disarming frankness that he knew both these gentlemen personally but that he had never approved their activities.

German intrigue became still more bold and finally the Secret Service laid the arch-plotter, von Bernstorff, by the heels. Count von Dahl was unable to deny his intimacy with the ambassador. Although he himself was not directly implicated he voluntarily announced his plans for immediate departure.

Bob Thurston's frank nature made it impossible for him to play hypocrite; therefore he shed no crocodile tears at the loss of his guest. He had a superficial liking for the genial, cynical old worldling; but their views were too greatly at variance to permit of a real friendship between the two men. Besides Bob could not overcome a vague undefined feeling of distrust.

The last two or three days the Count spent mostly with his niece. They held long, serious conversations together whenever they had the opportunity, which was often, as Bob considerately left them alone to discuss family matters.

ON the day of the Count's departure Bob and Helene motored with him to the station. There they found an assemblage of notables to bid farewell to the popular host and society man. Count von Dahl had never appeared more charming than when he thanked the little coterie for their courtesy. In spite of his departure, or perhaps on account of it, he was in excellent spirits. He turned last to Helene and his gracious manner stiffened perceptibly.

"Helene," he said, his eyes cold and steady, "be always a good girl. Obedience. Remember to be always obedient."

She dropped her eyes but her face remained expressionless.

"Yes, uncle," she replied docilely.

Von Dahl bent slightly and brushed her forehead with his bristling mustache in a perfunctory, impersonal caress. The next moment he was on his way south—to Mexico.

It was with a sigh of relief that Bob handed his wife into their closed car. With a boyish laugh he pulled down the side curtains and drew her to him.

"It's good to be alone; isn't it, dear?" he exulted.

Helene turned to him with her slow smile. Her blue eyes seemed very tender as her firm young arms crept about his neck. She dropped her golden head on his shoulder and settled it there with a little movement of sheer content.

There followed a time of happiness for Bob. He felt that at last he had really won his beautiful young wife. Although Helene was by nature quite the opposite of demonstrative she seemed to become warmer and more tender after her uncle's departure. Bob surmised that the stern old man with whom she had lived so long had unconsciously repressed her warmth.

It delighted Bob that his wife's attitude toward the war was changing. She was no longer uninterested; in fact she discussed the issues with him intelligently. As the storm-clouds gathered over the United States she very frankly defined her position. She declared that she upheld Germany against England, France and Russia; but in the event of war between the country of her birth and the United States she would be unswervingly loyal to her new land.

DURING this period Helene received daily letters from her uncle. She usually retired to her own room to read these, later giving Bob gracefully worded messages from the Count. Bob was heartily glad of this correspondence. It seemed to him to denote a greater affection between uncle and niece than was evidenced by their manner toward each other when living together. Bob judged that the Count's hardness was largely superficial.

Eventually the inevitable happened and the United States declared war. After being on duty twenty-four hours, Bob snatched a few hours' respite and ran home. Helene was waiting for him with outstretched arms.

"It had to come," she said. "You will have to be very good to me, Robert.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68.)

The Mother Heart of Mrs. Whipper

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

"What is to become of the house?" ventured Mrs. Murrin.

"All settled—second hand man—he comes the day after next and takes everything away. Goodbye, Sue. I'm sorry I couldn't take you too, but your Aunt told me to be sure and bring the little ones, so I've got them. You'll be all right. Mr. Rodney will see that someone gives you a home pretty soon."

BUT Sue did not answer. Her thin arms were trembling around her little brother, and her tears were making a damp spot on his neck, much to his boyish disgust.

Mrs. Murrin drew the girl away. "It will be all right I am sure, Sue," she whispered, "and you can go and see the children often after awhile, when everything is settled."

But Sue, would not be comforted. "Everybody w-wants the little ones," she sobbed, "but n-no-nobody wants me, 'cause I'm older. Oh, I wish I was an in-between, then somebody'd take me too."

Man-like, Mr. Manning did not appreciate this turn of affairs, and he hurriedly bundled his little charges out to the waiting sleigh, while suspicious mist lurked in his brown eyes.

"It is too bad," said Mrs. May, when they were alone. "I'd like to take you too, Sue, but you're too old."

"I could look after the twins," Sue reminded her eagerly. "I know just what to do for them. Mother said I was a regular nurse."

"I wish William would come," broke in Mrs. May, in an evident desire to change the subject. "He said he'd be here by four."

"I wonder if there is a telephone anywhere near here?" asked Mrs. Murrin suddenly coming out of deep thought.

"Peters' have one, across the road," volunteered Sue.

MRS. Murrin caught up her muff, and buttoned her coat. "I will be back in a few minutes," she cried, and was gone.

Mrs. Peters was quite willing to allow her phone to be used.

Mrs. Murrin, her eyes large with excitement, almost dropped the phone book in her hurry.

"Exeter six-eight-nine," she asked Central. Then after a short wait, "Oh, Mrs. Whipper, is that you?"

"Yes."

"This is Mrs. Murrin speaking, and," with a nervous laugh, "now that I have you, I don't believe I know just what to say. But I will tell you what is on my mind and let you do your own answering. Do you still want to adopt a child?"

"Good gracious, no."

"Well, that is all right then, only there is one of the Ingram children you could have if you wanted her."

"The Ingrams! Oh, dear no, not one of those children. Where is the mother?"

"Died a few days ago, and the eldest girl is the only one left, all the others have been adopted."

Mrs. Whipper caught her breath. "How old is she?"

"Ten."

"What are they going to do with her?"

"Mr. Rodney is taking her to his house for a few days, then the Children's Aid takes her."

"Mr. Rodney with his large family! Say, Mrs. Murrin, I am in the middle of baking, and I can't get out, but if you think I can have her, and you can bring her here, I will take that girl unsight, unseen, as the saying goes."

"Mrs. Whipper, you are a dear, and the Lord will bless you sure," cried Mrs. Murrin, an uncomfortable lump in her throat. "I felt sure you would take her after what you told me once about the eldest girl, but I won't blame you a bit if you don't, after you have seen her. She is some thin little specimen of humanity, all arms and legs, and evidently no stomach at all, at least none that has been filled of late."

"Now don't discourage me," Mrs. Whipper's voice shook. "I will fill her up and round her out if it is at all possible. Bring her along. I will phone Mr. Rodney that she is coming here, and we will settle all the rest later."

THERE was now so much extra planning to do. Mrs. Whipper's mind flew to dolls, and hair ribbons, and slippers and a gold locket, then bounced sensibly to underwear, and stout shoes and a warm hat which even in the hurry would insist on being saucy.

It was snowing in real earnest when on looking out of the window for what seemed to her to be the hundredth time, she saw Mrs. Murrin and a tall slim child get off the street car at the corner. She watched them with interest.

"Dear me," she thought, "she is an animated rag bag if ever there was one. She will need shoes first, and stockings no doubt, and a coat—she has a shawl on. Can you beat that? That cap is never her own, and my, oh my! what must she be like underneath?" Her mind flew to warm water and a bath as she opened the door to let the two in.

The child, not knowing what the idea was, looked with dull eyes at Mrs. Whipper. Then as her small nose sniffed the warmth of the house, and the goodly aroma of things prepared in the kitchen, her eyes widened. Chilled to the bone, she took matters in her own hands, pushed Mrs. Whipper aside and running to the big fire in the living room, dropped on her knees before it, and held her poor blue hands out to the blaze.

"I will go now, unless I can help you," whispered Mrs. Murrin. "If you do not really want her, Mr. Rodney will come for her I am sure."

Mrs. Whipper smiled a tearful smile. "I guess she will stay all right, poor little eldest girl. She is not much to look at now, but food, and clothes d love and.—a bath, will do a lot for most anybody, and I am willing to try what I can do with her. She will look a lot different in a month from now."

Mrs. Murrin squeezed the other's hand and slipped out the door.

Mrs. Whipper did not wait for the door to close, but with eager steps sought the little figure crouched by the fire, and drew her onto her lap, and commenced taking off the soaked, shabby shoes.

Sue, still shivering, looked at Mrs. Whipper questioningly.

"Just what we will do to you dear," said Mrs. Whipper, answering the look. "You are going to be my little girl now."

Sue's eyes widened. "Me—truly—But I'm the oldest you know, and nobody wants me. The Children's Aid gets me so Mr. Rodney says."

"Not if I know it. Wouldn't you like to be my eldest girl?" answered Mrs. Whipper, with a mother-smile on her face.

Sue took a look around as if to see if there were any other children about, then seeing the joke in the question smiled. "Wouldn't I?" she answered, and tucked her head under her new mother's chin.

HALF an hour later, Sue, fresh from a bath and wrapped in a warm kimono of Mrs. Whipper's, sat trying not to appear too greedy over the bowl of delicious bread and milk, when Mr. Whipper came home. His eyes widened at sight of her.

"What have we here?" he rolled out in his jolly voice.

"I've got my wish at last, Ted. It's an eldest girl," chimed Mrs. Whipper.

Then she told him all about it. "And we are going up town to-night for shoes, and stockings, a new dress, underwear, a pretty hair ribbon, a new hat and coat, and perhaps a fur neck piece, but candy for sure," she ended up, a happy lilt in her voice.

Then as Mr. Whipper, who had sat silent during her recital, remained silent, she continued. "We can, can't we, Ted—keep her—and buy the things?"

Mr. Whipper, his voice too husky for use because of what his eyes read in the big grey eyes of Sue, and the delicate pink coming and going anxiously in her thin cheeks, went to his wife and patted her on the shoulder.

"Sure girl," he managed at last, "we'll do our best by the eldest girl you have always talked about but never got your hands on before. Why—why, she is some girl; she can even help wash dishes."

"Won't I just? Th' other kids have nothin' on me—I'm taken too." piped Sue with happy sigh.

THE END.

To Prevent Headaches take



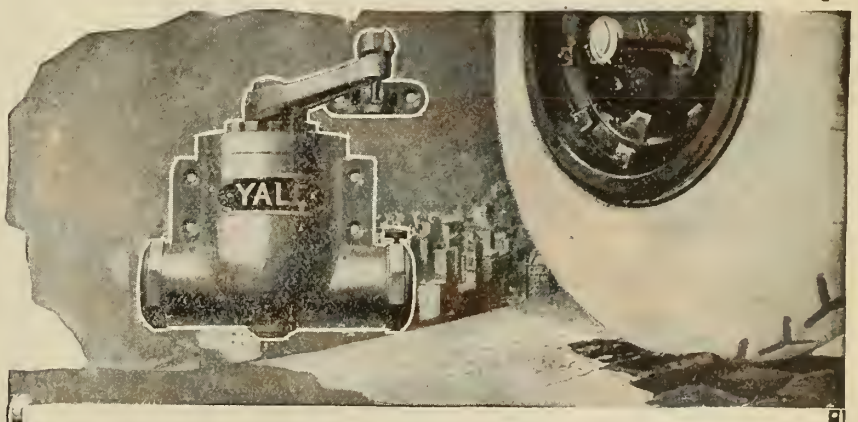
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HEADACHES! What woman isn't subject to them? Some frequently. Others less often. But, in any case, if the womenfolk would only follow the example set by their husbands and brothers in the use of Eno's "Fruit Salt," they, too, would escape the annoying, painful headaches caused by a lazy liver or deranged digestive system. Made of the stimulating and refreshing elements of ripe fruit juices, Eno's rouses the torpid liver to fresh activity and cleanses and invigorates the whole digestive and eliminative tract. A headache has no show where Eno's is.

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AS the pneumatic tire absorbs the shock for the automobile, so the Yale Closer absorbs the shock of the closing door.

There are certain doors in your home and business building that you want closed to secure privacy and quiet, or to keep out dangerous drafts. Yale Door Closers will do this, do it automatically, quietly and surely.

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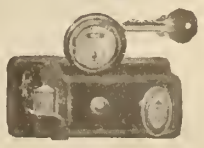


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The way to provide a fair day's pay for a good day's work for every returned soldier is to develop our export trade.

Lend your money to the Dominion of Canada so that the Dominion can re-lend to overseas nations and thus enable them to buy the products of our farms, factories and forests.

The Dominion of Canada is raising loans through the sale of War-Savings Stamps in which you may invest $4.02 in March, for a return of $5.00 on January 1, 1924.

War-Savings Stamps are a very profitable investment for your savings, and at the same time they help to solve one of the most serious problems of the hour.

BUY WAR-SAVINGS STAMPS

At The Sign of the Coal Scuttle

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63.)

"But it was out there. I saw Granny MacGrath's coal scuttle out at her door ten minutes ago. What ever could have happened to it? Benny, Benny Pickles, you get my coal hod from the kitchen and follow me quick," Virginia suddenly commanded, her lips pressed into a firm line.

Impatiently, her blue-checkered figure breathing defiance, she led the way, running down the stairs to the basement, the sound of coal shovelling and striking a coal scuttle, sent the blood tingling into Virginia's cheeks. At the foot of the stairs she paused and stared resentfully at the Man of the First Floor Flat shovelling coal from his meagrely filled bin into Granny MacGrath's coal scuttle.

"Mister—Mister First Floor Man, I call that—that brutal—taking advantage of a mere girl to—to get ahead of her," Virginia burst out wrathfully.

The Man of the First Floor turned a good natured face toward the girl, then laughed uproariously, digging the shovel into the hill of coal.

"You had your fling yesterday and I'm determined that you are not going to get ahead of me every morning in helping to stoke up Granny MacGrath's smiles. You are selfish wanting to keep all the fun to yourself," the man retorted, heaving a mighty shovel of coal into the black scuttle and swinging it up the stairs.

BENNY proceeded to fill Virginia's coal hod from her own bin, and Virginia, strangely humiliated, followed the man's lead to the second floor. As he set the coal scuttle down at the door of Granny MacGrath's apartment, he turned challenging eyes upon Virginia.

"My name is Alan MacFarlane and I'll race you to Granny MacGrath's coal scuttle to-morrow morning," he exclaimed under his breath.

Virginia's flashing eyes accepted the challenge, but she answered not in words. Then the door of Granny MacGrath's kitchen creaked and as it opened the white-capped head and smiling face was thrust through the opening.

"Why, and it's you—both of you. I heard a thud and thinks I, that's Benny bringin' my coal——" she began, surprise lighting her faded blue eyes.

"You see Bennie—er—Bennie was rather overworked this morning and as I was coming up this way I brought your coal along. Can't I lift it inside the kitchen for you? No, don't mention it. Glad to do any little thing, you know. I'm rather partial to geraniums. My Grandmother down East used to grow 'em—scarlet ones like yours," Alan MacFarlane stammered in confusion.

Pink roses flushed Granny MacGrath's cheeks as she stood aside for the man of the First Floor to pass into the kitchen with her filled coal scuttle. She flashed a smile at Virginia, which, interpreted, said, "Didn't I tell you that I knew human nature?" And Virginia's checks crimsoned, for the Man from the First Floor had got ahead of her that morning.

"So you like my geraniums?" the old voice asked tremulously. "Some folks thought I was crazy fetchin' 'em from the country, but I calc'late I've more than paid for the trouble. And laddie, won't you drop in some night and get a closer look at my blossoms. Drop in to-night and have tea. Miss Jinny, here, is coming down to help me make some oatmeal cakes and we'll lay an extra place on the little walnut table——"

"You bet I'll come, Granny. Nothing under the sun will keep me away," the Man from the First Floor Flat broke in, his eyes searching the girl's face for a welcome. But with an absurd little shrug of her shoulders, Virginia fled up the stairs to her own flat.

AT twilight Alan MacFarlane dropped into Granny MacGrath's flat for the promised cup of tea, assuring himself that the girl of the Second Floor Flat would not disappoint the old lady in the baking of the little oatmeal cakes. And thus he came upon them together, spreading the snowy cloth over the little walnut table, within the shadows of the flickering firelight, merry with laughter. And the man of the First Floor Flat throwing himself into the game of merriment with all the zest of youth, won the heart of Granny MacGrath. And Virginia Croft's spirit of resentment vanished under the spell of the hour.

"I couldn't stand boarding, so I took a flat and engaged a housekeeper, but there's something lacking. I don't know what you call it, but it seems to be here with Granny and all her old-fashioned things," explained Alan MacFarlane in perplexity.

"It is the real home-like feeling you are missing," the girl responded, her eyes sparkling with mystical lights.

Granny MacGrath's head nodded and the man leaned nearer the girl,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67.)

Do the Week's Wash Without Fatigue



The time that is spent over the wash tub every week is worse than wasted. The time is a dead loss, but much more serious is the waste of precious human energy.

You can take all the hard work out of the weekly wash, by using the "1900" Cataract Electric Washer. Simply connect it with any lamp socket, turn the switch and go about your other duties. Your clothes will be washed spotlessly clean in a surprisingly short time without any injury to the most delicate fabric.

The Cataract Washer is not only built to wash, but it is built to last. The frame is all metal, and the tank is of pure sheet copper, plated on the inside, to prevent verdigris. It is equipped with a power wringer, having five-year-grade pure white rubber rollers.

Our liberal trial offer enables you to test the Cataract Machine before you actually buy it. Write us for details, or drop in and see the Cataract at our store.

Our line also includes an excellent water power washer, hand-operated washers, the Simplex ironer, lawn clothes reels, wash tub ejectors, etc.

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357 Yonge Street - Toronto

The Herbaceous Border and The Vegetable Garden

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

Two kinds of celery—Paris Golden and Rose-ribbed Paris.

One kind of beet—Early Flat Egyptian.

Two kinds of lettuce—Nonpareil and Grand Rapids.

Two kinds of cabbage—Henderson's Summer and Glory.

One kind of cauliflower—Snowball.

One kind of parsley—Curled Variety.

One kind of cucumber—White Spine.

It will assist greatly to transplant the following two or three times in the cold frame before putting in the open—onions, tomatoes and cabbage. The others will do all right by just thinning out and stirring the soil around them.

Outside of the extra work attached to making one's own hot bed, the advantages are vastly superior to relying upon the florists and corner groceries for what they have left over. There are also a number of flowers which require to be raised early, such as salvia, coboeas, marigolds, phlox, stocks, asters, zinnias salpiglossis petunias, etc. If you include satisfaction with cost, the hot bed wins out easily.

STARTING VEGETABLES AND FLOWERS INDOORS.

Sow Seeds in Boxes, Pans or Berry Baskets.

IN this article we intend to show how to raise seedlings in the house if it is inconvenient to make a hot bed. By all means do one or the other, and have the satisfaction of saying, "I raised those plants myself." In picture No. 1 you will notice the different tools, etc., necessary to success.

First of all is the sieve, for sifting the soil, which should not be rich. Second, the different kinds of receptacles that can be used—either the large finnan haddie box (note the holes for drainage) or large and small-sized pans (note the broken pieces of pot for drainage purposes) Don't forget to have some wooden labels ready, also a trowel, rake and pounder. Keep your seeds in a tin box, as shown in the picture.

Now that you have everything in preparation, start off by sifting some soil, and right here is usually where trouble comes in, owing to the garden being frozen solid. Try the floor of the woodshed, if you are lucky enough to have one, for just the ight kind of soil will be found there—light chip-dirt full of rotted bark chips and sawdust—otherwise it means take the crowbar and pickaxe and break up a few lumps in the garden. If this is inconvenient, the only thing to do is to go to the nearest florist and get a bushel of prepared soil. Fill up your boxes or pans level to the top, then take the little pounder and press the soil down evenly to half an inch from top of box or pans, as shown in picture No. 2. Looking at the large box, you will notice the small rows for the seeds evenly across the box, which is done by having a piece of wood, quarter of an inch square, and pressing it into the soil edgeways. You will see the stick referred to in the last row of big box. Scatter your seeds thinly in these rows, and fill in by drawing a thin covering of earth with the same stick, and press the whole down again with the small pounder.

WITH the pans I recommend sowing the seeds broadcast by making a spout of the seed envelope and shaking it gently over the surface, then sift about an eighth of an inch of soil on top and press it down. Mark your labels and put in place. Next thing to do is to dampen the soil, which must be done very carefully or the seeds will be washed out of their place. Use a very fine spray on your water-can, or lay a piece of cheesecloth over the surface while watering. After this is done, cover your boxes or pans over with a piece of glass as shown in picture, leaving the glass on until the seedlings appear. Be sure the boxes are kept damp, but not sodden, and then place the boxes and pans in a sunny bay window.

There is no magic about a greenhouse or hot bed. If you can provide the same conditions of temperature, moisture and light that you find in a hot bed, you can start your plants just as well without it as with it. You can grow your own plants cheaper, and, more important still, you can grow better plants.

There are very few houses, indeed, where there is not some room with a sunny window or two, and in which a night temperature of 45 or 50 degrees can easily be kept. Place two or three yards of self-covered building paper to protect the floor and rugs, and place two gem jars full of water on the floor, under boxes, for moisture. Keep coal gas and illuminating gas fumes away from seed pans if possible.

At The Sign of the Coal Scuttle

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.)

whispering his challenge, "Remember I'll race you to Granny's coal scuttle in the morning."

"You won't always get ahead of me," retorted the girl, the spirit of defiance flaming in her eyes as she accepted the challenge.

And thus through the mornings of the dilatory Spring the race between the girl of the Third Floor Flat and the Man of the First Floor Flat waxed strong. If the man succeeded in heaping Granny MacGrath's coal scuttle from the spoils of his own bin one morning, the girl won out the following day. And though the coal in both bins was disappearing alarmingly, neither the man nor the girl alluded to the fact. Then one morning just as the first warm breath of sunny Spring melted the chill in the air, the man and the girl laid hands upon the coal scuttle in the same moment.

"Have you heard the latest—the awful, dreadful news about Granny MacGrath?" questioned the girl in a hoarse whisper.

Alan MacFarlane shook his head. "What—what is it?"

"She hasn't paid her rent for a whole blessed month. The landlord's been talking to me. He likes her and her geranium window, but as he says, renting flats is business. And—and I know Granny MacGrath can't pay her rent ever again for I saw her bank book last night. There is just one solitary dollar to her credit in the bank and she does not realize it. The landlord wants me to break the news to her," the girl ended huskily.

"JERUSALEM!" gasped the Man from the First Floor Flat.

"And I've got to think up some way to keep a home for Granny MacGrath," the girl muttered, her voice breaking.

A flame of determination shot into the man's brown eyes and seizing the coal scuttle he strode toward the stairway, then turning, he flung back, challengingly,

"You will have to go some to get ahead of me this time."

It was at an unusually early hour that afternoon that Virginia Croft came hurrying home from the bank, her step buoyant, her eyes starlike with the wonder thrilling her soul. The solution of Granny MacGrath's problem had sent the blood tingling through her veins and she was all eagerness to pour out her appeal into the wrinkled ears of Granny MacGrath. But as she sped up the street, her eyes scanning the geranium-blossomed window, her heart suddenly fluttered with fear. Granny's smiling face was missing from that window. What could it mean?

Breathless, she fled up the stairs to the second floor, and knocking threw open Granny MacGrath's door. There, before the Franklin grate Granny crouched in her little, old-time rocker, her head pathetically drooped, her eyes robbed of their smiles—staring dazedly down at the bank book clasped in her hand.

"Granny, Granny MacGrath, what is it?" Virginia entreated, dropping down on her knees by the side of the chair and taking the cold, withered hands in her own.

"Dearie, I am glad you've come. I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70.)



In color it is like spring sunshine—a clear, radiant yellow that makes you happy just to look at it. The delicious shreds of fruit are suspended in a clear, tender jelly, not a ropy syrup. The flavor is a wonderful blend of citrous fruits, Messina with sweet oranges, sweet oranges with grapefruit, sweet oranges with tangerines, lemon, orange and grapefruit—a half dozen combinations, any one of them delicious. Whichever recipe she uses, the well-informed housewife makes her Marmalade with

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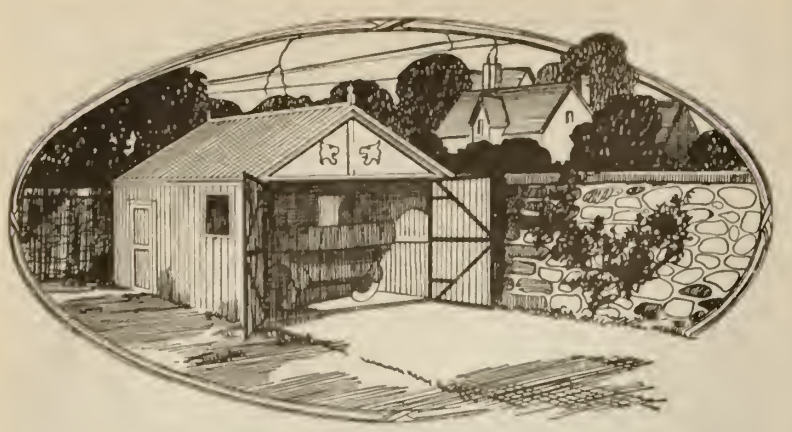
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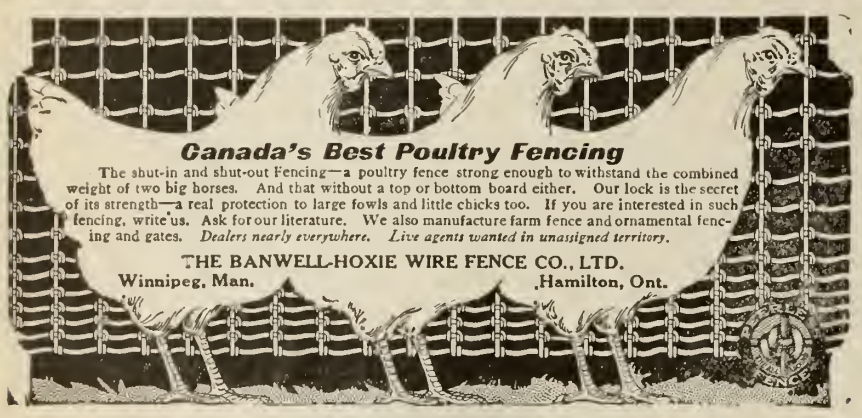
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 71-81 Richmond St. West, Toronto



The Trail of the Blonde Beast

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.)

because my people and my country are lost to me. I told you that I would be loyal to America if war came. It has come—and—I am ready."

Silently Bob took her in his arms and clasped her to his breast. Only a few moments could he spare with Helene before rushing back to his duties. He went with high hopes, exulting in the power of love and vowing that he would make up to his wife all that she was sacrificing.

ONE morning his chief called Bob into his office and after carefully locking the door handed him a sheaf of papers. With some of the material the young diplomat was already familar; but as he waded deeper into the mass of figures he was amazed at the completeness of the data. There was an itemized list of exports to the neutral dating back ten years. That naturally had been an easy matter to procure. In another section appeared a statement of exports from the neutral to Germany covering the same period. No guess work, but cold, hard facts dug out painstakingly and in the face of danger by the Secret Service.

"Thurston," said the chief in his slow, impressive manner, "there's the whole story. We know exactly where we stand with those fellows. It is an easy matter to stop the traffic—the embargo will do it. But it won't be an easy matter to stop the traffic and keep their friendship."

"You're right," said Bob quickly, "they're touchy—and this restriction is going to hit them hard. As a nation they have faith in Germany's might. I can readily see that they will be tempted to antagonize us rather than her."

"That is just the point." said the chief, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash. "The traffic shall cease! The embargo has been decided upon irrevocably. That is our part here. Your job is to smooth it over and avoid hostilities. How about it, Thurston?" There was an anxious, almost a beseeching tone in the chief's voice as he ended.

"Chief, I'll do it!" Bob cried. "I know their characteristics; I know their language. Also I have reason to believe that I am popular with their officials with whom I came in contact. Oh, Chief, I'll be glad to do this for my country! It makes life worth while."

"FINE," he cried. "That's the spirit. I like your enthusiasm." He turned to a small wall-safe and twirled the combination. "You will have full powers, Thurston. Here are your credentials as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary. And here is the statement that you are authorized to make. We recognize that our friends are imbued with a sense of the invincibility of the Central Powers and that they are still under the impression that the United States is bluffing. We believe that nothing but the utmost frankness will avoid trouble, and, therefore, we are giving them a plain, unvarnished account of important items of our war programme. If you, Thurston, will convince them that our statement is honest and accurate—that the Kaiser hasn't the ghost of a chance—they will see reason. It is unnecessary to say that you will guard these papers with your life and your honor. Good-by, Thurston."

Bob broke all speed laws in racing home. He dashed up the front steps, burst through the door and met Helene as she was coming down the stairs to go out.

"I've got my chance, Helen, dear." he exulted. "A chance to do something big for Uncle Sam. We're going traveling, dear. Back to the old Court and the old friends. How proud I shall be of you."

"Oh, Robert, I am so glad." she cried. "I am sure you will acquit yourself well so that I can be proud in my turn." She grew thoughtful; then with her arm around his neck she said: "Are you sure you want me with you?"

"Absolutely, positively sure." laughed Bob.

"And—and—when do we go?" asked Helene breathlessly.

"New York to-morrow. The rest is on the knees of the gods."

The next few hours were too full of activity to allow time for worry. It was not until he was safely on his way to New York that Bob began to feel the weight of his responsibilities. The wallet in his inner breast pocket oppressed him; he could think of nothing else.

"It's beginning to get me, dear," he said with a nervous laugh. "The chief said to guard these papers with my life and my honor. The fate of nations hangs on them. Of course, they're safe—but I can't help worrying."

"Sit down by me," said Helene gently. "Poor boy; don't torture yourself. No one in the whole world knows of the existence of these documents except the chief and you—and I."

Bob sat down beside her with a sigh. "I know I'm foolish, but———"

"You forget that you have a wife." Helene drew his head down on her shoulder and rumpled his hair with her strong white hand. "What is she good for if not to help you?"

"You have helped, dear," said Bob laughing. "I feel better already."

"Let me really help. If spies should have an inkling of the documents you carry it would be you whom they would attack. Let us make assurance doubly sure. Let me carry the papers. There would be no danger for me and your mission would be safe. I want to help, Robert—you—and my country." Helene leaned toward him eagerly.

BOB bowed his head and considered gravely.

"No," he said finally. "I can't see that there would be any danger for you. And if they should get me—why it wouldn't matter." he turned to her suddenly. "Helen, you wonder." he cried. "What a gift of God a true wife is."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69.)

Who Goes There

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

my very lively sense of obligation to the Courlands. And don't let them ask me if it inconveniences them. I can go to Luxembourg just as well and see you there if you can run over.

Did you get my luggage? I am wearing my last clean shirt. But my clothes are the limit.

If I am to stop for a day or two at the Courlands please telegraph to Luxembourg for my luggage as soon as you receive this.

Yours as usual,

GUILD.

P. S.

Do Uhlans ever annoy the Courlands? I imagine that Lesse is too far from the railway and too unimportant from a military standpoint to figure at all in any operations along the edge of the Grand Duchy. And also any of the Ardennes is unfit as a highway between Rhenish Prussia and France. Am I correct?

(To be continued.)

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The Trail of The Blonde Beast

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68.)

He slowly unbuttoned his coat, drew out the wallet and handed it to her.

"See, dear; I place my honor, which is more than life, in your hands," he said.

Helene took the precious package and raised it to her lips. Her face was very grave. She thrust the wallet into her handbag and buckled about her wrist the strap which ran through the handle.

"There," she cried gaily. "We are now proof against theft and also against absent-mindedness." She patted Bob's shoulder with her free hand and kissed him lightly. He leaned back on the cushions with a deep sigh of relief and gave over his worries. Freed from its anxieties his mind became busy with the work that he was to take up abroad.

Arriving in New York Bob and Helene drove directly to their hotel. Bob was due at a conference with the consul-general of the nation of his mission. He hesitated about leaving Helene but she laughed away his fears.

"I am not afraid," she declared. "Besides, I shall lock my door and stay right here until you come back." There was, however, a shade of anxiety in her tone as she asked: "How long shall you be, Robert?"

"Not more than an hour and a half or two hours."

"Very well, then. Run along and get back as soon as you can," she smiled across at him reassuringly as he went through the door.

As soon as she heard the elevator door clang to behind him down the corridor she sprang to her feet. All tenderness had left her face; her eyes were hard and steel blue. With a quick, alert step she moved about the room. She hurried to a writing desk between the windows. Sitting down before it she placed some sheets of the hotel paper on the blotting-pad. She drew her hand hastily across her eyes, then squared her broad shoulders and began to write.

When her letter was finished she rose quickly, put on her hat and jacket, again buckled the strap of the little handbag about her wrist, and with a swift glance around the room walked out of the door.

BOB'S conference detained him longer than he had thought it would, and it was late in the afternoon when he returned to the hotel. He walked down the corridor whistling gaily; all had gone well with him and his arrangements were made for sailing within the week. He reached the door of his suite and knocked gently. There was no response. He knitted his brows and tried the knob. It turned and the door opened at the pressure.

"Helen!" he called sharply, a chill of fear clutching his heart.

He dashed through the empty parlor and burst open the door of the bedroom.

"Helen!" he called again in angulshed tones.

A hasty glance into the dressing-room sufficed to show him that the suite was deserted. He cursed himself for leaving Helene alone. A vision flashed before his eyes of a terrible drama enacted during his absence. He pictured Helene in durance somewhere, helpless—awaiting rescue. Coming back to the parlor he passed the writing-desk. On the blotting-pad lay an envelope addressed to him in Helene's queer foreign writing. With a glad cry he tore it open and read:

ROBERT:

Of course you will hate me, but that cannot be helped. I am simply doing my duty by the Fatherland. The whole blame lies at the door of America. Why had she to aid in the attack on poor, stricken Germany?

You will never see me again; my work is done. With my country at war I can have but one motto: *Deutschland uber alles.*

HELENE.

Bob brushed his hand across his eyes and glanced about the room with a dazed, bewildered expression. His eyes held the look of one who has received a mortal hurt.

"Helen," he murmured. "A traitress! Good God!"

He sank into a chair, holding the letter before him and staring at it as though caught by a dread fascination.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70.)

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What is known about the onions is told by Lieut. J. Vernon McKenzie in the course of an article, "Raiding the Rhineland," in MARCH MACLEAN'S. It is an intensely interesting article, telling all about the great reprisal campaign which implanted the fear of war in the German civilian heart.

"No Hope for the Wets"

"Already the temperance forces are lined up to stop any possible break in the prohibition dam," writes J. K. Munro, in discussing what is going to happen at the coming session at Ottawa. He predicts that Union Government will hold together, but that the habit it has contracted of promising everything asked is going to make a lively session. He expects:

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Tariff concessions made to the West.

The March number, in fact, is full of live, up-to-the-minute features.

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The Three Sapphires—By W. A. Fraser.
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The Trail of the Blonde Beast

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69.)

THERE came a sharp knock at the door. Bob ignored it. The door swung open and in walked Burke Malone, one of the cleverest men in the Secret Service. Bob looked up inquiringly at the round, good-natured face of the officer.

"I suppose you have come to arrest me, Malone?" he said dully.

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Thurston," disclaimed Malone heartily. He cast a look of compassion at the stricken man. "Just thought you'd like to hear the news."

Bob stirred uneasily.

"We trailed your—er—the woman," continued Malone, "when she left the hotel. We'd been a bit suspicious of her for some time. Nothing definite, you understand, but just enough to keep us wide awake. Blamed fortunate thing, too. Well, we trailed her to an office on Broadway that we've had our eyes on lately.

"I had no idea that she'd gotten away with anything as yet—just wanted to see where she was going. Gaspard and I arrived at the psychological moment, all right. We got her and a go-between with the goods. They're both in custody, and Gaspard's on his way to Washington with the papers."

"Thank God," breathed Bob.

"She came through clean when she saw that it was all up," resumed Malone. "She said that her usefulness was over anyway. It seems that von Dahl made her promise to get hold of anything of importance that was entrusted to you. He kept reminding her of her promise from time to time by means of a beautiful little code that we worried out of her this afternoon."

Malone stopped and glanced hurriedly at his watch. "I must run along now," he said, with a kindly glance at the young man. "Is there anything that I can do for you, Mr. Thurston? No? Well, I'd report to Washington as soon as possible if I were you. Good-by." He held out his hand, but Bob was too engrossed with his misery to see it.

As soon as the door closed behind his visitor Bob sprang up and ran to the telephone. In a few moments he had a connection with Washington and the chief's heavy voice reached him.

"Chief!" cried Bob; "you've heard?"

"Yes, Thurston. I'm sorry!"

"I resign," said Bob despairingly—"although it breaks my heart."

"I'm sorry," said the chief again slowly. "I am not blaming you, Thurston. You have been vilely treated by Fate. But a diplomat with a mission in wartime must not fail his country. For the good of the service I accept your resignation."

Bob gasped. It was all over.

"I am going to enlist, Chief," he said brokenly.

"I thought you would do that. I'll get you a commission."

"Thanks, no. I don't want one. I prefer to get at them with a rifle in my hands."

There was a long silence, broken at last by the chief.

"I'm sorry, Thurston. Sorry." A pause; then: "Good-by."

Bob hung up the receiver and turned away. He stood swaying in the centre of the room for a moment, then flung himself down on the couch, his face buried in his arms. The trail of the blonde beast had crossed his path and left him broken.

THE END.



At the Sign of the Coal Scuttle

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67.)

was just aching to talk to someone," she began in a weary, tremulous voice. "I started in to houseclean today and I always start with the business first, because it's sure to bother my head the most. I've been studying my bank book and I haven't got but one solitary dollar left in the bank and—and—dearie, I don't know what's goin' to become of me."

"Granny, listen. I am alone—oh, so alone in my little flat. I planned to chum up with some other bachelor girl, but, Granny MacGrath, I'd rather chum with you than any other girl in the city. And, Granny, I want to adopt you—you and your wonderful old-fashioned things—just carry you and your dear smiles and the geraniums up to my flat. Oh, Granny MacGrath, it will be Heaven with you and your geranium blossoms at my window."

A BRISK knock at the door, which was flung open unceremoniously, and the man from the First Floor Flat strode across the room with authority. The fire of purpose burned with strange intensity in the brown eyes fixed on Granny MacGrath.

"Granny MacGrath, I'm going straight to the point. I want to carry you bodily—you and your smiles and the geraniums down to my flat to live forever more. Granny, I want to adopt you," Alan MacFarlane blurted out, his big hand covering Granny MacGrath's withered, crooked fingers.

"But—but, laddie," flustered Granny MacGrath. Then a queer, little cracked laugh broke through the blue lips and a glint of sunshine sparkled in the faded blue eyes. "Laddie, Miss Jinny's done got ahead of you Miss Jinny's adopted me."

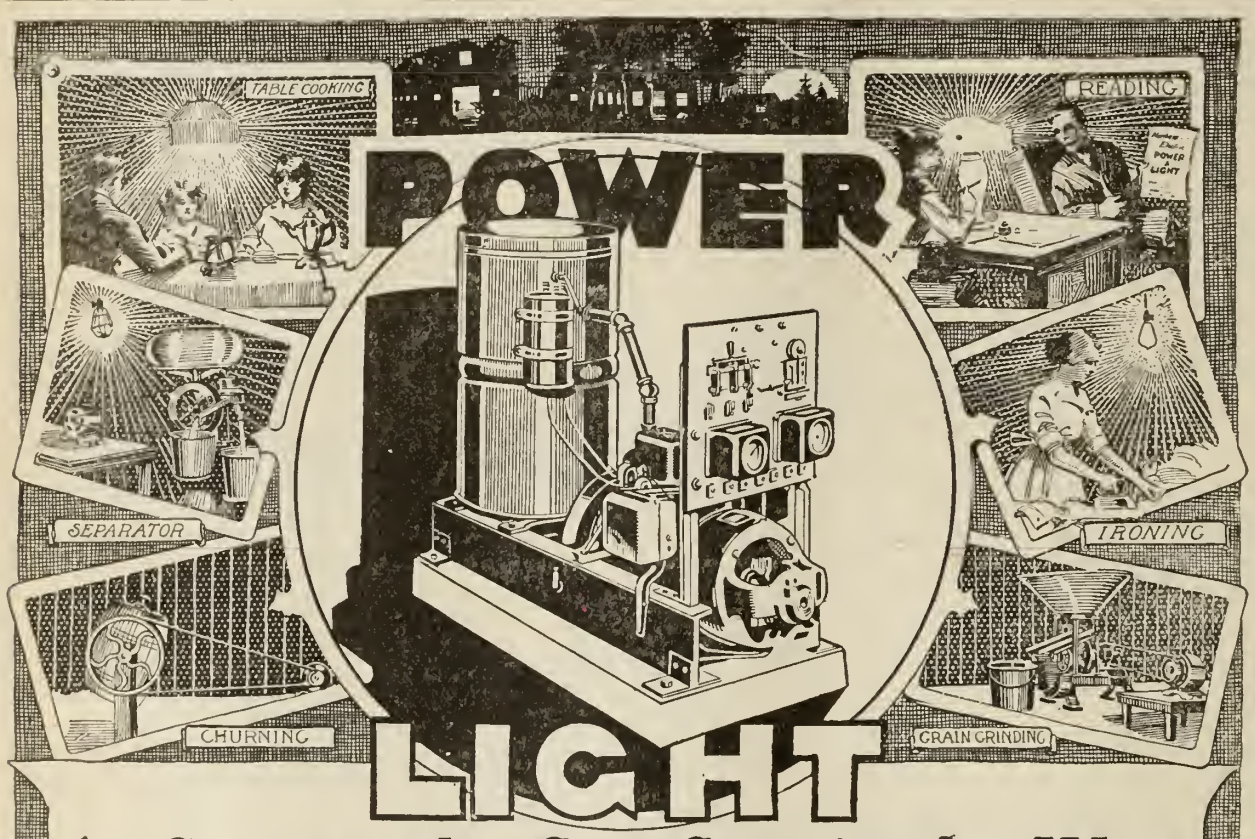
The man glanced quizzically down into the girlish face — appealingly sweet with the spirit of sacrifice dominating her soul. Then swiftly there dawned in the eyes of the man, a strange new light of tenderness, and stooping, he encircled the girl-beautiful with the flush of youth—and the old, old lady—wondrously dear with the fragrance of old-time memories—with his strong man's arms.

"Granny, Granny MacGrath, I am going to adopt you because I am going to adopt Miss Jinny also. Virginia, sweetheart, you know I love you. And you with all your thousand dearnesses will bring Granny and come to me?" he entreated, pressing his lips against the sun-tinted wisps of hair.

"Oh, Alan, I just can't get ahead of you any more and—and I don't want to," whispered the girl, her eyes luminous with the love, throbbing in her woman's heart.

"Granny—Granny MacGrath, you are adopted forever and ever—you and Miss Jinny and—and the coal scuttle," the man laughed mysteriously, boyishly.

THE END.



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Whipped Cream Cocoanut Cake

4 oz. butter; rind of one-half orange (grated); 3 eggs; 1 small cup milk; 1 large cup flour; 1/2 cup cornstarch; 3 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder; flavorings (vanilla and rose); 3/4 pint cream; 1 small fresh cocoanut (grated.).

Cream butter, adding grated rind of orange; then the sugar, working well in; then the well beaten yolks of eggs, and milk. Sift together the flour, baking powder and cornstarch and stir in gradually, then the well beaten whites of eggs, and lastly one teaspoon each of vanilla and rose flavorings. Bake in well buttered jelly tins in quick oven. When baked turn out and allow to cool.

Whip cream stiff, adding three tablespoons confectioners sugar and one-half teaspoon each vanilla and rose flavoring.

Cover top and side of each layer with the whipped cream and sprinkle over the grated cocoanut. If unable to obtain fresh cocoanut use Baker's canned cocoanut.

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The Canadian Home Journal

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Volume Fifteen WILLIAM G. ROOK, President, Toronto Number Twelve

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This Will Interest You in the May Number

"DO WE LIVE AFTER DEATH?"

Answered by A. Conan Doyle in his "New Revelation," an emotional, concise and marvelously strong article, in the May Number of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Spiritualism—What is it? This is the question being asked on every side. All are curious to know more about this great subject of psychical research, merely the beginnings of which we have grasped.

As stated before in the columns of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, we neither endorse nor condemn the statements made in the articles of this series. This, like the others, is published purely as an educational feature, and must be considered as such by our readers. They are not asked to accept Sir A. Conan Doyle's views, but to read what he has written and then judge for themselves. Not ignorance of these important questions but "knowledge is power" to either combat or further their influence.

"HAND IN HAND WITH THE CENTURIES, AND STRICTLY BRITISH."

By Ethel Cody Stoddard. Illustrated by photographs.

From the title you could not guess the text of this article, to appear in the May Number, but, coming from the pen of a very loyal Vancouver writer, one might well surmise that it would have to do with some phase of Western life.

The article is a history of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada from June, 1668, when the two vessels the "Nonsuch" and the "Eaglet" sailed from Gravesend with the two adventurers, Radisson and Chouart, to the present day. The history of the Hudson's Bay Company is practically a history of young Canada; Canadian laws, Government and National life having been largely shaped in the early days by these hardy pioneers.

Watch for this historical article, fully illustrated with excellent photographs.

Another story by William Hugo Pabke, author of "The Trail of the Blonde Beast," will appear in the May Number.

"CURE FOR BURNED FINGERS."

A joke which ended in romance. Illustrated by Norman Price.

The first story by Madge Macbeth to appear in this magazine will be published next month.

"SHARING DAD WITH JUDY."

Illustrated by Mary Essex.

The old-new problem of the stepmother, but from a slightly different angle. You will want to make the acquaintance of the modern, twentieth century stepmother, for she, too, has altered with the times and is quite a different individual from the one we used to read about.

"THE RANEE'S BRACELET."

A story of India, by E. A. Taylor.

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore.

The travel stories by this writer appearing from time to time in this magazine have been so popular we are again publishing another in the May Number. Rather more dramatic and with a more involved plot, this will doubtless be found the most fascinating of any yet published.

"THE BRIDE OF CHILKOOT LANDING."

The May Number would not be complete without a good Western tale, and this we have in the above-named story, by Ethel Kirk Grayson.

In the Women's Institute Section Judge Murphy, the new President of the Federated Societies, will have a message for all Women's Institute members.

The May Number will contain the usual goodly supply of the latest fashions.

There will be articles on: Music, the new books, housekeeping suggestions and cookery. The titles for the latter are:

"How to Use the Grateful and Pleasant Lemon."
"Eat Good Green Things for That Tired Feeling of Spring."

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Out of The Butterfly Class

By Tina Forrester Best

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY ESSEX

How Pauline found happiness by running away from it; or what she once believed it to be.

"COOK!" exclaimed the girl. "Don't you think you are rather antiquated. You belong to the middle ages, Mr. Maurice." Pauline's voice was scornful. She resented dictation.

"Well, isn't my indictment true?" returned the young man with a smile. "How many of these young ladies can cook?"

They were standing together under a vine-covered trellis, slightly apart from the gaily-dressed crowd that thronged the spacious lawn of Whiteside's most exclusive home. Pauline looked at him doubtfully. Was he in earnest, or merely tantalizing her?

"You wouldn't expect them to work in a kitchen, surely. That is work for the illiterate."

The smile vanished from his face, and he answered gravely, his steady eyes fixed upon her in their disconcerting way, "Work cannot be graded, Miss Fitzgerald. It is the spirit we bring to it that gives it dignity or meniality. The most truly intellectual woman I ever knew could do anything in her own home." He paused for a moment, thoughtfully scanning the merry assemblage, then added. "This butterfly life can never produce good home-makers."

"You consider that of paramount importance?" she asked drily.

"I do."

"And to be a good cook is the one requisite," she laughed scornfully. "Then we of the butterfly class must be condemned to celibacy. It is the one thing I could never do. It would be too drearily uninteresting."

JUST then a white-flanneled youth approached to claim her for a waltz on the temporarily erected pavilion, and their argument was ended. But, as she moved gracefully away with him, she flung back over her shoulder with a little sarcastic laugh: "I wish you success in meeting your scullery maid, Mr. Maurice."

She had not seen him again that evening. Business had called him to his office, her hostess informed her. "Editors are such busy men, my dear," she sighed. "It really is too bad Mr. Maurice had to go. Such a clever man, and so attractive. He has a wonderful personality, don't you think? And they say he is quite wealthy. But, do you know, I don't believe he cares much for society."

"No? Probably not," answered Pauline carelessly. She turned away, strangely depressed. At any other time she would have smiled; for her hostess had a marriageable niece and was notorious for match-making. Perhaps it was because she knew her comments were correct that she felt at variance with everything. She almost wished she had not spoken to Maurice as she did.

It was not until the following day that she realized how tired of it she had grown. Leaning idly back in the gaily-fringed hammock swung under giant elms, she ran over the programme of the days: tennis in the morning, teas in the afternoon, and a garden party, or perchance, a dance in the evening. The seasons lent some variation; but it was all pleasure, pleasure. And to think that for three years she had endured such monotony! Even the afternoon teas eternally the same: a nibble of cake, and tea served from the tiniest of cups—always the cups were tiny. If they had dared to serve it from thick-lipped stoneware it would have been some diversion, Pauline reflected.

THE color suddenly flared into her smooth cheeks. What would Ivan Maurice think if he could read her thoughts? She wished now she had not made that last remark. It must have hurt him. Not that she had any reason to believe that she, more than any other woman, had it in her power to affect his equanimity. He had placed her in the butterfly class, and, of course, she was utterly apart from his life. Still, she was sorry she had been guilty of such rudeness.

He was so sincere, so kind in spite of his criticism, that her face burned as she contemplated his opinion of her. Yes, she was sorry she had given him such a false impression; though not yet ready to accede to all his ideas concerning home-makers. She was merely affected with a touch of ennui.



Oh! it was so much like the old days when he was a struggling reporter and she not even a society bud.

But to go into the kitchen and cook! Pauline seldom took the trouble even to enter the kitchen. Roxy, her efficient maid-of-all-work, managed quite well in the rose and grey apartments without supervision, which left the youthful mistress freedom to pursue the daily round of gaiety. Good health, a generous share of beauty, and sufficient income to enable her to live without working, Pauline was bright and entertaining, she was in constant demand.

"I suppose he would have us get down and scrub the floors," she soliloquized. "Men are so unreasonable in their ideas. What would he think if he knew that poor benighted me can't even make a cup of tea? All I can do is play tennis, and drum a little on the piano, and sing in——"

French-heeled pumps came down on the green turf with defiant suddenness. It had been borne in on her that this was the day she had promised to sing at Mrs. Hendrie's reception.

"I won't go, that's all," she said aloud. "I'm sick to death of receptions. It will be the same old tiresome thing—ice cream and cake, and a lot of silly talk about nothing. I can't endure it."

SHE sat for a moment, pondering. If she did not go, Mrs. Hendrie would be offended; and if she remained in Whiteside, she must continue to offend, should she refuse invitations. Obviously, there was only one thing to do: either keep on in the same dull round or go away entirely. It would be easy to go, for she was alone in the world and independent financially. But where to go, was the question. All her friends in other towns spent their time in the very manner she wished to escape, and she had no acquaintance in the country.

Suddenly across her unsettled mind there flashed a vision of a rose-bowered cottage with quaint dormer windows and cool green shutters. Scarlet geraniums bordered the gravel walk leading to the wide doorway, and all around it, as if guarding it from marauding wayfarers stood tall elm and larch trees. It was a very haven of seclusion. She had noticed it only the week before when motoring through the country. Her quick eye had spied the card, "For Rent," fastened to the little wicker gate; and even then, she had thought what an ideal spot to live in. Nine miles from Whiteside, and in a district of which the townspeople knew almost nothing—what better place could she find to hide from pink teas and bridge parties?

With Pauline, impulse meant action. She seldom waited to analyze any idea that presented itself. Within an hour, her lounging negligee was changed for a motoring costume, and she was speeding in her small electric car toward the rose-wreathed cottage.

THE placard was still on the wicker gate; which fact she hailed with joyful satisfaction. Under the words, "For Rent," she read, "Apply within."

The front door of the house stood open, but no person was visible. How silent it was! Even the faint twittering of birds in the flower-laden shrubbery accentuated the stillness. For the first time, doubts assailed her. Perhaps it was idiotic to think of living in this isolated spot with no companion but Roxy. The loneliness might prove as irksome as the satiating society of Whiteside.

As she stood hesitating, an elderly gentleman crossed the trimly cut lawn to her.

"Good-morning," he said pleasantly. "Were you thinking of renting this place? I am the one in charge."

"I had thought of it," answered Pauline. "The surroundings are lovely. But isn't it rather lonely?"

"I haven't found it so. Let me show you through the house. If business did not take me away, I would not think of leaving before my lease expired."

Pauline was delighted with the interior of the cottage. The rooms were attractively furnished, and had a cheery, homelike air. At one end of the long dining-room was a glass cupboard filled with her favorite Blue Willow China, and in the old-fashioned brick fireplace, which almost filled the tiny living-room, she saw visions of cosy, crackling fires on cool evenings.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61.)

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Kathleen Howard serves Afternoon Tea.

Kathleen Howard

ONE IN A MILLION

By W. G. Rook



A Grand Opera Singer may also master the intricacies of the Culinary Art.

"NINE-TENTHS of me," declared Kathleen Howard of her girlhood, "were the normal rational characteristics of a well-brought up bright girl. But the last tenth was an unknown quantity, a great big powerful something which I vaguely felt, even then, to be the master of all the other tenths, a force which was capable of having its own way with the rest of me if I should ever give it a chance."

When still quite a girl, Kathleen, or Kate as she was better known to her friends, promised to marry a young man of the town in which she lived, and the family had carefully saved five hundred dollars for her trousseau. But pondering over the matter, the thought which persistently goaded her was what she could do for her voice with that five hundred dollars, and eventually she decided that being married in old clothes would be preferable to having an untrained voice, so she forthwith packed her trunk and started for New York.

Her experiences while there, and later in Paris, Germany, London and back again to the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York are all described in Madame Howard's book "The Confessions of an Opera Singer," recently published. One might imagine from the title that there would be many dreadful disclosures, but such is not the case, for the singer announces very frankly that she has "never been in any great danger morally on the stage," but that her courage and nerve have been severely threatened, and that she was at times saved only by her dogged determination to succeed.

THE early life of this Metropolitan Opera singer had happily been directed by a very wise and very clever father, whose greatest joy in life was music. In the evenings the family played imaginative musical games together, and the children read notes before they were able to read letters. When four years old Kathleen began to read music, and when six she with her sister, Marjorie, sang in the church choir. Remembering her childhood Kathleen Howard says "Father used to give us a note, and we then had to run round our rather large house humming it. It was the deepest disgrace we ever knew if we had sharped or flatted when we got back to the starting point. He taught us musical terms by making us dance to different rhythms he played, and would call out 'Allegro,' 'Vivace,' 'Adagio,' 'Molto allegro,' 'Legato,' and so forth, to which we had to change instantly. Whenever any one came to the house, we played and sang for them, and though it might have been rather awful for the visitors, it was very good for us to get used to an audience."

From soloist in a small church to a Metropolitan Star is a far reach, and Kathleen Howard has won out where thousands of girls would have failed. She, however, strongly recommends aspiring young singers to try for choir positions in large city churches, where they will be forced to compete with other singers before contemplating study abroad.

When I met Madame Howard in New York some time ago, it was with mixed feelings that I approached the interview. Great opera stars are supposed to be individuals very difficult to approach. My experience with moving picture stars led me to believe that some of the people most in the public eye are somewhat inclined to be eccentric and different from ordinary individuals. However, Kathleen Howard set my mind at rest inside of two minutes by suggesting that we have a cup of tea and some toasted scones while she proceeded to tell me some of the most outstanding events of her life. It was then that I learned that Madame Howard had published the book above referred to.



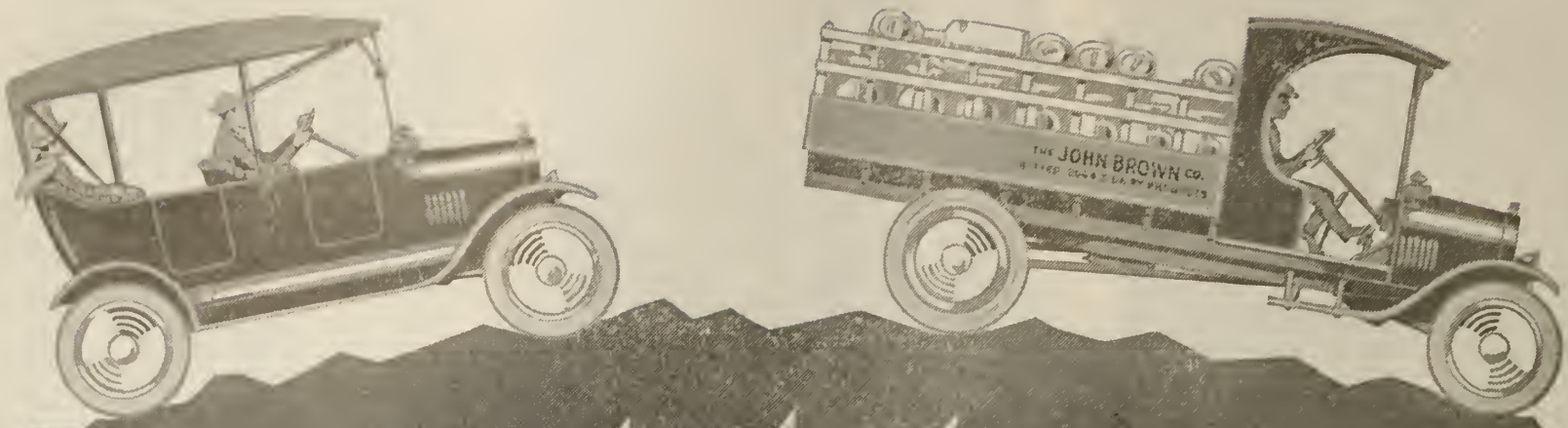
Kathleen Howard as "Carmen."

DURING the interview Kathleen Howard confessed that she was exceedingly tired, and in answer to my question as to the reason, she said that she had been busy all morning at the Pathe studios singing for records. I could not understand why this should be such strenuous work, my impression being that all that was necessary was to stand up before a large horn and wait for the signal from the conductor and then sing in the best possible manner. Madame Howard soon disillusioned me, however, by telling me there was considerably more to record making than this. First, she said, a singer has to feel her best. The accompanist, musicians and orchestra have to be placed in proper location and crowded together in a manner quite different from usual, and as a result they do not always feel in the best of humor. Frequently mistakes are made in their parts, although the singing may be perfect. Then again, possibly the instrumental part may be quite satisfactory, but the singer may make two or three errors. The song may have to be repeated half a dozen times before a perfect record is made.

An inferior record is never allowed to reach the public from any of the large phonograph companies, and for that reason one can readily imagine that singing under such unusual conditions must be a trying ordeal.

Kathleen Howard is deeply interested in the work of the Society of American Singers of which she is a member. The aim of this organization is to bring about a greater appreciation of artists on this Continent although Madame Howard is of the opinion that America is not as yet in a position to train singers. She says "There is much talk about it not being necessary to go abroad to prepare oneself for an operatic career, but the time has not yet come in America when the student can find the same opportunity to practice, or work out on the stage her beginner's faults. In Europe you can do this in blissful semi-obscurity. I hope and believe the time will come

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44B.)



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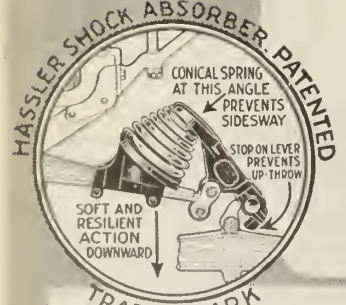
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BARTERERS

By Louise Breitenbach Clancy

Illustrated by FRANK DOWNEY



She seemed to palpitate in harmony with the music.

ISRAEL GRABOWSKY strode up to the teacher's desk with nervous haste. For all his twenty-two years, he stood fumbling his worn cap like a shamefaced school-boy. Miss Meyer, volunteer teacher in the night school of the "Rebecca Rothschild Institute," raised pleasant eyes from her book. She was always receiving the shy confidences of these grown-up students of the primer. For a full moment he confronted her, his face pitiful with anxiety. Then he unburdened his heart.

"Sure, Missis Teacher, I only hope I don't make you no trouble. I hurry by my work this night. I say by myself the whole day through I must someone ask for to help. I must my good lady teacher ask sooner is the class here. I—I—."

Miss Meyer waited in sympathetic silence.

"Sure, Missis Teacher, I wish—I only wish I know where Yetta Solomon is by nights. She don't here come for to learn. She don't here come dance-nights. Where is Yetta? Ain't it somet'ing fierce—a pretty-in-the-face girl like Yetta is every night out?"

"I've been worried about Yetta," confessed Miss Meyer, genuine concern in her face and voice, "I can't imagine why she doesn't oome any more. She used to be my star-pupil, and how she did love the dancing lessons! Why, she never used to miss a night."

"I make money here," Israel went on with Abrahamic gravity. "I get me lots customers and old shoes, too—she won't with me marry. I go by her some evenin's—she ain't to home no more. Maybe, it's only some foolishness, but I'm much with Yetta lovin'."

THE young shoemaker was not to be laughed at; there was real intensity to his suffering. Miss Meyer made haste to assure him she would begin her search for the missing girl that very evening. At nine o'clock her class of dark-eyed, pallid-faced men and women filed past the desk, each with a vivid smile and a shy, faltering, "Goodnight, t'anks, Missis Teacher." Miss Meyer laid a detaining hand on coquettish, over-dressed Becky, Yetta's young sister, and the apple of her eye.

"Where's Yetta?" began Miss Meyer in her gentle way. "Tell me, is she—?"

"There ain't nothin' to tell," Becky's voice had an edge of impatience as she tried to slip away from the teacher's fingers. Her eyes were on the young shoemaker who had been stopped in the hall-way by a class-mate.

Miss Meyer must have been engrossed in her desire to learn Yetta's whereabouts, for she did not take her hand from the girl's shoulder and she continued to question her in a leisurely manner. "Does Yetta still love to sell those pretty blouses at Rothschild's?"

"Yetta, she's workin' now in the Globe Tobacco factory," Becky admitted somewhat sullenly, "I—I—, sure, Missis Teacher, I must go now. Israel Grabowsky, he's startin' now, see. he'll take me home. Sure, you wouldn't want me to go all that way alone."

"Of course not, Becky," Miss Meyer smiled into the pretty pleading face. Full well she knew Becky's interest in the young shoemaker. "But it'll be many blocks out of Israel's way to take you home, and the poor fellow's tired. I'll walk along with you. I want to know more about Yetta."

"Sure, Missis Teacher," insisted Becky, "it ain't so far for Israel, and he never minded it when Yetta—"

There was that in Miss Meyer's eyes that cut the girl short. With an angry toss of her head she followed the teacher into the now empty hall.

"I SUPPOSE you're still at the ribbon-counter," said Miss Meyer, her hand on the outside door.

"I—I—ain't at Rothschild's no more, neither," Becky confessed reluctantly, her eyes riveted on the jangling bracelets on her wrist. "I work with Yetta—." Involuntarily she wrinkled her pretty nose. "Ugh, how I hate the smell, and the dirt and everythin'."

"What does Yetta do with herself now in the evenings?" Miss Meyer led the way out into the night.

"Search me," Becky retorted flippantly, "sooner we get home and make our eatin's, Yetta's went. I don't ask her nothin'. She don't tell me nothin', but," with a sarcastic laugh, "I just pretty near guess I know."

After the girl had closed her house door behind her, Miss Meyer lost herself in the perplexing problem. For the past few weeks Yetta's defection had always been in the under-current of her mind. Now the image of the young girl, with the rare, colorful beauty and grace of form, sprang out of the shadows and filled completely heart and eyes.

"Youth and love of pleasure—cheap pleasure it must be for the very poor—love of adornment—vice," so Miss Meyer's thoughts ran. "To-morrow morning—early, early, I must see Yetta in the factory."

Darkness had already closed in the next evening when Miss Meyer dragged herself homewards. She had failed to see Yetta; the whole day had been spent in the Institute Creche. She had just toiled up the front steps of her own home when some one dashed up behind her, almost throwing her off her feet. The vestibule light fell full on the young shoemaker, hatless, disheveled, almost too spent with excitement to express himself coherently.

"I FIND her," he all but shouted, "I find her—now—in a alley." Then he dropped back against a pillar of the porch, with his nostrils dilating, and his face nervously tense. As though he were a little child, he suffered Miss Meyer to lead him by the hand into her library.

"I say by myself all the day," he broke out again. "I must—I must find Yetta. To-night I make my shop close soon—I care for eatin's nothin'. I will Yetta find. I walk and I walk the streets up and down and I t'inks and I t'inks till I'm 'most crazy like. I don't look where I go. I bump me in the head with a girl. I 'scuse myself. Good Gott, it's Yetta.

" 'Yetta,' I scream. She runs in down a alley. I run her after. She makes a door open so—a little—and quick slams it me in the face. I will in go, Missis Teacher. But no, a policeman runs himself up. 'What you want? You can't in go. It's a t'eater—the door for wimmins,' he screams me in the face. So I run here so fast like I only can, Missis Teacher."

An hour later, Miss Meyer, under the wing of a woman-reporter, a friend who had often done her good stead, had been admitted behind the scenes of a questionable vaudeville theatre, known as the "Star." Preparations for the first act were going on.

Her heart throbbing with sympathy, she watched a sextet of untidy, half-dressed young girls as they came rushing up a flight of rickety steps from what looked like a damp, noisome cellar. They were pulling on their clothes, adjusting wigs or arranging quantities of false hair, chattering or calling for help as they ran toward the wings.

PRESENTLY Miss Meyer caught sight of Yetta racing up the stairs from her dressing room. The cheeks of the older woman flamed with an intensity of emotion. The girl, always exquisite from the richness of her coloring and the luminous beauty of her dark eyes, had grown positively ethereal. Her body so slim and full of graceful lines seemed to have taken on added height, but the small face beneath the mask of paint and crude penciling had fallen into delicate hollows. Her pretty head held high, she ran to her place in the wings, buttoning a tawdry, soiled gown of lace and tinsel.

"Isn't she a beauty," came as an involuntary tribute from the lips of Miss Brown, the newspaper woman. The teacher was saved the necessity of a reply, for just then the manager hurried toward them. After a moment of bantering and an off-hand introduction of her companion, Miss Brown darted toward a young stage-hand. Her trained intellect had scented a story in that old-man face.

Miss Meyer started, finding the eyes of the manager fixed upon her intently—eyes of vulpine cunning. The man was of meagre build, past middle age. A cold, hard sneer sat upon his thin lips. "You ain't ever been back here before, have you?" he barked hoarsely.

"This is a new experience for me," the young woman responded pleasantly, with an instinctive realization that she was being shown unusual courtesy. Conciliation she knew would be the cue for the present. Yetta must be saved—if it were not too late. "That young girl has a rather striking appearance, don't you think?" she added, indicating her protegee who still waited in the wings.

"Um—," grunted Goldman, non committally.

"WHAT is her act?" pursued Miss Meyer, barely successful in disguising her interest.

"Dance," was the laconic answer. "It's time for her turn now."

Not another word was spoken, for just then Yetta bounded before the footlights. Miss Meyer felt without seeing that the manager's eyes never

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

My Bob

The Story of a Dog which went to France Told by himself.

By Vincent G. Perry.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE.



"Somebody leaned down and yelled: 'Here's the little beggar down in this shell hole'."

WELL, I'm returned. I came back on the big steamer, all the way from England and here I am safe home In Canada—though I didn't want to come and I cried and whined and acted like a silly little pup In the show-ring for the first time—until the steward took me down in the butcher's room and there I had to remain. I would have cried a lot more, but what was the use? I just remained in a corner, thinking of Bob and how he must miss me. I would be ashamed to meet the Little Mother—what would she think of me letting them send me home without Bob? Her heart would be broken, too, and Bob would think I had deserted him.

I wouldn't eat nor anything and I think I would have died if Marjorie hadn't been on the boat, but she heard me crying, kind of to myself, one night when the steward had chained me to the deck to get some fresh air, and came over to me and made friends. She was grand all the way over and cried 'cause I couldn't eat, so to please her I ate and found I was really hungry and could eat a lot, 'specially when she handed it to me. She looked kind of lonely, too, and used to cuddle me and whisper things about the big soldier boy she had left in the hospital in England. I wished I could have told her about Bob but I couldn't. I could only wag my tail, lick her hands and look sorry, but I know she understood.

You see my trip to England was rather unexpected. Bob hadn't intended taking me. I had always been his pal right from the first when I was a little puppy. He bought me from the man that owned my father, the best Boston Terrier in America, a champion of champions, with a pedigree as long as the English Channel, at least that is what Bob told them on the boat going over. I'd do anything for Bob, even stand for a long time in the show-ring when the judge was deciding between King Regeagle and me. Of course, it was some fun beating out Regeagle and getting points for my championship but even that isn't as good as knowing you are pleasing the best master in the world. I knew Bob was going to enlist even before the Little Mother. It was when I was sitting beside him in his car, he put his arm around me and said.

"Buddy Boy, I'm not going to be a slacker, I'm going to Enlist."

I didn't know what enlistment meant then but I knew it must be something good or Bob wouldn't do it, so I licked his hand and cuddled up closer. He talked a long time to the Little Mother that night and she cried a lot but said she wouldn't stand in his light. (That's what the man told Bob he was doing because he wouldn't have my ears cut—he was standing in my light to get a championship.)

All that night I heard the Little Mother crying to herself and I was afraid Bob would wake up and hear her, but he didn't, and if he had I was going to bark and make such a noise he couldn't have heard her—because I knew the Little Mother didn't want him to hear her cry, and next to Bob, I love the Little Mother.

THE next day the Little Mother seemed quite restless and when it came time for Bob to come home she went to the window and then to the door many times. Of course, I followed her and tried to look out of the window but I'm not big enough to look out, so it wasn't much use. We had about given up when I heard his step on the walk and gave a little yelp to let the Little Mother know and ran to be there to welcome him. I was so excited and jumped around him so much I didn't notice any change about him until he knelt down to hug me like he always does and then I saw he was in khaki—enlisting meant joining the soldiers that live in the park and march down the street with a lot of mongrel dogs following them. I kind of felt it meant Bob was going to leave us and then I knew.

I was taken so kind of sick I crawled under the sofa so Bob wouldn't see me. I could just see the Little Mother in Bob's arms and hear her whispering, "My brave, brave Bobby," like she did when he and I saved the little girl's life—but that's another story.

Enlisting wasn't as bad as I thought it was going to be, 'cause Bob, although he lived at the park with the other soldiers, came home in the evening and took the Little Mother and me out in the car like he used to. The nights were the worst for me. It seemed awful to be sleeping at the foot of a bed that Bob wasn't in, and the first night I couldn't sleep for thinking of him and the good times we had had together. Then after Bob got his commission (which is a whole lot better than a championship) and was given command of a company, he was able to sleep home on Saturdays and Sundays and it seemed like old times.

ONE night he said, "Buddy Boy, I'm going overseas next week. What are you going to do without me?"

He looked so sad that I knew it was something terrible and cried and asked him as best I could not to go, but he patted me and rolled me over to get me in good sorts and laughed at me because I pouted.

It didn't take long for the next week to come and my dreading it didn't make it any slower. The Little Mother was baking up things and Bob's sisters—who didn't have any use for dogs—were helping. They were baking all things that Bob liked and I liked, too, but they didn't give me any; I didn't care because I knew that Bob would, anyway. When the things were all done they piled them in a box which they called "Bob's box." I pricked up my ears when I heard them say that and I sat down under the table to guard it, and I didn't move till Bob came home. I knew he was going away and it must be "overseas." We all left for the train and I sat beside Bob in the big touring car, licking his hand and trying to say, "Take me, Bob, take Buddy Boy." He kept stroking my head and saying, "Good old Buddy Boy, good old pal."

There was a dreadful crowd at the train, far more than at the New York A.K.C. Show. The train was full of soldiers and there was a special car for officers like Bob. The Little Mother clung to Bob's arm and cried a lot and there were tears in Bob's eyes and the sisters hung on to one another and I cuddled down between Bob's shoes and licked his puttees.

The train whistled and scared some mongrel dogs that had never travelled and they ran away. Bob had to get into the train and when he found a seat the Little Mother and the sisters went over, and when he leaned out the window they hung on to him. I wiggled and cried and one of the sisters noticed me and for the first time in her life picked me up and held me up to Bob. The train whistled and started slowly and I made a jump and landed right in Bob's arms. He was so surprised that he just hung on to me for fear I'd fall out and get hurt and then the train got a good start and he just had time to call good-bye and something about expressing Buddy back.

I nestled in his arms and he called me a bad boy, but I didn't care. I knew he was pleased, so nestled as close as I could. The other officers liked my looks and Bob told them about all the prizes I had taken and that I would be a champion if he had my ears trimmed, but he wouldn't be so cruel. He told them that he was going to ship me back at the next stop but I looked up in his face and pleaded so for him to take me that he said, "Gee, I wish I could take the little cuss with me!"

"And why not?" asked the big man they called Colonel—the same as the big dog that was benched next to me at the Boston Specialty Show.—"this battalion hasn't a mascot and this little fellow is so small you can smuggle him onto the boat under your coat."

"I believe I'll try it," said Bob, and I nearly fell out of the window for joy.

IF I didn't have a lot of bones to bury in the back-yard and the cat next door to watch, I'd tell you all about the trip over in the big boat; I'd tell you all about the fight that I had with an English dog that got into Bob's tent, but that wouldn't be telling you about why I am returned. You see, we were finally sent to France where the Germans were waiting to fight Bob and hundreds of other men. Bob and I and the other men of the battalion stayed in a village where we could hear the fierce noise they were making, which was a million times worse than the noise at any dog-show I've ever been at. Then Bob left me in the care of a deaf old lady in the village, after telling me he would be back in three weeks and tying my name and address on my collar. I thought he would beat the Germans before three weeks but he didn't and I was mighty lonesome when he was gone. I began to think he might have got hurt, but sure enough in three weeks he came back. He looked thin and pale and needed a shave but I was so glad to see him I didn't mind the feel of his whiskers against my nose like I used to. He stayed a week and then bade me good-bye again and left.

I knew it wasn't a gentlemanly thing to do but I waited 'til he was almost out of sight and then I started after him. He marched at the head of a lot of men and I kept out of sight 'til we were too far away for him to send me back and then I ran up to him. He was taken by surprise to see me but I guess he must have been thinking about me, for he took me up in his arms and kissed the end of my nose, and tried to scold me, but he couldn't because there were tears in his eyes and I guess there were in mine, too, and I wasn't a bit ashamed of them.

It didn't take us many hours to get to the trenches, things like sewers with little houses

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60.)

WHO GOES THERE?

BY

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



CHAPTER XVI. (*Continued*)

HE had sealed and directed the letter, and was gazing meditatively out of the diamond-leaded windows at the splashing fountain in the court, when a slight sound attracted his attention and he turned, then rose and stepped forward.

Karen gave him her hand, smiling. In the other hand she held the last of her orchids.

"Are you rested?" he asked.

"Yes. Are you?"

"Perfectly, thank you. Really it is beautiful outside the house."

"There is no word from General von Reiter?" she asked, absently caressing her cheek with the fragant blossom in her hand.

"Not yet," he said.

"If none comes, what are you going to do?"

"I am free, anyhow, to leave now."

"Free?"

"Free of my engagement with Baron von Reiter."

"Free from your obligations to—*me?*" she asked in a low voice.

He turned to her seriously: "My allegiance to you needs no renewal, Karen, because it has never been broken. You have my friendship if you wish for it. It is yours always as long as you care for it."

"I do. . . . Are you going to leave—Quelienheim?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When a messenger brings me an answer to a letter which I shall send this morning."

She stood caressing her lips with his flower and gazing dreamily into the forest.

"So you really are going," she said.

"I cannot help it."

"I thought"—she forced a smile—"that you intended to rob me first."

He did not answer.

"Had you forgotten?" she asked, still with the forced smile.

"No."

"Do you still mean to do it?"

"I told you that I had to have the papers."

"Yes, and I told you that I should make it as difficult as I could for you. And I'm going to. Because I don't want you to go." She laughed, then sighed very frankly. "Of course," she added, "I don't suppose I could keep them very long if you have made up your mind to take them."

"Is that your idea of me?" he asked, laughing.

She nodded, thoughtfully: "You take what you want, sooner or later. There is no hope in opposing you. You are that kind of man. I have learned that."

She touched the orchid to her chin meditatively. "It surprised me," she added. "I have not been accustomed to authority like yours. I am my own mistress, and I supposed I was accountable to myself alone. But—" she lifted her eyes, "it appears that I am accountable to you. And the realization does not seem to anger me very deeply."

HE looked away: "I do not try to control you, Karen," he said in a low voice.

"You have done so whether or not you have tried. I don't know what has happened to me. Do you?"

"No," he said, forcing a laugh. "Except you are learning that the greatest pleasure of friendship is the confidence in it which nothing can disturb."

"Confidence in friendship—yes. But confidence in *you!*—that ended in our stateroom. Without confidence I thought friendship impossible . . . . And here I am asking you not to go away—because I—shall miss you. Will you tell me what is the matter with a girl who has no confidence in a man and who desires his companionship as I do yours?" Her cheeks flushed, but her eyes were steady, bright, and intelligent: "Am I going to fall in love with you, Kervyn?"

He laughed mirthlessly: "No, not if you can reason with yourself about it," he said. "It merely means that you are the finest, most honest, most fearless woman I ever knew, capable of the most splendid friendship, not afraid to show it. That is all it means, Karen. And I am deeply, humbly grateful. . . . And very miserable. . . . Because——"

The entrance of Frau Bergner with the breakfast tray checked him. They both turned toward the long oak table.

Fortunately the culinary school where the housekeeper had acquired her proficiency was not German. She had learned her art in Alsace.

So the coffee was fragrant and the omelette a dream; and there were grapes from the kitchen arbour and ham from a larder never lacking the succulent by-products of the *sanglier* of the Ardennes.

Frau Bergner took his letters and telegram, promising that Fritzl should find somebody with a bicycle at Trois Fontaines to carry the other note to Lesse Forest.

She hovered over them while they ate. The breakfast was a silent one.

Afterward Karen wrote a number of notes addressed to her modiste in Berlin and to various people who might, in her present emergency, supply her with something resembling a wardrobe.

Guild had taken his pipe out to the fountain, where she could see him through the window, seated on the coping of the pool, smoking and tracing circles in the gravel with a broken twig.

She hurried her notes, called the housekeeper to take them, then, without taking her hat or gloves, she went out into the sunshine. The habit, so easily acquired, of being with Guild was becoming a necessity, and neither to herself nor to him had it yet occurred to her to pretend anything different.

There was, in her, an inherent candour, which unqualified, perhaps unsoftened by coquetry, surprises more than it attracts a man.

But its very honesty is its undoing; it fails to hold the complex masculine mind; its attractiveness is not permanent. For the average man requires the subtlety of charm to stir him to sentiment; and charm means uncertainty; and uncertainty, effort.

NO effortless conquest means more to a man than friendship. And friendship is nothing new to a man.

But it was new to Karen; she had opened her mind to it; she was opening her heart to it, curious concerning it, interested as she had never before been, sincere about it—sincere with herself.

Never before had the girl cared for a man more than she had cared about any woman. The women she had known had not been inferior in intelligence to the men she knew. And a normal and wholesome mind and heart harbour little sentiment when the mind is busy and the body sound.

But since she had known this man she knew also that he had appealed to something more than her intelligence.

He stood up when she appeared, knocked out his pipe and advanced to meet her. He had been doing a lot of thinking. And he had concluded to talk very frankly to her about her friendship with him—frankly, kindly, discouraging gaily any mistaken notion she might harbour that there could be any room, any reason, any fitness for a deeper sentiment in this friendship—anything more significant than the delightful and frank affection now existing between them.

"Shall we walk in the forest, Karen?" he said.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



As she sat there looking at this man and at the brown-eyed girl beside him, suddenly she experienced a subtle sense of fear.



EVEN THE SMALL HOUSE MAY BE DISTINCTIVE

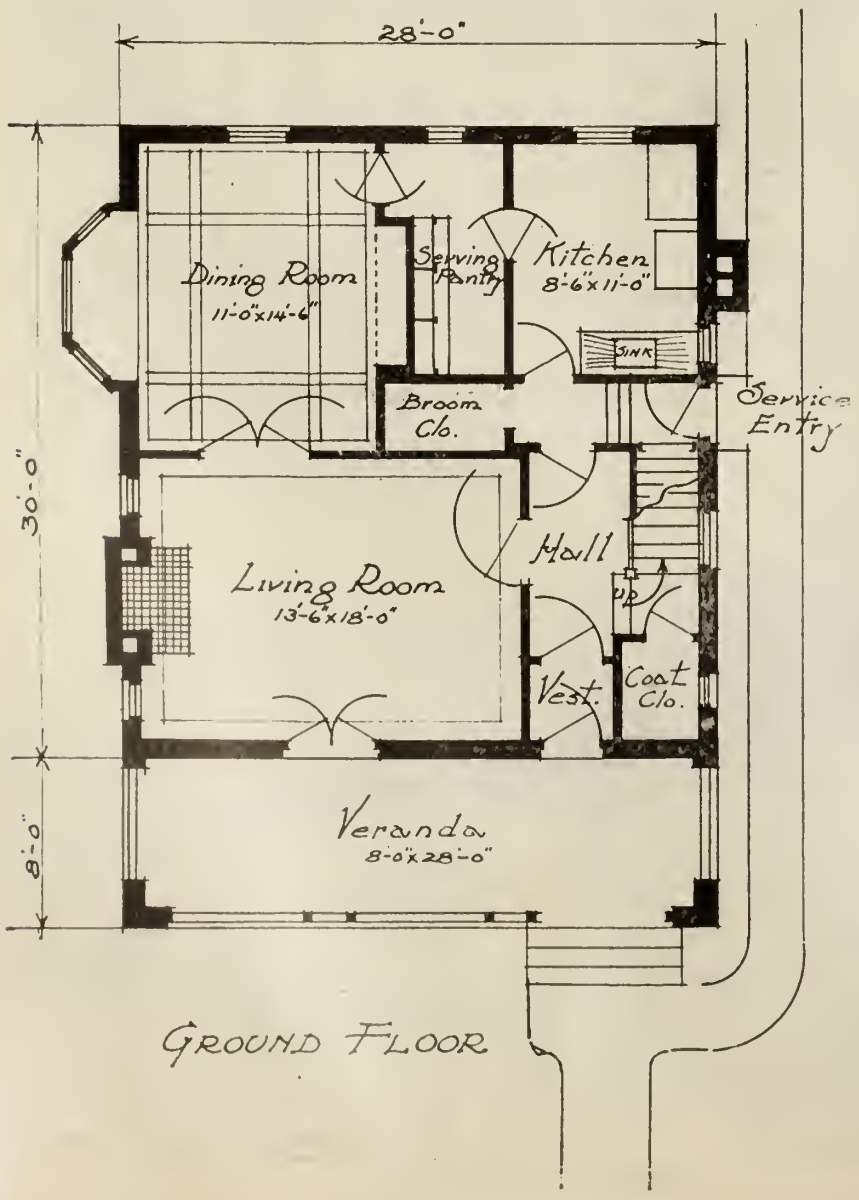
DESIGNED BY CLARENCE THETFORD, ARCHITECT

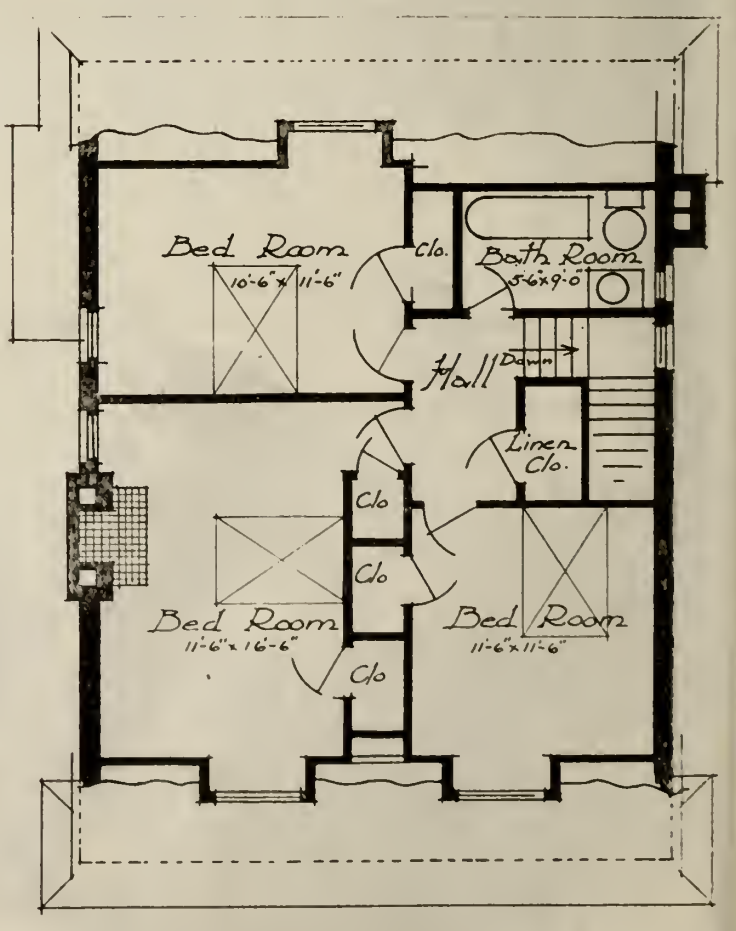
LET the public buildings, parks and natural location of a town be ever so beautiful, if the streets are lined with rows of similarly constructed and badly proportioned houses, any individuality and charm which might characterize the town is entirely lost in its monotony. One might adapt a familiar maxim to express the thought: "a town can be no more beautiful than its houses."

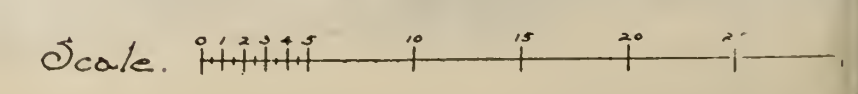
And even the small, inexpensive house may not of necessity be the plain uninteresting building one so often sees. It can be well proportioned and of pleasing and varied design, thereby adding its share to the general attractiveness of the town or community.

The house illustrated is 28 by 30 feet, and could be successfully built on a lot of from 35 to 50 feet frontage. It is so designed that several

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A SUMMER COTTAGE PLANNED FOR COMFORT

DESIGNED BY CLARENCE THETFORD, ARCHITECT

WHEN contemplating the building of a summer home it is well to plan to use as much material obtainable on the spot as possible. The frame cottage illustrated in this section, to this end, is built upon stone piers, has stone chimneys, stone fire-place and porch floor—stone being procurable in almost any rural section of Canada.

Rough sawn boards placed vertically with battens over the joists cover the exterior walls, which if stained a suitable shade to harmonize with the color of the shingles should give a very pleasing effect. One may safely depart from the conventional in the matter of colors to be used in a summer cottage, and the manner of treatment may be quite unique. Dark reddish brown walls with roof shingles colored yellow is suggested for a summer bungalow. If surrounded by flower gardens and partially lost in the foliage of trees this should give a splendid note of color and make an attractive spot against hill or sky.

Not only has the living room in this specially designed house spacious proportions, but an ingle nook and huge stone fire-place add to its comfortable appearance. The joists and studding at the ceiling, if left uncovered and stamped, give a distinctive feature to the house, but if this is done the entire furnishing must be kept in accordance. Only coarsely woven fabrics, no polished furniture, no delicate coloring should be introduced, or the harmony will be destroyed. If carefully carried out this is decidedly the most artistic and appropriate mode of treatment for this kind of house. French windows open to a verandah ten feet wide.

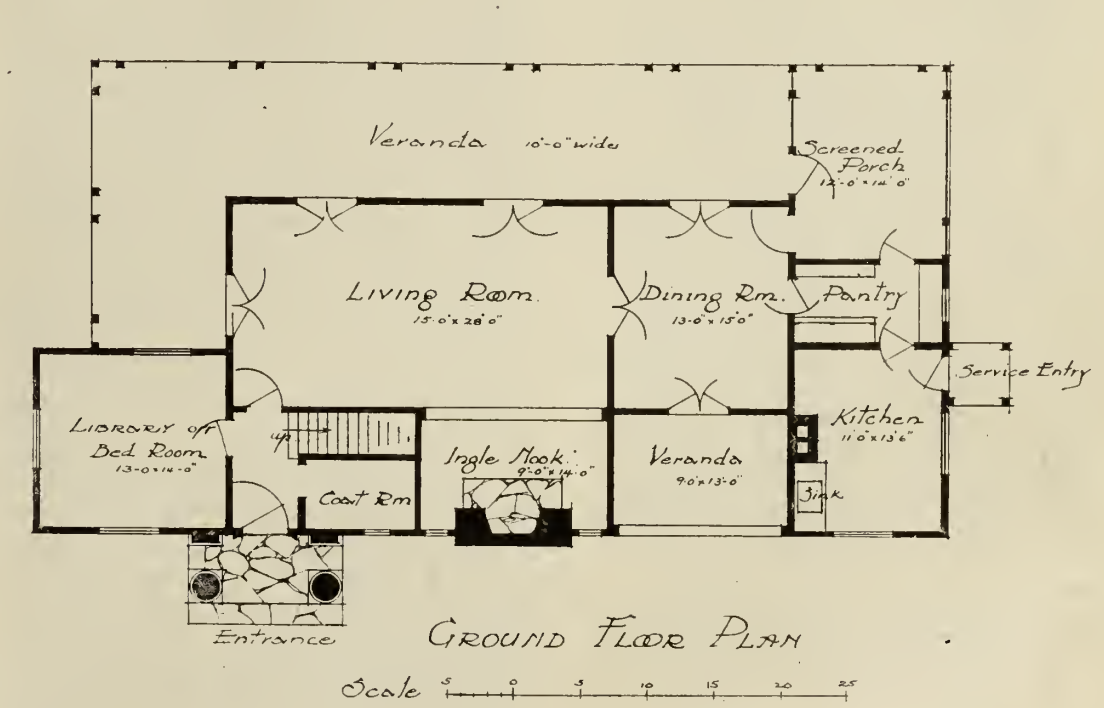
Both an indoor and verandah dining-room are provided, the latter screened, and each of easy access from the kitchen and serving pantry. A French window at each end of the inside dining-room opening on a verandah makes this room pleasant under any conditions, even during the inevitable cold, rainy weather which persistently intrudes upon summer joys.

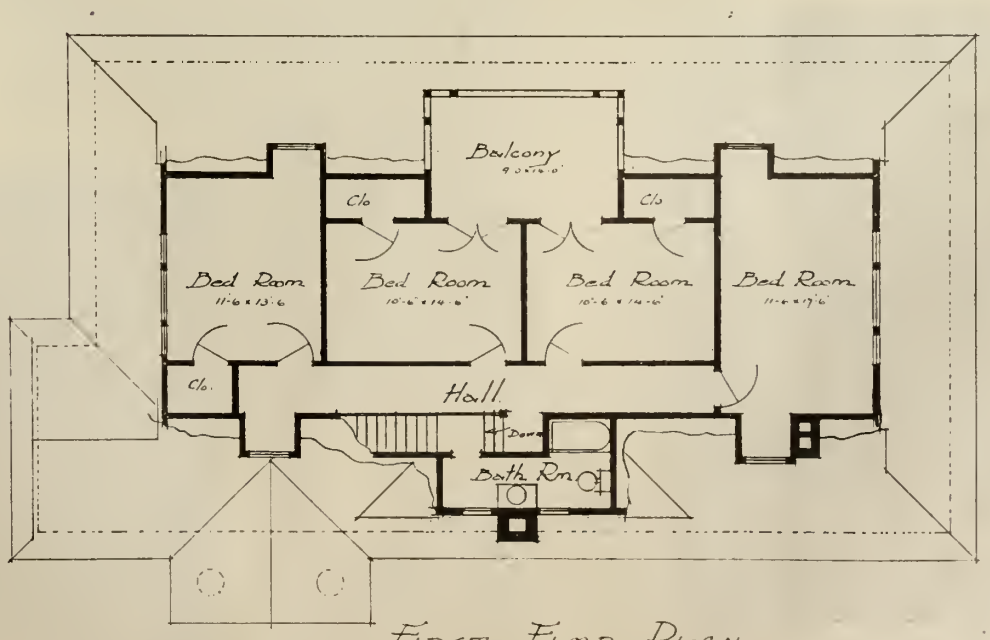
The library, or bedroom if desired, it will be noticed is quite removed from the main part of the house, and is therefore an excellent room for study, reading or rest.

Four bedrooms, a balcony, bathroom, clothes closets and hall complete the upper floor. The bedrooms are all large and airy with cross draughts.

A feature of this bungalow is the attractive entrance porch—too often omitted in the house designed for summer use. The floor is stone matching the chimneys in design. Colored asbestos shingles, which are fireproof and at the same time quite attractive in appearance, are manufactured by several firms, and will be found a decided safeguard for cottages isolated from proper fire protection.

While the house illustrated is primarily designed for a summer cottage, the plan will serve equally well for an all-year-round house if built of suitable material, and provision made for a heating system.





Beautify the Flower Garden This Season and Increase the Yield of Fruit

By George R. Baldwin, F.R.H.S.



THE beautiful illustration at the top centre of this page is one of the many varieties of Cinerarias that can be easily grown in the house. During the growing season well-grown Cinerarias are very popular for sun-room, home and conservatory decoration, and as this cultivation is the easiest, and very little heat is required, they are essentially subjects for amateurs to grow.

There is no doubt that the most satisfactory results are obtained by treating Cinerarias as annuals, plants which have flowered being thrown out, and a fresh supply raised every year. Seed of the Cinerarias may be sown in June and July, two sowings at least are desirable, as a long season of bloom is required. Plants raised from June sown seeds should flower the following March or April. Soil composed of 4 parts loam, 4 parts leaf soil, and one part sand passed through a fine sieve, and the seed very thinly sown, just covered with fine soil, the surface of which should be lightly firmed down.

Cinerarias do not like high temperature, and from 50 degrees to 55 degrees is quite sufficient to cause the seed to germinate. A piece of glass should be placed over the seed pan until the seedlings make their appearance, when both light and air are essential. They should be transplanted once, and then placed in 5-inch pots, and when the pots are well filled with roots give weak liquid manure twice a week, until the plants come into flower. The use of stimulants must then cease.

THE pots may be plunged in the garden during summer in a cool place, and brought into a frame or sun-room when frost arrives. It is very desirable that Cineraria plants should be as strong and robust as possible if the best results are to be obtained, for if at all weak, they are likely to become the prey of various pests, green-fly and the leaf mining maggot in particular. Fumigating and dipping the plants in Quassia and soft soap solution, and dusting with tobacco powder, or applying other insecticides by means of a distributor are satisfactory remedies for green-fly, whilst the best method of dealing with the leaf mining maggots, the presence of which is indicated by the appearance of white marks on the leaves, is to crush the insects by pressing the thumb and finger along the white lines, the same as we have to do for the rose maggot. Poison enough to kill them would injure the foliage and plant. Too much cannot be said of the Cineraria, the beautiful primrose, Ferns, Primula, Calceolaria, and Coleus for house plants, and more will be said about them in next edition.

ROSES—Every gardener agrees that it is the best policy to prune a rose bush hard, to cut its growth almost to the ground in the month of April following planting. I believe, too, that most amateurs know this as well as the professional, but they have not the courage to put the precept into practice. At any rate, they have been told times enough. Anyone with a knowledge of the likes and dislikes of roses has doubtless had the pleasure of advising a friend as to the method of pruning his roses the first spring after planting. You find he has cut the bushes back in the orthodox way; but the climbers, those with nice long growths that seem to say "Ah, just leave me alone, and I promise that you shall not be disappointed"—with those it is different. He has listened to the siren's voice, he has started on that seductive short cut to Elysium. Naturally you expostulated with him, you argued, and finally threatened his Roses with all the evils to which Roses are heir. But no, he has heard the entrancing call, he is enraptured by the charm of the dreams he has dreamed, and all entreaty is in vain. Since he will do so he must tread the path, which, alas: so many have trodden—I am not ashamed to confess that I was found amongst that number, years ago—that leads without delay to disillusion.



Standard "Caroline Testout" Rose.

But let me to the point, and say that every growth of every Rose you plant between October and April should be cut to within three buds of its base about the first week of April. As a preliminary, the growths may be half cut away as soon as they are planted, excepting perhaps the Wichuriana class which may be more leniently dealt with, although personally, I treat them all alike except Juliet, the Austrian Briar.

When to do it? Happy idea: The best time to prune is the first week of April for all H.P. and H.T.'s, but the more tender T.'s should be pruned the second week of April. Those most commonly grown in bush form are the H.P., H.T., and T.'s. It is among these classes that the amateur will find the best Roses for garden display and for cutting.

APART from the knowledge of the characteristics of each variety, which I cannot here attempt to convey, the pruner should acquaint himself with the habit and manner of growth of each sort. Some grow more strongly than others; some grow erect, others are inclined to spread and so on; however, cut out all growths that are soft and bend easily to the touch; these are quite useless. Then all thin and weak shoots that obviously can never bear a decent bloom are to be cut out, and those that have grown towards the centre of the plant are either cut out or shortened to a bud that points in an outward direction.

Then comes the great question of, How long shall we leave each growth? It is much more easily asked than it is satisfactorily answered, as it depends on the aims of the grower. If you like to have a tidy rose garden with each shoot more or less in its place, and to have blooms of good quality rather than many blooms of fair quality, then all growths of, say, the thickness of your little finger, are cut to within three buds of the base. If quantity rather than quality is the end in view, then such growths may be left to six buds long. The pruning of T.'s is so simple as to scarcely need doing at all. They are generally so well pruned by the winter, that the pruning knife is only required to cut off dead parts, strong shoots to four buds, and weak shoots to two buds. I would strongly advise the amateur who values the expressed admiration of her friends, and really wishes to see her roses at their best, to prune hard rather than leave the shoots too long.

THE perennial Larkspur or Delphinium is one of the most stately and handsome plants for the hardy border. Many fine varieties have been raised in recent years, with the result that Larkspurs of very varied and pleasing shades of color are now available for garden decoration. They can be had in shades from the palest sky-blue to the deepest indigo, while in some cases they possess a distinctly pink tinge, there are even varieties with white flowers. Delphiniums are at their best during July and August and when a bright display of blossom is required at that time, they should be planted largely. They look well in beds by themselves, or may be planted in shrubbery borders, but to my mind they are probably seen to the best advantage when placed in bold groups in the herbaceous border. If the tops are cut down after flowering, a second crop of bloom is forthcoming, which carries the display of blossom well into the autumn, but such treatment has a weakening effect upon the constitution of some of the varieties.

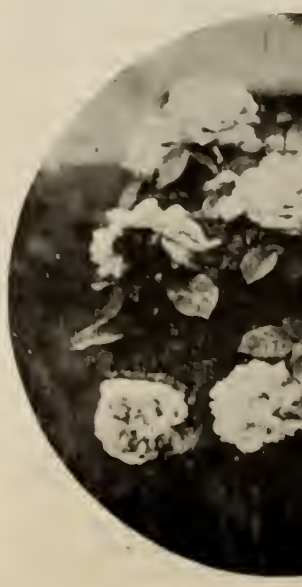
The stock of choice varieties can be increased by taking cuttings of young growths in the spring; they should be inserted in pots of sandy soil, and placed in a cold frame to root. Large roots may also be divided at the time of transplanting. But if you want to be a real amateur raise some seedlings of your own. The illustration will give you some idea of the pleasures to be realized. A small trial bed is shown in which hundreds of seeds were sown, some came up and went away, others remained in a dwarf stage, some turned out fairly well, whereas four were extra good and have been kept, the balance thrown away.

Notice the second one from the left in the first photo. It is shown again after two years in the second picture, and certainly is a fine sight, standing as it does eight feet high, the blooms thirty-six inches long. It is a beautiful shade of peacock blue, with a clear creamy eye, admired particularly for the even disposition of the flowers on the stem, the whole forming a splendid Hyacinth shaped truss.

AMONG the hardy border flowers which have engrossed the careful attention of several of our leading amateurs during the past few years, the Aquilegia or "Water-catcher," more commonly known as Columbine, takes a prominent place, and is deservedly becoming popular. For many years it will reign as one of the queens of the border. Those unacquainted with the vast progress made by the hybridisers during recent years in converting the old fashioned Columbine, with its compact flowers of sombre color and little variety, into gorgeous varieties known as the Long-spurred Aquilegia, would be amazed at some of the blossoms—regal in form and color.

Plants raised from seed, will supply the commoner need, besides adding interest to the grower, who may be fortunate enough to raise a finer variety than yet exists. At any rate the various and delicately-tinted flowers amply repay the necessary care required in raising them. Truly does the long-spurred Aquilegia vie with the Snapdragon in growing popularity, and should be more generally planted on account of its usefulness in the rockery as well as the herbaceous border, and also for the fact that the flowers, when cut, will last in water several days.

GET down to business, avoid the spring rush, and have a better garden. Last month you paid special attention to looking through the entire journal and reading certain articles. This month do the same thing, as all the practical articles are just what you want again at this time. You are beginning to get impatient now and wish to plant outdoors, but do not begin to



Standard Rose, "Rev. Allan Cheales".

plant in the open until the ground is in right condition. This means that the soil must be nice and mellow and light. If it is heavy and wet wait until the sunshine dries it out.

Now if you do not raise your own seedlings arrange for the following Annuals to fill up the vacant spaces in the perennial border, or if desired in beds by themselves. Asters, Antirrhinum (which we will class as an annual, as they do not winter with us), Celosia, Coreopsis, Cosmos, Salpiglossis, Scabiosa, Stocks, Petunias (single and double), Orange-Daisy, Love-in-a-mist, and Sweet Peas—the latter to be grown by themselves on brush or trellis.



Trial Bed of Delphinium.

ALL flowers may be divided into two classes: garden plants, and those to beautify the home or sick-room, when cut. These should be chosen for the following characteristics — fragrance — long stems — harmonious colors—shape and form. Blend the colors carefully so as to give the desired effect; for instance, the lustrous golden orange daisy will blend with nothing but white, and I feel I may safely assert that, all things considered, the amateur is likely to get more real satisfaction out of the collection of twelve above recommended than any other twelve easily grown annuals for cut flowers.

Asters deservedly head the list by reason of their merit, especially those of the branching habit, if you have not room for the other varieties. But remember the Comet varieties are the most graceful and free-flowering. The Snapdragon must not be forgotten as it is an excellent bloomer, with an array of colors, and very hardy.

Next comes the Coreopsis, which deserves special mention for two reasons, free blooming, and charming combinations of yellow and brown. They also last long when cut and put in water. The Cosmos are strongly recommended on account of their beautiful shades and long stems, and they fill the space in the latter part of the season when the frost begins to get its work in.

Salpiglossis which belongs to the family of Petunia, has beautiful, velvety colored flowers, borne on long stems in clusters. Scabiosa is the most appreciated of any of the annuals grown, for its array of colors, long stems, and abundance of bloom, put it in a class by itself, especially for decorative purposes. Stocks cannot be denied a foremost place in the garden, or vase, for their fragrance, color and abundance of bloom.

Who would be without the majestic Celosia, with its massive array of flowers, which create a great effect, especially those of the Ostrich plume type?—a few displayed in bouquets prove very brilliant. Love-in-a-mist for its color alone can be classed as one of the best annuals, and it is easy to grow, and strong. Its fine cut foliage adds to its many good qualities. Last, but not least, Is the Sweet Pea. It is very desirable for its many colors and shades, profusion of bloom if well grown, with but one fault, blooms deteriorate quickly during very hot summer months.

TOO much attention cannot be given to the sowing of seeds outside, and the handling of seedlings in the hotbed, or indoors. The latter are so apt to dampen off if not given sufficient air and light, and should be transplanted at least twice before permanent planting in the open, taking great care not to damage any of the little rootlets in the operation. Keep in mind that the more roots you can get on flowers, and vegetables which grow above the ground, the better the results Keep the soil stirred with a sharp-pointed stick in between the rows of seedlings in hot-bed or pans, and water only when necessary.

There are two very grave dangers which we must avoid in transplanting, the first is in transferring the seedling from box, pan, or bed. Take for instance the small box of plants you buy from your seedsman, or corner grocery,—there is very little soil in the boxes, and the rootlets are all tangled up together, so that unless you immerse the box in a pail of water for half an hour, there is as stated above, the danger of breaking the rootlets. Secondly, we do not dibble the hole large enough to receive the plant and put it into comfortable quarters; the roots must be in a downward position, and not crowded into a small space. The earth must be firmed in around the rootlets, and a good supply of water given to encourage the roots to expand and make new growth quickly. A week after transplanting the hoe must be kept going for aeration and the elimination of weeds.

AS to the sowing of seeds in the open, as soon as the soil is in condition get your seed basket, a rake, a one-inch board ten inches wide to stand on between rows, and a piece of stick about ten feet long, and in thickness one and a half inches square, which press into the ground edgewise about half an inch deep, to form a V-shaped drill to receive the seeds. After sowing take the back of your rake, draw the fine soil into the drill, and press it down firmly. This applies to all small seeds, but with Peas and Beans the best method of sowing, is to put your line across the garden, then take the hoe with a six-inch face and make a drill the full width, and two inches deep. Stagger the seeds in six inches apart each way, draw the fine soil over the top and press it down very firmly. The seeds of Corn, Cucumber, Squash, Marrow, and Pumpkin need to be one inch deep.

BE sure to keep the Celery and Onion seedlings growing in the frame or boxes until May 24th. Transplant the Onions from 4 to 6 inches apart, and the Celery at least 8 inches in rows in the trench that is prepared beforehand, using the ridges for Radish and Lettuce, making provision for succession, but not sowing too many seeds at the one time. Don't forget distance and depth in planting Potatoes, rows 30 inches and tubers every 10 inches, 5 inches deep in light soil, and 4 inches in heavy soil. Do not use last year's left-over seed of Parsnip.

At a time when we are scrutinizing very carefully our home supplies, it may be of value to include in this survey the average garden, and to see where and how we may best increase its usefulness in the production of fruit. It is, I think, quite possible to augment very materially our fruit supply from this source alone, and my remarks will be to those who wish to grow fruit for their own consumption. In the average garden which we are considering, the fact that first strikes a fruit enthusiast is the absence of any considered plan to extend the season of fruit as long as possible. The Perennial border has had long hours of careful thought devoted to it, so that it may present an ordered succession of bloom throughout a long season, and in most gardens undergoes an increasing revision. In the fruit garden it is seldom that much trouble is expended on this matter.

Let us adopt the Espalier system of training our fruit trees, on the fence, on the wall, or dividing the flower from the kitchen garden. In any case plant so the training will be east and west, and facing south, so that if in the garden the shade will only be the width of the foliage on the tree, and if trained in properly should not be more than ten inches. A few hours' study of a nurseryman's catalogue will suggest what varieties are best suited to give us the same continuity as with flowers. Get a few canes of the Autumnal Raspberries known as "Alexandra" and "Hailsham." All old country stocks carry them, and they will extend the Raspberry season through September.

ALPINE Strawberries are invaluable in filling the gaps between the other varieties. Thinning fruit is too little practiced, resulting in a prolific crop of small sized fruit one year and practically none the next year. Trees which bear only in alternate years can often be brought back to an annual crop by careful thinning.

Soot is the *bete noire* of many a person's existence, from our civic fathers, who wish to banish it from the atmosphere, to the housewife who dusts the rooms daily, yet it is one of the best insecticides or preventives for use against attacks from all kinds of pests; it is a great deterrent to slugs and cutworms. Expose the soot to the air for a week or two before applying it to foliage as it disfigures the tissues, and keep in mind, soot is an important by-product, and when mixed with slaked lime and powdered sulphur, works wonders. May number will be devoted partly to insecticides, fungicides, and methods of application.

In the matter of fertilizing it must be conceded that the man or woman who does not fertilize the garden in some shape or form is practically a failure. Barnyard manure is pretty hard to beat if prepared properly and dug or plowed into the ground at the proper time, and any good garden soil if given a goodly supply of this, and rotating the crops, would scarcely need any commercial fertilizer. On the other hand poor soils need assistance and if manure cannot be had then by all means get fertilizer, and the following varieties and quantities will answer the purpose of a garden an eighth of an acre in size.

25 lbs. Sulphate of Potash.
50 lbs. Acid Phosphate.
15 lbs. Nitrate of Soda.

Mix these three ingredients together well, and scatter on broadcast, and by harrowing or raking it into the ground well before planting, it will give you 75% better crop, than if no fertilizer had been used. Fertilizing pays, and pays handsomely. The foregoing applies to vegetable growing, for the flower garden barn-yard manure is the best. I have found by practical experience that the usual commercial fertilizers do not increase the size and quantity of bloom of most flowers to any appreciable extent, and only gross feeders such as Roses, Pæonies, and Phlox require a weak solution of Nitrate of Soda in liquid form (a tablespoonful to 2½ gallons of water) besides what manure can be forked in around the roots in the spring, and the usual application of the mulch in the Fall.

"Back to the land is the cry to-day, back to the
dear old farm.
To the fields and the brook and the winding lane,
back to their sylvan charm.
Back to the little attic room, which in girlhood
days you knew,
When the raindrops pattered on the roof, and
sometimes battered through."



An Onion Bed in Good Condition.



Delphinium—three years old—from Trial Bed.

Quebec:

Its Romance and Literary Tradition

By

Katherine Hale



"This place where Canada began."

QUEBEC, the oldest of our cities, the beginning of us, so to speak, has been told, sung, painted, scores of times. Generally, it has been done in the summer time, or now, in the beautiful beginning of spring, when the St. Lawrence runs deep blue, the Laurentians glow in purple, and through the little streets of the Lower Town and the stony ways that sweep up to the Citadel already there are tourists—willing victims ready to be caught by the eager eyes of the French-Canadian drivers of the characteristic *calèches*.

But to come to Quebec in mid-winter, and to stay for a little—not to tour, that is another story. It is a story so beautiful that it is very difficult to find words in which to tell it.

When Alfred Noyes, the English poet, was in Quebec shortly before the war, someone asked him the stock question: "Will this place, which inspires so many writers, evoke a poem from you?"

His reply was: "Quebec is impossibly difficult



"Little Champlain, which bears the marks of the turbulent centuries."

to express; the hardest place in the world, because the most beautiful, and manifold in its aspects."

Horatio Walker, the artist, says the same thing. Hemmed in by snow on the winter-deserted Island of Orleans, he declares: "I live in the midst of difficulties, but I cannot leave the wonder of Quebec in winter."

Snow in Ontario means a dead white blanket in the country, and a grey ugliness in cities and towns. But to leave Ontario and arrive in less than twenty-four hours in a world apparently set high in air, crystal clear and full of sunshine, that is very much like the achievement of another plane of being.

The way from Montreal led through what seemed to be a glittering barbaric jungle of enormous silver ferns, sometimes changing to an avenue of innumerable arches of diamonds, crossing and recrossing in the sparkling air. These were young larches, bent into fantastic curves by the weight of snow, and then frozen.

We came upon Quebec at an hour when the sun was just beginning to direct its level rays on Point Levis, which glowed in the strangest pink light. As we swept up the narrow streets leading to the Chateau Frontenac, driven with the characteristic rapidity of the French-Canadian *cocher*, the shadows in the city deepened so that one was hardly prepared for the bewildering beauty of color to be seen from the heights of the Terrace, for the pink light on the city of Levis had dyed itself into purple, and sometimes into deep green shadows, and there was the blossoming of electric stars in buildings so far away across the river as to give a faintly magical suggestion. There was, also, the deep after-glow on the Laurentians themselves. It was the sudden finding of an impalpable fairy city in this familiar, everywhere-known Quebec—a city made of divine colors, deep shadows, strange illusions woven of the witchery that lies in light, or rather, perhaps, an effect mirage-like, conceived out of the manifold qualities of that cardinal color—white.

We had come, indeed, in this mid-winter moment, to a city mediaeval in its every aspect, beautiful beyond everything that exists in America; cut off, as it were, in the time of its supreme loveliness from the great world of shipping, the seaport life of the rest of the year; a city that during the ice-bound season lives a life wholly its own—a life unique, of which the world in general knows nothing.

FROM the Chateau Frontenac, set in that great open space below the Citadel and commanding the St. Lawrence, Levis, and the Laurentians beyond, even from the windows of the hotel, one is beckoned by glimpses of a life altogether Canadian in the far early sense. The low French sleighs, piled with fur rugs; the driver in his thick coon coat, belted with a gay woollen scarf, standing erect as he drives; nuns in their black robes; friars in dull brown, with careful galoches over what we know are sandalled feet; children—rosy children—many of them in the gay blanket tobogganing suits that passed out of existence in other provinces decades since, children sailing down and climbing up the slides like animated fairies; all these figures appear in very actuality as you stand by your window and watch the ice blocks pass on the wintry river, silently, steadily, inevitably as Fate.

Below, in the city, a strange unknown life is progressing. Here the great Ursuline Convent stretches out long stone walls. Just below is Laval, more like a mediaeval palace than a modern university, with its stately drawing-rooms vast library, its picture galleries containing invaluable European treasures, its mysterious inner court, its innumerable lecture halls and class-rooms for students. Suddenly a sun ray strikes the dome of the Basilica; within are the endless whispers of prayers.

If I could paint my Quebec in sound it would be to the ringing of bells, the laughter of French children and the almost inaudible incessant whisper of prayers.

THE romance of Quebec is like charm in an individual. It is God-given. Nothing built it up, or educated or made it. From out some hidden spring of being, and by long conspiracy of the ages, this place where Canada began is beautiful with a beauty that is in itself the most wonderful heritage that any country can possess.

Three centuries ago the city was founded by Champlain. But nearly a century before that Jacques Cartier saw and loved Stadacona—the Indian village over which ruled Donnacona, "the Lord of Canada"—which lay at the meeting of the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles, a stone's throw from the present city.

The love of Cartier for his vision of the Canada to be, a love which counted death as nothing, is to me an even more thrilling memory than the mature affection of Champlain, who succeeded where Cartier had failed to place France in the New World. It bases our tradition on the corner stone of being, pure love. As one historian has said: "When Alexander built Alexandria he could draw with the might of a master upon the resources of three continents. When Constantine built Constantinople he brought to it the treasures of the ancient world—the marbles of Corinth, the serpent of Delphi, and the horses of Lysippus. But from no such origin does the life of Canada proceed. Champlain, in rearing his simple Abitation at Quebec, had no other financial support than could be drawn from the fur trade. His hungry handful of followers subsisted largely upon salt pork and smoked eels. Everything that was won from the wilderness cost heroism, self-sacrifice and faith."



The characteristic caleche.

TO-DAY one may read the romance of Quebec on a dozen different pages. The streets alone are a keynote to her whole history from Little Champlain, which bears the marks of the turbulent centuries, to the Grande Allee where modern millionaires abide. The churches and convents make another story in themselves and the monuments, to Champlain, Montcalm Wolfe, Lavallee, Mercier, and a long line of heroes, picture to the mind more potently than any words the grandeur and exceeding romance of the past.

Necessarily, however, the literary traditions of Quebec are precious and unique.

It is to the French-Canadians that we must go for the beginnings of our national literature, and we must remember that as early as the seventeenth century there was learning in the city of Quebec and a sincere love of art. There in the wilderness, surrounded by unbroken forests and ambushed Indians, those French-Canadians were laying the founda-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71.)





Monuments to Montcalm, Laval and Champlain that picture to the mind the romance of the past.



Honour To Whom Honour

By

Cameron Nelles Wilson

Author of "When Beggars Ride" "The Turning of the Lane" etc.

CONSTANCE MALLORY tossed her silver-fox furs upon a convenient chair, pressed an electric bell, and with a sigh expressive of supreme content dropped into the depths of a chintz-covered Chesterfield.

"Now, isn't this much nicer than the Brown Betty? You'll find cigarettes in that sandal-wood box—matches in the silver one. Tea will be served any time between now and six." She slowly removed her gloves. "Bella is an uncertain quantity since becoming engaged."

Kirkwood lighted his cigarette as he gazed absently at the flaring logs. The matinee had been rather a failure and the quiet cheeriness of the tasteful room appealed to his masculine sense of comfort. The early winter evening had already closed in, and drawn curtains added to the general cosiness. Contrary to expectations the love-lorn Bella appeared almost immediately, trundling the tea-wagon with the air of a prim nurse-maid. The firelight glowed on the Queen Anne service, silver muffin dish, and quaint rose-bud china. Without a glance at either Bella limped from the room.

"Poor Bella! She wouldn't look at her Leander until he had returned minus an ear. Now she is treading on air. Rather a good idea for she has bunions." With light touch she poured his tea. "These returned soldiers are irresistible."

"I wish I were," laughed Kirkwood as he awkwardly took his cup in his left hand. His right hung helpless at his side. He looked wonderfully attractive in the half light—his close-fitting uniform, his smooth hair of browny-gold, clean-cut face, and frank blue eyes as open as the sky itself.

"Dear old fellow—you are! Always!" Thoughtfully she moved a carved tabouret to his side and placed a bit of muffin on a plate within easy reach. He smiled his appreciation as he took in the slim, boyish figure in faultless gown, the perfect curve of her olive cheek, the firm yet delicate chin.

"YOU'RE wonderful, Constance. I wish I could fall in love with you." He looked at her with an open admiration that caused the olive to deepen richly.

"Why can't you? Others have managed it very thoroughly." Absently she dropped a fourth lump of sugar into her cup.

"Countless times! Because I can't I have come to the conclusion that I'm abnormally abnormal. You're the best and finest comrade in the world—you'd make a wonderful mate for a man, and yet—" He paused as she laid one firm, well-shaped hand on his knee.

"And yet—?" Her voice was low, vibrant.

"Could you care for a fellow, Connie, who had come back from over there crippled—more or less dependent upon somebody at every turn—disfigured—repulsive—"

"Not that, Hugh—not that," she interrupted. "Your poor dear arm could never be repulsive. It is the badge of your glory. You've won the Cross—your name stands for all that is fine and splendid—the Kaiser placed a special bounty on your head because you brought down too many of his machines—why, any girl would be proud to take your name and all that goes with it."

She leaned towards him with a tenderness absolutely devoid of coquetry. Her naturalness was one of her chief charms and in their perfect comradeship Hugh Kirkwood felt a peculiar sense of completeness. Together they had tramped the hills and by-ways; together had they played and sung. Always was she the perfect companion, and this relationship was one of the sweet compensations granted him for what he had relinquished in his country's service. He admired her tremendously, adored her as one of the sweetest of women, but he was unstirred by any deeper emotion. Had Constance stooped to feminine wiles she might easily have persuaded him that he was in love with her, but their relations were apparently as impersonal to her as to him.

"I sometimes wish that I had never known Aileen Ross. Things might have happened differently then." He placed his cup on the small table.

"Hugh Kirkwood—I really believe you are trying to apologize for not falling in love with me. Quite unnecessary, my dear boy. You simply know me too well. The others don't. I never encourage them—you know that. They simply fall in love and out again almost as quickly." She nibbled a piece of pink icing, and her grey eyes regarded him frankly. "I thought that affair with Aileen was over long ago." Her voice was even, interested to a degree.

"Over? It will never be over, worse luck." He threw one leg loosely across the other and blew rings of fragrant smoke into the air. "A fellow cares like that but once in a lifetime."

"Have you tried her again since your return? This is not idle curiosity, dear boy. Your welfare is very dear to me and I want to see you happy." Her slender fingers encircled his own as she tossed his cigarette into the fire.

"Yes—I asked her yesterday if she would marry me." He smiled, rather wanly.

"Well, what sane reason can she have for refusing you? Surely she cares enough." Incredulity marked her clear tones.

"Yes—for the other fellow. She hasn't a thought in her head for anyone but Leonard Irwin. She idolizes his memory and says she could never marry anyone since her heart is buried in his grave—Somewhere in France. One can't blame her, exactly, Leonard was a fine, manly chap." Constance withdrew her hand quickly from his warm clasp and rang the bell.

"Bella, you may remove the tea things. Major Kirkwood will be here for dinner—you'll stay won't you, Hugh?"

"Awfully sorry, Connie, but I promised to dine at the Club to-night. Lester's home on short leave. Sorry."

AS the door closed upon the limping Bella she resumed her place at his side.

"Hugh—I want you to make me a promise. A week from now—if not sooner—I want you to ask Aileen again. Will you do this for me—for the sake of our dear friendship?" Her appeal was strong. A faint aroma of violets enveloped him and her nearness thrilled him in a vague, tantalizing way that he cared not to analyze. He laughed softly.

"How often on an average do you think a fellow likes to be thrown down—once a week? She vows she'll never marry anyone. Her life is dedicated to a memory as sacred to her as the sacrament itself. She lives for Leonard—he is the embodiment of everything heroic and wonderful. The rest of us fall so far short that we are but figureheads in her cosmic scheme. He was splendid—he was a hero. No doubt of that. But he's dead and Aileen is too fine a girl to sacrifice herself like an Indian widow." He paused and looked into his companion's serious face.

"He's been dead three years now but her sense of loss is as strong as ever."

"Yes—it is all very beautiful. One can't but admire her loyalty—her devotion to a lost cause. She's in love with his memory more than with the man, but she doesn't know it. If you will promise to ask her once more, Hugh, I think I can safely say that she will accept you. Do you agree?" There was a certain wistfulness in her tone that made Kirkwood look at her questioningly.

"Are you a witch that you can play such tricks with Fate? You seem so sure of yourself, Circe my dear, that I am half-inclined to take you up. When, fair enchantress, must I ask her again?"

"Any time after to-morrow. In the meantime I must brew my charm and make my incantations. You promise?"

"I promise, good little witch, and I must be going. It is after six. When shall I see you again? Yes, Sunday for sure. Good-bye."

When the door had closed and the sound of his steps had died away, Constance dropped onto the bear-skin rug before the fire and looked with wide, unseeing eyes at the glowing logs. Her face was very white, her teeth hard set.

"Hugh—boy! How can I give you up! I love you so—my dear—my dear!"

For a long time she crouched there, very still, a dark spot against the whiteness of the Polar rug. Then rising as with the clumsiness of age she went upstairs to dress for dinner.

"GOOD morning, Aileen. What an industrious person you are! Always knitting. I'm sure you have provided socks for half the British army." Constance brought into the sunny morning-room a freshness from the crisp February day. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes aglow with health and friendliness. She threw herself into a chaise-longue and regarded Aileen critically. "You are looking wonderfully well this morning. My dear—it's ages since I've seen you."

"Yes—Constance, it is a long time. I rarely go anywhere now and so I don't see much of my friends." She gave a little sigh and picked some wool from her black serge skirt.

"You really should go about more, Aileen. It is wrong for you to shut yourself up like this at your age. You have your whole life before you." Constance's face had grown less rosy and she spoke rapidly, feverishly, as if nerving herself to a difficult task.

"Constance—you can't understand. My life is all behind me now, I am only twenty-three but I feel a hundred. Since Leonard passed out of my life I haven't taken hold again. I simply can't." Tears were in her eyes and Constance crushed the words of sympathy that rose to her lips.

"My dear girl," she replied in very matter of fact tones, "You are in the hey-day of youth. The whole of life lies before you and you are a fool not to take what the gods provide. Why don't you marry Hugh Kirkwood? He's crazy about you."

"How could you—how could you, Constance! I never dreamed you could be so cruel." Aileen's eyes were wide with horror. A desecration of the Image itself could not have produced a look of more unutterable dismay.

CONSTANCE drew closer and took one of the cold hands in both her own.

"Now, look here, Aileen. This is no time for mincing words. You'll think I am a brute. I want you to listen to me for a few minutes." Her own hands trembled, her breath came very fast. "You are in love with a memory, dear girl. Leonard filled your life and it is his place that you miss. You would laugh at me if I told you that you are really in love with Hugh Kirkwood." Aileen withdrew her hands and turned from her friend with a gesture of protest.

"No—it is true. I know it. If I were to tell you that Leonard had done some beastly, rotten act you wouldn't give him a second thought. You have pledged your life to mere hero-worship. You think he was brave and wonderful—that he gave up his life in a supreme sacrifice for his country. You think of his lonely grave somewhere over there and you won't let yourself even think of another man lest you break some mystic pledge that existed between you."

"Stop—stop, Constance. I can't stand it." Her voice was appealing in its agony but her inquisitor was relentless.

"You have enshrined Leonard in your heart as a hero—as something sacred beyond words. He was neither." Aileen sprang to her feet and Constance faced her with cool, level glance.

"Oh—I could kill you. Go home at once or I shall ring for the servants to put you out."

"No, you won't, Aileen—not until I've finished. Listen—I want you to take in just what I am telling you. Leonard Irwin was shot as a spy just two months after he went over." She paused for a moment that the full significance of her words might sink in. Aileen reeled and would have fallen had not strong arms encircled her and helped her to a chair.

"You poor girl! I know it sounds cruel beyond words but I want you to hear me out before passing judgment." She stroked the fair hair and anguished face with infinite tenderness.

"You see, dear, I can't bear to see you sacrificing your happiness and Hugh's too. You have been so beautifully loyal that I hate to wreck your dream or spoil your Vision Glorious. I may seem like an iconoclast but it is all for your own good. Can you believe me?"

"Not yet—not yet," sobbed Aileen. She felt as if her world had been swept from beneath her, that she was spinning through space. "How dare you tell me all this?" she cried brokenly.

"As you know, Aileen, although the War Office is a machine, it is a merciful one. It is no Juggernaut crushing out human lives. When a man has been found guilty of spying he is shot. In the casualty lists his name appears under the heading Accidentally Killed or Dead. The relatives never know the truth. He is listed in the bulletins as among those killed by accident. You see the mercy of it all."

"Then how do you know it?" she demanded. For a moment Constance did not answer. Her own eyes were moist, her lips trembling.

"My brother, Meredith, was one of the firing-squad. He told me. Not another soul knows of this so far as I am aware. I shall tell it to no one but you. It is your right and only for you would I have broken my promise to him. Hugh loves you as it is given few women to be loved. You love him too. I know it and you will in a few days. You are not conscious of it just at this moment but deep down in your heart you know it is true. Forgive me—won't you?"

AILEEN was crying softly and from the depths of Constance's furs she murmured brokenly. "Yes—I suppose so."

"Well, that is all I want to know now. I must meet Mother at Herrods'. Ring me up sometime soon and—tell me all your news. Will you?"

"I'll try," she said with a pitiful attempt at a smile.

"Good-bye, dear and—good luck always." Without waiting for an answer Constance opened a door into the hall and in a few minutes was standing at the curb beside a throbbing car.

"To Herrods, Simpson," she ordered and as the car swept down the street a smile as inscrutable as that of Mona Lisa herself curled the lips of a girl who stood watching it from her window.

THE END.

CANADIAN - WOMEN'S - INSTITUTES

PROVINCIAL DIRECTORS

BRITISH COLUMBIA	Mr. Wm. E. Scott	Victoria, B.C.
MANITOBA	Mrs. S. T. Newton	Winnipeg, Man.
NEW BRUNSWICK	Miss Hazel McCain	Fredericton, N.B.
NOVA SCOTIA	Miss Jennie A. Fraser	New Glasgow, N.S.
QUEBEC	Mrs. N. Cameron Macfarlane	Quebec Macdonald College

FOR HOME AND COUNTRY

PROVINCIAL DIRECTORS

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND	Miss Hazel L. Sterns	Charlottetown, P.E.I.
SASKATCHEWAN	Mr. S. E. Greenway	Saskatoon, Sask.
ONTARIO	Mr. George A. Putnam	Toronto, Ont. Parliament Buildings

Constitution and By-laws for the Women's Institutes and Similar Organizations Throughout Canada

THE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF CANADA

AT the Dry-Farming Congress held in Lethbridge, Alta., in 1912, the question of the National Federation of Canadian Women's Institutes and similar organizations was considered, with a special committee, with Mr. G. A. Putnam, Toronto, as convenor, and Mrs. A. T. Watt, then of Victoria, B.C., and now chief organizer for the Women's Institutes of England, as secretary. The late Dr. C. C. James, Commissioner of Agriculture for the Dominion, expressed a desire to co-operate in forming the Federation during the winter of 1914-15. The outbreak of war resulted in abandoning the plans then under consideration, since the women of the Institutes —in common with all other women's organizations throughout the Dominion—turned their attention to patriotic effort. At the call of Miss MacIsaac, Superintendent of Women's Institutes for Alberta, representatives from seven of the nine provinces met in Winnipeg on February 13, 14, 15 and 17 and organized a federation. The deliberations resulted in drafting a constitution and by-laws as indicated below:

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS FOR THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTES AND SIMILAR ORGANIZATIONS IN CANADA.

Article 1.

NAME.

1. This Federation shall be called "The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada."

2. This Federation shall include the Women's Institutes of Canada, the Home-Makers' Clubs of Saskatchewan, the Home Economics Societies of Manitoba, and the Home-Makers' Clubs and the Cercles de Fermières of Quebec.

Article 2.

The organization shall be strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian.

Article 3.

MOTTO.

The motto of this Federation shall be: "For Home and Country."

Article 4.

OBJECTS.

The objects of this Federation shall be:

1. To bring into communication and co-ordination the various provincial Women's Institutes and like organizations throughout the Dominion, with the object of promoting educational, moral, social and civic measures.

2. To be a clearing house for institute activities and information, and to outline and encourage nation-wide campaigns in the interests of the whole people, including home-making, child welfare, education and other community efforts.

Article 5.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

All members in good standing in the provincial Women's Institutes or similar organizations shall be eligible for membership.

Article 6.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

1. Each province shall be entitled to three directors. Two of these shall be elected at the annual provincial convention; the third shall be the superintendent of the provincial Women's Institutes, or a woman appointed by the said superintendent or other recognized authority, who shall be ex-officio a director without a vote, except where he or she carry a proxy from his or her own province.

2. Convenors of standing committees shall be appointed by the Board of Directors, and shall be members of the Board of Directors without a vote.

3. The corresponding secretary shall be appointed by the Board of Directors, and shall be paid a salary, the amount to be fixed by the Board of Directors. She shall conduct the correspondence and shall be ex-officio a member of the Board of Directors, with all the privileges of the same but without a vote.

Article 7.

EXECUTIVE.

The directors shall elect from among themselves an executive which shall consist of a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a treasurer, and three directors and one additional director for each province which hereafter enters federation, each province being represented on said executive.

Article 8.

MEETINGS.

1. There shall be a Federal Convention held at least every two years, the place and date of meeting to be decided upon by the Board of Directors.

2. The Board of Directors shall hold at least one meeting within a year from the time of election, and the executive shall have power to call meetings of the whole board at such time and place as they may determine.

3. The Superintendents of Institutes, or representatives appointed by them, shall be invited to attend all executive meetings, but without voting power, unless carrying a proxy.

4. Convenors of Standing Committees shall be invited to attend all executive meetings, but without voting power.

5. The executive shall meet at such time and place as the president or any three members of the executive may determine.

Article 9.

CHANGE IN CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

This Constitution may be altered or amended at any regular or special meeting of the Board of Directors, provided that notice of such change has been mailed to each member of the Board of Directors at least three months before such meeting is to be held. The by-laws may be altered or amended at any meeting of the Board of Directors by a two-thirds vote of those present, provided notice of amendment has been mailed to all directors at least two months before date set for meeting.

By-laws.

1. Duties of Officers. (See Bourinot's "Rules of Order.")

2. Official communication from the Board of Directors or the Executive to the Provincial Organization shall be through the Provincial Superintendent.

3. Nomination and election of officers.

(See Bourinot's "Rules of Order" for majority votes, etc.)

4. Tenure of office.

(a) No member shall hold more than one office at a time. No officer shall be eligible for office for more than two consecutive terms, except that the president and first vice-president shall be eligible for these offices regardless of the length of time of service in other offices. Officers shall hold office until the adjournment of the biennial convention following that of their election.

(b) The presidency shall alternate between Eastern and Western Canada.

(c) Elected directors shall not be eligible for the office of director for more than two consecutive terms. Directors shall assume office at the close of each biennial convention, irrespective of the length of time that has elapsed between the time of their election by their province and the following biennial convention.

5. Vacancies:

(a) In case of a vacancy on the Executive, the Board of Directors shall elect at the first board meeting thereafter a member to serve until the next biennial convention.

(b) Vacancies among the directors may be filled by the province as the province may provide, the election to be ratified by the Board of Directors.

6. Quorum. The following members shall form a quorum: Seven for the voting members of the Board of Directors, three for an Executive of seven, four for an Executive of eight, and five for an Executive of nine.

7. Federation fees and dues. Left to the Board of Directors.

8. Standing Committees may be appointed by the Board of Directors as conditions necessitate.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36B)



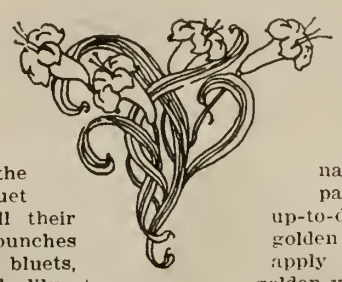
DELEGATES TO THE DOMINION CONFERENCE OF REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTES, HOME ECONOMICS SOCIETIES, ETC., AT WHICH THE FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF CANADA WAS FORMED.

Reading from left to right: Standing—Miss Hazel McCain, Fredericton, N.B.; Mrs. D. Watt, Birtle, Man.; Miss Mary MacIsaac, Edmonton, Alta.; Mr. Geo. A. Putnam, Toronto; Miss J. H. Macdougall, Winnipeg, Man.; Miss A. E. Hill, Macdonald College, Quebec; Mrs. W. F. Cameron, Davidson, Sask. Sitting—Mrs. Jas. Patterson, Gadshill, Ont.; Mrs. H. W. Dayton, Virden, Man.; Mrs. Wm. Todd, Orillia, Ont.; Judge (Mrs. Arthur) Murphy, Edmonton, Alta.; Mrs. Blackwood-Wileman, Duncan, B.C.; Miss Isabelle Noble, Daysland, Alta.; Miss Abbie DeLuiy, Saskatoon, Sask.

Easter Entertaining

By Louise Gunton Royston

Suggestions Which Will Make Entertaining a Delight



THERE are delightful decorative possibilities for Easter suggested by the dainty Spring blossoms in all their freshness and beauty. For a centrepiece for the table have a large bouquet of Easter lilies, and fill their waxen cups with tiny bunches of blue forget-me-nots, bluets, or violets. Have a single lily at each plate, and also have the cups of these filled with the small blue flowers. Place cards may be in the shape of a lily, painted with a few forget-me-nots. These may be made out of celluloid. Violets are appropriate for Easter decorations. A pretty idea is to tie bunches at intervals along purple or green ribbon. The bunches should be four or six inches apart. Fasten four of these garlands to the chandelier over the table and bring down in undulating lines upon the table, extending them to the four corners, where the ends of the ribbons can be tied to small silvered baskets containing violets. The favors can be little receptacles made with empty eggshells, silvered and set in little rustic stands made out of twigs. These should be fastened together with tiny tacks or a little glue, and the eggshells can also be held in place with the glue. Fill these with violets. Violet sachets also make nice favors.

A novel centrepiece for the table, is constructed upon a base of fern leaves or other greenery, such as asparagus plumosa, to look well against the white of the table linen. Upon this is placed a quantity of finely-cut white or light-colored tissue-paper, so arranged as to make a cozy nest for eggs and for tiny chicks placed in the centre and tumbling over the edges in true chick fashion. The whole eggs may be made of golden-yellow cake covered with white icing. The broken shells and some of the chicks may be candy affairs that will answer for bonbons later, with an artificial fuzzy chick venturing just beyond the nest. Simple paper cases may be converted into Easter baskets for sweet-meats by attaching at opposite sides for handles two posies of any desired color. Yellow ducklings with Easter bonnets tied under their chins look very cunning, and small vases with a real Spring blossom in each, add to the charm of a table.

Easter Cakes.

EMPTY an egg through a good-sized hole in one end of the shell, rinse, dry, and oil. Use any soft cake batter, filling the shell two-thirds full. Stand upright in a small tin and bake. Let cool for five minutes and then chip off the shell. Dip in fondant or tinted icing.

The children will be delighted with rabbit cookies for Easter, so be sure to provide yourself with a rabbit cooky cutter. The rest is simple. Ice the little cakes with hard white icing and give them chocolate eyes and tails. They are quite irresistible.

Pretty place cards can be made by cutting slits in pale blue cards and putting through them the stem of a yellow or white pansy. Write in gilt lettering: "There's pansies, that's for thoughts." Crocuses, daffodils, tulips, primoses, and hyacinths are other appropriate Easter flowers.

If you wish an attractive and easily made Easter favor, paste a tiny Easter picture on a card, letter it in gilt, or write on it an Easter verse, which may be read aloud at the table. Varied picture subjects appropriate for the occasion may be bought at a small cost.

Easter Egg Surprises.

BOIL some eggs for eight minutes. Lift one at a time from the boiling water, peel, and shape while hot. To shape like an apple, press gently but firmly between the thumb and first finger. Hold the egg in this position until the sides are well rounded and the ends indented one-quarter of an inch. To shape a pear, place the egg on end in the palm of the left hand. Press the greater part of the egg downward, shaping with the finger tips. To shape a plum, flatten the ends of the egg and roll between the palms of the hand until sufficiently round. Tint the fruit with a brush in the natural colors with color paste purchased from any up-to-date grocer. Tint apples golden yellow, and over this apply fruit red. Tint pears golden yellow and over this apply leaf green. Tint plums fruit red; over this apply violet. Use real apple stems for apples and pears, and cloves as flower buds. Eggs fixed in this novel manner may be served on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing, or used to garnish meats.

A simple dye for Easter eggs may be made by boiling the eggs with onion skins. Put the eggs on to boil in cold water, with enough onion skins to cover them, and boil until the eggs are hard. They will come out in pretty shades of brown, red, or yellow, according to the color of the peelings and the amount put in. If the onions are dark red in color, and many of them are used, they will make the eggs an almost purple shade. Polish them with a soft flannel cloth. Two cupfuls of onion skins will color eight or ten eggs. A greenish shade may be obtained by first boiling parsley leaves in water until the water becomes green, which should be a little darker than the desired color for the eggs. The leaves should be put in the water to soak overnight, then only a few minutes' boiling is needed to extract the color. Eggs boiled in vinegar in which beets have been kept will take on a pink or light red color. To produce the calico-colored eggs of grandmother's day, tie each egg carefully into a tight-fitting garment of bright-colored calico. Boil the eggs until the color from the print is transformed to the shell of the egg. All the dainty old-fashioned designs you will find in grandmother's piece bag.

Novel Idea for a Spring Festival.

AN attractive novelty for a Spring Festival is a fruit and vegetable stand, presided over by an old apple woman of the typical sort, impersonated by one of the girls. The costume should consist of a voluminous checked gingham skirt and waist, a small plaid shawl, pinned across the chest, and either a big round starched white cap or a straw poke bonnet. A clay pipe in the mouth will add much of realism to the make-up, and a big red cotton umbrella is a most picturesque addition to the outfit, the opened umbrella behind and over the apple woman's head being a fine background for a pretty face. For the stand, a regular push-cart is the best thing, but if this is not obtainable, a good imitation may be made of a plain kitchen table, rather low, with a little rim a couple of inches high standing up all around the edges. This stand should be painted green and supplied with real fruit and imitation fruit. Ordinary brown paper bags should be used to wrap the purchases.

The articles to be sold should be divided into three sections: One for real fruit, flowers, and nuts and candies, one for imitations, and one for "surprises". The imitations are easily contrived. Balls of orange-colored string may be piled up like oranges, banana-shaped pin cushions of yellow silk stuffed with wool wadding, emery cushions in the form of strawberries and radishes, tomato and cucumber pin cushions, and thimble holders made of English walnut shells opened, the meat taken out, and tiny holes burned through the shells by a red-hot hairpin, a narrow ribbon being slipped through these holes to tie two halves of the shell together. These fruits should be piled as neatly as are the real fuits, a stick with a placard at the top announcing the price of each variety.



Your Hands First!

IT would be an economy for you to use Ivory Soap for washing dishes. Its gentle action cannot roughen the skin; the hands need no extra attention after one works with it. And it costs so little more than ordinary yellow soaps and so little is needed for the work that the difference in cost is not worth considering. Try Ivory Soap a week for washing dishes and notice the difference in your hands—and in the dishes.

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Savory Dishes With Fruits

By Marion Harris Neil

(AUTHOR OF "ECONOMICAL COOKERY.")

Serve More Fruits With Meat Dishes

The association of fruit with meats has not been very frequent in our every day cookery, though we have acknowledged the value of apple sauce and cranberry jelly as aids to the digestion of certain rich meats, and accepted red currant jelly as an accompaniment to others; but with the wise increase of fruit consumption the association is also likely to increase. Already various fruit sauces other than apple sauce are being served more frequently with fish, meat and poultry savories. For example, banana sauce with cutlets, gooseberry sauce with mackerel and others; stewed fruits are being served with certain meat dishes, as plums or damsons with beef, after the European fashion; and fruits are also being cooked with meats.

From the health standpoint more may be done in this direction with great advantage, especially in these days of increasing indigestion. The natural process of digestion by fluids in the body organs is greatly aided by the acids and peptones in fruits, their action being especially valuable in the case of the fats which are so abundant in the heavier foods.

The earlier instructive use f fruits as dessert had its scientific basis in this fact; but the more intimate association of fruits with the meat courses is desirable, so we may well take a leaf from some Eastern cooks' books, as, for example, those of the Persians, who seem to make a fine art of the combination of meats and fruits.

The knuckle of a leg of mutton, which is not exactly a delicacy when cooked plainly according to many of the ordinary methods, emerges as a delicious dish, we are told by foreign residents in Persia, when it is stewed with butter and either unripe fruit, namely, plums or grapes, ripe sweet fruits such as apricots, or preserved fruits, such as prunes or raisins, and eaten with well cooked rice.

Another combination highly reputed is partridge stewed with butter, scraped walnut meats, and pomegranate juice.

From nearer home come many suggestions from cooks who have evolved very acceptable combinations of fruits and savories, some of which may well be tried by every earnest housewife.



Scalloped Fish and Potatoes.



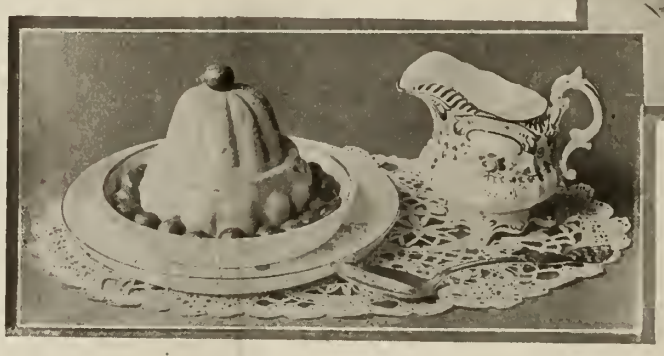
Fish Pudding with Sauce.



Easter Salad.



Lemon Milk Jellies.



Canned Grape Sponge.

FOR RECIPES SEE PAGE 23

Venison Served With Fruit Sauce.—Take a small leg of venison, wipe it carefully and then lard it thickly with strips of fat bacon. Cover it with a greased paper and then roast it allowing twenty minutes to the pound and twenty minutes over. Baste the joint frequently with hot drippings while it is cooking, and do not allow it to become dry. When ready, remove the meat from the oven and allow it to cool slowly. When cold, decorate with chopped aspic jelly and serve with fruit sauce. To make the fruit sauce:—Take one pound of red plums or damsons, one cupful of sugar or corn syrup, one inch of cinnamon stick, two cloves, two tablespoonfuls of red currant jelly, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one cupful of water and four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute. Choose ripe plums and wash or wipe carefully. Put them into a casserole with the sugar or syrup, cloves, and cinnamon, and cook slowly until reduced to a pulp. Then rub the fruits through a sieve and return the purée to a clean saucepan. Add the red currant jelly, lemon juice and water, bring to the boil and then allow to simmer for ten minutes. Then draw the saucepan to the side of the fire and add the butter substitute in small pieces. Do not boil again after the butter substitute is added. This sauce may be served either cold or hot.

Beef A La Mode With Prune Relish.—Have four pounds of round of beef well larded. Cook in a hot saucepan one-fourth pound of salt pork, add two onions, sliced, one carrot, diced, one bay leaf, two cloves, and three peppercorns for twenty minutes; add the meat and sear it quickly, cover, and cook for thirty minutes, then add six cupfuls of boiling water and simmer for three hours, adding more boiling water if necessary. Add one teaspoonful of salt if necessary one hour longer. Put meat on to a hot platter, strain liquor into a hot sauceboat and serve with prune relish made as follows:—Wash and soak one pound of prunes over night, then cook until tender and remove stones. Cook one cupful of sugar or corn syrup with one-half cupful of vinegar and a few spices tied in a bag until the syrup is very thick. Pour over the prunes and use.

Baked Mackerel With Gooseberry Sauce.—Take as many mackerel as required, clean and wash them, cutting off the heads and the fins. Wipe them dry, score the skin across several times, and season with pepper and salt equally distributed. Well grease a baking dish, lay the mackerel on it, squeeze over a little lemon juice, place a slice of fat bacon or a small piece of butter substitute on the top of each, and bake in a moderate oven from twenty to thirty minutes, basting once or twice with the fat. When the fish are ready, remove them carefully to a hot platter, decorate with parsley and serve gooseberry sauce separately. To make the gooseberry sauce, top and tail two cupfuls of gooseberries and wash them in cold water. Put them in a saucepan with one-half cupful of water, and cook slowly until the gooseberries are quite soft, then rub them through a sieve. Return the pulp to a clean saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, one-fourth cupful of honey or sugar, and a pinch of powdered nutmeg, and allow to reheat.

Lamb With Banana Croquettes.—Put a layer of lamb in the bottom of a fireproof dish, place on this a layer of onions, tomatoes, and a layer of potatoes, next a layer of lamb, and so on, until the dish is three-fourths full, Season each layer with salt and pepper, then cover with a can of corn, and pour over one cupful of water. Cover and cook for two and one-half hours and serve banana croquettes separately. To make the banana croquettes:—Cut bananas in two, even off the round ends, roll in bread crumbs, then brush over with beaten egg and toss in crumbs again, and fry in smoking hot fat, or bake in a greased pan, dot with butter substitute, and cook for twenty minutes. Serve hot.

Duck With Orange Sauce.—Prepare and truss one duck as for roasting. Cover the bottom of a saucepan with thin slices of fat bacon, and lay some sliced carrot, turnip, and onion on the top, add a bunch of herbs and make these very hot. Then put in the duck, season with salt and pepper and fry until the duck and the vegetables are brown, add two cupfuls of brown stock or brown sauce and cover and cook until the bird is tender, basting occasionally. Lift the duck on to a hot platter, strain over the gravy and serve with orange sauce made as follows:—Place one cupful of red currant jelly in a bowl and stand it over boiling water until the jelly is melted, then add the grated rind and strained juice of one orange, the strained juice of a lemon, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red pepper. Mix the ingredients well together, and serve the sauce cold.

Stewed Rabbit With Raisin Sauce.—Choose a small rabbit, wash it carefully and allow it to soak in salt and water for thirty minutes. Then rinse it and cut it in small neat joints. Wipe one-half pound of salt pork and cut it also in small pieces. Skin three onions and cut them in slices, scalding them first if the strong flavor is objected to. Now put the rabbit, pork, and onions into a saucepan, cover them with boiling water and bring to the boil, skim if necessary and add a bunch of herbs. Put the lid on the pan and simmer slowly for two hours. Then remove the herbs and add one tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed smoothly with a little cold water Stir until well mixed, add salt and pepper to taste and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Dish up neatly and serve very hot with raisin sauce For the raisin sauce, stone and wash one cupful of raisins, and cook them in one cupful of water for twenty minutes. Blend together in a small saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute and four tablespoonfuls of flour, when browned add one cupful of water or brown stock, and boil until thickened, add two cloves, one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon, and a saltspoonful of salt. Mix the ingredients smoothly together and pour on gradually the boiling juice from the raisins. Stir the sauce until it is smooth and thick, add the raisins, allow the sauce to boil for one minute and serve it hot.

Another method:—Pick and wash one cupful of seeded raisins, and cook them for twenty minutes in one cupful of water. Mix four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, and stir it into the boiling fruit until the juice thickens. Add the grated rind and strained juice of half a lemon and one-half cupful of fruit juice. Serve the sauce hot This raisin sauce is good with boiled tongue

Boiled Turkey With Jellied Cranberries.—Singe, draw, stuff and truss one turkey, then tie the bird in a clean cloth, put it into a saucepan with sufficient boiling water to cover it, bring quickly to the boil, and then simmer until done. A ten pound turkey requires two hours. Take the turkey out of the cloth, remove the skewers. Put it on to a hot platter, pour over one cupful of celery sauce, serve the rest in a sauceboat and serve with jellied cranberries. For the jellied cranberries, wash and look over the cranberries, removing any that are soft or imperfect. Put them into a saucepan and sprinkle over them half as much sugar as you have berries. On the top of the sugar pour gently half as much water as you have used sugar. When they begin to boil, cover for just a few moments, but not long as you do not want the skins to burst. Then uncover and cook gently until tender. Pour into a wet mold. When cold the juice will be firm, enclosing the berries which will be soft but retain their form.



The cuticle at the base of your nails is all that protects the sensitive nail root. Read why cutting makes the cuticle rough, uneven.

Start to-day to have exquisite nails **without** *cutting. See what a difference one* **Cutex manicure** *makes.*

The delicate nail root is only 1/12 inch below the cuticle

Don't cut the cuticle

DO you know that the delicate, sensitive root of the nail is barely a twelfth of an inch below the cuticle?

Do you realize that the only thing that protects the nail root is this narrow rim at the base of your nails? That is why you should not cut it.

If you could see, magnified, the cuticle that has been cut, you would notice little raw, exposed places where more than the dead scarf skin has been cut away. All these tender cut surfaces grow up more quickly than the uncut parts. They form a ragged-looking, rough, uneven edge which ruins the appearance of your hand.



The popular actress, Alice Joyce, says: "Cutex made my manicure the work of a moment instead of an irksome duty."

You can have lovely nails without cutting the cuticle

Long ago, an expert who understood the injurious effects of cuticle cutting, undertook to solve the problem by working out a *harmless* cuticle remover. For years he worked before he perfected the cuticle remover you now know as Cutex.

Now, all need of cutting the cuticle is done away with. Cutex loosens the dry, dead skin. It does away with all risk of exposing or cutting into the live cuticle that protects the delicate nail root. Quickly and safely it removes surplus cuticle and leaves a smooth, even, thin line at the base of your nail.

The right way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and a quantity of absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the orange stick, dip it into the bottle and work it around the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. The surplus cuticle is softened, removed! Then carefully rinse the fingers in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

To remove stains and to make the nail tips snowy white, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

At certain seasons of the year, the cuticle has a tendency to become dry and rough. This is especially noticeable after washing your hands. To overcome this tendency, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to the base of your nails just after washing your hands at night before retiring. This soothing cream will help to keep your cuticle always pliable.

Secure Cutex in any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 70c bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

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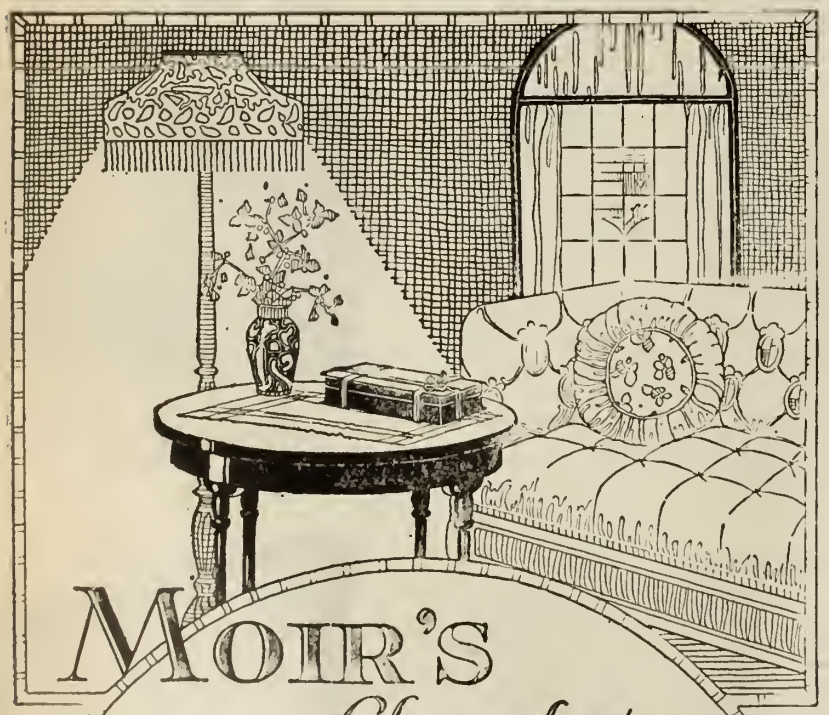
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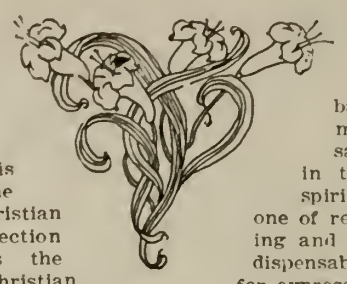
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Cut out and frame the pictures on pages 37 and 39 in this issue.

Music and Eastertide

By Hector Charlesworth



THOUGH among English speaking peoples, especially those of this continent, Christmastide has superseded Easter in importance as a community celebration, it is still to the theologian the most important of all Christian festivals; for the Resurrection which it celebrates is the foundation stone of the Christian belief. In what are now termed the ages of faith it was so regarded by the Christian peoples as a whole and the popular festivities associated with Easter were even more important than those of Christmastide. Necessarily its association with the art of music which played so great a part in public worship, was close, and the old ecclesiastical composers were especially active in devising new music for Easter day. To-day the holiday aspects of the feast have dwindled to comparative unimportance, but it is still kept alive and particularized through the art of music.

It is perhaps paradoxical that the name we give to the feast of the Resurrection is itself of pagan origin—a survival of the old Teutonic mythology. The Feast of Easter was celebrated by our Saxon and Celtic ancestors long before the message of Christianity came to Northern Europe. It was the feast of the goddess of spring who by the Anglo-Saxons was called Eastre or Ostara. The early Christian missionaries in their proselytizing zeal were quick to accept the popular festivals of paganism and turn them into Christian celebrations. Though in Canada and in the Northern United States, the connection between Easter and spring is frequently purely nominal, in Britain and Northern Europe it invariably occurs at a time when the leaves and flowers are achieving their yearly miracle of birth. It requires little imagination to discern why the re-birth of Nature was accepted by our primitive ancestors as a symbol of the survival of the soul, typified in the Resurrection of Our Lord, and why the feast of the Goddess Easter was with ease converted in the popular mind into a Christian festival.

THE Early Christians of Judea accepted a similarly transmuted meaning in connection with their national Feast of the Passover. It must not be forgotten that the Christian Church had its organic beginnings as a Hebrew sect, and for centuries the chief feast of the Hebrews had been that of the Passover. This commemorated the occasion during the captivity in Egypt when the destroying angel passed over the homes of the Hebrews and smote the eldest born of the Egyptian households. It will be remembered that the destroying angel was guarded against error by sprinkling the lintels of the doors with the blood of a Paschal or sacrificial lamb. The early Christians of Judea seized on this legend as symbolical of the divine sacrifice; so that to-day our Easter is still associated with the Feast of the Passover, and its name among the Italians, the Spaniards, the Danes, the Dutch and even the Welsh derives from that celebration. Of these synonyms for Easter the Italian "Pasqua" is the most musical.

Tangled in the mazes of ecclesiastical history is the question of why Easter should be a movable feast and Christmas a fixed one. At one time the different nations which had accepted Christianity celebrated it on different days according to their reading of tradition and of Scripture. Finally after many disputes, more or less acrimonious, the Christian Church decided that it must invariably be celebrated on the first day of the week and shift in accord with the Feast of the Passover, for the gospel narrative is positive in making the Crucifixon and the Resurrection coincident with that celebration. Therefore it was decreed that Easter Sunday should be the first Sunday after the first full moon following the vernal equinox, following the Jewish mode of fixing the Passover.

It will be seen that in our Easter we unite three streams of religious impulse; the old pagan tradition of thanksgiving for the annual re-birth of Nature, which we call Spring; recognition of the God of Israel, which is the basis of Christian dogma; and the hope of salvation as bodied forth in the Resurrection. The spirit of the celebration is one of rejoicing and thanksgiving and for these music is indispensable to the human need for expression. The spirit of the festival can be as marked in the smallest religious congregation as in the most august cathedral or conventicle, for it typifies the most deeply rooted emotions in the history of mankind, that have been common to the whole Western world since the dawn of civilization and the birth of religious feeling of any kind. Fortunately the musical literature that has grown up around Easter is so rich as to be available to all; and it is not necessary to possess a great choir of trained singers to give expression to the Easter spirit.

IN speaking of this phase of the subject, as it is likely to affect the majority of readers of this publication, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that allied with the music of Easter are the sacred associations connected with the events immediately preceding the Resurrection morn; Good Friday which commemorates Calvary, and Palm Sunday which celebrates the entry into Jerusalem, when the people ran ahead of the Saviour waving palms. These sacred events are also the subject of reference in most churches, and have their special music. For Palm Sunday, that immediately preceding Easter, a French musician and singer, Jean Baptiste Faure, composed "The Palms," one of the most beautiful sacred songs ever written, which has for many years been familiar all over the world and which is entirely suitable for general use. For Passion Week and Good Friday there is an abundance of appropriate music. Perhaps the most beautiful of such hymns is that written by Rev. Isaac Watts, in 1707; "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," usually sung to the tune known to organists as "Rockingham", composed by Edward Miller in 1790, but which, by reason of its simple metre, can be sung to other familiar hymn-tunes. In many towns and cities nowadays, the week before Easter is marked by one or more renderings of "The Seven Last Words," a sacred cantata by the English composer, Sir John Stainer; and of late years another setting of the same episodes by the French composer, Dubois, has atttained great popularity. Another cantata, "The Solitudes of the Passion," by Dr. Albert Ham, organist of St. James Cathedral, Toronto, has proved impressive and has the feature of introducing hymns for congregational singing like that of Watts mentioned above.

WHEN we come to Easter itself, the song literature is very rich and appropriate, and brings forth many phases of the traditions surrounding the festival as outlined in the first part of this article. One of the most familiar is "Jesus Christ is Risen To-Day" with the refrain "Alleluia", which has the true ring of rejoicing and was composed by an anonymous hand in 1749. It is sung to a melody composed in 1708 of which the authorship is unknown. Quite as noble and preferred by some clergymen and choirmasters is an almost similar hymn, sung to the same tune, beginning, "Christ the Lord is Risen To-Day." It is from the pen of Rev Charles Wesley, a brother of the founder of Methodism, and dates from 1739. Yet another is the hymn beginning "Christ the Lord is Risen Again," which introduces "Alleluia" after every fourth line instead of every line. It comes from the Lutheran Church and was first translated in 1858 to be sung to the old hymn tune known as "Wurttemburg." The hymn "Hail Festal Day, to Endless Ages Known," though it has come into English usage only within the past thirty-five years, is very ancient and was translated from an early Latin hymn of Fortunatus, "Salve, Festa Dies." Another familiar hymn, "The Strife is O'er, the Battle

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63.)

Attractive Dishes for Easter Time

By Marion Harris Neil.

AUTHOR OF "SALADS, SANDWICHES AND CHAFING DISH RECIPES."

Foods Should be Varied as Spring Approaches

THESE RECIPES ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 20

Jelly Pudding.—Scald two cupfuls of milk and pour it over two cupfuls of fine bread or cake crumbs. With an egg beater beat this mixture until it is quite cold. Then beat in the well beaten yolks of four eggs slowly, the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, one teaspoonful of baking soda and a few grains of powdered nutmeg. Pour this mixture into greased fireproof cups, having each cup only one-half full. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes or until firm to the touch. Take out, turn from the cups or serve from the cups; make a slit in each with a sharp knife, and through this slit put one teaspoonful of apple or quince jelly and serve.

Macédoine of Fruits.—Now there are many fruit macédoines, there are also many fruits possible in connection with macédoines. There is difficulty sometimes, though, in combining fruits that will not clash. Now for this particular one, happening in April, let there be grape fruit cut in small pieces free from pith, some preserved pineapple diced, and a few preserved cherries halved, and over all a sprinkling of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and one cupful of fruit juice, then set the macédoine away in a cool place to chill. Serve cold.

Pond-Lily Salad.—Arrange on a platter lettuce to form leaves, put the half of a hard-cooked egg yolk in the centre for the heart and simulate the pistil with pieces of cooked egg colored a delicate pink. This is easily done by dropping hard-cooked eggs while still hot, in hot beet juice. Serve with French dressing.

Fish Pudding With Sauce.—Wash one package of salt fish and soak it in cold water for half an hour. Drain, cover with fresh cold water, bring to boiling point and then simmer for ten minutes. Drain and flake the fish, add one cupful of bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute, two eggs well beaten, one cupful of milk, three teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper. Mix well, pour into a greased mold, cover with a greased paper, and steam steadily for one hour. Turn out on to a hot dish, garnish with parsley and serve with the following sauce.

Blend together in a small saucepan over the fire two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute and four tablespoonfuls of flour, add two cupfuls of water or milk, stir until the mixture cooks for five minutes, then add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, then two teaspoonfuls of vinegar and one hard-cooked egg chopped fine. Serve hot.

Lemon Milk Jellies.—Dissolve two and one-fourth tablespoonfuls of gelatine in two cupfuls of hot water, add three yolks of eggs beaten with three-fourths cupful of sugar, and three cupfuls of milk, stir over a slow fire until it thickens, but do not allow to boil, then add the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon. Divide into six small wet molds and set aside to firm. Pour the remainder of the mixture into a flat wet mold and turn out when firm. Place four of the small molds on the top and two on the serving dish. Serve very cold with whipped and sweetened evaporated milk, or any preferred sweet sauce.

Scalloped Fish and Potatoes.—Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan, add three tablespoonfuls of flour and stir ntil well blended, then pour on gradually, while stirring, one and one-half cupfuls of milk. Bring to boiling point, then simmer for five minutes, season to taste with salt and pepper, then add one and one-half cupfuls of flaked canned or cooked fish.

To three cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes, add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute, three tablespoonfuls of hot milk, two whites of eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and beat thoroughly. Boil the yolks of eggs until hard and rub them through a sieve.

One-half fill greased scallop shells with the fish mixture, fill up with the potato mixture, reheat in the oven and serve garnished with parsley and yolks of eggs.

Canned Grape Sponge.—Mix three cupfuls of milk or water with one-half cupful of cornstarch, put into a saucepan, and bring to the boil. Then add one tablespoonful of butter substitute, one-half cupful of sugar or corn syrup, and the yolks of two eggs, and cook for ten minutes, stirring all the time. Then add one cupful of the grape juice, and allow to cool. Beat up the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and stir lightly through the ingredients. Pour into wet mold, and turn out when firm. Decorate with the grapes from the jar or can.

Easter Croquettes.—Make any desired croquette mixture and shape in the form of ducks or chickens. Toss in bread crumbs, brush over with beaten egg and crumbs again and fry in smoking hot fat. Drain on kitchen paper. For the chickens whole pepper may be inserted for the eyes. Bits of cloves may be used for the duck's eyes. These are best inserted before frying. Arrange the ducks or chicks on a bed of salad and serve hot.

Easter Dessert.—Simmer one-fourth of a pint of rice in four cupfuls of milk until very soft and thick (use a double boiler to prevent burning). Add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of honey or corn syrup and cook for ten minutes. Pour into a greased fireproof dish, add one-half cupful of seeded raisins and bake until set. Spread over the pudding a thick layer of marmalade and serve with milk or cream.

Pineapple Junket.—One junket tablet, four cupfuls of milk, one-fourth cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of pineapple juice, a pinch of salt and one tablespoonful of cold water.

Dissolve the junket tablet in the cold water. Heat the milk until lukewarm, add the junket tablet, sugar, pineapple juice and the salt; pour it into a dish, let it stand in a warm room until set, and then chill. Garnish with slices of canned pineapple. If desired, decorate it with whipped and sweetened cream or whipped evaporated milk to which has been added three tablespoonfuls of chopped pineapple.

Easter Sandwiches.—These sandwiches make a nutritious and appetizing dish for children. Mash four hard-cooked yolks of eggs with three tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of paprika. Spread this mixture on slices of buttered bread, then sprinkle over the whites of eggs chopped fine. Cover with slices of buttered bread and stamp out with an oval cutter. Place a bunch of parsley in the centre of a large round plate. Dispose two or three toy chickens or ducks in the parsley and surround with the sandwiches.

Easter Salad.—Boil one package of vermicelli, macaroni or spaghetti in plenty of boiling salted water until tender, drain and rinse free from all adhering starch in cold water. Drain and chill thoroughly, and cut into pieces. Boil carrots until tender, and cut them in dice. Mix these two ingredients carefully, place on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves, and serve with mayonnaise or boiled cream dressing.



Pay Her $3

For Each Empty Package

A Suggestion to Men

The 35-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6,221 calories—the energy measure of food value.

In meat, eggs and fish the average cost of 6,221 calories would be at least $3.50.

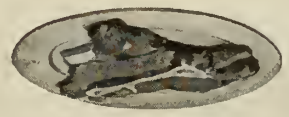
So each 35-cent package served in place of meats saves around $3. And the housewife who saves it should have it

Make each empty package worth $3 in some special household fund. Then watch the fund grow.

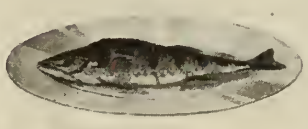
This is how some necessary foods compare in cost, at this writing, based on their calorie value:



5½ Cents
Per 1000 Calories.



57 Cents
Per 1000 Calories.



60 Cents
Per 1000 Calories.



54 Cents
Per 1000 Calories.



78 Cents
Per 1000 Calories.

Cost of 6,221 Calories

In Quaker Oats	$0.35
In Round Steak	2.54
In Veal Cutlets	3.53
In Canned Peas	3.35
In Codfish	4.85

And Quaker Oats, which costs so little, is the greatest food in the list.

Analysis shows the oat to be almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

Make Quaker Oats your standard breakfast. That's the best way to bring down food cost.

Quaker Oats

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In millions of homes this exquisite flavor has made the oat dish popular.

Two Sizes: 35c and 15c—Except in the Far West

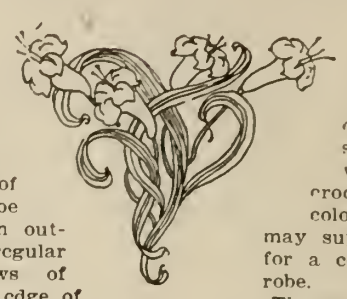
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Mending and Renovating Day Has Assumed a New Importance

By Louise Gunton Royston.



THE frayed or worn edges of an article to be darned should not on any account be cut even or trimmed. The stitches as they are drawn back and forth in the process of darning should not be allowed to form an even outline, but rather one as irregular as possible, some rows of stitches ending near the edge of the worn spot, others continuing well into the material surrounding it. This method reinforces the surrounding of the worn spot and the irregular, blurred outline makes the darn less conspicuous. The work should usually be done on the right side, so that the irregular edges may be caught and held in place. When darning a wool dress, threads of the dress material may be used. They can be drawn or unraveled from a left-over piece or from the inside of a seam. Buttonhole the edges of a hole in ribbed underwear and then fagot the edges together with a firm linen thread. This fagoting will yield with every movement of the wearer and will often outlast the garment itself.

To darn by machine, the edges of the hole should not be trimmed, as the machine stitching will weave over and over under all the ragged edges. Stretch the garment to be mended upon embroidery hoops, thread the machine, take off the presser-foot, and loosen the tension; then slip the embroidery hoop under the needle and proceed to stitch back and forth over weak places and even over rents. The removal of the presser-foot allows you to run the work back and forth either way without turning. If the place to be mended requires it, you can turn the work and stitch across as in darning by hand, but an ordinary weak spot if taken in time will only need the stitches one way across.

ALWAYS finely darn the heels and toes and places for garter catches of stockings before they have been worn at all. After holes finally come, before beginning to darn, tack a piece of coarse net lightly to the stocking over the hole on the wrong side, then darn over the net and be sure to also darn well into the stocking, as well as to keep the darn firm. It makes a smooth and neat finish. This is a good method to follow whether darning by hand or by machine.

When linen table-cloths are discarded because more darning would not be practical, they may be turned into four napkins, towels, and tray cloths. The four corners of a table-cloth seldom or never show any signs of wear or tear, so that they may be cut into four napkins as large as may be desired, hemmed, and taken for ordinary use. When the napkins are cut out, the remainder of the cloth forms a large-sized Maltese cross, which can be turned into towels, two shorter and two longer. These will not be as strong and lasting as the napkins, yet they are well worth the hemming. If any part of the Maltese cross is too worn to make a towel, then the good parts may be cut to the size of the various trays in the house and trimmed around the edges with lace. An old table-cloth, made of heavy linen in fair condition, will make hemstitched covers for the sideboard and serving table, or for bedrooms. If it is fairly heavy, the odds and ends can be used for plate and tumbler doilies, either scalloped on the edges or finished with lace or lace braid. Napkins that are past active service are not of much use unless they are carefully darned and laid aside for occasional use by members of the family. The best use that they may be put to is to use in case of sickness. When sheets wear out in the centre, which they always do, tear out the worn part, bring the outside selvedge edges together and hem the sides. When badly worn in the centre, make pillow-cases from the good parts. Cotton or wool blankets that are too thin and threadbare for use may be converted into quilts by covering with suitable material fastened with knots of cotton in a dainty color. Trim off the partly worn edge of a bedspread no longer in use and cut out the centre for a table cover. Dye it any desired color and edge with cotton fringe or crochet lace the same color. A large spread may supply sufficient material for a couch cover or slumber robe.

The good part of one garment may be put with the good part of another, but never make the mistake of combining heavy new material with partly worn fine material. Try as far as possible to have the weights of the materials the same, or in using material and trimming which are not new select those which have had about an equal amount of wear. When repairing white petticoats, cut away the worn part of the embroidery and stitch a new edge on by machine. Match the embroidery as nearly as possible, but avoid a very open pattern, for the reason that it will catch in your heel. Place the raw edge of the new embroidery under the turned-under edge of the old, and sew with two rows of machine stitching. This is flat and firm. Hems or ruffles which become frayed may be opened with a paper cutter, trimmed and the edges turned in and stitched together on the machine. This is a very quick but effective way of preserving a skirt, and if done as soon as the edges become frayed it will last twice as long.

Almost any mending can be done quickly and neatly on the sewing machine. The work can be done very satisfactorily without a darning attachment.

If there is a large tear, a piece of the same material may be laid underneath and the edges neatly fastened together by stitching. Woven underwear is quickly mended in this way and thin places reinforced.

THERE are three articles of men's wearing apparel that never should be thrown away—white shirts, collars, and neckties. Shirts that are frayed around the wristbands and neckbands may be mended with a piece of the goods taken from the bottom of the shirt, and when the shirts are entirely worn out at the top, the bottoms are still good and will make many articles, such as a child's petticoat, drawers, underwaists, bloomers, baby dresses, little girls' aprons, baby bibs, and other articles too numerous to mention. The material is very strong and is well worth using. Soak the starch out of old collars and use for collars on children's dresses and women's shirt waists, decorated with a little embroidery. Men's neckties are usually thrown away when slightly soiled, but that is a useless extravagance, as they may be cleaned to look like new. Before cleaning, baste them a short distance from the edge, then wash carefully and iron under a cloth. The basting prevents the lining from wrinkling. Fine silk ones should be cleaned with gasoline. Place them in the air to dry and then hang them on a rack. Do not place them in a box, as the odor will cling to them, especially the padded sort.

Shoes for the baby may be made out of pants cloth or the tops of discarded long kid gloves. Cut a pattern from an old shoe of the proper size, consisting of a heel piece, vamp, and sole. Sew the vamp to the heel piece with buttonhole stitch, buttonholing also around the top and across the front. Cut the soles double from an old felt hat and sew the uppers to the soles with buttonhole stitch, holding the upper part a little full at the toe and heel. Buttonhole all the seams neatly on the right side, leaving the shoe smooth on the inside. Children's white hose, that are merely worn at the top from pinning them up, and are good everywhere else, may be made into nice little socks. Cut them off at the top and crochet an edge of color to make them pretty and to prevent their raveling. One can make a number of practical things out of a discarded raincoat. An apron with a bib can be made for wash day or when you give the baby a bath, and caps, bags, and utility cases for traveling can be made out of this material.

Concerning Books That are Worth While

---and Some Others

By Owen E. McGillicuddy

Selected Addresses and Papers of Woodrow Wilson. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. Published by The Musson Book Co. Price, 70 cents.

COMING at this particular time, these contributions are bound to command the interest of a large number of people, not only in the United States, but in the rest of the English-speaking world. President Wilson has many times shown that he is possessed not only of a lofty imagination, a facility of expression, and a clarity of style, but that he has a far-seeing vision, which lends a fascination to his public documents and addresses which does not obtain in most works of this kind.

The book has been ably edited by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, who has shown great care in retaining only selections which outline the spoken or written thought of the President since 1912, and are thus his most significant utterances. The foundation for the text is a set of pamphlet editions of the President's public addresses, which have been obligingly furnished by the President's office. These set forth in a clear manner the many difficulties to which any President must bring his thought and attention.

The practical uses of this volume are self-evident. It may be used as a book to read, for it is phrased in high literary and forensic style, but it is a great deal more than this alone, for it records quite clearly the policies of President Wilson, and is thus a summary of the great historical questions and discussions which have taken place during his administration as President of the United States of America.

Shakspere: His Mind and Art, by Prof. Edward Dowden. Published by the Musson Book Co. Price, $1.75.

ALTHOUGH this book was printed in a first edition forty-three years ago, it still remains one of the sanest and most admirable books on Shakspere and his plays. In most colleges and universities it occupies a place by the side of Shakspere's own plays, because of the fact that Prof. Dowden has proven himself one of the great master's best interpreters.

Teachers of Shakspere are gradually realizing that, if literature is to have a place in a humanitarian education, it must be presented as the real stuff of human life, without the trappings which so often allure the merely casual and superficial student. With the guidance of such a scholar as Prof. Dowden, the reader will rediscover in Shakspere a man who has revealed the verities of life as no writer has yet been able to do.

Prof. Dowden's "Shakspere" will always remain one of the best critical studies for the student of the great plays, and the book in this new edition is heartily commended to all readers of this column who enjoy the works of the play-maker of Stratford.

How to Sing a Song, by Yvette Guilbert. Published by The Macmillans in Canada. Price, $2.00.

THE author of "How to Sing a Song" is not accustomed to writing books, nor does she, in the present volume, aspire to any high literary laurels. Yet this little volume does reveal many of the most essential characteristics of real literature. It is not so much a text book as a personal expression of the ecstasy of a great artist in the propagation of her craft. Much of it, unconsciously, is autobiographical, and even when the author endeavors to be most strictly didactic, her personality makes itself felt with almost every sentence. For the general reader who entertains no ambition to learn "how to sing a song," the book is valuable, if for no other reason than that it offers an opportunity to become more closely acquainted with one of the great artists of the world.

Preparing Women for Citizenship, by Helen Ring Robinson. Published by The Macmillans in Canada. Price, $1.10.

HERE is a book that all those interested in the political and industrial future of womankind in America should read and place on the first shelf where it will be handy for re-reading.

Mrs. Robinson's counsel to the women of America shows a keen insight into the problems of the day and is written in a manner which is both whimsical and inspiring. In her first chapter entitled, "Where do we go from here?" she writes: "The Great War is doing more to teach women citizenship and give them a national outlook than ten thousand writers could accomplish with typewriters eternally unleashed. Women who never thought before are now really thinking. They are acquiring less of a mere sex and more of a human attitude toward public affairs."

"Everyone is saying, 'Nothing will be the same after the war,' saying it often with a glibness that serves as a counterfeit for thought. There is no doubt many things will be different. The question is, how will they be different? One thing is certain; the woman who is a good citizen, a good American, should do her part after the war, in seeing that patriotism and industry, patriotism and production, patriotism and consumption, are always so connected in the new America. She should, in other words, do her part in organizing politics into the service of the real interests of the family, and so the real interests of the nation, thus giving health, education, and sufficient leisure and opportunity for all the people and their children. That is not socialism—it is democracy. If we have not generally recognized the fact, it is because to most of us, men and women alike, democracy has been merely a phrase lolling around on clouds of language."

Mrs. Robinson's book voices the political ideals of the newly enfranchised women of America, and as such it should be eagerly read by all those who believe that women may achieve through the ballot many of those things which have been heretofore denied them.

The Tin Soldier, by Temple Bailey. Published by The Copp-Clark Co., Ltd. Price, $1.50.

IF there is one war novel which these columns can with cheerful heart and easy conscience advise the reader to purchase and peruse it is "The Tin Soldier," by Temple Bailey.

While the action of the story occurs almost wholly in Washington, there is no spread-eagleism manifest in the tale as it is told. The story of Derry Drake with his troublesome millions and obligations, and of Jean Mackenzie with her sacrifices for Derry, her father, and her country, is perfectly charming. One thing which Mr. Bailey can do above all others, is to write swift and entertaining dialogue. The conversations are perfectly natural, and, if anything, accelerate the action of the novel. We would advise all those who like romance with a modern setting and excellently written, to read this altogether delightful novel.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72.)



The rightful loveliness of your skin!

The best tonic to waken the skin to its rightful loveliness is a soap whose pure, abundant lather delicately *creams into* tiny pores, as thoroughly *creams out again,* and rinses *out* and *off perfectly*—Fairy Soap!

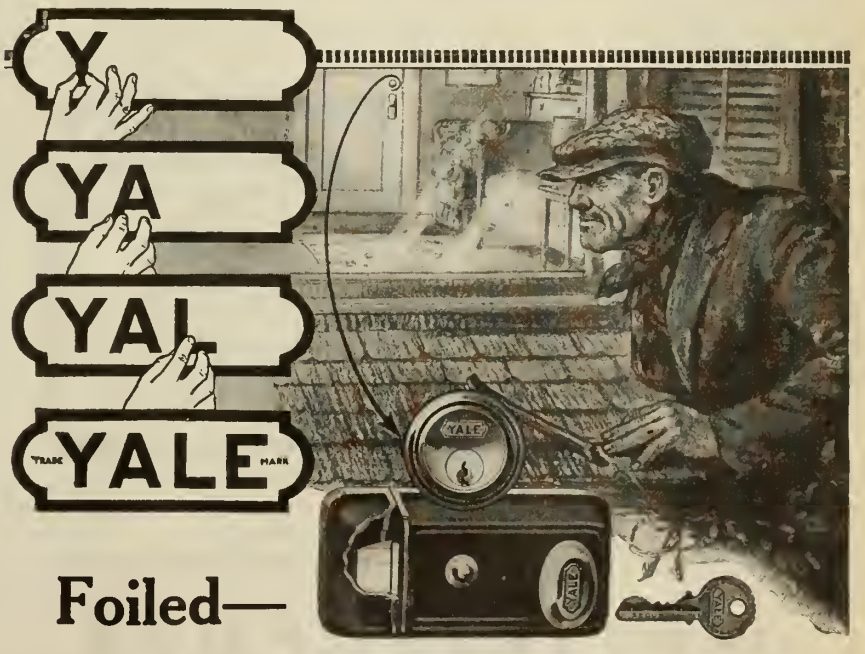
If you have not already made friends with Fairy Soap, you have a pleasant surprise in store for you. You will do well to buy several cakes of Fairy Soap—use "Fairy" *consistently.*



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If you are planning to build, look at pages 12 and 13 of this issue.



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SELECT one closet. Make one place within your home safe from the burglar who may get in through a window.

In it place those articles of value you used to leave unguarded in many parts of the house.

Put a Yale Cylinder Night Latch on that closet door and you have a real safe deposit vault—a deadline against the porch climber, slinking intruder and the pilfering servant. They cannot pick, force or tamper with a Yale Cylinder Night Latch and they *know* it.

See your hardware dealer today. Ask him for a Yale Cylinder Night Latch, see the trade-mark "Yale" on it and install it on your closet door.

Yale Cylinder Night Latches are made by the makers of Yale Door Closers, Yale Padlocks, and Yale Builders' Hardware, all made in Canada.

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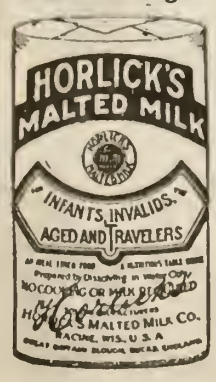
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The REAL Food-Drink, instantly prepared. Made by the ORIGINAL Horlick process and from carefully selected materials.

Used successfully over ¼ century. Endorsed by physicians everywhere.

Ask for and get Horlick's The Original

Thus Avoiding Imitations

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My Best Idea

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS

In this Department we will publish the best original items of general interest to housekeepers which are sent in by our readers. For each of the accepted items we shall pay the one sending it fifty cents.

If the description is not clear, we would suggest that the contributor send a rough sketch, making the idea plain, which can be used as a guide to the artist who will illustrate this page.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL *cannot return the items submitted, therefore it is advisable to keep copies of matter sent for consideration.*

Address "My Best Idea," care of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. *Give your name and address.*

Save the Pieces.

If you are shortening your curtains, do not throw away the piece cut off. From this end, you may make a pretty dresser or wash stand cover. Make it the correct size—hem it and finish it with lace or a simple crocheted edge. Besides using up the pieces you will have the satisfaction of having your coverings match your curtains. If the material is sheer, you might cut from a piece of prettily figured wall paper, a piece to exactly fit underneath the cover—and the result is quite effective.

OBSERVER.

To Loosen Hardened Putty.

One often has a great deal of trouble in getting hardened putty off the window sash. Try heating a poker or iron, until almost red-hot and running it along the putty. This will soften it so that it can be very easily removed with a knife.

MARY I. REID.
Orono, Ont.

Try a Hose.

Those who have to fill their wash tubs from a tap, will find using a piece of hose pipe a great labor saver.

M. A. W.

That Crushed Apron.

Are you one of the many who hang their aprons up by the strings, or by the band—and by so doing crush all the fresh appearance from them? Avoid this by taking a minute to sew on a tape hanger. Take a piece of tape about 2 inches long and tack it on the inside of the middle of the band of the apron—and you will always have a tidy apron. This same kind of hanger can be sewn on the band of one's underwaists too, which saves them from being hung up by the arm holes.

A Handy Cover.

Having opened a can of baking molasses, and not needing it all, it is often puzzling to know how to keep it till it is next wanted. Just draw a clean paper bag over it—and this will keep out all dust, and yet let enough air in to keep it from spoiling. Practice covering things with paper bags inverted over them—and you will wonder you did not think to use them for that purpose long ago.

The Quickest and Easiest Way.

The quickest and easiest way to open a jar of fruit is in this manner: Just take the handle of a knife or anything similar, and tap soundly all around the screw part. If it does not turn, tap again—only harder. I have yet to see the jar of fruit that couldn't be opened in this way. The old-fashioned way of turning the jar upside down in hot water is all right, but often the hot water is not handy—and the fruit is disturbed—but by this method, a jar can be successfully opened at any time.

To Clean Silver.

If silver is put into an aluminum pan and sprinkled with soda then boiling water poured over it, it will be found clean.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

Removing Grease Spots.

Salt dissolved in alcohol removes grease spots from cloth.

E. B., Hamilton.

To Remove Spots From Furniture.

To remove white spots from furniture, caused by heat or water, rub lightly with a cloth wet with camphor.

E. B., Hamilton.

Heat Nails to Prevent Damage.

A very hot nail will not split plaster when driven into it.

A READER.

To Keep Tin From Burning.

If you make Graham Gems and find that when the second pan is being filled two or three holes are empty—do not fear that the empty part of the tin will burn. If you put water in those empty holes your tin is saved.

M. K. M.

To Keep the Hands Free From Stains.

I use a little salts of lemon on my hands when they become stained. It is much better than pumice stone.

MRS. DUNCAN MORGAN.
Clairemont, Ont.

To Remove Frost From Windows.

Sprinkle salt over a portion of a soft cotton cloth then rub the glass lightly until the frost is removed. Frost will not appear on the glass again for some time.

MRS. H. J. B.

For Small Child's Coat.

Sew a wide piece of tape to an old suspender spring-clasp, clasp it to the child's sleeve and wrap tape around the hand; the little one will hold on to the tape, thus insuring comfort to the child and mother in putting on his or her coat.

ISLINGTON.

The Ideal Shopping Bag.

I have noticed very many ladies having trouble finding their purses, gloves, car tickets, etc., in the large shopping bags so much used, so when I made mine I put a large pocket with an elastic in the top, on the lining, and a small one close beside it with two compartments for car tickets, a flap on this one to fasten with dome fastener, both about 4½ inches from the top, and I find them most convenient. Try them.

ISLINGTON.

For the Chickens.

Bones that have had all the nourishment boiled out of them or that the dogs have left around the yard, may be used up in this way. Place them under the stove lids directly over the oven of the range. In a day or two they will turn white and crumbly and can be broken up and fed to the hens in place of lime or oyster shell.

"PASS IT ON."

When Using Molasses.

I have found that if I wish to measure out a cup of molasses, I do not waste a particle, if I warm and thoroughly grease the cup before pouring molasses into it. Then I can pour out my cup of molasses and not a bit will stick to the cup.

INSTITUTE WORKER.

Use for Coal Oil Stove Oven.

When I have more loaves of bread than my cook stove oven will hold, I use my coal oil oven on top of the cook stove. This is particularly good for the last half hour of baking, making room in the hotter oven for the loaves just ready for the oven.

M. J. C.

A Wheat Substitute.

As an occasional substitute for wheat cereal, try putting rice through the food chopper. Cook and serve same as wheat cereal.

SCHEMER.

ROSE BRAND

EASTER BREAKFAST

The unchangeable order of Easter Breakfast is bacon and eggs—but the degrees of goodness and flavour in bacon are various. Therefore, in order to avoid disappointment and to procure first quality—buy

ROSE BRAND BACON

You could wish for nothing better. Served piping hot, crinkly, flavory, appetizing slices of Rose Brand Bacon make a breakfast that the whole family will relish.

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THE greatest operatic music was beautiful before it was great—and Columbia Records bring you the best of that magical beauty.

Haunting melodies, exquisite catches of song, music of joy and laughter, glorious marches, the fanfare of trumpets, majestical choruses—all that and more have Columbia Records.



SUCH great artists as Lazaro, Stracciari, Barrientos, and Mardones make beautiful and inspiring records exclusively for Columbia.

Beautiful melody—that is the listinguishing quality of both Columbia Records and the Columbia Grafonola. Music you really like, played as you like it—they give you always.



To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

Hear these, amongst other exquisite Columbia Operatic Records

CARMEN. Habanera, (Love Is A Wood Bird Wild) and Maria! Maria! (E. di Capua) from Carmen, Lina Cavalleri. *A5179, 12 inch, $1.50.*

PAGLIACCI. (Leoncavallo) Vesti la Giubba (On With the Motley). In Italian. Hippolito Lazaro. *49020, 12 inch, $1.50.*

MADAME BUTTERFLY. Ancora un Passo (There Is One Step More) and Un Bel di Vedremo (One Fine Day). Alice Neilsen. *A5250, 12 inch, $1.50.*

ROMEO ET JULIETTE. Ah, Leve-Tol, Soleil (Rise, Radiant Sun), in French, and Che Gelida Manina (How Cold Thy Hands) in Italian. Constantino. *A5110, 12 inch, $1.50.*

Buy War Savings Stamps.

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Columbia Grafonolas—Standard Models, $30 to $385.



The Journal Juniors' Club

Conducted by Ethel Bain

Original Prize Winning Stories by Our Boys and Girls



MY Dear HOME JOURNAL Children.

Welcome to all our new members. It was also a pleasure to receive contributions from many of our earlier members. Just keep on trying, and one of those tantalizing two dollar bills is sure to come your way in time.

So glad to hear that you appreciated your prize, Effie Perrin, and we feel that your winning same was indeed a reward for your patience. You certainly had a time training Rover to sit on the pumpkin, but it was worth it, for he makes such a quaint picture.

We gladly enroll you as a member, Ernest Brown, and shall look forward to receiving more letters from you. Continue your observations of the birds and you will find the study increases in interest. You can not choose anything better than nature study as a hobby.

That hungry waste paper basket does not exist, Monica O'Connor, for all unused contributions to this page are kept.

Yes—Flora Sproule—there are some birds, twelve and one-half inches in length, called Clark's Crows. These birds are a dirty white, with centre feather in tail black and have black wings touched with white. They are found in the districts of the Rocky Mountains. Although they have the habits of the woodpeckers they are very mischievous, like the blue jays. These are probably the white crows that you have heard of.

It is perfectly right to trap the rats—Mary Watson—for they carry disease and are no friends of the farmers. I hope you do not trap any of the smaller wild folk. Trapping is a cruel sport, unless the animals are killed at once.

Skating and hockey head the list of our members' winter sports. Hockey is indeed a splendid game, and skating—well, the more one skates the more fascinating the sport becomes, at least I've always found it so, haven't you?

Your sincere friend,

ETHEL BAIN.

APRIL CONTESTS

1. For children up to 9 years of age. A letter about an animal, insect or bird. Prize $2.00.
2. Why we should "Swat the Fly." Boys and girls 12 to 16 years of age Not more than 500 words. Prize $2.00.
3. For the boy or girl up to 16 years of age who sends in the best photograph, a prize of $2.00.
4. For the best essay on "Spring." Boys and girls up to 16 years of age. Prize $2.00.

Take care that your name, age and address are written on each contribution. Write on one side of the paper only.

PRIZE LIST FOR FEBRUARY CONTESTS.

1. "My Favorite Winter Sport." Awarded to Roy W. Graham, age 14, Haysville, Ont.
2. "The Winter Birds of Canada." Awarded to Ernest Brown, age 16, 28 Ann St., Galt, Ont.
3. Members under 12 years of age. Awarded to Flora M. Sproule, age 10, Westbrook, Ont.
4. Photograph Contest. Awarded to Thelma Fox, age 15, 154 Dougall Ave., Windsor, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Monica O'Connor, Andrew D. Jamieson, Fern Wingrove, Cecil Johnston, Lucy Watson.

PRIZE LETTER.

"The Winter Birds of Canada."—By Ernest Brown, age 16, 26 Ann St., Galt, Ontario.

SINCE attending a bird lecture in our town nearly two years ago, I have been an interested observer of our bird friends and as such have obtained much pleasure from studying their ways. During the winter months a large majority of our feathered friends are visiting farther south in order to avoid the cold north wind and snow, which make existence almost impossible. It is then that the winter birds need the help of human friends to hang bits of suet and fat in the trees, to keep them warm, and to sprinkle crumbs and bits of grain in sheltered spots around the house.

Perhaps the most interesting and most sociable of our winter birds is the black-capped chickadee, a cute little slate-colored bird with jet black crown and throat. He is very good-natured and no matter what the weather is like he is always cheerful and on the look-out for a meal. He is a great insect eater, and is usually busy flitting among the branches, now perched on a branch, now hanging on a tiny twig, and then climbing around the trunk, always after bugs. He is a great chatter-box, and when he is near you can plainly hear his incessant chickadee-dee-dee.

Another very interesting little bird is the slate-colored junco, easily recognized while perching, or on the ground by the pinkish-white bill and when flying by the white outer tail feathers and gray and white plumage. They are one of our most common winter birds and like the chickadees will come around the door-yards for crumbs. Their song consists of a sweet trill, which is especially beautiful when given by a flock in unison.

Two other small winter birds who are active insect destroyers are the white-breasted nuthatch and the brown-creeper. The white-breasted nuthatch is about the size of an English sparrow; its back, wings and tail are bluish-black in color with a black head and neck and a white bar on each side of its tail, while the under parts are white. Its tail is very short and frequently pointed upward, as the bird usually flies to the top of a limb and crawls toward the bottom in search of food. It has a long, sharp-pointed bill, well adapted to its mode of obtaining food. The brown-creeper is smaller than the nuthatch and more difficult to see because its brown and black speckled body is much the color of a tree trunk. Unlike the nuthatch it starts at the bottom of a limb and climbs upward carefully searching in the crevices for insects; on reaching the top of the limb it drops to the bottom and begins all over again. It is a very tame bird, not seeming to comprehend that danger can befall it. So tame are they that they have been caught under a hat.

The downy and hairy woodpeckers also do their share in winter towards eating insects and together with the crow, blue-jay and cedar waxwing complete the interesting set of winter birds which are in this vicinity, and which I have studied.



The prize photograph in the February contest.

Taken by Thelma Fox, age 15, of Windsor, Ont.

PRIZE LETTER.

"My Favorite Winter Sport."—By Roy W. Graham, age 14, Haysville, Ontario.

IT took no second thought of mine to decide what my favorite sport was. If the contest had included summer sports, the decision might have been more difficult.

Hockey is in my estimation the finest sport of the winter season. It is the game that keeps us, the boys of Canada, healthy and in good condition. If you live near a river you are, indeed, in luck, for in the open out-of-doors one constantly breathes the pure fresh air, and the rapid movements on the ice send the blood sizzling through one's veins.

In the summer and autumn we long for the river to freeze over. When at last the water is coated with that glorious substance called ice, we hurry from school with our skates. Generally when we arrive a mob of boys are already struggling for the puck. We pay no attention to anyone else for our sole desire is to get that black piece of rubber and rush for the goal. It is true we have many sore shins when we are finished, but what is that to the delightful boast that you have scored a goal?

So interested are we in the game that no attention is paid to the time until we hear the shrill whistle of a near-by factory. We wander home, looking forward to a good time at the skating rink after tea.

Here we have a limited space and, of course, only the best players may take part in the game. The unfortunate ones stand in the background and shout encouragement to the players. The clack of the puck against the boards and the irregular clatter of hockey sticks almost harmonize with the voices of the spectators.

The real fun begins when our council is confident that we are sufficiently practised for combat. A game is arranged with another team, and then our real efficiency is tested. If we win, we are very glad—if we lose, well—what's the use of crying about it? The loss makes us play much better in the next game.

I am very fond of another sport closely allied to hockey, namely skating. It is really delightful to go to the river some moon-light evening and quietly glide along the smooth, glass-like surface of the ice. The pleasure, I believe, is unequalled.

Now, when you sum all of the points up, do you not agree with me in saying that hockey is best?

PRIZE LETTER.

"Winter Birds."—By Flora M. Sproule, age 10, Westbrook, Ontario.

ONE afternoon in January, I went to the woods with daddy to help cut wood. I heard three or four happy little voices saying chickadee-dee-dee, I looked up and saw four little birds with little black caps on their heads and black rings around their necks. The wings and tail are a brownish color, and the underpart is a cream color. The chickadee lays from six to eight eggs, white speckled with a reddish brown.

Last Sunday daddy called me out to see a bird on the wood-pile. As soon as I saw it, I knew that it was a hairy woodpecker. The upper parts are black with a red band across the back of the head in the male only, and a white stripe down the middle of the back. White spots form bars on the wings and outer tail feathers and there is a white stripe above the eye and a longer one below. The underpart is all white.

One day last January in a snowstorm I saw about a dozen pretty little snowbirds in a flock on the road, picking for something to eat. They are white clouded with light brown in the winter.

Of course I have seen blue-jays. They look very pretty against the snow with their bright blue color.

Perhaps it is because we live near a city that we see crows all winter. The crows are black and glossy and as large as a small hen. A crow is ten or eleven inches long. It is said that there are white crows, so I suppose there are, just the same as there are black sheep.

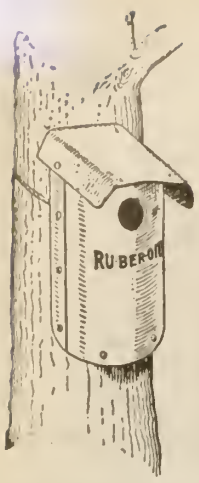
HONORABLE MENTION.

"My Favorite Winter Sport."—By Monica O'Connor, Goderich, Ontario.

Of all winter's gladsome sports, skating is my favorite. It not only gives great pleasure, but it is also a source of healthy exercise.

In Ontario there is generally a lot of ice during the months of December, January and February. On this the skaters practice and play. Of course,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67.)



A Bird House for a THRIFT STAMP

The Birds save your crops—*save the Birds.*

We offer this artistic Ru-Ber-Oid Bird House—made of genuine long-wearing Ru-Ber-Oid Fabric. Send a 25c. Thrift Stamp or its equivalent, this notice, and your name and address—or four Stamps for four. Start a bird colony.

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The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of successful use.

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At Stationery, Hardware, Photo Stores 13c.
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The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

By Betty O'Hara

Some Short Courses Which Fit Young Women to Fill Important Positions

NOW that girlhood has taken its first flight in the business world, it will not soon relinquish its hold on the commercial realm, nor will employers ever again shake their heads, when the smartly clothed business girl tries to persuade them that she can "make good." Indeed, the four years which have just elapsed when the girls successfully shouldered burdens for their country, which up to that time would have been absolutely too appalling even to be considered, have changed all that.

But those trial days are over, and our girls have proved themselves efficient and willing for the tasks which confront them. As a result, girls will flock to the city and those who have not yet had their trial flight, will indeed, take their turn.

As a result of this migration to the large business centres, means must be provided for attending to the welfare of these girls, and the only organization capable of this tremendous task is the Y.W.C.A.

Their work stretches far and wide, and covers the whole Dominion, and although they have in the last few years been brought to the public eye very little in comparison with the Y.M.C.A., yet it has been quite as active and successful.

A few days ago I walked into a Y.W.C.A. Cafeteria. It was a wonderful sight. Hundreds of girls with their trays in hand, smilingly pointed to this or that meat or vegetable which suited their fancy.

Meat 10c. Potatoes 5c.
Bread 1c. Butter 1c.
Pie 5c., etc.

greeted my eye from a blackboard, which stood above the counter, and many a girl, as we sat at the little tables, unwrapped a package of cake and sandwiches and with a cup of tea or some hot soup had a splendid lunch for about 10c. Quite different, indeed, it was from the price list at the large restaurants, where a single order of meat at 40c., takes a large portion of the daily wages. And the smile I received at the desk, from the lady in immaculate white, as I walked out, carried me through the long weary day. She was one of the Y.W.C.A. canteen directors and had under her supervision, the feeding of five hundred wage earners every noon hour. Five hundred happy smiles to the toilers every day she gave and the girls rewarded her with a peep now and again, into their lives, as time permitted. And the rest room where the girls spent the balance of their noon-hour was a dream, chintz cushions, wicker chairs, and two or three comfortable couches for the forty winks found a place there, while writing material could be had for the asking. "At least," I said to myself, as I walked out, "I have found one place where the grappling, grasping money maker has no place."

THEN the Y.W.C.A. worker looks after the interests of the girls in the factories. She is the medium between the employer and the employee, and she straightens many a tangle that the employer finds himself absolutely unable to cope with. She tries to get a holiday for Mary, who is incapacitated for efficient work by long, sleepless nights spent with a sick little sister. Alice whose first beau brought about a marvelous change to frizzes, paint and lip rouge, does not escape her watchful eye, and in the next few days, the result of a little heart to heart talk with her brings back to the sweet, happy face a semblance of a natural human being.

Some workers specialize in physical culture. Every afternoon and a few evenings, they teach the wage earners hygiene, and physical exercises that will give health and poise to those on whom toil has a tendency to leave its indelible mark.

The Travellers' Aid department is one of the most important of the Y.W.C.A. work. It has a chain of workers which stretches from coast to coast. Girls who are travelling may get directions as to reliable boarding houses, and when going from one city to another, are met by these guardians and given all the careful consideration they would receive in their own home town. It is organizations such as these, that now enable a girl to travel either for work or pleasure, without misunderstanding or fear for her safety. For in all the large cities, the Y.W.C.A. can take a girl beyond the gossip and criticism which she is apt to come in contact with, alone in our modern city hotels.

But the girls and older women who are selected for this work, are not accepted in a hap-hazard way. They are carefully chosen and well trained by the Y.W.C.A. itself, and although the course of training is not as long as one might expect from the varied positions it holds out to its graduates, yet it is very comprehensive, and the salary when the course is completed, is indeed, ample for one's needs. In all it takes about three months, and the lectures are as follows:

Bible Study—Three hours a week.
Social Service Lectures—Two hours a week.
Community Problems—A course of ten lectures.
Association Lectures and Practice—Three hours a week.
Practical Work—One afternoon a week.

THE girls who wish to specialize, can do so in any branch which has been mentioned and after the course is finished, if they prove satisfactory, it will be a very easy matter to secure a position.

"I would like to get a couple of girls for factory supervisors this minute," said one of the Y.W.C.A. workers to me, as I talked to her about the work, "but the trouble is I can't put my finger on any trained girls who are not already filling positions."

Don't you think that is a good recommend for the Y.W.C.A. workers, that they are so much in demand that there are not enough to fill the vacancies?

There is a growing need for girls for this branch of work, and if I should tell you all that was whispered to me, of the new branches which are to be organized, you would then understand what a wonderful chance a girl who is trained for that work will have. And, girls, it is international; its opportunities do not stop with the borders of Canada.

"And what are your requirements?" I asked after having heard all about the work.

To be a Y.W.C.A. worker, a girl must be a judge of character and be sure what the right standards are. She must avoid intolerance of any sort, and above all, she must recall her own home atmosphere and think what it meant to her, so that she can try to create the same atmosphere for other girls.

LIBRARY work as a vocation for women has never received the attention and patronage which should have been its due, owing to its necessity to modern civilization. It is an ever widening sphere which calls for women workers alone, and any small town which can boast of a post office and a few stores is seldom found without its public library. It is the educator of the nation and the necessity of any intelligent community.

So insistent has been the call for trained women for this work, that one of the provinces has inaugurated a course of study to make librarians more efficient in the handling of books, in fact so successful has the training proved itself that already the graduates of this course are being given many of the responsible positions throughout the country. The fact that in the last ten years there has been an increase in the circulation of books in the public libraries for home reading of two hundred per cent., shows that the demand for librarians is rapidly on the increase and will continue to be so for years to come.

The following statistics will give an idea of the number of girls needed for this work in comparison to the population; and as the public becomes more interested this ratio must rapidly increase. In Ottawa with a population of 101,549 the total circulation for home reading was 249,493; there were 17 on the staff; in Toronto with a population of 473,820 a circulation of books for home reading of 1,123,229; number on the staff was 90; in Fort William with a population of 11,941 a circulation of 98,424 books for home reading; the number on the staff was 6. These statistics were taken in 1917, and these libraries have greatly increased their staff since that time.

The course itself lasts for three months. It consists of a series of lectures on: Book Selection, Bibliography, the Evolution of Modern Prose, Literature, with special attention given to popular novelists of the day.

Reference Work—its organization and equipment, and the use of periodicals and pamphlets.

The Theory of the Classification of Books, with the purposes and use of the Card Catalogue, Shelf Listing and Accession work, including Stock Taking and Book Collection Records.

The Circulation and Readers' Advisory Work.

Organization and Equipment of a Children's Department.

Administration and Secretarial Library Work.

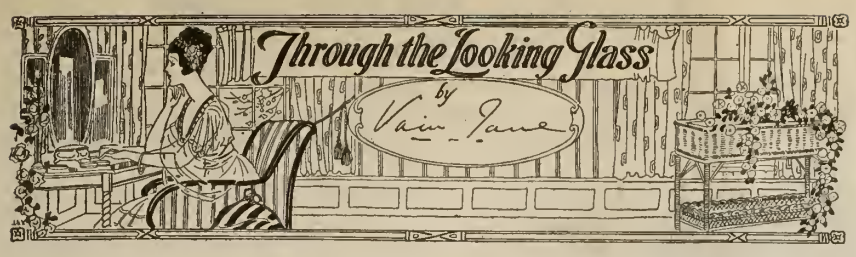
Routine of Library Work.

The students who take this course, spend half their time taking instruction and the other half at practical work.

THE graduate who takes her place at the desk of the circulating library must be attentive to her work. She must know the style of novel that would suit the dainty maid with fluffy hair who looks at her with a happy smile as she says: "I want one of your newest books, something romantic, you know." She must understand that the old gentleman with a grey beard and drooping shoulders who studies the bookshelves by the hour is fond of biography and history. And she must never make the mistake of handing a fantastic story like Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" to the woman who puts her hair straight back from her forehead, with never a crimp nor a curl and tells her she has gathered a dozen eggs that day. "Hens is layin' good for this time o' year," she finishes as she is presented with a story whose environment she will readily understand and appreciate.

Then the reference library is a very interesting and absorbing branch of the work. It is here the students congregate and professors revel. Those who have an aim and a purpose in one part or another of the educational world congregate there. Those who are interested in research work will ask the girl who is in charge for books and pamphlets on the subjects in which they are absorbed. The college student will come to her for material for his thesis. Those whose line is literature or finance will find their way to this sanctuary and it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63.)



The First Milestone of Our Journey Into The Realm of Beauty

SEE how honest I am; I call myself Vain Jane. Dear ladies, you are all Vain Janes, too—some just a little vain, some quite enough and others too vain for their own contentment. But I wouldn't have you otherwise, for a woman without vanity is like a ship without its paint, useful doubtless, but a blot on the scenery. So now that we have admitted our common weakness, do let us be a friendly party. With all the cordiality in the world, I invite you one and all to meet here in this snug little space, which the managing editor has so thoughtfully surrounded by advertising and turned over for our exclusive use, and to be my guests for just a little time each month, while I try to entertain you with true stories of voyages of discovery into the land where Beauty reigns.

First of all to visit this country, there is a passport one must possess without which there is no hope of even sighting its lovely shores, and that is the passport of perfect cleanliness. And this brings us to the essential of soap—a prosaic thing, you may say, and not at all in keeping with a romantic voyage, but wait. Is it so prosaic after all? Not according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, which contains a long history of absorbing interest about its composition, its original discovery, the ancient cities where it was made and the remarkable improvements in its manufacture, which have made it possible for all the world to be supplied with the delicate perfumed article of to-day, instead of a substance of goat's tallow and beech ash, of which the first soap was composed. Though it is difficult to believe that anything so clean and useful to humanity came out of Germany, if we trust the great authority referred to, we must admit that soap first came from that country to the Romans, though it is thought that the substance referred to in the Old Testament as soap, was a mixture of ashes of plants and a very crude composition of purifying agents, far removed from the soap of to-day. In the thirteenth century the manufacture of soap was established at Marseilles, which has ever since been recognized as a centre of that trade through its ready command of the supplies of olive oil. England, however, produced more soap than any country in the world—think of the cakes of soap that must be provided every morning for John Bull's matutinal tub—and it is from the Mother Country that the greatest supplies of soap are obtained.

WHEN we find soap listed on our shopping needs it might be well to give the matter a little thought before the purchase is made and not just make a selection at random, even though the fragrance of a particular brand may appeal especially to our aesthetic sense. There are several quite important points to be considered besides an attractive wrapper and a pleasant perfume in the soap we buy. For instance, it is a wise thing to know that we are not spending our excellent money for something which contains a larger percentage of water than any other ingredient. Water, you know, is not a very expensive fluid, even though our tax rate on it may have risen since the war began. It would be very irritating to discover that we had paid ten or fifteen cents for the amount of water that could be contained in an average sized cake of soap. It would be as well also, to know that it is free from an excess of alkali and salts, which are likely to have an injurious effect upon the skin. We like the toilet soap we use to be delicately perfumed and agreeable to use, naturally, but we would be very foolish indeed to pay say, eighty-five cents for a cake of soap just because of its pleasant appearance and smell, when a much more beneficial soap might be had for a third of that money.

Of course, if we are one of those wilfully extravagant people who simply must have what they want when they want it and at any cost, it is a different matter, but most people, and especially women, like to know that they are getting value for their money, and indeed, an inherent good-breeding saves most of us from the vulgarity of flagrant extravagance. But there are good soaps to be had at reasonable prices even at this time when the effects of the war still keep the prices of toilet articles inflated. Take for example, the products of an Irish firm of soapmakers, familiar to Canadians, which are known to be made of pure vegetable oils and plant ash and contain no admixture of animal fats. This firm has a very large patronage in the Old Country and especially among members of the English aristocracy, many of whom are willing to lend their names to the recommendation of not only their soaps but their creams and various preparations as well. Now only quite recently I have found their soap displayed on the counter of one of our large departmental shops at a most reasonable cost—three cakes for seventeen cents, I think it was—the odd sum doubtless originating in the mind of the wily advertising manager, with a view to intriguing the public mind. This soap is pure and really worth a greater sum of money, but because it is a plain product, unperfumed and perhaps unfamiliar to many people, it was obliged to seek a place upon the bargain counter.

IT is not at all an unwise proceeding to make oneself known to the salesman or saleswoman from whom we are accustomed to purchase such important preparations of the toilet as soap, and to gain their confidence to the extent that they will offer a suggestion or sometimes direct our purchase. Usually they know their stock—the pure goods which sell for the cost of their intrinsic value—the highly ornamented goods which sell for their appearance—and those goods which are both pure and attractive to look upon and which appeal to the extravagant taste. When they know your demands they will have no difficulty in supplying them, and no matter which of the three classes you may require you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have obtained your money's worth.

An interesting testimony that high priced soap is not always the choice of fastidious people is the fact that Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who is admittedly a past-mistress in the art of looking young and beautiful, always buys a soap which costs the small sum of ten cents a cake for her personal use. Doesn't that shatter your long-cherished ideas of theatrical opulence? As a matter of fact the English firm which prepares the particular soap Madame Bernhardt has so great a liking for, has an excellent reputation and produces a variety of very good toilet soaps, any one of which may safely be used without fear of harm to the complexion. The firm's name, which is well known in England, is daily becoming more familiar to the Canadian public as it has now manufacturing plants in several of the larger cities of the Dominion.

SPEAKING of soap in connection with the complexion, it is a fallacy which many quite intelligent people harbor that the face should never be washed with soap. A pure soap can never do the complexion anything but good, for it is perhaps the only means in human possession to thoroughly cleanse the pores of the skin and give them an opportunity to "breathe". Cold cream has excellent cleaning properties but the skin is never so free from impurities as when it has been cleansed with a lather of pure soap and warm water. Don't be afraid of washing the face with soap any more than you would your hands—provided it is a *good* soap; that's where the danger lies.

TORONTO LADY GROWS NEW HAIR

Prevent your Hair from falling out and renew your youthful complexion with a Branston



THIS LETTER SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Toronto, March 12th, 1919.

Chas. A. Branston Co.,
355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—

After having the "Flu," my hair all fell out, leaving me practically bald. Some friends recommended me to use the Branston Violet Ray Generator. After three months' treatment I am glad to say that my hair is about three inches long, and nearly as thick as it ever was. I am writing this to you so that other people may know what a blessing it has been to me.

Yours truly,
(Name on file in office.)

P.S.—My hair was grey before it fell out, but now it is coming in almost its natural color.

Send for our book "Health Rays." It's Free if you mention this magazine

CHAS. A. BRANSTON CO., 355 Yonge St., TORONTO

A Velvety Skin for Every Woman



The woman with skin troubles usually envies the clear, soft skin of youth. It is possible for every woman to possess a lovely skin. The proper use of our treatments will wonderfully relieve, if not completely cure, defects in ladies' complexions. Hiscott Preparations have been used for 27 years with wonderful success in curing Pimples, Blackheads, Undue Redness, Roughness, Wrinkles, Crow's-feet, Blotches, Eczema, and all non-infectious skin troubles.

Princess Complexion Purifier	$1.50
Princess Skin Food	1.50
Princess Hair Rejuvenator	1.50
Princess Face Powder, all shades	.50
Princess Cinderella Cold Cream	.50

Write for Free Sample of this delightful cold Cream.

Our preparations are sent to any address in plain wrapper, carriage paid, with full instructions for home use, on receipt of price.

Send for Booklet "H"

THE HISCOTT INSTITUTE, LIMITED,
61B College St., Toronto.





Watch Them Smile

When you bring in a Pure Gold Quick Pudding. From Dad to little Jimmy they just love these dainty desserts. And no wonder. They're so pure and delicious.

And they're so easy for you to prepare. When you're delayed coming home—are tired and in a hurry—they are the ideal dessert to have in the house. No trouble—no fuss—a tempting, wholesome dainty dessert ready in a few minutes. Try a combination of chocolate pudding and nuts or cocoanut. It's simply delicious.

Order a selection from your grocer. Tapioca, custard and chocolate, 15c a package.

Pure Gold Desserts
QUICK PUDDINGS

Pure Gold Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto



Kitchen Drudgery Abolished



SIX o'clock dinners mean afternoon kitchen work for the housewife. That means a restricted social life.

When she might be visiting her friends, she is busy cooking meals—providing she does not use modern, time-saving kitchen equipment.

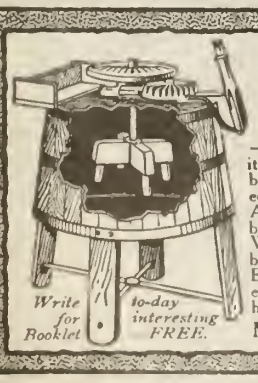
The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet is the first time-saving, drudgery-reducing, food-conserving improvement to be installed in the kitchen. It is not expensive. It is very durable, very clean and tidy looking. It has everything in its place within arm's reach. There is no waste of time, energy or labor.

When a Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet is used, kitchen drudgery is abolished.

This is just what every housewife and cook wants and should have. Our Booklet "C" tells a more complete story of what the Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet is and does. It is recommended by dealers in hundreds of cities and towns. You are interested, so why not write us right away?

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KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET
Registered.

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Maxwell
"Home" Washer

—the washer that not only washes the clothes mechanically, but does it better than they can be washed by hand. There's no "skimping" by the "Home" Washer—light or heavy articles are cleaned with equal thoroughness. There's no tearing of delicate fabrics, either. And it does the work in half the time! No more long-drawn-out, backbreaking washdays anywhere there's a Maxwell "Home" Washer; Just put the clothes in, and the rest is hardly work at all—because the "Home" Washer is so light, noiseless, and easy-running. Enclosed gears make it absolutely safe: "springs" make cover lift easily. Made of best quality cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's.

Write for Booklet *to-day interesting FREE.*

MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept "I" St Marys, Ont. 34

Don't miss "The New Revelation" by Conan Doyle in the May number, in which he answers the question "Do we live after death?"

The Puzzle for April

By TOM WOOD.

In each circle are five distinct pictures.

If those in Number 1 are correctly guessed and arranged in proper order, the initials and finals will give you the names of two well-known birds.

The initials and finals of those in Number 2 will give you the names of two well-known flowers.

Those in Number 3 will tell you the names of two trees well-known in Canada.

Two prizes will be awarded, first, one dollar and a half, and second, one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.



THE CORRECT SOLUTION OF THE JANUARY PUZZLE:

1. If wishes were horses, beggars would ride.
2. An honest man's word is as good as his bond.
3. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
4. Habits are at first cobwebs, at last cables.
5. A bird in the hand is worth two in a bush.
6. A cat in mittens catches no mice.
7. Too many cooks spoil the broth.
8. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

Two British soldiers went into a restaurant in Salonica, and asked for Turkey with Greece. "I am sorry, sirs," said the waiter, "but I can't Servia." "Then," said the soldiers, "bring the Bosphorus." When he (the manager) came, he said: "I'm sorry, sirs; I don't want to Russia, but you can't Roumania." So they had to go away Hungary.

The first prize goes to Mrs. Love, 15 Charles Street west, Toronto, and the second to Miss Ada Patten, St. George, Ont.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF FEBRUARY PUZZLE.

1. Icicles.
2. Snow shovelling.
3. Skating.
4. Skis (p. skees).
5. Valentines.
6. Toboggans.
7. Classes of all sorts.
8. Sleighing parties.

First prize does to Mrs. W. M. Fulton, Lumsden, Sask., and the second to I. McDowell, Brandon, Man.

Address: Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ont.



B&B

TIME WAS when Hygiene was but little known, and practiced less. Today it is the handmaid of daily affairs.

Bauer & Black has devoted twenty-five years to making first aid in medical science a household word—bringing its beneficence within the reach of all.

B&B

THE PRODUCTS symbolized by the letters B & B have become models in medical practice. They manifest what science and skill can accomplish, ingenuity invent or vigilance create, to safeguard and conserve health.

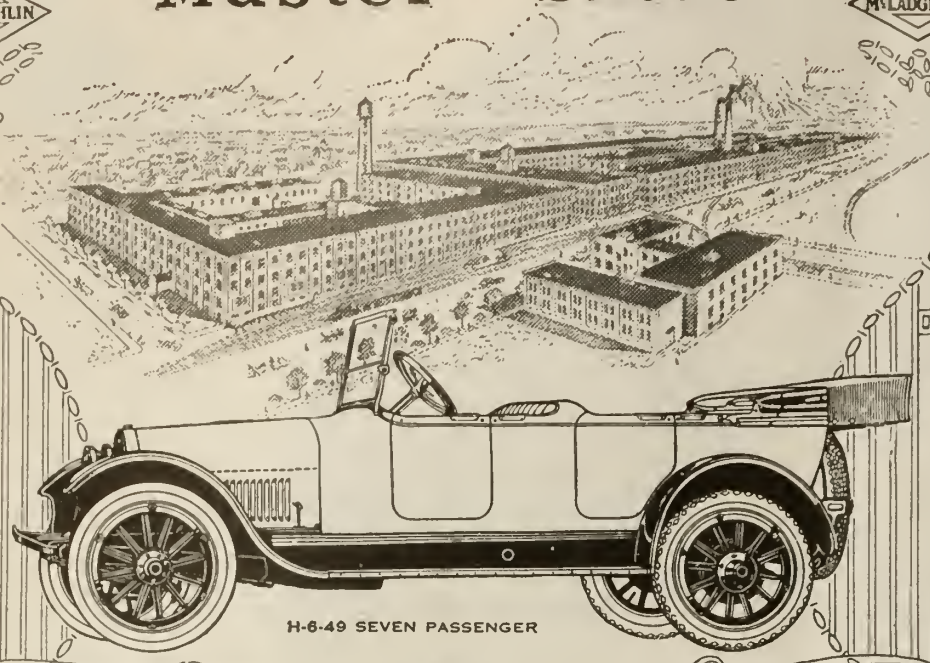
Bauer & Black has taken Hygiene out of the hospital sanctuary into the everyday world.

SAFETY

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Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

McLAUGHLIN
Master Sixes



H-6-49 SEVEN PASSENGER



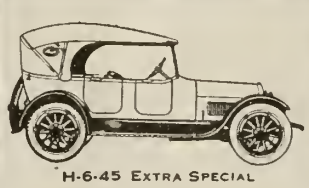
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H-6-45 EXTRA SPECIAL

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO.

Master engineers combined their efforts with master artists to produce the McLaughlin Master Six. The result is a car worthy of the highest manufacturing ideals—a car appropriately called the Master Six.

CANADA'S STANDARD CAR

The McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO. *Limited*

OSHAWA. ONTARIO

Call and see the new models at the nearest McLaughlin Show Rooms.

Read the Suggestions for Easter Entertaining on page 19, and the Cookery Recipes on pages 20 and 23.



Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"Yes, please."

So they turned into a sentier which curved away through a fern-set rabbit warren, over a wooden foot-bridge, and then led them on through alternate flecks of sunshine and shadow through a noble forest of beech and oak.

The green and brown mast lay thick under-foot, premature harvest of wind-falls—perhaps the prodigality of those reckless sylvan spendthrifts, the squirrels and jays.

Here and there a cock-pheasant ran through a spinny at their approach; rabbits scuttled into wastes of bracken as yet uncurled and unblemished by a frost; distant crashes and a dull galloping signaled the unseen flight of deer. Now and then the dark disturbances of the forest floor betrayed where the horny, furry snouts of boar had left furrows of fresh black earth amid the acorns.

They came upon the stream again—or perhaps a different little brook, splashing and curling amid its ferns and green, drenched mosses. Stepping stones crossed it; Karen passed lightly surely, on little flying feet, and stood laughing on the other side as he paused to poke about in the pool in hopes of starting a trout into arrowy flight.

When he crossed she had seated herself under a fir, the branches of which swept the ground around her; and so utterly had she vanished that she was obliged to call him before he could discover her whereabouts.

"Under this green tent," she said, "if I had a bed, and some books, and clothes, and food, and my maid and—a piano, I could live most happily all summer." She laughed, looked at him—"if I had all these and—*you*," she added.

"Why drag *me* into such a perfect paradise?"

"I shouldn't *drag* you," she said gravely. "I should merely tell you where I lived."

"I didn't mean it that way."

"You might have, with reason. I have demanded a great deal of your time."

"I have demanded all of yours!" he retorted, lightly.

"Not more than I was content to give. . . . It seems all a dream to me—which began when you rang the bell at Hyacinth Villa and roused me from my sleep. And," she added with a gay flash of malice, "you have kept me awake ever since."

"And you, me!"

"Not a bit! You slept in the railway car."

"So did you."

"In your arms, practically. . . ." She looked up at him curiously: "What did you think of me, Kervyn?"

"I thought you were an exceedingly tired girl."

"I was. Is that all you thought about it?"

"You know," he said, laughing, "when a man is asleep he doesn't do much thinking."

"What did you think afterward."

"About what?"

"About my sleeping against your shoulder?"

"Nothing," he said carelessly.

"Were you quite—indifferent?"

He didn't know how to answer.

"I was not," she said. "I was contented, and I thought continually about our friendship—except when what I was doing made me uneasy about—what I was doing. . . . Isn't it curious that a girl could do a thing like that and feel comfortable except when she remembered that a girl doesn't usually do a thing like that?"

He began to laugh, and she laughed, too.

She said: "Always my inclination has been, from a child to explain things to myself. But I can't explain you yet. You are very different you know."

"Not a bit——"

"Yes, please. I've found that out. . . . Tell me, do you really mean to go to-day?"

"Yes, Karen, I do."

"Couldn't you stay?"

"I really couldn't."

"Why, please?"

"I must be about my business."

"Enlistment?"

"Yes."

"In the Guides," she said, as though to herself.

He nodded.

"The Guides," she repeated, looking rather vacantly at a sun spot that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

waxed and waned on the dry carpet of fir-needles at her feet. "I have seen them. They are odd, with their furry headgear and their green jackets and boots and cherry-red breeches. . . . I have danced with officers of the Guides in Brussels. . . . I never thought that my first man friend would be an officer in the Guides."

"I never thought my best friend among women would be the first woman I ever robbed," he said rather grimly.

"Oh, but you haven't done it yet! And I don't see how you propose to do it."

He looked up, forcing a smile:

"Don't you?"

"Not if you are going away. How can you? The only way I can see is for you to stay at Quellenheim in hopes that I might forget to lock my door some night. You know," she said, almost wistfully, "I *might* forget—if you remained long enough."

He shook his head.

"Then you have given it up?"

"No."

"But I don't see!"

She was so pretty in her perplexity, so utterly without art in her frankness and curiosity that the impulse to mystify and torment her possessed him.

"Will you bet that I shall not have those papers in my possession within ten minutes?" he asked.

"How *can* you?"

"I can. And I shall."

She gazed at him incredulously, then suddenly her cheeks lost their colour and she stood up under the fir-tree.

"Must I take them or will you give them up, Karen?" he asked, laughing, as he rose.

She took a step backward, away from him. The tree-trunk checked her.

"You know I can't give them to you," she said unsteadily. "It would be dishonourable."

"Am I to take them?"

"Are you going to?"

He said: "Very well, then," with an alarming frown.

"Kervyn——"

"What?"

"If you tear my gown I—I shall have to go to bed."

"I'm not going to touch your gown," he said. "I'm going to charm those papers so they'll leave their hiding place and fly into my pocket. Watch me very attentively, Karen!" And he tucked up his cuffs and made a few short passes in the air. Then he smiled at her.

"Kervyn! I thought you meant to take them. Do you know you really did frighten me?"

"I *have* got them," he said.

The colour came back into her cheeks; she smiled at him in a breathless way.

"You did frighten me," she said. She came slowly back and seated herself on the carpet of fir-needles. He sat down beside her.

"Karen, dear," he said, "you are a brick and I'm a brute. I took your papers this morning. I *had* to, dear."

And he drew them from his breast pocket and showed them to her.

The girl sat in wide-eyed amazement for a moment. Suddenly her face flushed and the tears flashed in her eyes.

"You have ridiculed me!" she said. "You have treated me like a child!"

"Karen——"

"I will not listen! I shall never listen to you again! You have played with me, hurt me, humiliated me. You have ruled and overruled me! You gained my friendship and treated it—and me—without ceremony. And I let you! I must have been mad——"

Her mouth quivered; she clenched her hands, gazing at him through eyes that glimmered wet:

"How could you do it? I was honest with you; I had had no experience with a man I cared for. You knew it. You let me care for you until I didn't understand—until the sincerity and force of what I felt for you bewildered me!

"And now—and now I am—unhappy—unhappy—miserable, ashamed—" She caught her breath, scarcely able to see him through her tears—no longer able to control the quivering lip.

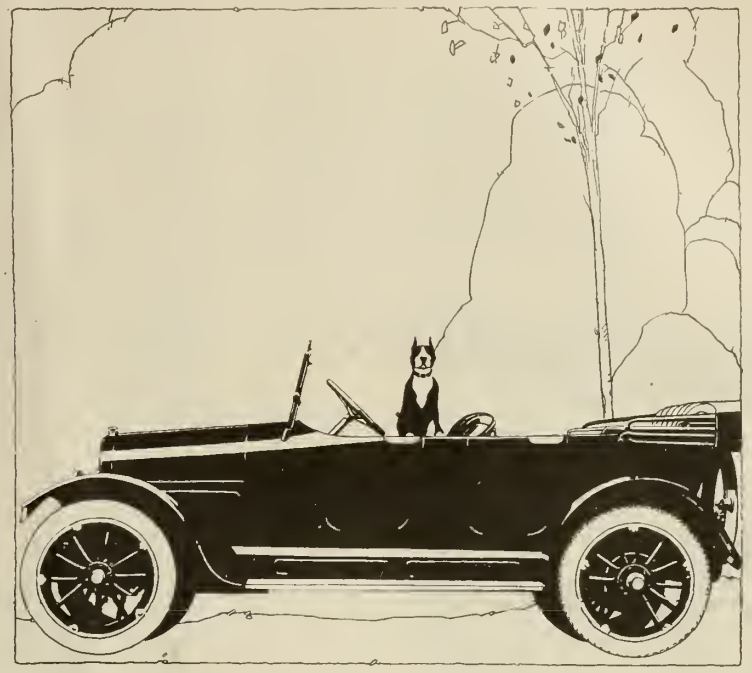
She rose swiftly, encountered something—his arm—felt herself drawn resistlessly into his embrace.

"Forgive me, Karen," he said. "I did not realize—what was happening to—us both."

She rested her forehead on his shoulder for a moment.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

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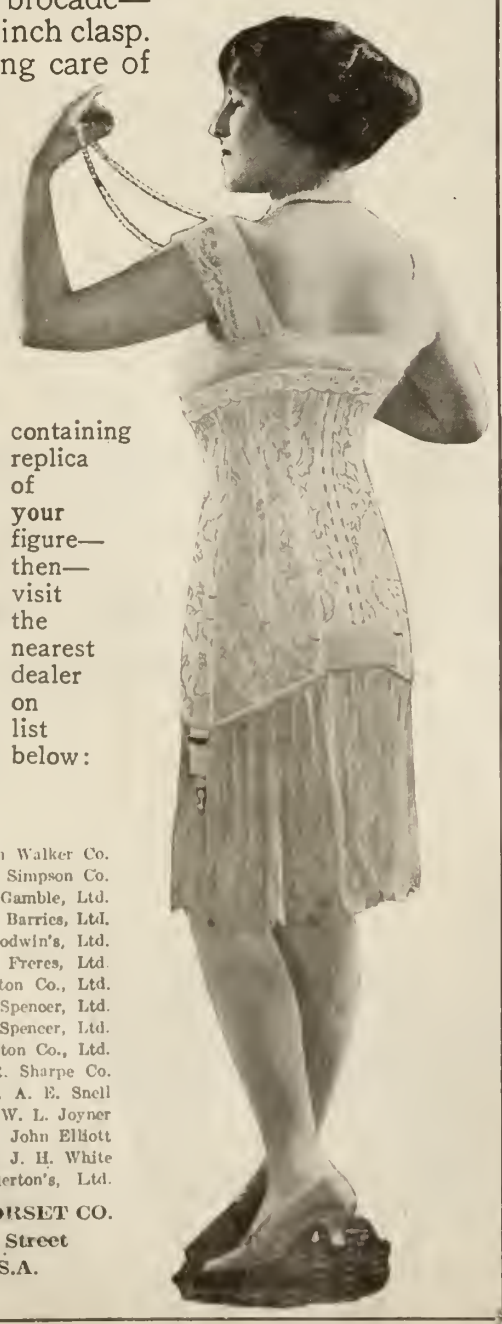
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Who Goes There

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

"Can you forgive me, Karen?"

"Yes."

"You know I truly care for you?"

"Yes."

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he bent to touch her forehead with his lips, and she lifted her face at the same moment. His kiss fell on her mouth, and she responded. At the same instant her girlhood ended forever—vanished on her lips in a little sigh.

Dazed, silenced, a trifle faint, she turned from him blindly.

"Please," she whispered, in the ghost of a voice; and he released her.

For a few moments she stood resting against the fir-tree, her left arm across her eyes, frightened, motionless.

The forest was very still around her, as though every leaf were listening.

CHAPTER XVII.

"KAREN," she heard him say, in a constrained and unfamiliar voice, "I love you."

If he thought he was still speaking to the same girl whose soft and fragrant lips he had touched a moment before, he was mistaken. He spoke too late. The girl had vanished with her girlhood.

And now it was with a very different sort of being he had to do—with a woman whose mind had quickened under shock; whose latent emotions had been made conscious; whose spirit, awakened by a crisis, was already armoured and in arms. Aroused, alert, every instinct awake, proud of a new and radiant knowledge, new motives germinated, new impulses possessed her; a new and delicious wisdom thrilled her. She was ready, and she realized it.

"Karen?"

She heard him perfectly. Deep within her something was laughing. There was no hurry. She knew it.

"Karen?" he said, very humbly.

Conscious of the change within herself, still a little surprised and excited by it, and by a vaguely exquisite sensation of impending adventure, of perils charmingly indefinite, of the newness of it all, deep, deep within her she felt the certainty, the tranquillity, the sweet intoxication of power. Power! She knew she was using it now. She knew she was exercising it on this man. And, for a second, the grasp of the new weapon almost frightened her. For it was her first campaign. And she had not yet reconnoitered the adversary or fully developed his strength and position. Man, as an adversary, was still unknown to her.

"Karen?" he ventured rather anxiously.

Instantly she lost a large portion of her fear of him. Oh! but she had a long, long reckoning to settle yet with him. She cast a swift glance backward, but already her girlhood was gone—gone with its simplicity, its quaint perplexities, its dear ignorance, its pathos, its helplessness before experience, its naivete, its faith.

It had gone, slipped away, exhaled in a deep unconscious sigh. And suddenly she flushed hotly remembering his lips. Truly, truly there was a long reckoning still to come. . . . But there seemed to be no hurry.

Still leaning against the tree, she fumbled for her handkerchief, touched her eyes with it leisurely, then, still turning her back to him, she lifted her hands to her hair.

For a first campaign she was doing very well.

Her thick, burnished hair was not in any desperate disorder, but she touched it here and there, patted, tucked, caressed it with light, swift fingers, delicately precise as the exploring antennae of a butterfly.

"Give me my answer, Karen," he urged, in a low voice, stepping nearer. Instantly she moved lightly aside to avoid him—just a short step—her back still turned, her hands framing her bright hair. Presently she looked around with a slight laugh, which seemed to say: "Have you noticed my new wings? If I choose to use them, I become unattainable. Take care, my friend!"

The expression of her face checked him; her eyes were still starry from tears. The dewy lovcliness of them, the soft shyness born of knowledge, the new charm of her left him silent and surprised. He had supposed that she was rather low in her mind. Also he became aware that something about her familiar to him had gone, that he was confronted by something in her hitherto unsuspected and undetected—something subtly experienced and unexpectedly mature. But that a new intelligence, made radiant by the consciousness of power, had suddenly developed and enveloped this young girl, and was now confronting him he did not comprehend at first.

And yet, in her attitude, in the poise of the small head, in the slight laugh parting her lips, in every line of her supple figure, every contour, every movement, he was aware of a surety, a self-confidence, a sort of serene authority utterly unfamiliar to him in her personality.

Gone was the wistfulness, the simplicity, the indecision of immaturity, the almost primitive candour that knows no art. Here was complexity looking out of eyes he scarcely knew, baffling him with a beauty indescribable.

"Karen—dear," he said unsteadily, "have you nothing to say to me?"

There was laughter and curiosity in her eyes, and a hint of mockery.

"Yes," she said, "I have a great deal to say to you. In the first place we must not be silly any more——"

"*Silly!*"

She seemed surprised at his emphatic interruption.

"Yes, silly," she repeated serenely: "foolish, inconsequential. I admit I made a goose of myself, but that is no excuse for you to do it, too. You are older and more experienced and so much wiser——"

"Karen!"

"Yes?" she said innocently.

"What has happened to you?" he asked, disturbed and bewildered.

She opened her eyes at that:

"Nothing has happened, has it? Is my gown torn?"—bending over to survey her skirt and waist—"Oh, I forgot that the famous robbery occurred without violence——"

He reddened: "I don't understand you, Karen. Why do you fence this way with me? Why do you speak this way to me? What has suddenly changed you—totally altered you—altered your attitude toward me, your point of view, your disposition—your very character apparently——"

"My character?" she repeated with a gay little laugh, which seemed to him irresponsible, and confused him exceedingly.

"No," he said, troubled, "that couldn't change so suddenly. But I never before saw this side of your character. I didn't know it existed—never supposed—dreamed——"

"Speaking of dreams," she interrupted with calm irrelevance, "I never told you that I finally did cross that frontier. Shall I tell you about it while we are walking back?"

"If you choose," he said almost sullenly.

"Don't you care to hear about my dream? As I made a pillow of you during the process, I really think you are entitled to hear about it—" She broke off with a quick, involuntary laugh: "Why do you look hurt, Kervyn?"

At that he became serious to the verge of gloom.

"Come," she said sweetly, slipping her hand through his arm, "I want to tell you how I crossed that wonderful frontier——"

"I told you," he said gravely, "that I love you. Am I not entitled to an answer?"

"Entitled, Kervyn? I don't know to how many things you are *en*-titled. All I know is that you are titled—several times—aren't you?"

He reddened and bit his lip.

"Because," she went on gaily, "you served your time in the Guides. That is a very natural deduction, isn't it?"

He said nothing; he was very seriously upset. His stern mouth and darkened face betrayed it. And deep in Karen's heart the little imps of laughter danced to its mischievous beating.

After they had walked through the forest for a while in silence, she halted and withdrew her arm.

"You know," she said, "we are not nearly well enough acquainted for you to be moody and unamiable."

"I did not mean to be either," he said. "What is it that has come between us, Karen?"

"Why, nothing I hope," she said fervently.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)

A Little Story of Achievement

By Edith G. Bayne

AUTHOR OF "THE MADNESS OF M'ARA."

What happened when the gad-fly of ambition tortured the soul of Marya

DIVINE discontent being at the bottom of all worth-while enterprises, being in fact the motive power behind ambition, we might have called this little tale any one of a number of names or titles from, "A Cure for Complacency" and "Marya Makes Good" to "A Lesson in Progressiveness"—and you would have fancied you caught the point without further reading and in all probability, would have passed on to something more interesting.

It is easy to title fiction. But this happens to be fact. It is an attempt at a thumb-nail sketch of a wonderful little Ruthenian girl, who didn't wait for "a chance" but went out and set a trap for Opportunity and caught her.

Marya began by being discontented, just as many another girl in her 'teens has been at one time or another, only Marya labored under many disheartening handicaps, such as extreme poverty, ignorance of our language and customs, isolation, and the narrowest of narrow family prejudice. There were two things that stood on the credit-side of her ledger, though—excellent health, and an inflexible determination to measure up to a clearly defined ideal. In Marya's bright lexicon, there didn't seem to be any such phrases as "I can't" or "It's too much trouble" or "What's the use!"

Marya's earliest memories do not extend further back than to a sod shack in Saskatchewan. She doesn't remember the hurried flight from Russia, the long sea voyage in a ship's steerage with her parents and six brothers and sisters, the wearisome journey over flat, ugly prairie to a remote, cup-like valley beyond the File Hills, where the free land awaited them. Her first vivid recollections are of incessant toil, of crop failures that nearly set her father to killing himself, the forced marriage of her oldest sister and the hiding of a young Englishman, a kind of ne'er-do-well, in their root-cellar. It was this young man who taught Marya her first lessons in English. He had "raised a cheque" and the Mounted Police were on his trail for the whole of a winter and spring, but Marya's father, justifiably or otherwise, offered him sanctuary in return for labor and lessons in English and he escaped the penalty of his misdeeds, later dying of consumption, however.

MARYA'S first active rebellion occurred at the age of fourteen, when, in accordance with the Ruthenian custom, her father indicated his intention of marrying her off and invited the prospective groom and his father to ride across the valley on a given Sunday and enter into negotiations. Marya was in the first-flush of rosy youth, a handsome well-formed girl with muscles like a boy and an exhaustless supply of sheer animal strength. She milked ten cows night and morning, worked in the fields with her father and brothers, and also in the house, cooking, churning, washing and spinning. She would make Demetrius Rudka, or any boy, a fine wife! The fact that she and Demetrius had never seen each other mattered nothing. A Ruthenian marriage is like a marriage of royalty, strictly a diplomatic arrangement. Demetrius, though only seventeen himself, was a landed proprietor. He owned thirty head of cattle, a farm and a section of swamp land, later to be drained and sown in grain, and he was thinking of buying a Ford.

"But, I want to be educated," Marya protested.

"Educated!" snorted her parent contemptuously. "What do you want to be educated for? Are you not being married—and to the best catch in the valley? Foolish girl!"

"I want to go to town and work and learn better to speak English. I want to read and write. I don't want to slave for any man. I want to be a Canadian."

"To educate the boys that is all right. But a *girl!* Why your sister Marta was married when she was a year younger than you!"

"Yes, and look at her! Five kids and she goes round all the time half-sick. She's not nineteen and she looks forty. When she wants money or anything, she's got to ask a man. Her man is her boss. I'm not going to be like *that.*"

And the girl had her way in the end. When she struck the city, she must have made something in the nature of a sensation, for there is a record of many a "fresh" young man being slapped suddenly and soundly or of having his ears warmly cuffed at the brown, muscular hands of little Marya. She wasn't in the least forward or flirtatious either. It must have been the splendid, semi-barbaric beauty of her. She arrested the most jaded eye. In a crowd, her face and form stood out like a Marechal Niel rose in a garden of pale phlox. We first saw Marya in a popular down-town lunch-room, where she was engaged in the strenuous occupation of "biscuit-shooting."

"Who in the world is that lovely girl?" was of course the question that rose to the lips, directly.

"Her? Oh, she's a foreigner, I think." came the indifferent reply.

MARYA wound her way among the tables carrying aloft a loaded tray and more than one pair of admiring eyes followed her willowy form. Over a neat black dress, she wore a frilled apronette and her rich bronze hair was topped by a trim cap. She hadn't succumbed to the high-heel craze as yet and so walked with native grace, somewhat like an Assyrian woman carrying a water-jug. As she gathered up some cups and glasses from our table, we learned that she spent four evenings a week at the "Y" learning the three R's, plus some Scripture on the side. She seemed intensely eager to converse, for practice, no doubt. She had "hired out" to about seven or eight "private houses", she said, and so had picked up many of our words and customs and, alas, our slang, too. As she couldn't differentiate between pure English and mere colloquialism, there was sometimes an irresistible drollery to her quaint speeches. For instance:

"Ladies, I tell you it is a pleasure to listen about that God. He treats me white. He is on the square."

Or:

"That fat man over there got very mad yesterday. The boss said he was a big cheese. He said he was always on the horn. What has a cheese to do with a horn?"

One day we missed Marya. She had gone away. When next we found her she was hurrying to a night school. But she stopped and greeted us with her eager smile and informed us that she was working for a "real lady" this time. She had drifted from one thing to another restless dissatisfied, craving something—she didn't know what. But lessons kept her satisfied, and the lady was letting her go twice a week to the night class of a business school.

"Some day I will teach school—teach my people." she confided, shyly. "I want to be a teacher."

Out of a job more than once, Marya had never yet gone to the wall. "Up against it" sometimes, that flawless integrity, that essential sweetness and purity that were the very bone and marrow of her—"foreigner" though she was!— proved her anchor each time. Marya's virtue was founded on the eternal rocks. She had slept in the railroad station once (being for the time penniless) and gone breakfastless and dinnerless rather than return to a cafe, where the proprietor had tried to embrace her. She had worked in a hotel or two, but found the work "too easy."

"I wanted something *hard,*" she told us, "something to make me tired. Those hotel girls think they work hard! If they could come out with me on the farm and see how my little sisters work—how I used to work—they would faint!"

"But it isn't right."

"No."

"And you are never going back to *that.*"

"No."—very decidedly.

"Where will you go when you get your certificate?"

"Back to my own valley. There's a Ruthenian school out there. It is forty miles from the railway and they have trouble getting teachers to stay. I will take it."

"And you won't be afraid?"

She smiled.

"I am not afraid of anything in the world." she said, simply.

The next time we saw Marya she had her certificate. Not only that, but she spoke English with a barely perceptible accent. She had been doing housework for various ladies of the city, in the interval and had evidently profited considerably by the contact with refined minds. Not all however had been exemplary. Marya had been a good deal shocked at the amount of card-playing and smoking in some of the "places."

A YEAR elapsed and then on a June day, when all the prairie was sweet with roses, literally miles upon miles of them blooming along the trails, in the coulees and rioting, in rich masses on the uplands, chance took us to the very school where Marya was inculcating knowledge into the minds of forty of her young compatriots. They were singing as we rode up and the song was "O Canada!"—which is perhaps more hymn than song.

Recess came out while we tethered our horses and Marya came to the door to superintend some game but seeing the visitors changed her mind. It was hard to get her to talk about herself, but we gleaned the following facts: that ambition still burned brightly, that next year if all went well, she would take summer lectures at the University, that already some good had been accomplished in the way of elevating certain standards of living among her people and that only once had she been obliged to use her gun and then the mere pointing of it—it was a little twenty-two calibre, which she used for small game hunting—at her intruder, had been sufficient to show him that she meant business.

"I will get a bulldog, I think, that would have more—what do you call it?—*punch* in a case like that," laughed Marya, as she related the incident.

She lived in a tiny cabin adjoining her school, and the nearest human being was a mile away. It was a scattered colony and the school was the one great cohesive element. Everyone was interested in the school. There was a church of course. From where we stood we could see its bronze minaret shining in the distance beyond the level stretches of springing wheat, glinting in the sunlight like an inverted toy top—a little bit of old Russia set down in Canada. Marya's six best pupils were going to the annual school-fair convention in the fall, a feature of Western life, by the way that deserves a whole article for itself.

"The Ruthenian girls are gradually learning that life holds something more for them than a beast-of-burden existence." Marya said, using just this faultless diction. "Both my sisters are now past sixteen—they were the little ones when I left home—and they do not dream of getting in a panic because they have not selected—or been selected by—husbands. 'Plenty of time, when we are twenty-six,' they say coolly. My father cannot understand it though. He sits and shakes his head. My mother is a woman of thirty-nine only and already she is bent and grey. All her life she has been a beast-of-burden. She married at twelve and has had thirteen children."

WONDERING whence she had developed the vocabulary and the rhetoric as evidenced by the foregoing, we asked Marya what she had been reading.

"I have read all of Thackeray's works and most of Dickens." she said, simply. "I am now studying Stevenson and Poe."

It nearly bowled us over!

"Do you know that you are a very wonderful little girl?" we asked her, then.

She shook her head and in her wistful blue eyes there was ineffable sadness, loneliness beyond the power of words,—and still that unquenchable fire, that divine discontent, which had carried her on and on and up and up, an ignorant immigrant girl, whose only assets had been health and boundless ambition.

Just then a little flaxen-haired girl broke away crying from a noisy group in the playground and ran up to the teacher. After a little whispered admonition to the child, Marya sent her on a hastily-thought-up errand and turned to us again, shaking her head, with a troubled little sigh.

"That's Gertrude Schwartz, our only German pupil." she explained. "She is Gertrude Brown now because the Germans out here as you know have Anglicised their names—at least a good many have. I have daily trouble because of Gertrude.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44B.)

The Voice of the Voiceless

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Poet Laureate of Humanity.

I am the Voice of the voiceless;
Through me, the dumb shall speak;
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear
The cry of the wordless weak.
From street, from cage, and from kennel,
From jungle and stall, the wail
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin
Of the mighty against the frail.

For love is the true religion,
And love is the law sublime;
And all that is wrought where love is not,
Will die at the touch of time.
Oh, shame on the mothers of mortals
Who have not stopped to teach
Of the sorrow that lies in dear dumb eyes,
The sorrow that has no speech.

Oh, never a brute in the forest,
And never a snake in the fen,
Or ravening bird, starvation stirred,
Has hunted his prey like men,
For hunger, and fear, and passion
Alone drive beasts to slay,
But wonderful man, the crown of the Plan,
Tortures, and kills *For Play.*

The same force formed the sparrow
That fashioned Man, the King;
The God of the Whole gave a spark of soul
To each furred and feathered thing.
And I am my brother's keeper,
And I will fight his fight,
And speak the word for beast and bird,
Till the world shall set things right.

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cost but little money, and last a life time. They will save work and promote the health of your family. And you can lay them yourself if you wish. Each strip interlocks with the next one, both on sides and ends. Hammer and saw are the only tools you need. Write for costs and full particulars to-day, and be sure to send the size of the rooms in which you are going to lay "BEAVER BRAND" Floors.



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Ontario Branch: 95 King Street West, Toronto

CLOSING MARCH 31st

The work hitherto performed by Relief Organizations will be undertaken by the Belgian Government after March 31st.

Contributions of money and clothing will be received at 95 King Street West, Toronto, until that date.

Fund for Belgian Orphans of the War

Will, however, remain open, but contributions for this Fund must be sent to N. Goor, Consul-General for Belgium, Ottawa, Ontario.

Monsieur E. Pollet, Consul-General for Belgium, London, England, makes the following appeal:

"The LIBERATION OF BELGIUM does not solve the problem of the future of the war orphans.

"Some idea can now be formed of the number for whom we shall have to provide. It can be stated that the orphans whose parents were deported and who died in Germany number more than those whose fathers have fallen on the battlefield."

MRS. ARTHUR PEPLER, Chairman.

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Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

9. Special Committees may be appointed at the discretion of the Board of Directors.

10. Parliamentary authority. (See Bourinot's "Rules of Order.")

11. That a Committee be appointed to secure Articles of Incorporation, etc.

12. Financing of the Federation. Left with the Board of Directors.

13. Order of business. Left with the Board of Directors.

Members of Committee: Geo. A. Putnam, Anita E. Hill, Abbie De Lury, Mary McIsaac, Jennie M. Watt, Adeline Blackwood-Wileman, Hazel McCain.

The officers elected are as follows:

President—Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Edmonton, Alta.

First Vice-President—Mrs. William Todd, Orillia.

Second Vice-President—To be named by the Cercles de Fermieres of Quebec.

The directors representing the organization in the different provinces are as follows:

Alberta—Miss I. Noble.

British Columbia—Mrs. Blackwood-Wileman, Duncan, B.C.

Manitoba—Mrs. W. H. Dayton and Mrs. Watt.

Ontario—Mrs. Wm. Todd and Mrs. James Patterson.

Saskatchewan—Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Bracass.

Quebec—Miss S. J. Armstrong and one from the Cercles de Fermières to be named.

New Brunswick—Miss Eliza Campbell and Mrs. J. W. Lawlor.

These persons are to be approved by their representative provincial organizations, or persons named in their stead, and one additional member is to be named by Alberta and one by British Columbia.

It is fully expected that the Women's Institutes of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, which were not represented at the Federation meeting, will name representatives on the Board of Directors and join the Federation.

The Superintendents of Institutes for the various provinces are ex-officio members of the Board of Directors without a vote. These are as follows:

Alberta—Miss Mary McIsaac, Edmonton, Alta.

British Columbia—To be appointed.

Manitoba—Miss H. J. Macdougall, Winnipeg, Man.

New Brunswick—Miss Hazel McCain, Fredericton, N.B.

Quebec—Miss A. L. Hill, Macdonald College, Quebec.

Saskatchewan—Miss A. De Lury, Saskatoon, Sask.

Ontario—Mr. Geo. A. Putnam, Parliament Bldgs., Toronto.

Standing Committees were appointed as follows:

Immigration—Convenor, a representative of the Manitoba Household Economics' Societies, and to be approved by the Executive legislation.

Legislation—Convenor, Mrs. Ralph Smith, British Columbia.

Public Health and Child Welfare—Convenor, Dr. Margaret Patterson, 97 Walmer road, Toronto.

Publicity—Convenor, Mrs. Nellie McClung, Edmonton, Alta.

Education and Better Schools—Convenor, Mr. George A. Putnam, Toronto.

Household Science—Convenor, Miss A. L. Hill, Macdonald College, Quebec.

The first National Convention will be held in Toronto in the fall of 1919, when the convenors of the various committees will present reports and representatives will be in attendance from all sections of the Dominion.

Fuller announcement as to plans for the National Convention will be made later.

The representatives of the Institutes and similar organizations throughout the Dominion who have been attracted to the Institutes because of the opportunity it affords to render service of a community and national character, can be depended upon to direct the interests of the rural women along lines which will mean much to the future of the Dominion, especially in so far as the health and education of the rising generation are concerned. The fact that the organization is to be strictly non-partisan, non-sectarian, and will avoid the discussion of those issues which are likely to divide the interests of the members, speaks much for their influence in securing for the women and children of the Dominion legislation and service which will be in the best interests of the whole people.

It will be noted that the Federation is entirely under the control of representatives appointed by the various provincial organizations. Superintendents of provincial organizations and convenors of standing committees will act in an advisory capacity, but the final decision of all questions will be left to the representatives of the people.

Details as to policy and plans of the Federation are being worked out by the Executive, and reports of their activities will appear in this journal from time to time.

Preparation for Summer Series of Meetings.

The members of the Provincial Board of Directors and the lecturers engaged to attend the summer series of Institute meetings will hold a conference in early April and decide upon a programme for the series of meetings.

The Provincial Board of Directors will complete plans for provincial organization and formulate plans whereby they can co-operate most effectively with the various departments of the Government in carrying out the programme which will be decided upon. There will, no doubt, be features of work to be considered quite apart from those features in which the department is directly interested.

The Annual Report of the Superintendent of Institutes.

Since we wish to publish somewhat in full the address of Mr. Putnam, the Superintendent, as delivered at the Convention in February, it will be necessary to carry it over until next month's issue.

Report of Seymour West Women's Institute.

It affords us much pleasure to report our Institute work, if by so doing we may be of any service to our noble organization. Our work has been of a twofold nature, educational and patriotic.

Our patriotic work has been confined to home work, leaving our regular meeting days for regular Institute work.

We made comforts for soldiers and hospitals.

One particular feature of our work was regular packing of individual boxes for boys overseas. These boxes contained socks, eatables, soap, smokes, stationery, in fact, everything a boy could wish to have. These articles were donated and collected monthly, and there was always an abundance of goodies.

The success of our work depends on our good organization for work. We have, besides our regular officers, an additional director on each 'phone line. The duty of this director is to call all members on her line and give any message the president or secretary may wish passed on. She also distributes yarn, Red Cross supplies, and collects from members for our boxes and Red Cross work. We have never neglected our regular Institute work, which has been carried on by our young girls, through our yearly programmes. The young girls have charge of each meeting, and have the privilege of asking one of the older members to assist at each meeting.

Our programme is divided into three parts: (1) A paper on a subject selected at the beginning of the year. (2) A paper on one of the standard authors whose work we were intended to follow as an educational advantage. The younger members are much interested, and the educational benefits are very marked. Their papers would compare favorably with any we may read, and are improving year by year.

(3) Social. The social or musical programme is the best we can provide and if possible must bear in some way on subject for the month. By following our programme, our regular work has not been interrupted so much by our patriotic work of which as a rural Institute we have done no mean share by knitting one thousand pairs of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36C.)

Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36B.)

socks and making supplies, besides sending hundreds of boxes overseas. We try to raise the standard of members by thoughtful papers and regular study. No members wish to miss the meeting because of the benefits derived therefrom.

We are offering prizes to the schools in our district at rural fairs. We hope to encourage the boys and girls to greater production. The prizes are: (1) a large flag. (2) and (3) pictures having some bearing on incidents in our Canadian history.

We have also purchased one hundred buttons to present to boys and girls who have assisted in the "Greater Production Campaign." These are to be presented at Public meetings presided over by the Institute, these meetings addressed by prominent speakers, the subject to be of interest to the rural community of which we are proud to form no mean part.

Let us then be up and doing.
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing.
Learn to labor and to wait.

M. MACOUN,
President, Seymour West Women's Institute, Campbellford.

THE FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF ONTARIO.

At a meeting of the Provincial Women's Institutes' Directors appointed at the recent Convention, the following officers were appointed:

Honorary President, Mr. G. A. Putnam, Supt.; President, Mrs. Wm. Todd, Orillia; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Jas. Patterson, Gadshill, Mrs. Jas. Reid, Renfrew; Secretary, Mrs. B. O. Allen, Port Arthur.

These, with the following, constitute the executive. Miss M. E. Pearson, of Merrickville, Miss Helen L. Beardmore of Port Credit, Miss Kate McKay, of Brechin, Mrs. John Clark of Englehart, Ont.

A meeting of this executive was held on the afternoon of February 7th for the drafting of the Constitution and By-laws for the Provincial Organization. A complete plan will be submitted to the Institutes of the Province at an early date, and in plenty of time to enable them to take action regarding the same, first, at the Branch Annual Meetings and, later at the District Annual Meetings.

The objects of the Provincial Organization will be as indicated below:

"The Federation of the Ontario Women's Institutes shall have for its objects, co-operation with the Department of Agriculture and other Branches of the Government in making their work with the Women's Institutes more effective, and the carrying on of any line of work which has for its object the uplifting of the home or the betterment of conditions surrounding Community life. The motto shall be "For Home and Country."

It was also decided that all Institutes belonging to the Federation shall be strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian in every phase of their work, and no Institute should be operated in the interests of any party, sect or society, but for the equal good of all citizens. Those Institutes which introduce sectarian, political, or partisan questions in their meetings will forfeit their right to belong to the Federation.

While the Federation has decided that those Institutes which deal with partisan and sectarian questions will not be entitled to join the Federation, the Department of Agriculture wishes it clearly understood that it does not assume in any way to dominate and control the individual organization, except when paid workers of the Government are in attendance at meetings. On such occasions, the time of the lecturer must be devoted to instruction and the discussion of ways and means whereby the Institutes can be of greatest service to the people. All are agreed that no Government can afford to pay speakers to attend meetings when even a part of the time is to be taken up in the discussion of partisan or sectarian questions. If the individual organization thinks it well to discuss such matters at some of its regular meetings, it will not be debarred from securing lecturers and instructors through the Institutes Branch, but will forfeit its right to join the Federation, which is an organization of and for the people and not dominated in any way by the Department of Agriculture.

While the Department is prepared to co-operate upon the above lines, it wishes to express the view that the best interests of any organization intended for the whole people, such as the Women's Institute is, can be permanently successful only when it debars partisan and non-sectarian questions from its deliberations.

A resolution was passed asking that provision be made whereby the individual Institutes and district organizations of the Federated Women's Institutes of Ontario will be made bodies corporate, so that they will be able to hold property.

Conventions shall be held at such time, and places as the Federation may determine, and the Federation shall determine as to the number of Representatives to be appointed at each Convention, such representatives to meet District Representatives appointed at the Central Convention, and proceed immediately after the Central Convention to complete organization for the year.

Girls' Work.

An address by Miss K. F. McIntosh, Brampton, at the recent Ontario Institute Convention.

Girlhood is the state of budding womanhood—"Standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." We are beginning to realize these days the importance of woman's work; she has come more prominently to the front, during the war, than ever before. That high sense of honor which has existed among good men, is being introduced to a greater extent among women. We must eliminate the little, mean, petty things that have sometimes characterized women, especially in work among girls must this be so. Set such high ideals before them that they will be big enough to overlook such things

This is a day of organization. We should get the girls interested in organizations, that count, teaching them that the highest thing in the world is Love and Service. We have realized that more than ever before during the last four years. Having the girls realize that, they learn that the highest service they can render is for Home and Country.

Young womanhood has the joy of youth and we need to incorporate this in our older organizations. Let the older women catch the joy of living and the beauty of life girls can bring to the Institute by the influence of contact; we are part of all we've met and known. The call of normal womanhood is for home and motherhood. For so many of us now that can never be; our dreams are different now. It is not just from the fact that our men have been taken away—our dreams have gone with them. We must counteract that by helping the girls to work for others, to realize that only in service is the balm that can heal. Service is simply love in action. To give ourselves to Universal Motherhood is after all only the giving of ourselves to others in numbers, where we would under other conditions have given ourselves to the few in a home life.

Perhaps you would allow me to speak of some work we have been doing in Peel County. Through the efforts of the late Mr. J. W. Stark of Brampton, Home Demonstration work was begun last April. Although some 1,550 Demonstrators are working in the States, this is the first time it was ever tried out in Canada. The idea standing back of it was to have a Woman Representative who would render to women, girls and children the same service to be rendered by the Agricultural Representative to men and boys. Previously, Demonstration Short Courses had been held throughout the county, and during each a Junior Women's Institute was organized. A great deal of our effort was directed to the girls. We have now five Junior Women's Institutes and a Girls' Club, one just recently organized. Last summer we organized a Canning Team in each Junior organization. Four girls in each team were trained in different methods of canning, and at the County Fair a Canning Competition was held in the Department of Agriculture tent, the five teams competing closely. A practice had been held

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36D.)



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The Penny that Makes the Cake Right

SUPPOSE that for one cent you could absolutely insure the quality of your cake, wouldn't that be real economy?

One cent is about the difference in the cost of a whole cake or a pan of biscuits made with Royal Baking Powder as compared with cheaper baking powders made from alum or phosphate—a trifle, indeed, to insure the quality and wholesomeness of your baking with

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Better Memory	Power of Concentration
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The Pelman Mind and Memory Training Course is being followed in Canada by persons of all ages and occupations. Thousands of men and women, housekeepers, farmers, ranchers, returned soldiers, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, teachers, laborers, housemaids—are building up strong personalities by its aid. Here are some of the things that Pelman students are saying about the course:

From a Housekeeper in Saskatchewan: "Since taking up Pelmanism I have found housekeeping more interesting, less worrying, get better results and more leisure time, working more by method than formerly and observing."

From a Workman in Ontario: "I am sorry I didn't obtain the course years ago for, although I have invested in many ways, this has proved the one real investment in my life, and I feel that the money spent is as nothing in comparison to the value obtained."

From an Editor in Quebec: "I see a substantial improvement in my memory, and every day I appreciate the development of the power of concentration which I attribute solely to the Pelman Instruction. I have found the course intensely interesting and my only regret is that volume twelve is the last."

From a Rancher in British Columbia: "The course has undoubtedly 'pulled me together' mentally. I have more control over my mental processes. I am more definite as to alms I have in view and methods I must employ to achieve them. My outlook on life is more hopeful."

From a Returned Soldier: "Your system, although I have practised it but for a short time, is without a doubt restoring my self-confidence and helping me to get hold of myself," writes a Lieutenant returned from overseas service.

From a Music Teacher in New Brunswick: "I can never be too thankful that I had the privilege of taking the course."

From a Student at a Girls' College: "I enjoy this course more every day and find it helping me some way in almost all I do."

It will take no time from your regular daily work; it will give you a better memory, concentration, self-confidence and all-round mental efficiency.

CLIP THIS COUPON.

and send it with your name and address for a copy of the "Pelman Messenger" and special offer whereby you may enroll at a reduced rate. Address

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Mothers! Carhartt's all-wers save clothes and stockings. Made of strong galatea, double stitched, pearl buttons, smart, swagger cut. Sold by dry goods stores and haberdashers.

Hamilton Carhartt Cotton Mills Limited
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Carhartt's for Kiddies

Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36C.)

with the Instructor each one of the seven weeks preceding, some of the teams meeting oftener. We can safely say thousands of people visited the tent that day at Brampton. The idea standing back of it was education and conservation.

One would be surprised to find out how few women do canning. Preserving is an ancient art but canning, especially of vegetables, had scarcely entered the minds of a great number. By getting the girls enthusiastic over it, the women became enthusiastic. At the competition many questions were asked, the influence spreading to each one with whom the girls came in contact. Short Courses have been carried on most successfully under the auspices of either Women's or Junior Institutes.

Mr. Putnam and Miss Sutherland have been exceedingly good to us in the matter of giving instructors and we wish to thank them for it. Already this year we have completed one in Home Nursing and First Aid, one in Food Values and Cooking. Two others in Home Nursing and First Aid are arranged for to begin shortly. Full preparations were made for a Physical Culture Course, but it was postponed indefinitely on account of the influenza epidemic. Just here I should like to urge all to take advantage of Short Courses offered by the Department.

One other effective means of reaching the girl is through Mothers' classes. Patterns for the making of infants' layette were loaned by the Provincial Board of Health. A common laundry basket was prepared to serve as the only cradle a baby needs. Garments were all simple and could be made by any mother. The child is our greatest asset. By interesting the girl in the child—she is interested—by teaching her the proper care of the child in every detail, the value of this work goes ringing down the ages, one generation passing it on to the next. That our classes were interested was plainly evident, when every few days we were asked for patterns.

There are so many things we might tell, but we will first give you one little message from our Short Course at Palgrave. We ran Agricultural and Home Economics classes concurrently for one month. Our work with the girls was most interesting, a most kindly spirit existing among the members. We decided to choose a class motto; several were suggested for discussion, but the one finally decided on was "Carry on." (Applause.)

Perhaps you will allow me to close with the little quotation we gave the Palgrave class as a closing message.

"THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN,"
FROM THE SANSKRIT:

For yesterday is but a dream,
And to-morrow is only a vision.
To-day, alone, is ours;
But each to-day well lived,
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And each to-morrow a vision of hope,
Live well this day,
Such is the salutation of the Dawn.

SENTENCE REPORTS FROM THE INSTITUTES.

Ontario.

The report from the PAISLEY BLOCK INSTITUTE is as follows: Since the war has ended we are taking up Home and School improvements, helping Children's Shelter and Crippled Children's Hospital. Each monthly meeting is made so interesting that no member wishes to stay away. Miss A. Barber is the President.

Mrs. Will Elliott, President of the CENTRAL DUMFRIES INSTITUTE, reports that this Institute is doing Community work and gradually getting back to regular programme. On March the 4th this society entertained the Farmers' Club. An address was given by Hon. W. C. Sutherland on "Rules and Form of Parliamentary Procedure at meetings," and the speaker presented the Institute with books on this subject.

A Belgian child is supported by the members of the GRAND VALLEY INSTITUTE, in addition to their work in helping disabled soldiers and knitting for the sailors. Mrs. W. L. Craig is President.

The SHENSTON INSTITUTE, with Mrs. M. A. Dolph, President, is planning to have a Social event for Easter Monday, and is giving Easter greetings to the school children. This Institute is collecting money for a church shed,—$76.00 and some material having already been secured.

The March meeting of the SANDFORD INSTITUTE was made interesting and helpful by an address on "The Care of Poultry." The President is Mrs. R. Week; Mrs. M. Best, Secretary.

Mrs. W. H. Johnston, President of the MANVERS INSTITUTE, reports that this society is interested in the young girls of the community, and is striving to have them become interested in the work of the Institute. The purchasing of a knitting machine is being considered, and the organizing of a music class.

The BANCROFT INSTITUTE has decided to beautify the school grounds and plant maple trees in memory of the boys who served their King and Country from that community. The President is Mrs. G. L. Jarman.

"The largest attendances at meetings for a long time past," is the encouraging report which comes from the President of the ACTON INSTITUTE, Mrs. George Havill.

Miss Florence Webb, President of the NARVA INSTITUTE, reports that this Institute is very interested in Belgian Relief work.

"The February meeting was specially for the men," reports the President of the LEICESTER INSTITUTE, Mrs. Fred Trerice. Improved conditions of the school is the objective.

The CONMEE INSTITUTE, in addition to work for the Belgian refugees, and preparations for the establishing of a memorial to the soldiers from Conmee killed in the war, is interested in having a woman trustee on the School Board. Mrs. J. Arnold is the president.

The improvement of home conditions is the objective of the members of the ATTERCLIFFE STATION INSTITUTE, but at the same time they are making quilts and comforts for Belgian sufferers. Mrs. W. Troughton is president.

The February meeting of Varency Institute was held at the home of Mrs. S. F. Saunders, when it was decided to continue the Relief work. Mrs. R. Parkinson is the President.

"The Sebringville Institute is engaged in French Relief work," reports the President, Mrs. P. L. Kastner. "The street lights installed in the town are proving a decided success—the Institute has pledged itself to keep one light burning, which is twelve dollars a year."

Mrs. C. R. Tobey, President of the Tara Women's Institute, reports: "For the past two years we have taken a Y.M.C.A. offering at our regular meetings and have been able to send $5.80 every three months. We also take a cent collection, which we devote to flowers for our sick and shut-in folk."

Improvement of rural schools and medical school inspection is the splendid aim of the Milverton Institute, with Mrs. R. J. Tanner as President.

The Wabash Institute, with Mrs. Fred Kelley as President, is giving a reception for the returned soldiers and presenting them with a purse of money.

Mrs. J. S. Porter, President of the Stayner Institute, reports that this society is still doing Red Cross work; 1,020 pounds of apples and vegetables were sent to the Barrie Canning centre last year, and $48.85 donated to Sailors' Fund. Bales of clothing were also sent to Serbia, and to the soldiers overseas.

Mt. Brydges Institute is interested in the building up of their library, and the members of this Branch are also thinking of devoting their time to providing the much needed amusement for the young people of their community.

Medical Inspection of Schools is engaging the attention of the members of the Clachan and West Elgin Institute, and their President, Mrs. John L. Wright, would like to have information on this subject.

The Northumberland Institute, with Miss Mabel Rogers, President, is still doing Red Cross work, and $75.00 was sent to the Belgian Relief Fund.

An "At Home" was held on February 12th by the Norwich Institute, and an enjoyable time resulted. Relief work and the knitting of amputation socks for soldiers in Whitby Hospital is being undertaken by this Society, with Mrs. J. P. Stephens as President.

Kelvin Institute raises money for Belgian Relief work by holding Ten Cent teas. Village improvement and community work are also engaging the attention of this Society, with Miss L. Chamberlain as President.

Mrs. W. G. Hill, President of the Queensville Institute, reports that this Society is interested in Belgian Relief work, a large box of clothing having already been sent.

The Hampton Institute is still doing Red Cross work. An announcement was made from the pulpits of their churches asking for donations for Serbian relief. Clothing and bedding to the amount of two hundred dollars was collected as a result. Mrs. L. Niddery is President.

Mrs. A. S. Backus, President of the Wallacetown Institute, reports: "We are helping to erect a memorial to our local boys who fell in battle. The boys coming home are given a welcome in the form of a social evening."

The President of the Glen Oak Institute, Mrs. Samuel Paisley, asks the question, "What can the Institute do toward reconstruction?"

A successful "Pancake Social" was held by the Wingham Institute, led by the President, Miss Priscilla Powell A box of clothing is ready to be sent to Serbia.

Newmarket Institute greatly appreciates the value of the First Aid Course, and is much interested in getting a Y.M.C.A. with a Y.W.C.A. in the town. An "At Home" is being held to raise funds for the upkeep of the North York Cot in Queen Mary Hospital at Weston. Mrs. R. A. Starr is the President of this Institute.

Granton Institute is buying a piano for use of Granton Girls' Club. Mrs. A. Westman is President of the Institute.

A large box containing clothing and soap was packed for Serbian sufferers by the Silver Water Institute. Mrs. O. M. Thomson, President.

Fifty dollars in cash and several bales of clothing have been forwarded to headquarters for Serbian relief by the Kirkwall and Valens Institute, with Miss Jean McKnight, President.

Nine hundred dollars has been sent to the various Patriotic Funds by the members of the Richards' Landing Institute, in addition to assistance and clothing given to the Children's Shelter, Sault Ste. Marie, and the Royal Victoria Hospital.

With thirty-six members the Windham Centre Institute was able to give much assistance to the poor of that community. The Secretary, Mrs. MacVicar, reports that they are doing Patriotic work.

Orrville had the honor of being the first Institute to contribute funds to the Children's Aid Society at Parry Sound. A donation of twenty dollars was their contribution.

To provide a treat for the community—is the object of the Glen Morris Institute, with Miss Mary Turnbull as President, when the members arrange for an excellent concert each year. One year Jessie Alexander was present to entertain, and this year the Maple Leaf Quartette of Galt will assist.

Victoria Harbor Institute succeeded in having Medical School inspection recently. This Society is also knitting socks for Serbians, and they have raised $25.00 toward School Fair Fund. Mrs. Thomas Lumsden is President.

Mrs. F. E. Pond, President of the Sandusk Institute, reports that this Society is at present interested in Belgian relief work, and preparing purses for the returning soldiers.

Special speakers on live topics at their meetings are proving very satisfactory to the members of the Delhi Institute, with Miss Minnie Kent, President.

Gouiais Bay Institute, with Mrs. Maicous McLean as President, is planning to hold a box social on St. Patrick's Day, when home-made articles will be sold.

The Fingal Institute's aim is to promote social life in the community, to help the returning soldiers, to give assistance to the different Children's Shelters, sew for Belgian relief and help the Salvation Army. Mrs. M. Anderson is the President.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74.)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the March number it was stated that the amount of cash and goods donated by the Ontario Institutes in 1917-18 was $85,000. This should have been $855,000.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
NEW PHOTOGRAVURE SECTION



Masterpieces of Canadian Art

AFTER THE BATH *Painted by Paul Peel*

Paul Peel, a member of the Ontario Society of Artists and the Royal Canadian Academy, was born in London, Ontario, in 1860. He studied at the Pennsylvanian Academy, Philadelphia, and later at the Royal Academy Schools, London, England, and the Beaux Arts and Julian Academies, Paris, France. ¶ In 1889 he exhibited a picture entitled "Life Is Bitter" at the Paris Salon, and received an honorable mention. ¶ The following year he was awarded a third class medal for his picture "After the Bath," which is reproduced on this page. This picture, after changing owners several times, has, through the advice of the Advisory Arts Committee of the Canadian Government, found a place in the Natural Gallery, Ottawa. ¶ This most promising young Canadian painter died in Paris, France, in 1890, at the early age of thirty, and in his death Canadian art suffered a very serious loss.



If you wish a house that is distinctive, plan something like this



Carefully preserve the trees, if you are so fortunate as to possess them

The HOUSE AND ITS ARRANGEMENT



A hall treatment, plain but not severe, and charming when kept in warm deep coloring





The careful use of light toned chintz makes this bedroom a delight. The outside world could never intrude upon the quiet restful atmosphere of such a room



A living-room expressing both comfort and good taste, without a cumbersome amount of ornament or bric brack, yet homelike and pleasing



SIR WILFRED LAURIER

From a painting by John Russell

Copyrighted 1919

Turn to page 71

Like them! O! don't we thogh



Bryant Washburn with his family. "The Poor Boob" is this star's newest picture



Elsie Ferguson, one of the most beautiful of our screen favorites
Copyrighted by Victor Georg



Billie Burke



Scene fro... Girl who ...



Charles Ray and Enid ... friends—to...



Now we find the famous singer Caruso in pictures. Here he appears in "My Cousin"



In her latest picture, "The Two Brides," Lina Cavalieri, the opera singer, poses for a statue



Mr. and ... ing on a sce... "Harol...

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ctre "The
e Home"



—stick of candy between
ir of the dog



ey drew work-
rtest comedy,
th Saxons"



With her husband, Lieutenant Williams



Marguerite Clark, not as the adorable small person this time, but as Mrs. H. Palmerston Williams



Theda Bara and John the Baptist in the new picture "Salome," Theda Bara taking the part of Salome



William S. Hart, the famous portrayer of hold-ups, in "The Money Corral"



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A natural question if you have never used Wilsnaps before!

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Prize Contest

Can You Tell These Stars by Their Eyes?

Above you see the photographs of the eyes of six of the many famous motion picture beauties who endorse and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream and whose names are listed below in the coupon. These pictures were taken from portraits used in our advertising during the past year. Your problem is to identify the actress by her eyes. First, note the number opposite each photograph. Then, when you have decided upon your guess as to the actress, write the number opposite the proper name in the coupon and forward the coupon to us. If you guess correctly the names of three of the six actresses we will forward to you, without charge, a souvenir set of four Autograph Carbon Portraits of these stars, also, trial sizes of four of our Preparations.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

and Other Ingram Toilet Requisites



The Souvenir

Consists of four Autograph Carbon Portraits, 5½ x 9½ inches, without any advertising, and suitable for framing; also trial sizes of Ingram's Face Powder, Rouge, Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder and Ingram's Perfume. Enough to introduce you properly to Ingram Quality. Mail coupon to

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Fill Out and Mail This Coupon

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
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I have marked my guesses by number in this list of Ingram stars of 1918. If I am correct in three of the six guesses please send me the Guest Room Package FREE.

_____ **May Allison**
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_____ **Marguerite Clayton**
_____ **Alice Brady**
_____ **Olive Thomas**
_____ **Hazel Daly**
_____ **Constance Talmadge**
_____ **Corinne Griffith**
_____ **Louise Lovely**
_____ **Doris Kenyon**
_____ **Juanita Hansen**
_____ **Mabel Normand**
_____ **Norma Talmadge**
_____ **Ruth Roland**
_____ **Nance O'Neil**
_____ **Virginia Valli**
_____ **Mollie King**
_____ **Shirley Mason**
_____ **Louise Huff**

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Summons of Spring



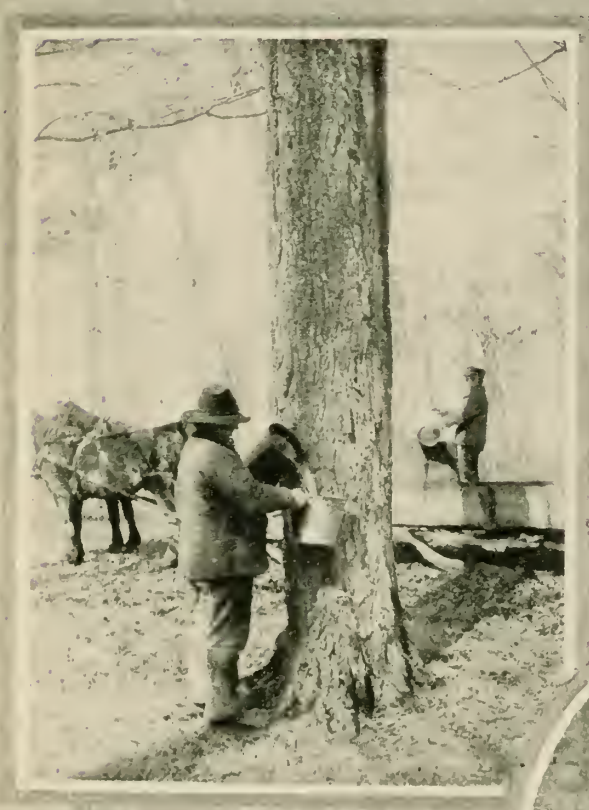
"Boiling Down" in the sugar making process

Preparedness





Those soft warm Spring days when every wood voice calls you forth



When the sap runs merrily



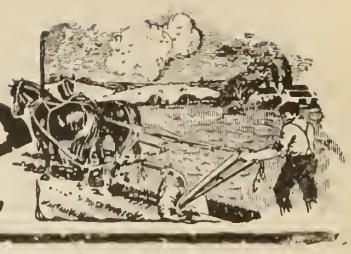
Grandfather sniffs the breeze and sets about tapping the first tree



Then come potato planting days



War to Peace



Give Welcome to Our Soldiers' Dependents

THE fighting is over. But the splendid war-work performed by Canada's women must still be carried on.

Twenty-two thousand women and children have to come to Canada from overseas — dependents of our soldiers. There still remain to be brought to Canada about 50,000. Some of these went to England in the early days of the war. But most of them will be strangers to this country — new-comers in our midst.

They are coming at the rate of 5,000 to 6,000 each month. Preparations have been made to bring our women and children home with all the comfort consistent with transportation facilities.

The soldier is more interested in his dependents than he is in himself. It now remains for the women of Canada to do individually what the Government itself cannot do—to provide a fitting welcome and to help them in the work of home-building.

Some of these women and children will be settling in your town. You can display towards them a spirit of neighborliness—the type of friendly interest that Canadian women have always shown.

Women's organizations should make every endeavour to have our new Canadian citizens become members of their organizations, thus getting them into closer touch with the life and interests of the community.

In each district receptions and social gatherings should be held from time to time so that these wives of Canadian soldiers will feel the warmth of Canada's welcome.

To Canada's women, in this work as in war-work, comes the call for service and understanding—it is a further piece of continued war-effort.



THE REPATRIATION COMMITTEE

OTTAWA

Kathleen Howard, One in a Million

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

when a girl will not have to go through all I went through in order to develop her talent, but do it in her own country. But the wonderfulness of Europe for those whose eyes are open cannot yet be replaced by America, and a real artist will surely flower more perfectly on that side of the water."

FASCINATING indeed is the description of life as Kathleen Howard found it in both France and Germany. After studying in New York and realizing that she could never go back to her home town, marry the man to whom she had become engaged, and give up her career, she sought to find an opening in New York, but on every hand she was met with the one question "Have you had experience," to which she was forced to reply "No." Facing conditions as they existed the young singer knew that she must now go abroad to gain that much desired experience and development, but here lack of finances blocked her way. Undaunted, however, she started to study French, and to her great surprise and joy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith Jones, friends whom she had made in the New York church in which she had sung, came to her aid and sent her to Europe in company with her sister.

Work then began in earnest for this ambitious girl. Languages were mastered, and all manner of studies undertaken. Let anyone who imagines stage work is all roses read Kathleen Howard's description of the artists with whom she associated in her operatic work in Metz. "The men principals have their historical costumes, with the exception of wigs, tights, and shoes, supplied to them but the women must provide their own. The collection of men's clothes in an old theatre is sometimes quite remarkable, some of the suits of a hundred years ago being actually of the period.

"THEY retain the smells of the period also, many of them; for in a theatre like that of Metz I don't believe the men's clothes were ever cleaned. Things which have been worn several times a week for seven months a year during the past hundred years, accumulate a richness and variety of odours which must be sniffed to be appreciated—a very ancient and fish-like smell indeed. As Amneris, to force your way for the entrance in the triumph scene, through an Egyptian populace composed of German infantrymen, is a squeamish business at best; but when they are attired in clothes that haven't been washed for years, it is a feat before which any one may quail.

"Washing was not any too popular in Metz even among the principals. I have dressed with leading women whose arms showed streaks of white where the water had run down as they washed their hands, stopping conselentiously at the wrists. Their make-up would be removed night after night with the same rag during the whole season. Our operetta tenor played the whole season in the same shirt, powdering the bosom freshly each evening with a yellowish powder which he used for his face."

From Germany Kathleen Howard went to Holland, Norway and at length to London, where Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and her daughter Princess Victoria consented to be patronesses at her concert. Success followed success, and two years ago Kathleen Howard returned to America where she has since met and married Edward Kellogg Baird.

Just what it must feel like to be the husband of a Metropolitan Opera Star I cannot imagine, but Madame Howard assured me that she had married the most lovable man in the world, and as each considers the demands made upon the time of the other, there is no misunderstanding whatever.

Kathleen Howard voices Schumann-Heink's advice to girls who are beginning an operatic career—"Sing everything, no matter what they ask you to do."

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A Little Story of Achievement

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36A.)

The others call her a Hun and as you can see she's rather a nice little thing and sensitive. Just now they wanted to play bombing a town and they wanted Gertrude to submit to being crucified on the pump over there— all in pretence of course. They said they'd give her a taste of Kultur and the poor child is nearly terrified out of her wits. They have drawn serpents in her geography and her grammar and written 'Kultur' underneath and already I've punished two of the boys for yelling 'Kamerad!" at her in school time."

"So you have to be a diplomat as well as pedagogue!"

"I have to be all things to all people," said Marya, smilingly. "One has to in a remote settlement such as this."

"It must seem a very long time since the old biscuit-shooting days?"

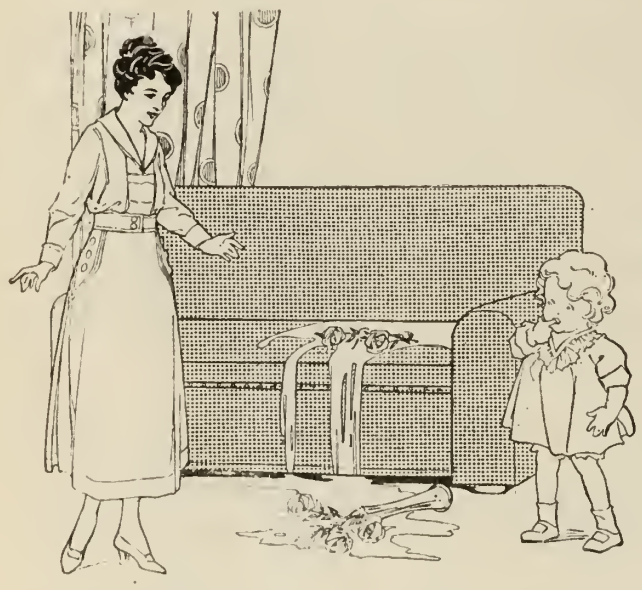
"What is it that someone has said about not scorning the stepping-stones by which we arrived? Not that I consider I've arrived, by any means," said Marya. "There's a long trail yet to travel."

BUT Marya will travel it. She will reach the utmost goal, because there is that in her which will continue to spur her on. She is one of those who are marked for a high place and some day she will reach it and find her life work and her happiness either as supreme head of some institution such as a Ruthenian Girl's College or as the wife of some young Ruthenian professor, who is likewise giving his life to the betterment of his own people here in our midst.

Marya is not an idealized symbol. She is a flesh-and-blood girl. Are there many native-born Canadians of twenty-one who can measure up to her? Are there many native-born girls of that age who have read all of Thackeray's works to the neglect of "throbby" fiction imported from New York? Above all, where could one find another girl with the radiant beauty of Marya who has so consistently avoided at least the minor temptations of flaunting herself and attracting attention? For Marya to-day in the high tide of her physical charm is as sweetly unconscious of it, is as simple and as sincere and as straightforward and unpresuming as the day she slapped Demetrius for daring to kiss her and turned her back on the old narrow life to enter upon the new.

THE END.

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in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL For May

DO NOT MISS THIS

The Secret of Social Charm

How the Most Delightful Woman I Know Makes and Holds Her Men and Women Friends --- An Art Acquired Through One Evening's Reading

—By Laura Kent Mason—

"I'M just asking a few friends in to meet my cousin, Dorothy Vick," Frances had said over the telephone that morning. "Bring your knitting."

With the privilege of an old friend (I had been maid of honor at Frances' wedding four months before), I came a little early. Though the invitation had been casual enough, I knew that this informal afternoon gathering was more important than it seemed. Dorothy Vick was the first house-guest entertained in the new home, and Frances was anxious to present her in quite proper form to our group of friends.

In the few minutes before the others came, while the three of us gave final attention to the small items of preparation, Dorothy Vick impressed me with her thoughtfulness in helping attend to the details that crowd upon a young hostess at the last minute. She seemed to think of everything, to remember like a flash every little thing that ought to be done.

Miss Vick was really a very handsome girl of just about Frances' age, with an ease of manner and a graciousness that, to me, made her a person very much worth while knowing. But I was hardly prepared for the way she captivated the other guests during the next hour or two.

The gathering was in her honor, of course, but that didn't begin to account for the quick sympathy and friendship that seemed to spring up between Dorothy Vick and all the women she was meeting for the first time.

I noticed particularly that as she acknowledged her introduction to each guest she repeated the name clearly and pleasantly, and during the afternoon she remembered and used the name of each one as she spoke to her. There were not more than twenty women present, but if you have ever met so many strangers at one time, you know how almost impossible it is to keep their names straight and to identify each face with its right name afterward. But Dorothy Vick did it that day, and it gave each of us a feeling of importance that made us her friends at once. At the time I couldn't account for it, for I knew we all hadn't made such a strong impression on her.

The affair went off delightfully. Dorothy Vick was easily the most admired person there. She told entertainingly about some of the recent interesting things she had read. She recounted several experiences she had had, and when the time came for the guests to separate, each one of us, I think, was a bit envious, although thoroughly admiring, of Miss Vick's charm and attractiveness. I made up my mind to find out, if possible, just what it was in her that made her company so pleasant.

A few mornings later Frances and Dorothy Vick, in Frances' little runabout—a wedding gift from her father—called for me to go shopping. We spent an hour or two in the stores and then drove out along some of the nicer residence streets, to give Dorothy a glimpse of the town, pointing out to her the homes of some of the women we had met that first afternoon. Several times during our shopping and marketing, Dorothy reminded Frances of things she had said she needed, and saved us a return trip. Dorothy seemed to have everything clear in her mind, and it helped us tremendously in getting our business calls made. Her conversation was as entertaining as before. It seemed as if her mind was a perfect storehouse of interesting and useful things. My first pleasant impression of her was strengthened by our second meeting.



"The men all seemed to find out at once that here was an unusually fine girl."

My curiosity reached a crisis after the Country Club dance, which occurred the following week. Perhaps you have noticed that frequently women who are much admired by members of their own sex do not greatly attract men, and—the other way about—women who are admired by many men, do not seem to form real friendships among women. Well, Dorothy Vick proceeded right from the start to prove the error of that ancient rule. She greeted the women she had met before with the most flattering cordiality, remembering the name of each one. To several she said something nice about their homes and even remembered their streets and house numbers. I had forgotten that we had even pointed them out to her.

And the men, through some mysterious radio system of theirs, all seemed to find out at once that here was an unusually fine girl,—one worth while dancing with and talking to. The whole affair was a triumph for Dorothy Vick, and she left the clubhouse that night the possessor of probably more friends, both men and women, than any of the rest of us. There was something more to her attractiveness than personal charm, as not the prettiest girl in the world could have gained such quick popularity on her looks alone.

From that evening Frances' home became a perfect Mecca for the unattached men of our crowd. Dorothy received more invitations than she could possibly accept, and her time was so fully taken up with dances, picnics, theatres and automobile rides that she had little time for Frances or me. Rivalries for her favor seemed to spring up over night, and Frances told me afterward that one or two of Dorothy's admirers had even appealed to her to present their causes advantageously to the attractive visitor.

"I know you don't hypnotize them," I said, "but do tell us what it is. Frances and I are entitled to your secret, anyway."

"Well," said Dorothy, "you needn't laugh when I tell you that I used to be a veritable wall-flower at dances and a perfect mouse at women's parties. Frances will tell you the same. I have changed, I know, and it has all come about in the last few months. In fact, I can trace it back to a single evening.

"I had heard of the Roth Memory Course, as probably you have also. It never occurred to me that *I* needed to improve my memory until one afternoon I found myself in a most embarrassing situation. I had forgotten the name of a man who came to call on me, and was obliged to ask him for it before I could introduce him to my mother.

"I simply couldn't forgive myself for my apparent rudeness, and for that matter, the man never forgave me either. I decided that my memory, while it was just about average in most ways, needed improving. The Independent Corporation, publishers of the Roth Memory Course, sent me Mr. Roth's seven little lessons for free examination as soon as I asked for them.

"You know I hate things that have to be studied and worked over and I rather dreaded the effort of starting the Course. But I was simply amazed the evening I took up the first lesson to find it as interesting as a good game, and so fascinating I could hardly put it down. That first evening, in just thirty minutes, I learned the whole secret of a good memory and since then it has helped me in a hundred ways. I can remember names, faces, appointments, things that I have seen and read, things I have heard about people, social engagements, things to be bought and to be done, and perhaps best of all, things to talk about and to say to everybody. It has been a Social Education to me."

Dorothy Vick's visit came to an end several months ago. Before she left her engagement was announced to one of the finest young men of our town. Some of the mothers of the girls I know were rather dismayed by the news, but she left such a delightful impression with everyone she met that we are looking forward to the time when her home will be here. Frances and I have followed her advice and subscribed for the Roth Memory Course. I have thanked her for the suggestion a dozen times, and told others about it. Now I write this simply so that more women than I could ever possibly tell will find out what it can do for *them*.

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Wolverton, Ont., Canada.

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The Last of England

By Mapleleaf

WITH excited anticipations, with fondest hopes and pictures of his coming months as a fighting man, the Canadian soldier landed in England. How the realization has measured up to his anticipations is a matter of personal opinion.

He may have been disappointed in the English winter. He may not have found the life in the trenches quite up to the requirements of a summer holiday jaunt. He may have been forced to eat "bully" when he wanted turkey, to smoke "fags" when he wanted a real Turkish, to bathe in a dixie when he hungered for the "old swimmin' hole" at home.

But anything that interferes with pleasant remembrances of the Motherland, at least so far as his last days in it are concerned, is outside the power of the authorities to prevent.

Rhyl is a camp in a thousand. Rhyl, in North Wales, from which he will probably bid farewell to English winters and English ways, is not those long bleak slopes out before Arras, for instance, or the rest camps back of Ypres where "rest" was relative in its meaning. It is not sandy, straggling, misshapen Etaples. It may not be billets in four-storey mansions on the Rhine, with coffee in bed, a maid to shine your shoes, and a dignified host to remove his hat in your presence as a mark of homage to the conquerors. But it is the best substitute in England.

There are well made drives and walks that are as near to mudless as climate permits. There are trees that never heard a gun. There are parks and villages, sightliness everywhere, and days of comparative leisure.

And there are evenings of entertainment *de luxe*. I dropped into the camp one early February afternoon, unheralded. There was no reason why I should be heralded—no good reason. I just wanted to see what was doing—how those final few days before home were filled for the impatient Canadian. As elsewhere in the Canadian camps, entertainment was in the hands of the Canadian Y.M.C.A.

THE first hut was a large one—indeed, a very large one. In its 250 feet in length it included a whole community. There were the officers in front, then a canteen with a writing room off it, afterwards a large, quiet room with easy chairs and lots of reading matter, and last of all a large theatre. At 2.30 was the first "show." It consisted of entertainers from Liverpool—one a tried old comedian who could play on anything from a gut-covered tin can to the feelings of his audience. He could sing a song whose chorus threatened the roof, or dance more spontaneously than the soldier to whom two weeks' leave has come unexpectedly on top of a cheque from home. The others completed a programme of music, elocution and laughter.

It was a popular "show." When it came to the National Anthem there was such persistent applause that the customary conclusion had to be postponed for a number or two. It was very gratifying to the entertainers—except that they had another show to put on in another hut after only a short interval for dining. An hour later the movies were filling the same house.

That was in Number 4 "Y" Hut. Down in Number 13 Hut shortly after six I enjoyed a different kind of show. It was local talent—that is, camp talent. It was none of your amateur reciters, interspersed with pseudo-darky songs and unpracticed instrumentals. The men who are in the ranks are artists, many of them.

This was in the form of a contest. The "Y" had offered money prizes to the three best "stunts," and the stunters were there with all their paraphernalia and art. There were the strong men, the baritones, the buck-and-wing dancers, the monologists, the tumblers. "Shea's" in Toronto, could find places for many of them to its profit. If the Coliseum in London, knew its crowd it could satisfy it better at less cost if it signed contracts with some of these "amateurs."

THE decision was left to the audience—and the camp had crowded in with such determination that only "pull" found me a place to stand behind the canteen. The first prize went to a pair of colored gentlemen who had a patter of feet and tongue that brought down the house. Primrose and West, or Dockstader, never had better end-men or specialties. The audience went on the basis that any man can develop a muscle to break a logging chain on his chest—but nobody but a real "coon" can buck-and-wing with more beats than a jazz pianist can squeeze out of his instrument. So it was the colored gentlemen unanimously. There were three dusky men near me who wanted to vote six times.

Then, to show that its tastes were not vulgar, the second prize went to a baritone who hadn't an art but his voice—who didn't sing a single song anyone else would have chosen for a soldier audience. There wasn't even a chorus—which is directly contrary to every axiom of khaki entertainment.

I tried to count the crowd, but after I had reached 800 the mass at the back became so packed that distinction was difficult. And I was told that most of the crowd had been there for the lecture on Russia that preceded the concert—a rather surprising characteristic of camp attendance that would disconcert theorists.

THERE was a canteen at the back of that hut. By all the laws of soldiers' appetites the canteen service would have disorganized the concert. As a matter of fact, I stood on the cash desk, and I was in a position to know there wasn't a cent spent.

But after the show—ah, that was different. Quietly something close to 800 boys lined up in their turns and passed along the counter for the good night cup of coffee and piece of cake. And at ten the "Y" sergeant simply shouted the time, and every soldier buttoned his coat and went out to bed.

That was one of the things that surprised me. Two soldiers wandered into the hut a half minute after the signal had been given. They were told of the hour, and without a word they turned about and disappeared into the rain.

During all this amusement Number 1 Hut was passing through a different experience. It had acquired something of a reputation as the "quiet" hut. And there scores of soldiers were writing home. Women had special charge of that hut, under the Canadian "Y," and their touch was manifest in the flowers on the tables and the general freshness mere man cannot obtain.

Motoring back to Rhyl, I entered a Canadian "Y" club for soldiers that would make a respectable one for any town. Three women did all the work—even to preparing the special sandwiches sold with the coffee and cake and candy and tinned goods. Small tables covered with chintz were filled with boys drinking from hot cups and eating pastry. Upstairs were other tea rooms, a writing room, a reading room, a billiard room and a music room. Not a male official went near the place, except as was necessary in connection with the "Y" control. The Canadian boys so respected the type of service provided by three women, one of them a mother to them, that the silence about the place was almost oppressive—yet they came and went in crowds.

There was still another, less ambitious, club in town. A large modern castle near the camp was being fitted up by the "Y" as an officers' club. A Canadian "Y" man was secretary of the committee that controlled the camp sports, and the Canadian "Y" provided all the athletic equipment. Six football grounds formed part of the camp conveniences.

In addition there was a N.A.C.B. theatre, where admission was cheap, and two or three other organization huts and several regimental canteens where the "Y" was putting on programmes.

That is why I am prepared to believe that, whatever the disappointments of the army life, the Canadian soldier will leave England with fond memories of his last few days—and with some misgiving as to who is to provide all this entertainment for him when he gets back home.

WHO GOES THERE

(CONTINUED FROM PAOE 36.)

"I hope so, too. . . . You have been different since—" He hesitated, and she turned her head carelessly and looked back at the little brook they had crossed. When her blush had cooled she resumed her leisurely walk and glanced up at him inquiringly:

"Since *when* have you thought me different?"

"Since we—*kissed*——"

"Please, Kervyn! Not *we*. I think it was you who performed that very childish rite."

"Is that the way you regarded it?"

"Didn't you?"

"No."

"You didn't take it seriously!" she exclaimed with an enchanting laugh. "Did you really? I'm so dreadfully sorry!"

The dark flush on his face frightened her. It was her first campaign and she was easily alarmed. But she was wise enough to say nothing.

"Yes," he said with an effort, "I did take it very seriously. And I took you seriously, too. I don't understand your new attitude toward me—toward life itself. Until to-day I had never seen any lightness in you, any mockery——"

"Lightness? You saw plenty in me. I was not very difficult, was I?—on the train? Not very reticent about my views concerning friendship and my fears concerning—love. Why should you be surprised at the frivolity of such a girl? It has taken so many years for me to learn to laugh. Nineteen, I think. Won't you let me laugh a little, now that I know how?"

"Have I any influence at all with you?" he asked. "I thought I had."

"I thought so, too," she mused, innocently.

"What has happened to destroy it?"

"Why, nothing, Kervyn!" opening her eyes.

"Does any of my influence with you remain?"

"Loads of it. Oceans! Bushels!"

"Do you care for me?"

"Of course! The silly question."

"Seriously?"

"Yes, but I don't wish to weep because I care for you."

"Could you learn to love me?"

"Learn? I don't know," she mused aloud, apparently much interested in the novelty of the suggestion. "I learn some things easily; mathematics I never could learn. *Why* are you scowling, Kervyn?"

"Could you ever love me?" he persisted, doggedly.

"I don't know. Do you desire to pay your court to me?"

"I—yes——"

"You appear to be uncertain. It seems to me that a man ought to know whether or not he desires to pay his addresses to a girl."

"Can't you be serious, Karen!"

"Indeed I can. You ought to know it, too. I was serious enough over you, once. I followed you about so faithfully and persistently that even when you took a nap I did it too——"

"Karen, do you love me?"

"I don't know."

"Will you try."

"I'm always willing to try anything —once."

"Then suppose you try marrying me, once!" he said, bluntly.

"But oughtn't a girl to be in love before she tries that? Besides, before I am quite free to converse with you on that subject I must converse with someone else."

"What!"

"Had you forgotten?"

"Do you mean the——"

"Yes," she said hastily—"you *do* remember. *That* is a prior engagement."

"Engagement!"

"An engagement to converse on the subject of engagements. I told you about it—in the days of my communicative innocence."

He was patient because he had to be.

"After you have made your answer clear to him, may I ask again?"

"Ask me what?"

"To marry me."

"Wouldn't that permission depend upon what answer I may give *him*?"

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "is there any doubt about your answer to him?"

She lifted her eyebrows: "You are entirely too confident. Must I first ask your permission to fulfill my obligations and then accomplish them in a manner that suits your views? It sounds a little like dictation, Kervyn."

He walked beside her, cogitating in gloom and silence. Was this the girl he had known? Was this the same ungrateful and capricious creature upon whom he had bestowed his protection, his personal interest, his anxious thoughts?

That he had fallen in love with her had surprised him, but it did not apparently surprise her. Had she instinctively foreseen what was going to happen to him? Had she deliberately watched the process with wise and feminine curiosity, coolly keeping her own skirts clear?

And the more he cogitated, the deeper and more complex appeared to him her intuitive and merciless knowledge of man.

Never had he beheld such lightning change in a woman. It couldn't be a change; all this calm self-possession, all the cool badinage, all this gaiety, this laughing malice, this serene capacity for appraising man and his motives must have existed in her—hidden, not latent; concealed, not embryotic!

He was illogical and perfectly masculine.

She was only a young girl, awakened, and making her first campaign.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As they came out of the forest and crossed the grassy circle where the fountain was splashing, they saw an automobile standing in the drive by the front door.

"What does that mean?" exclaimed Guild, under his breath.

Both had halted, checked by the same impulse.

"Is it likely to be Baron von Reiter?" he asked, coldly.

She said, with admirable composure: "Whoever it is, we shall have to go in."

"Yes, of course. . . . But if it happens to be the Baron——"

"Well?" she asked, looking away from him.

"In that event, have you nothing to say to me—*now*?"

"Not now."

"Haven't you, Karen?"

She shook her head, gazing steadily away from him.

"All right," he said, controlling his voice; "then I can make my adieux to you indoors as well as here."

"Are you leaving immediately?"

"Yes. I should have left this morning."

After a moment's silence: "Shall I hear from you?"

"Have I your permission to write—if I can do so?"

"I don't know yet. I shall write you first. Are you to be at Lesse Forest for a few days?"

"Yes. A note will reach me in care of Mrs. Courland."

Her pretty head was still averted. "We ought to go in now," she said.

Guild glanced sharply at the car as they passed it, and the chauffeur touched his cap to them. It was a big, dark blue, three seated touring car, and there semed to be nothing at all military in its appointments or in the chauffeur's livery.

He opened the front door for Karen, and they walked into the hall together.

A man rose quickly from a leather chair, as though he were a little lame. "Hello, Kervyn!" he said gaily, advancing with hand extended. "How are you, old top!"

"Harry!" exclaimed Guild; "I'm terribly glad to see you!"

They stood for a moment smiling at each other, hand clasped in hand. Then Darrel said:

"When your note came this morning, we decided to motor over, Miss Courland and I—" He turned toward a brown-eyed, blonde young girl: "Valentine, this is the celebrated vanishing man I've been worrying over so long. You may not think he is worth worrying over, now that you see him, and maybe he isn't; but somehow or other I like him."

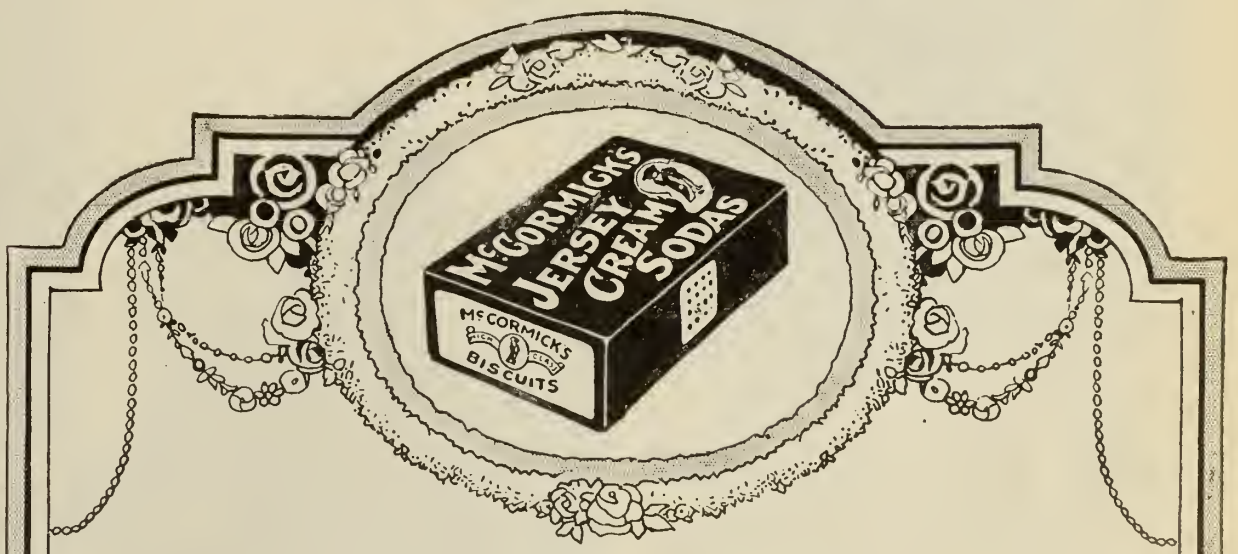
Miss Courland laughed. "I think I shall like him, too," she said, "now that I know he isn't merely a figment of your imagination—" She turned her brown eyes, pleasantly and a trifle curiously, toward Karen, who had paused beside the long table—a lithe and graceful figure in silhouette against the brilliancy of the sun-lit doorway.

"Karen," said Guild, "this is Miss Courland who extends her own and Mrs. Courland's charity to me—" He checked himself, smiling. "*Do* you still extend it, Miss Courland?"

Valentine had some forward and had offered her hand to Karen, and retaining it for a second, she turned to answer Guild:

"Of course! We came to take you back with us." And. to Karen: "It isn't a very gracious thing for us to do—to steal a guest from Quellenheim—and I am afraid you do not feel very grateful toward me for doing it."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)



COME and take a glance inside McCormick's Biscuit Palace, the finest in America. See the snow-white interior and the spic-and-span white uniforms of the employees. Look at the immense windows through which the sunshine streams in. Note the perfect ventilation—how pure and fresh the air. See the white-enameled ovens—the wonderful mixing machines, and so on. The more you look around the greater your admiration—and you certainly will enjoy McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas after seeing where and how they are made.

Sold fresh everywhere. In sealed packages.

McCormick's

Jersey Cream Sodas

Factory at LONDON, Canada. Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B. 94

Canada Food Board Licenses 11-003, 14-166

The New Suggested by these for Peace Year



A braid-trimmed box-jacketed serge suit is shown, with open front filled in with white vest collared with self material and girdled with black satin.



This shows the extended hip-line popular this Spring. Fabrics used are figured pussy willow and blue taffeta. Collar, double girdle, side fastening and deep cuffs are worthy of consideration.



Tartan kaismette cloth is combined with satin for this cleverly designed costume. This is a new material and a near relation to ratine, only it is silk.

Silhouette Capes Coats & Gowns the Springtime



A new short dolman wrap of sand and gold Roshanara crepe is shown in the illustration. The close-fitting turban with its towering mount is a Spring feature.





This model is typical of many of the taffeta frocks shown for Spring with its narrow underskirt and lamp-shade tunic. The embroidery and collarless neck line are also correct.

This misses' suit has a slightly raised waistline with double belt. The peplum is box pleated all the way around, with braid trimming on each pleat.

Frocks of Serge and Plaid For the Young Girl

Dress 7949
Braiding
11636

Dress 8030

Dress
7845

Dress
7802

Dress 8101

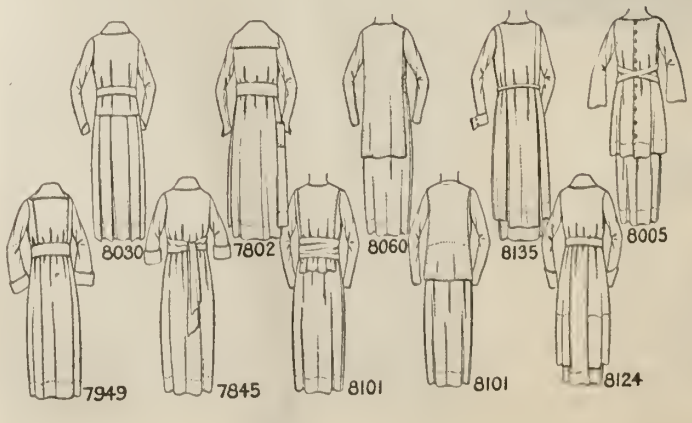
Dress 8060
Embroidery 12473

Dress 8101

Dress 8124

Dress 8135

Dress 8005



If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Distinctive Garments For Street Wear

Dress 7818

Dress 7799
Embroidery 12377
Skirt 8092

Coat 8042

Blouse 8165

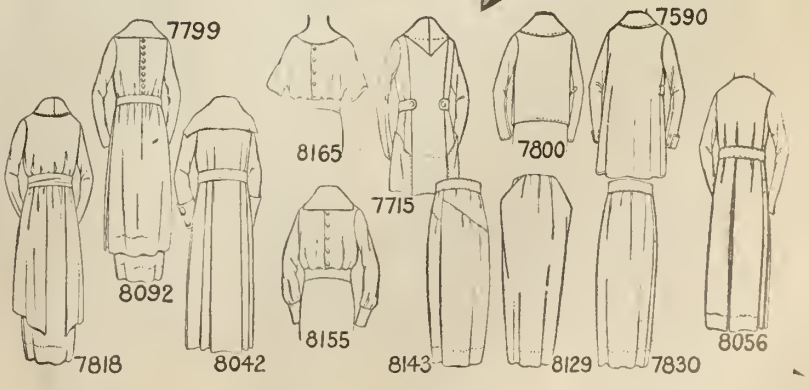
Blouse 8155

Jacket 7715
Skirt 8143

Jacket 7800
Skirt 8129

Jacket 7590
Skirt 7830

Dress 8056
Braiding 12472



If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Charming Afternoon Frocks of Taffeta, Satin and Crepe de Chine



Blouse 7461
Skirt 7704
Beading 12312

Dress 8015
Braiding 11453

Blouse 7929
Skirt 7993

Blouse 7697
Skirt 7702

Blouse 7388
Skirt 7874
Braiding 12419

7461—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Open neck finished with a vestee crossed in front. Large revers joined to collar at shoulders and crossed in front; ends are plaited and buttoned to belt.

7704—Ladies' Skirt (25 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard, width of each half of tunic (at lower edge) about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires

6 yards 36-inch satin
2⅛ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt
⅜ yard 18-inch white satin.

12312 — Blue or yellow transfer pattern (18 motifs and 3 yards of 2½-inch border), 15 cents.

8015—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires

6 yards 36-inch Pussy Willow taffeta
⅜ yard Georgette crêpe
2⅛ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and gores

Here are the new plaited panels, that may hang loose, or they may be held in by a fringed sash at the waistline.

11453—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (5 yards of 2-inch border), 15 cents.

7388—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust.

7874—Ladies' Two-Piece Gathered Skirt (25 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires

5⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine
½ yard 18-inch Georgette for vestee
2⅜ yards fur banding
2 tassels
⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody

Skirt has three-inch high waistline and closes at left side-front. Back gore and left side gore (cut in one) extending to center-front and tacked underneath front gore at center. Back tunic section is irregular in outline, perforated for straight outline.

12419—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (6 yards of border), 15 cents.

7929—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

7993—Ladies' Two-Piece Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires

6⅞ yards 36-inch satin
¾ yard 36-inch white satin for collar, cuffs and vest facing
⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody

A good-looking afternoon frock of black satin with the fashionable contrast provided by the collar and cuffs of white satin. A shawl collar may replace the collar illustrated, and the surplice bodice is draped around to form a girdle. The skirt has 3-inch high waistline and closes at left side. Very smart in style is the pointed tunic.

7697—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust.

7702—Ladies' One-Piece Draped Skirt (25 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt with plaits drawn out about 2⅛ yards. The costume in medium size requires

5⅞ yards 36-inch check worsted
¼ yard 10-inch lace for vestee
2½ yards braid
⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody

Skirt has straight lower edge (suitable for bordered materials), high waistline and is closed at left side-back under plait. Straight wide trimming-pieces (each side of center-back) are caught under lower edge of skirt.

Plaited panels of chiffon and Georgette crêpe are introduced on many of the newest afternoon frocks, or they may show a tunic or a touch of drapery. Lines are kept simple, and there is a tendency to lengthen and narrow skirts. Black satin is a prime favorite for these frocks, and next comes navy blue. Rich dark shades of brown, taupe, terra cotta and Algerian red are also good. Combinations of beige with blue, and gray with blue are still in vogue.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.







Standing, sitting *and* walking correctly are the first essentials to good health *and* that elusive charm we call style

ALL women wish to be well; but all women do not appreciate the vital importance of correct corsetry as an essential to good health. The well-known medical authority, Alice S. Cutler, M.D., warns us: "As a physician who knows that if it were not for ill-fitting and the wrong kind of corsets we would have very few female invalids, I am naturally determined to do everything in my power to educate women in the proper fitting of corsets. Most learned physicians now recognize the modern corset as a hygienically healthful garment and one that is often the best means of providing corrective support for many bodily ailments."

The healthy woman is the beautiful woman, and that most coveted charm called style is simply a correctly poised body induced by a correctly designed and fitted corset.

GOSSARD CORSETS

The Original-Unequalled Front Lacing Corsets

have attained their unquestioned superiority by assisting nature to perfect expression.

Every Gossard is hygienically correct. Properly fitted to the figure for which it was designed it will give scientific support to abdominal and back muscles, with no chance of undue pressure at the waistline; the organs of nutrition will be free from pressure; the erect posture which is induced will encourage deep breathing and the diaphragmatic muscles become strong with use. A woman so corseted will have the undeniable beauty of health and that grace of body standing, sitting, or walking which is best expressed in the one word, style.

Gossard Corsets are easy to buy because of the exact science with which they are designed for the needs of the various figure types. Their proper purchase means only that thoughtful care you always give to matters of importance.

Adjusting a Gossard is simplicity itself; it is so simple as to offer no excuse for neglecting that daily adjustment by which alone the full benefits and service of the corset may be realized.

Every Gossard Corset represents complete corset economy regardless of its price; the superior wearing service alone is worth the price of the garment.

If every woman will take a little time to acquaint herself with modern hygienic corsetry—just enough so she may purchase and wear her corset with a full understanding of its possibilities—she will eventually buy a Gossard as the perfect expression of those front-lacing principles by which alone she can attain the ideal proportions of her type with perfect comfort, safeguarded health, and that correct poise of body that can only result from a faultlessly fitting corset.

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Wear Gossard CORSETS They Lace In Front

Worn with Health and Comfort by Women the World Over



Ideal Figure Tall Slender | *Ideal Figure Short Slender* | *Ideal Figure Tall Heavy* | *Ideal Figure Short Heavy* | *Ideal Average Figure* | *Ideal Figure Large Below Waist* | *Ideal Figure Large Above Waist* | *Ideal Figure Curved Back* | *Ideal Figure Short Waisted*

Blouses For All Occasions

7270—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material.

11339—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (8 small motifs), 15 cents.

7615 — Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires
2⅛ yards 36-inch material
¾ yard 36-inch contrasting

Blouse **8033**
Beading 12467

Blouse **8049**
Beading 12461

Blouse **7521**

Blouse **8047**

Blouse **7270**
Embroidery 11339

7521—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. As illustrated, size 36 requires
1¾ yard 36-inch dark taffeta
½ yard 27-inch white taffeta
¼ yard 36-inch plaid silk

7127—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. As illustrated, size 36 requires
3 yards 36-inch satin
2 yards 1¾-inch ribbon
⅞ yard fur banding

Blouse **7832**

Blouse **7570**

8049—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. As illustrated, size 36 requires
1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette
1⅜ yard 36-inch silk

12461 — Blue or yellow transfer pattern (3½ yards of 2-inch border), 20 cents.

7570—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires
2 yards 40-inch Georgette
1⅛ yard 2-inch edging

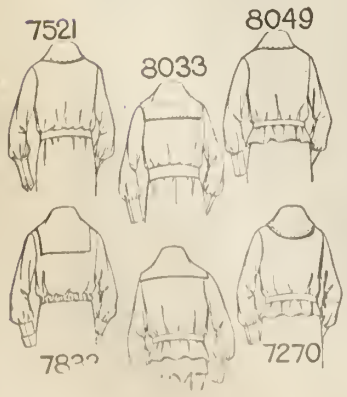
Blouse **7127**

Blouse **7615**

Blouse **7447**

Blouse **7725**

Blouse **7270**
Embroidery 12367
Overblouse **7473**



7270—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material.

12367—Blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.

7473—Ladies' Sleeveless Overblouse (20 cents). Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires
2⅛ yards 36-inch material

7447—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. As illustrated, size 36 requires
1¾ yard 36-inch black satin
⅝ yard 40-inch white satin

7725—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Illustrated, size 36 requires
2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe
⅝ yard 40-inch satin

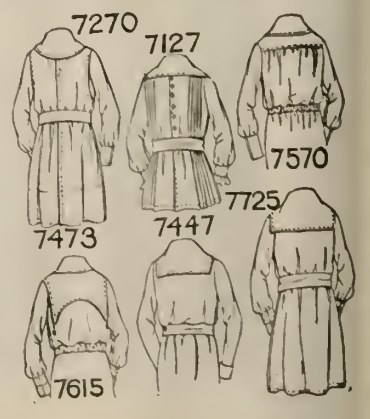
8033—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires
2 yards 36-inch Georgette
¾ yard 36-inch contrasting material

12467—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (1 large and 2 small motifs), 20 cents.

7832—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires
2⅜ yards 36-inch material
3 yards edging

The blouse has a square neck and large collar in two sections.

8047—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires
1⅜ yard 36-inch silk
⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette



Garnishing



What Garnishing Does

Note Alice Bradley's Fifteen Unique Suggestions

THE great dietetic reason for garnishing with lemons lies in the salts and acids that give lemons their delicious tang. For these salts and acids are natural digestive aids — a fact recognized by all physicians. This fact is important because complete nutrition comes only from digested foods.

A slice of lemon is more than a decorative garnish. Its healthful juice, when used in place of vinegar on fish and vegetables, is a digestive aid. Thus a garnish of lemons is not only attractive but useful as well.

Serve lemon juice with at least one food at every meal, and all the other foods are thus increased in efficiency.

There's more, therefore, than the attractive appearance of meals to recommend garnishing with lemons. The juice from a lemon garnish — Nature's sauce — furnishes a zest that makes foods more wholesome and delicious.

In fact, the cheaper cuts of meat, which are often the most nutritious, can be served with approval if well garnished.

Many authorities say that we could eat less and be healthier if we would digest what we consume.

So garnishing with lemons not only makes meals more efficient and attractive, but permits economy in the use of cheaper foods and smaller portions.

California's Sunkist Lemons are best for garnishing. They are waxy, clean and bright; juicy and tart; and firm, tender and practically seedless, which makes them easiest to cut in neat designs. They cost no more than other lemons, and are sold in all first-class stores.

Always serve lemons with your oysters, fish and meats. And try lemon juice instead of vinegar on beans, spinach and other vegetables.

CALIFORNIA
Sunkist
Uniformly Good Lemons

To Relieve and Prevent Colds

Hot lemonade, sweetened or unsweetened, is an efficient agent in relieving and stopping colds.

Take a hot bath just before retiring, drink the hot lemonade, get into bed immediately and cover well so that you perspire freely.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
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Also Distributors of Sunkist Oranges and Sunkist Marmalade

Send for Alice Bradley's Suggestions

30,000 Women Have Already Written for them

Miss Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, has designed 15 attractive lemon garnishes especially for us. Some are illustrated here. All are included in our free book, "Sunkist Recipes," written by Miss Bradley. This book is valuable to every woman. Send for your copy now.

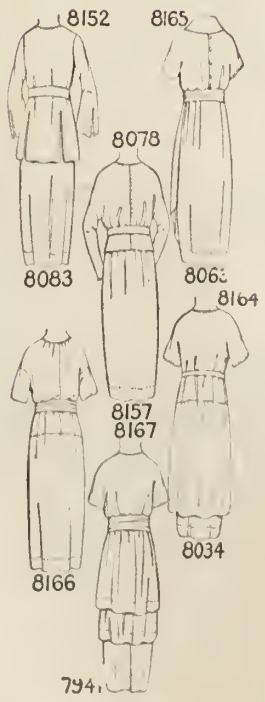
Address California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. E-69, Los Angeles, California

New Easter Frocks, Undeniably Chic and Cleverly Designed

Blouse 8152
Braiding 12147
Skirt 8083

Blouse 8078
Skirt 8157

Blouse 8165
Skirt 8063



Dress 8166

Tunic Blouse 8167
Embroidery 12475
Skirt 7941

Dress 8164
Skirt 8034

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Combinations of Fabrics and Colors are in Vogue

8150—Ladies' Tunic Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires

2⅞ yards 44-inch check serge
¼ yard 36-inch white satin for turn-back cuffs
2 yards narrow black braid for trimming
⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody

The blouse is made with U-shaped neck and flowing sleeves.

8092 — Ladies' Skirt (20 cents). Nine sizes, 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires

2⅞ yards 44-inch blue serge

If intended for dressy wear the blouse may be of Georgette crêpe and the skirt of satin or velvet.

8071—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. As illustrated, size 36 requires

2⅝ yards 36-inch Hydrangea blue crêpe meteor
2⅛ yards 36-inch brown tricolet.

Without lining: to be slipped on over the head. Open neck with inset vest straight at top; finished with revers and a square collar, or with a shawl collar. Three-quarter length flowing sleeve sections attached to short kimono sleeves; or long close-fitting sleeve sections. Two-piece skirt attached at low waist-line.

7952—Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires

4½ yards 44-inch blue serge
⅜ yard white cloth for collar

Closing at center-front. High neck with standing collar, perforated for V-shaped neck with rolling collar. The front of dress laid in plaits on the shoulders and finished with long plaited trimming-pieces, which are omitted in this view. Long one-piece sleeves flaring at the wrists, or shorter sleeves with turn-back cuffs. Straight belt closed in front.

11453—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (5 yards of 2-inch border), 20 cents.

8093 — Ladies' Long-waisted Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires

2½ yards 44-inch tricotine
3 yards 36-inch satin

The closing is arranged on the left shoulder and under the left arm. V or square neck. Long plain one-piece sleeves. Two-piece skirt attached at low waist-line, and side panels which may be omitted. The panels are perforated for shorter length.

12493—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (2½ yards of 1¾-inch and 9-inch borders), 25 cents.

8152—Ladies' Tunic Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires

3 yards 36-inch satin

12372—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (3½ yards of 2- and 3¾-inch borders), 20 cents.

7830 — Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires

3 yards 44-inch serge.

Skirt has three-inch high waist-line and is closed at left side seam. Wide belt (in two sections) is made with tab extensions in front; the belt may be omitted and a leather belt used instead. Inserted pockets may be omitted.





Best for Baby

After many years' use by parents of all classes, in Royal Nurseries and humble homes, Savory and Moore's Food has the reputation of being a thoroughly reliable food for infants.

The experience of parents, nurses, and medical men all goes to show that babies *do* thrive remarkably well on this famous food, that its use prevents infant ailments, and that it builds up a strong constitution, so important in later life. You may therefore bring up baby on Savory & Moore's Food with the assurance that you are doing the best you can for your child.

MOTHER'S GUIDE FREE

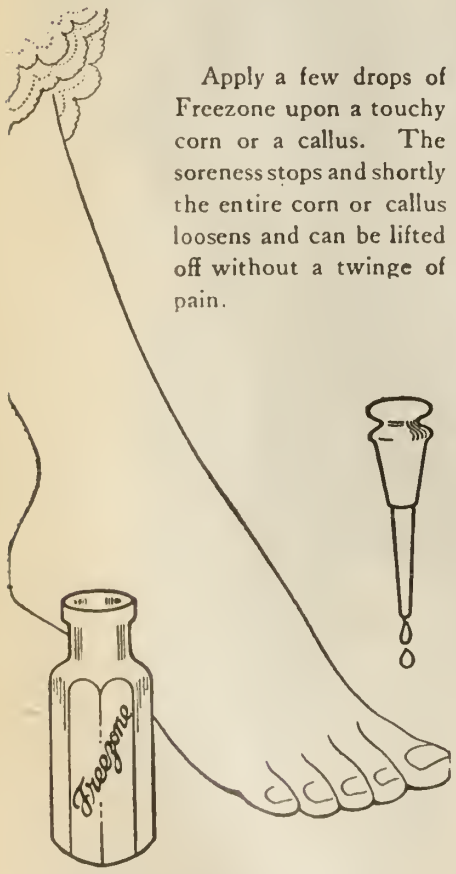
Savory & Moore's little Book, "The Baby," is full of useful information on Infant Management, and contains hints on such subjects as Feeding, Teething, the Toilet, Exercise, Weight, Infant Ailments, and many others. It is just what a young mother requires, and will prove invaluable in the home. A Free Copy may be obtained on application to Savory & Moore, P.O. Box 1601, Montreal.

SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD

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Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores anywhere

Most Engagingly Girlish Are these Early Spring Frocks

8026—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Braiding No. 12426, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Just the thing for early Spring street wear is this frock of blue gabardine absolutely untrimmed save for the braided girdle. The closing is at the back, and allowance is made for plain sleeves and an accordion-plaited skirt, in addition to those shown.



Dress 8026 Braiding 12426

Dress 8055 Embroidery 12372

Dress 8096 Braiding 12058

Dress 8131

Dress 8124

Dress 8128 Braiding 11453

8131—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool velours—¼ yard 36-inch check organdy for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The waist closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and the one-piece gathered skirt at left side-back.

8055—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires if made as illustrated with back panel 4¾ yards 48-inch serge. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. This smart frock of serge may be made up quite plainly with surplice blouse ending at the girdle, and with plain sleeves. It is illustrated in its more dressy form here with large collar that forms broad revers, with flowing sleeves, and with a short tunic at the sides.

8096—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 44-inch serge—1¾ yard 44-inch bias plaid—¼ yard white satin for collar. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Braiding No. 12058, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Instead of the short double panels illustrated, this frock may be made with wide long panel front and back. The foundation dress is long-waisted, the waist section of plaid and the skirt section of serge.



Dress 7896





Dress 8105

Dress 7802

8124—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch serge—2 yards 36-inch satin—4½ yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Instead of the short tunic illustrated a long one may be selected, perforations being given in the pattern for shortening it. V neck with rolling collar may be substituted for the round neck illustrated, and there are long sleeves perforated for the short length illustrated.

8128—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 44-inch Poiret twill—2⅜ yards 36-inch satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Braiding No. 11453, transfer pattern in blue or yellow.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

Chic Suits, Frocks, and Coats for the Well-Dressed Miss

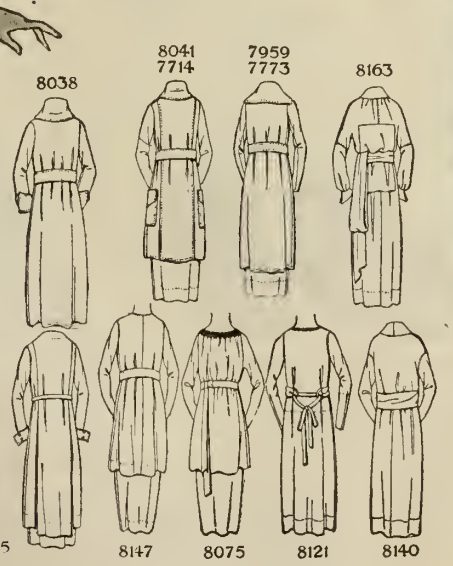


8135—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 44-inch serge—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Braiding No. 12319, transfer in blue or yellow. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard.

8147—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch velvet—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The tunic blouse is perforated for shorter length and closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. Underbody and two-piece skirt close in front. Like many new models this is collarless.

8121—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch plain gabardine—1½ yard 44 inch bias plaid. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The dress which is without lining closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and the oval collarless neck is perforated for round outline. The front of the skirt extends up to form a bib effect on the waist, and the back of the waist and the skirt are cut in one. The blouse extends down at the sides to low waist-line, and the skirt forms distended pockets. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves, the short sleeves to be finished with flaring cuffs. Later on this could be duplicated for Summertime wear in plain and plaid gingham, or in plain and striped linen or chambray.







8075—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch satin for foundation dress—2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for tunic blouse—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Over a foundation dress of satin, which consists of a kimono waist attached to a one-piece draped skirt, is slipped a long tunic blouse with oval neck-line finished with shirred tucks. The blouse is slipped on over the head.

8163—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch flowered voile—1¾ yard 36-inch plain voile—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Delightfully girlish in style is this frock with gathered kimono blouse closing at the back. The skirt is a one-piece gathered model. There is a delightful suggestion of the Japanese costume in the bib like trimming section applied on the front of the frock.

8140—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool velours—⅜ yard white satin for vest—⅜ yard fringe—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Sash extensions on the long-waisted blouse are crossed and looped at the side, and the surplice closing is outlined by a long collar.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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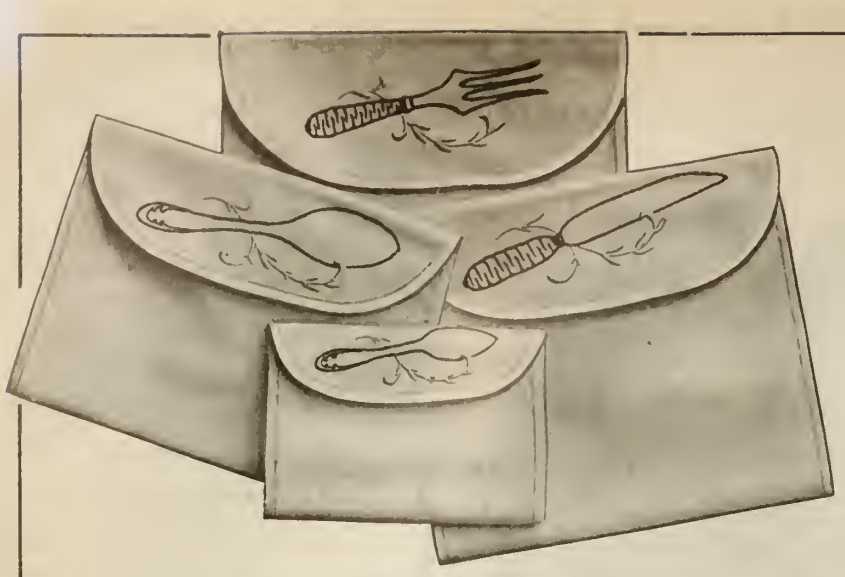


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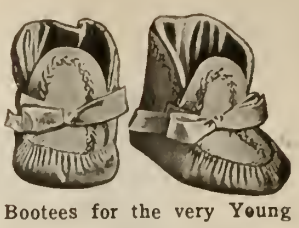
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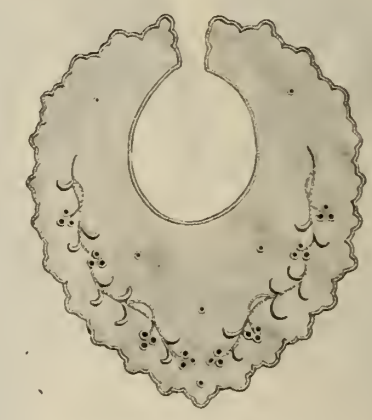


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Child's Embroidered Dress.

Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45.)

Their hands parted and their eyes rested on each other for a second's swift feminine appraisal.

"Baron von Reiter has not yet arrived," said Karen, "so I do not think Mr. Guild has had a very interesting visit. I feel as though I ought to thank you for asking him to Lesse."

Guild, who was talking to Darrel, heard her, and gave her a rather grim look.

THEN he presented Darrel; and the light, gossipy conversation became general.

With one ear on duty and one listening to Darrel, Guild heard Karen giving to Valentine a carelessly humorous outline of her journey from England—caught the little exclamation of interest and sympathy from the pretty brown-eyed American girl, and still was able to sketch for Darrel the same theme from his own more sober point of view.

Neither he nor Karen, of course, spoke of the reason for Guild's going to England, nor that the journey had been undertaken on compulsion, nor indeed, did they hint at anything concerning the more sinister and personal side of the affair. It merely appeared that a German general, presumably a friend of Guild, not being able to get his daughter out of England after hostilities had commenced, had confided the task to a man he trusted and who was able to go unquestioned into a country at war with his own. But it all seemed quite romantic enough, even under such circumstances, to thrill Valentine Courland.

"Do come back to Lesse with us. won't you?" she asked Karen. "My mother and I would love to have you. You'd be bored to distraction here with only the housekeeper. Do come!"

"I haven't any clothes," said Karen frankly.

"I have loads of them! We'd be so glad to have you at Lesse. Won't you come back with us?"

Karen laughed, enchanted. She could see Guild without looking at him. His attitude was eloquent.

"If you really do want me, I'll come," she said. "But you and Mr. Darrel will remain to luncheon, won't you? I'll speak to the Frau Forster—if I may be excused—" She fell for a moment again, unconsciously, into her quaint schoolgirl manner, and dropped them a little curtsey.

Guild opened the pantry door for her and held it.

"May I explain to them a little more clearly who you are, Karen?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes, please."

He came back into the hall where Miss Courland and Darrel were talking. Valentine turned swiftly.

"Isn't she the sweetest thing!" exclaimed the girl warmly.

"She is really very wonderful," said Guild; "let me tell you a little about her accomplishments and herself."

They were still listening to Guild, with an interest which absorbed them, when Karen returned.

"The few clothes I have," she said, "are being repacked by Frau Bergner. Kervyn, shall she repack your sack?"

"No, I'll do that," he said, turning away with the happiest face he had worn that morning. And the girl knew that it was because they were going away together again—taking life's highway once more in each other's company. Involuntarily she looked after him, conscious for a second, again, of new and powerful motives, new currents, new emotions invading her; and she wondered how vitally they concerned this man who had so suddenly destroyed a familiar world for her and as suddenly was offering her as substitute a new and strange one.

Emerging from her brief abstraction she looked across the hall at Valentine Courland, who, seated on the oak table, chatted animatedly with Darrel. The girl was exceedingly attractive; Karen realized that at once. Also this pretty American had said very frankly that she was certain to like Guild. Karen had heard her say it.

"Miss Girard," said Darrel, "is the shooting good at Quellenheim? I imagine it must be, judging from these trophies." He waved a comprehensive hand toward the walls of the room.

Karen came slowly over to Valentine: "I really don't know much about shooting. There are boar and deer here. I suppose at Lesse Forest you have really excellent sport, don't you?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62.)



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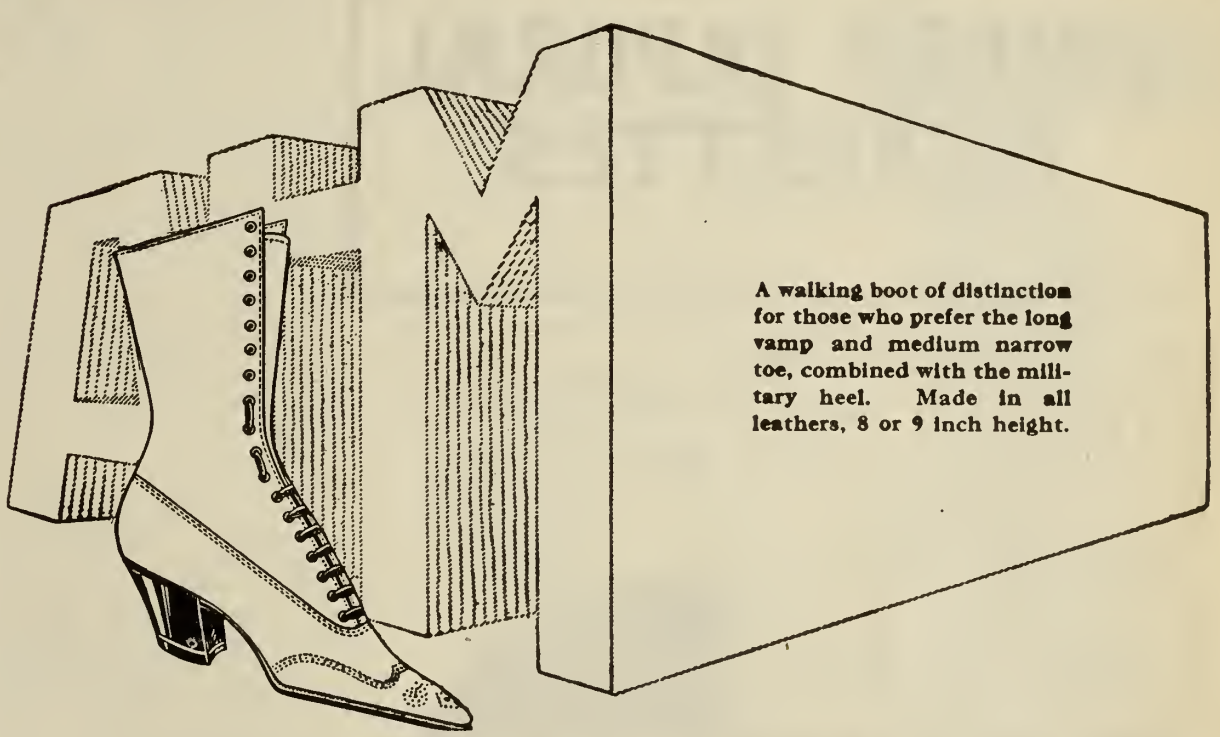
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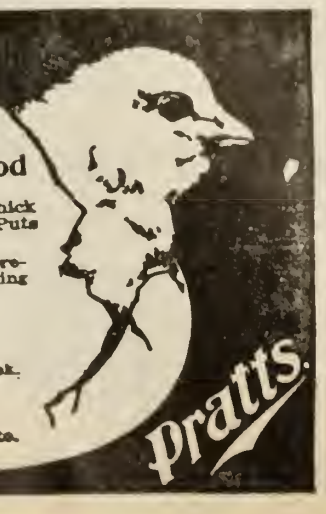
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My Bob

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

dug out here and there, full of men and rats. The Germans were making an awful noise which made my head ache but after a day or two I didn't mind that. I kept close to Bob all the time during the day and at night kept the rain off him. I had a dreadful fight with a big old rat and his family and after that the other rats kept away from us. I guess somehow they found out I was nearly a champion.

About two weeks after we arrived, Bob's men started to make a noise with their guns and Bob put me in a safe place where I couldn't see very well. I peeked my head out just in time to see Bob jump out of the trench with a lot of his men after him. I thought I'd better not disobey Bob again so got back to my place. I waited and waited and waited but he didn't come back. About half of the other men did, and some of them were hurt, and some of them were so sick they lay still and had to be carried away. I got out of my place to look for Bob but couldn't find him. The Germans stopped their noise and things were so quiet it made me frightened. I thought likely Bob had licked them and would come back with a medal or a cup or a dozen blue ribbons, but he didn't come.

I WAITED and then I thought I heard him call from away out in the dark, for the night had come. It wasn't much of a jump, out of the trench, and I started to look for him. It was so quiet I knew if I heard him again I could find him. My scent isn't very good because my muzzle is so short but my ears are long and haven't been cut so I could hear quite plain. I looked a long time and then I heard a voice I knew, quite near me, saying.

"Buddy Boy, where's the Little Mother?"

I bounded over to Bob. He was so quiet and his face was covered with blood, but I licked it all off and tried to tell him I was th re. He woke up and put his arm around me and said.

"Call the Little Mother, Buddy,"

I knew he must be sick like I was when I had the distemper and had such funny dreams, so I cried out at the top of my voice and then yelped and howled and made as much noise as I could. It didn't do any good at first so I kept on. We must have been near the Germans for when I stopped 'cause I didn't have breath to go on I could hear them talking and grunting and making a fierce noise. I heard a sharp bang and at the same time felt a burning feeling in my ear and blood running down my chest; I knew I must have been shot.

Then I heard more bangs and heard little thuds all around us. My ear was hurting worse than the time the Russian Wolf Hound bit my leg and I knew that wasn't any place for Bob and me. I tried to wake him but he wouldn't wake. We were on a little hill with a big hole at the bottom so I tried to pull Bob into the hole out of the way of the Germans. I only weigh fourteen pounds so it was some pulling, but I got him started from the front and then got behind him and pushed with all my might. He started to roll when I wriggled him on to the steep part. I hung on to him, digging my feet into the ground to keep him from rolling too fast. The dirt was soft in the hole and it didn't hurt him much when he fell into it, and I jumped in after him.

THEN I started to howl again to tell Bob's men we were there and to hurry and get us out. The Germans started to make more noise and there was an awful storm. Just when I thought it was all over there was a big bang right beside us and a lot of dirt piled in on top of us. I dug my way out and then started to dig out Bob. He was still asleep and couldn't help any so I had to dig nearly an hour before I got him all uncovered. You see I had to be careful not to scratch him with my nails. By the time I had him all out of the dirt the Germans stopped their noise. I commenced howling again. It seemed longer than the time I was side-tracked on the way to New York before somebody leaned down in the hole and yelled, "Here's the little beggar down in this shell hole," and tried to haul me out. I wouldn't let him though 'til he got Bob out. When he jumped down after me, he found Bob and called out to somebody else. Another man came and they lifted Bob out, then me, and put Bob on a stretcher with me on his chest.

I am taking too long telling this I believe that cat's at my bones, so I'll skip some and tell you about that hospital where they don't allow dogs, even if their father was an International champion, and they've been to the war. Well, they took us back to England. On the boat Bob woke up. It was all those doctors could do to keep me from licking the bandages off his head I was so glad. Bob put his arm around me and said, "Good old Buddy Boy," and made me forget all about my sore ear, that has spoilt me for getting my championship now for sure.

IN England they took us to the hospital. Bob kept me out of sight, for one of the doctors who said he had a dog at home like me and tried to make my ear better, had told him to hide me or they wouldn't let him take me in the hospital. I never liked hospitals anyway; if it hadn't been that Bob hung to me so tight I believe I would have been frightened. It wasn't so bad after you got inside. I began to think I would like it, 'specially as the Little Nurse was good to me and kept me well fed and out of sight when the doctors and the lady that lived there and seemed to own all the nurses, were around. She was fine to Bob and told me he was going to soon get better. I was so happy I tried to tell her that next to Bob and the Little Mother I loved her.

But one day that woman that lived there found me. She told Bob I couldn't stay. He pleaded so hard and the Little Nurse pleaded so hard and I pleaded so hard but it didn't do any good; she was sterner than the judge that put Bayside Rex over me because of my ears, so the first thing I knew Bob was bidding me good-bye and the Little Nurse was taking me off to the steamship with my address tied to my collar. I felt so bad and acted so disgracefully I didn't say good-bye to her, though I intended to, because she kissed me good-bye.

I have been home a long time now and if Bob was only here would be happy again. The Little Mother and even the sisters are good to me. They show everybody the scar on my ear and tell them I saved Bob's life. They seem excited to-day; maybe it's because Bob has written to say he has been married. Goodness, I'm afraid it will be some woman who doesn't like dogs and won't let Bob love me any more. I worry a lot about this when I'm alone. About two hours ago the Little Mother and the sisters went away in the car and said they wished they could take me but I'd be restless at the reception. Maybe I would be as my nerves aren't as good as they were before I went to the front.

Here they come now. Who is that with them? It's the Little Nurse. And who's that she's got her arm around, that man between her and the Little Mother? Stand back! It's BOB, MY BOB!

THE END.

Out of The Butterfly Class

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

"Do you think you will rent it?" asked the gentleman. "My lease expires in two months, but if you would like it for the summer, I could make arrangements for the rental agent to come out and see you."

Pauline flushed. She did not want a visit from any Whiteside resident. "I prefer to pay the rent to you in advance, if I may. I don't expect to stay any longer than two months. Would that be satisfactory?"

"Perfectly. And you may take possession this very afternoon, as I am anxious to leave at once."

PAULINE drove back to Whiteside in a confused frame of mind. Tucked in the corner of her purse was a receipt for two months' rent. The transaction had been closed so quickly that she was a little dubious if she had done the right thing.

"Well, I'll have a rest, anyway," she concluded. "And happy thought! I'll get Roxy to teach me to cook."

The soft color flooded her face. The thought had called up a vision of a tall young man with earnest grey eyes. Was it to please him that she wished to learn? But, she instantly repudiated the idea. Of course not! It was only to prove that cookery was not such a wonderful and unattainable art for even a frivolous society girl.

She would not permit herself to dwell on an analysis of her motive; for, it could be of no consequence to him, she reasoned. It would be some quiet domestic girl that he would care for. Yes, it was better to go away. She would be saved the embarrassment of constant association with him.

Her first duty on reaching home was to write a note to Mrs. Hendrie, stating that she was leaving town and would be unable to sing that evening. No hint of her destination was given. She knew it would throw the haughty lady into a state of excited offense; and she laughed to herself as she sealed the dainty envelope.

The note despatched by a messenger boy, she turned to the few remaining duties. It was an easy task to pack the simple clothing she had decided to take with her, and to lock away her silver and jewelry. Before the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, the rose and grey apartments were closed, and, with a bewildered and protesting Roxy beside her, she was again speeding toward the little cottage. The hardest part of the whole proceedings had been to persuade the irate maid of the saneness of this project. Roxy was a privileged servant, having been in the family since Pauline was a baby, and never hesitated to express her views. She could see no sense in leaving a good home and gadding off to the wilderness.

But Pauline was too happy to heed her expostulations. Now that she had actually made the break, she was filled with a very abandonment of joyous relief.

OF course Whiteside society gossiped and conjectured. Mrs. Hendrie was indignant that she should have treated her hospitality with such impertinence, as she termed it, declaring that she had spoiled her reception.

But as the days went past and no one grew any wiser, things settled back into their accustomed routine, and Pauline was forgotten by all, save a grey-eyed young man who continued to wonder and to speculate.

In the rose-bowered cottage, Pauline was strangely contented. In place of time dragging wearily as she had anticipated, the hours passed too quickly. There were so many interesting things to do, so many discoveries to make, that every minute was a source of joy. She rose early in the morning while the dew still pearled the greenery, just to hear the birds sing. There were flowers from the tiny garden at the rear of the house to be arranged daily in the bowls and vases, which seemed to be legion. Pauline once remarked to Roxy that the person who furnished that cottage must have been especially fond of home.

At the foot of the hill on which the cottage stood, she discovered a creek with shading willows, and tiny fish darting through its clear waters. She spent long hours rambling along its banks. Sometimes, she even removed her shoes and stockings and waded in the shallow places.

Practical Roxy scorned "sech foolishness," but was quick to see the value of the fish. "It will save us from buying meat; tho' Lord knows where we would find meat in this wilderness," she would declare. Poor Roxy missed the ways of town. But she showed the girl how to make a fishing rod, and seldom a day passed that fish was not part of their dinner menu.

PAULINE had become quite proficient at cooking them; for she had insisted on Roxy teaching her. But, at other things, she was less successful. Her cakes were always flat; her biscuits were hard and tasteless. The last attempt had resulted in such utter failure the whole thing had to be thrown away. Roxy was disgusted, and declared she would not be a party to "sech wasteful doin's."

Pauline laughed at her when she became overly scornful; but she would sigh, and watch with envy the skilful manner in which the other turned out feathery cakes and pies that would melt in one's mouth. She was beginning to believe that her illiterate maid was cleverer than she, and that cookery was an art not to be despised.

Four joyful, care-free weeks slipped swiftly away; when one bright morning the perfect blue of her sky was darkened. The dark spot was occasioned by Roxy, garbed in cloak and bonnet with a huge telescope valise clutched in her hand. She vigorously declared that she didn't propose to live in a wilderness any longer, and break her back carrying water; to say nothing of never seeing a living soul to speak to. She might as well live in a tomb.

Pauline expostulated and cajoled, offering to carry the water herself from the well, which, in truth, was only a few rods from the cottage. But to no avail. Once Roxy made up her mind, heaven and earth could not change it.

"Very well, then," said Pauline, realizing further argument was futile. "But how will you get back to Whiteside? I won't take you in the car. And mind, Roxy, don't tell any person where I am."

"I'm not going back to Whiteside," returned Roxy grimly. "And it ain't likely as I'll be seeing any folks you know. I'm going to visit my sister at Hillsborough. There's a flag station half a mile from here, and I can walk."

BUT Pauline did not let her walk. She swallowed her indignation and took her to the station in the electric car. It was with a sinking feeling she watched the maid step onto the train. Another time, she would have laughed at the awkward figure Roxy cut with her unwieldy valise. But the situation was too serious for humor. Here she was, left completely alone in the country without even a cook to prepare the meals.

"I wonder how long one can live on fish," she mused as the car hummed slowly back. Then, the funny side appealed to her, and she laughed aloud. What would the fastidious Mrs. Hendrie say if she could know of her predicament? She would be horrified.

"I won't go back to Whiteside if I have to live on mush," she decided. "Anyway, Roxy will have left quite a lot on hand."

But, when she reached home and took stock of the provisions she found that it was a very meagre one. Only one loaf of bread and a few cookies were in the box. On the pantry-shelf stood a small bowl of beans and a dish of cold potatoes—remnants of the mid-day meal. Nothing else could she find. Scheming Roxy had apparently left no alternative but for her young mistress to return to town.

And just because she had, Pauline, with characteristic independence, was the more determined to remain.

For the first day she managed quite well on left-overs, but, when by noon the following day, the larder was absolutely bare, there remained nothing but to go back to Whiteside or eat of her own cooking.

"And I'd just about as soon starve as do either," she thought ruefully.

She had caught a fish that morning; but when she came to get it ready for the oven, she realized with a shock, that before, she had merely cooked them, while Roxy had done all the preparatory cleaning—an entirely different art. She struggled valiantly for a while with adhesive scales, but finally gave it up in disgust and abandoned herself to a menu of canned goods purchased at a neighboring store.

She was beginning to feel that it would be necessary to vacate the pleasant little cottage. Between quietness and insufficient diet, her nerves were becoming affected.

Enveloped in one of Roxy's big aprons, many sizes too large for her, she thought it over as she mixed the ingredients of a cake, the recipe of which was the only one she remembered. Through the dimity-hung window before her she could see the little garden with its riot of bloom; on a honeysuckle shrub a robin sang cheerily; and over all was the glamour of sunshine. She would be loath to leave. It was the only place in which she had ever been perfectly content. But one cannot live on flowers and sunshine, however agreeable.

The purr of a motor sounded apprehensively near. Pauline listened nervously. It was days since any one had passed the cottage, and this one appeared to decrease in speed as it drew nearer.

She poured the cake-batter into a pan—in her haste leaving a third of it in the mixing bowl—and shoved it in the oven. Then, she ran to the living-room and glanced through the open window. Yes, the motor had stopped, and a tall gentleman in a grey suit was opening the wicker gate.

She did not look any longer. Without even waiting to remove the overall apron, she flew out the kitchen doorway and down the path leading to the creek.

UNDER a friendly willow she paused for breath. Who could it have been? Had Mr. Dawn broken his promise and told the rental agent? She almost wished she had not been in such a hurry before making her escape.

Meanwhile, the tall gentleman, not receiving an answer to his summons, had entered the cottage, and was gazing around with bewilderment written all over his handsome face. The rooms had a singularly feminine air, quite at variance with a bachelor's domicile. Evidently, his tenant had provided himself with a housekeeper—an artistic one judging by the array of flowers in every room; tho' not especially tidy, if the condition of the kitchen was any criterion. The table was littered with baking utensils and dirty dishes, whilst the floor was liberally sprinkled with flour.

His eye fell on a rose-wreathed hat thrown carelessly on a window seat. Beside it was a copy of Longfellow's poems. The soft morocco binding had a distinctly familiar look. He picked it up and opened it; and the dazed expression changed to joy. "Pauline Fitzgerald," written in a girlish hand, stared back at him from the fly leaf. He had given her the volume as a Christmas gift only last year. What could she be doing here?

Through the interlacing trees, he glimpsed a flying figure in a blue gingham apron. Obviously, she had run from him. He laughed; then, being an insistent young man, immediately followed her.

Pausing for a moment, Pauline turned and saw him. Whoever it was, he evidently meant to interview her. Realizing that further flight was useless, she waited.

Then, as she recognized him, the color flamed into her face and her heart beat tumultuously. The very last person she wanted to see! He was very near now; so she ruled herself to outward calm.

"HOW do you do, Mr. Maurice," she said coolly,—avoiding his outstretched hand—her own, besmeared with cake batter, and smarting from angry red burns, were behind her back.—— "This is a surprise." Her voice held a suggestion that she wished him to infer the surprise was not a welcome one.

His grey eyes twinkled. "I may say it is a surprise, Miss Fitzgerald, and a very pleasant one."

"Oh, then you did not know I was here," exclaimed Pauline, off her guard; but her eyes sparkled angrily. How dare he follow her when he must have seen she did not want callers?

"Assuredly not. To be absolutely frank, it is the last place I would expect to find you. May I ask if this has been your hiding place since you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70.)

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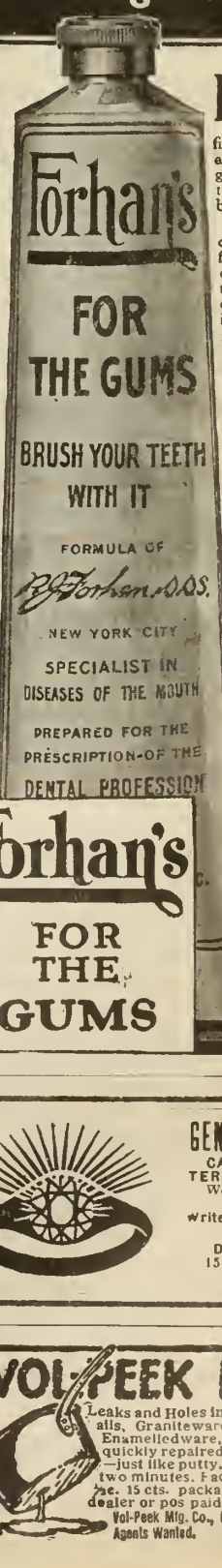
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Be suspicious of tender gums



BE suspicious of any tenderness or bleeding of the gums. This is usually the first stage of Pyorrhea—an insidious disease of the gums that destroys the teeth and undermines bodily health.

Gradually the gums become spongy. They inflame, then shrink, thus exposing the unenameled tooth-base to the ravages of decay. Tiny openings in the gums form gateways for disease germs to enter the system. Medical science has traced many ills to these infecting germs in the gums weakened by Pyorrhea.

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So watch carefully for that first tenderness or bleeding of the gums. Try Forhan's immediately. It positively prevents Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) if used in time and used consistently.

And in preventing Pyorrhea—it guards against other ills.

Forhan's (For the Gums) cleans teeth scientifically as well. Brush your teeth with it. It keeps the teeth white and clean.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

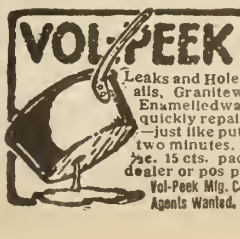
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The time that is spent over the wash tub every week is worse than wasted. The time is a dead loss, but much more serious is the waste of precious human energy.

You can take all the hard work out of the weekly wash, by using the "1900" Cataract Electric Washer. Simply connect it with any lamp socket, turn the switch and go about your other duties. Your clothes will be washed spotlessly clean in a surprisingly short time without any injury to the most delicate fabric.

The Cataract Washer is not only built to wash, but is built to last. The frame is all metal, and the tank is of pure sheet copper, plated on the inside, to prevent verdigris. It is equipped with a power wringer, having five-year-grade pure white rubber rollers.

Our liberal trial offer enables you to test the Cataract Machine before you actually buy it. Write us for details, or drop in and see the Cataract at our store.

Our line also includes an excellent water power washer, hand-operated washers, the Simplex ironer, lawn clothes reels, wash tub ejectors, etc.

D. C. MORRIS

Nineteen Hundred Washer Co.

357 Yonge Street - Toronto

Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59.)

"Our guests seem to find the shooting good," replied Valentine. "My mother and I go out with them sometimes. I don't know whether we shall be able to offer anybody any shooting this autumn. We are exceedingly worried about Lesse Forest. You see, every autumn we renew the lease, but our lease expired last week, and we can't renew it because nobody seems to know where our landlord is or where to find him."

"Is your landlord Belgian?"

"Yes. He is a wealthy brewer at Wiltz-la-Vallee. And the Germans bombarded and burnt it—everything is in ruins and the people fled or dead. So we are really very much concerned about the possible fate of our landlord, Monsieur Paillard, and we don't exactly know what to do."

GUILD returned, coming downstairs two at a time, his attractive features very youthful and animated. And Karen, discreetly observing him and his buoyant demeanour, felt a swift and delightful confusion in the knowledge of her power to make or unmake the happiness of a grown man.

Frau Bergner appeared with cloth and covers, beaming, curtseying to all; and very soon they were at luncheon—a simple but perfectly cooked luncheon, where everything was delectable and there did not seem to be very much of any particular variety, yet there was just a trifle more than enough for everybody. Which is the real triumph of a good German, French, or Belgian housekeeper's calculations.

And when luncheon was ended the luggage already had been placed in the car; the chauffeur emerged from the kitchen where Frau Bergner had been generous to him; and in a few moments the big blue machine was whirring smoothly on its way to Lesse, through the beautiful Ardennes forests over smooth, well-cared-for roads, the sun shining in a cloudless sky, and four young people making rapid headway in a new acquaintanceship which seemed to promise everything agreeable and gay.

At the huge, moss-grown gate-posts of Lesse a forester lifted his grey felt hat and opened the gates; and around the first curve appeared the celebrated and beautiful old lodge of weather-stained stone and slate, the narrow terrace blazing with geraniums and scarlet sage.

Guild noticed a slender, red-haired girl seated on the steps, knitting, with a heap of dark-blue wool in her lap; but when the car drew up, Valentine Courland addressed her as "mother"—to the intense surprise of Karen as well as of himself, for Mrs. Courland seemed scarce older than her own daughter, and quite as youthfully attractive.

She welcomed Karen with a sweet directness of manner which won the girl instantly; and her manner to Guild was no less charming—an older woman's delightful recognition of a young man's admiration, and a smiling concession to this young man's youth and good looks.

When Valentine mentioned Karen's plight in the matter of wardrobe, her mother laughed gaily and, slipping one arm around Karen's waist, took her off into the house.

"We shall remedy that immediately," she said. "Come and see what suits you best."

"As for you," said Darrel to Guild, "your luggage is in your room. I suppose you are glad of that."

"Rather," said Guild with such intense feeling that Valentine Courland laughed outright.

"Take him to his beloved luggage," she said to Darrel; "I had no idea he was so vain. You know the room, don't you? It is next to your own."

"Harry, why are you limping?" asked Valentine as Darrel rose to go.

"I'm not."

"You are. Why?"

"Rum. I drink too much of it," he explained seriously.

SO the young men went away together; and presently Guild was flinging from him the same worn clothing which, at one terrible moment, seemed destined to become his shroud; and Darrel sat on the bed and gave him an outline of the life at Lesse Forest and of the two American women who lived there.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68.)

50 CASH PRIZES

You May Easily Win Costs Nothing to Try



What points of similarity can you think of between this world champion Liquid Veneer cow and that other world champion,

LIQUID VENEER

1st Prize $500.00 And 47 other Cash
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Send for our intensely interesting free booklet telling of the connection between this $150,000.00 World Champion Cow and Liquid Veneer. It contains many pointers such as "Both are World Champions," "Both are Owned by the Same People." A complete set of rules is included with the booklet.

Free, to every contestant a beautiful colored art picture of Segis Fayne Johanna, the Liquid Veneer Cow, will be sent at close of contest.

And don't forget good, old Liquid Veneer which transforms the furniture and woodwork of the mustiest, dullest room into one of polished cleanliness, sanitation and beauty simply by dusting with it, 25c and 50c a bottle.

Clip the coupon now, and enter the contest. This chance will not appear again in this magazine. Costs nothing to try.

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From the underarms, face, neck or limbs. El-Rado is a sanitary lotion that simply washes the hair off by dissolving it. You can wear chiffon sleeves without any dress shields after removing the hair with El-Rado. Entirely harmless. Users of powdered hair removers and blades will find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin. Ask for "El-Rado" hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 60c and $1.00. Money-back guarantee

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Music and Eastertide

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

Done," also comes from the Latin and was translated in 1859. It is sometimes sung to an old French melody and sometimes to a tune entitled "Victory" composed by Palestrina in 1504. Perhaps no hymn is more appropriate to the spirit of Easter than "Welcome, Happy Morning! Age to Age Shall Say," which was also written by Fortunatus in the sixth century, and translated in 1868 by Rev. John Ellerton. It may be sung to several familiar hymn tunes and a very excellent and simple setting of it was made by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer of "Onward Christian Soldiers." All these hymns and many more of similar appropriateness are to be found in "The Book of Common Praise," the authorized hymnal of the Church of England in Canada and most of them are no doubt included in the hymnals of other churches.

For the benefit of readers who may be specially interested in the celebration of Easter, the writer may mention a number of anthems and solos suitable to the feast, which may be obtained from most music dealers, and can be sung by ordinary choirs. Handel's famous oratorio, "The Messiah" contains at least two numbers essentially appropriate to Easter. One is the "Hallelujah" chorus, which requires an augmented force of choristers, but which may be used in towns where there are trained child voices to draw on. The other is the lovely solo, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," for the soprano voice. One of the most effective of Mendelssohn's anthems is a setting of "The Strife is O'er." Another very appropriate choral number is Schilling's "Christ Our Passover is Sacrificed for Us"; while Freyer's "I am He that liveth" is suitable both for Easter and general use. Of the first named chant there is also a standard setting in anthem form, by John Adamson. Among other examples of works easily within the abilities of the small choir willing to practice seriously, are Schnecker's "Jesus is Risen"; W. Reed's "As it Began to Dawn"; E. W. Hanscom's "The Choir Angelic"; Clayton E. Hotchkiss' "Thanks Be to God"; J. C. Macy's "He Hath Risen" and John Adamson's "First Easter Morn." The writer has by no means exhausted the subject, but has merely endeavored to make a few helpful suggestions.

The Girls' Carry-On Column

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

is the girl at the reference desk who supplies all their needs.

The girl to whom the general public does not appeal will find her niche in the cataloguing department. It is her duty to classify the books according to their subjects, by means of figures. It is by this means that a library is made of use to the public. Her work must be accurate, and well done; if she neglects even the tiny item of one figure it may mean that the book is misplaced and half a day's search will not dislodge it from its hiding place and put it into the eager hands outstretched to receive it. The cataloguer is the backbone of our public libraries and although she is not always in the foreground, she has an important place to fill.

THE last and most interesting is the children's department. Every day at four o'clock they troop in to this semblance of a kindergarten, this world of books. Johnny who has just learned to read sits on the edge of his chair, his eyes wide open, as the children of fiction play on the closely written pages. And Mary whose heart and soul are wrapped up in her school work, comes to the lady in charge for a book which will help her to write the composition which the teacher has just assigned her. Every day of every week these children take possession of their part of the library and I must admit that they show a much keener interest in the realms of books than do the grown-ups.

Then there is the Saturday morning story hour, when the children's librarian must hold the interest of forty or fifty tiny tots in the annals of fairy land. The Prince Charming and the wonderful Princess must take on a new life and must become part and parcel of the stirring memory of these little ones. All week they look forward to the story hour for, as they tell the people at home, the lady tells the stories in such a wonderful way that it surely must have happened years and years ago. And this story telling is quite as important as any part of the children's library work, for truly, the girl who can tell an interesting story, has won the heart of each tiny tot who crosses her threshold.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I would like to know if you could secure a position for me as housemaid. My friend is going to the city and I would like to accompany her.

MINEE MILLS.

We will not be able to secure a position for you directly but I have handed your name and address to the Government Employment Bureau and I am sure you will not have any trouble in securing a position.

I am a country girl who would like to be a big sister to some lonely returned soldiers; how can I get in touch with them? Perhaps some convalescent lads who have no home and few friends would appreciate letters and boxes.

SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

I am sending you names of two or three soldiers who I am sure would be delighted to receive letters and boxes.

Even the Small House May Be Distinctive

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

materials might be used with good effect—frame covered with rough cast, with a colored shingle roof. Or the walls might be of either brick or stone or a combination of both with roof of stained shingles or slate.

The verandah which extends across the front of the house is 8 feet wide. Note the construction of the arches at the ends, making a suitable place for climbing roses. By covering the posts supporting the verandah roof with lattice, they also could be used for the vines to climb upon.

The interior of the house could be simply or elaborately treated as the owner wishes.

The living room into which one enters from the hall has French windows opening on the verandah, a large fire-place with small windows on each side and double doors, making it possible to throw the living-room and dining-room together when desired.

The dining-room has large bay window and recess for the sideboard. A scheme of decoration for these three rooms (hall, living-room and dining-room) which could be successfully carried out, would be to have the walls panelled, the ceilings beamed—a slightly different size and design in each room. Or in the living-room simple moulded oak panels running to the ceiling with moulded wood cornice at the ceiling line. A small flat band of modelled plaster ornament on the flat of ceiling about a foot from the wood cornice, would complete a most attractive decoration for such a room.

Notice the arrangement of serving pantry connecting the dining-room and kitchen, shown on the plan, also the service entry where all supplies can be brought into the house. And at the left of this back hall is the indispensable broom closet.

From the hall one may pass up stairs, a landing on the second step allowing a door to open into a coat closet, which is lighted by a small window. Another window on the stairway permits of no dark corners on the steps.

Three bedrooms (each with a clothes closet), a hallway, bathroom and linen closet complete the bedroom floor of this compact little house. The rooms are all well lighted, one having an open fire-place.



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Different makes of records require different weights, as well as different diaphragms and different needles.

The Brunswick is the only Phonograph that has the famous "Ultona" reproducer, which, by a mere twist of the wrist, provides the **exact weight, proper diaphragm,** and **correct needle** for **every** make of record.

And because it gives the exact weight, the "Ultona" does away with all risk of injury to any make of record. This is a very important point, upon which the makers of "Me-too" Phonographs are studiously silent.

Naturally, you want a real "all-record" Phonograph—an instrument that will bring into your home all the artists who sing and play for all the world's records. The Brunswick alone does this.

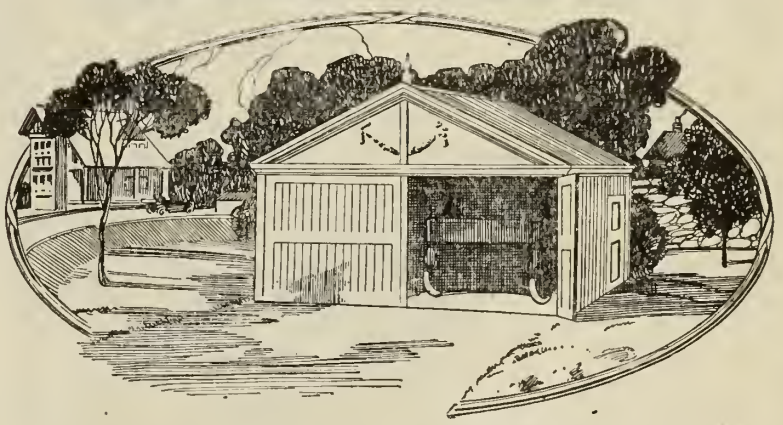
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THE above illustration shows the Pedlar Duplex Garage, big enough to hold two cars with plenty of room to spare. Made of heavily galvanized steel in standardized interlocking sections, which are bolted to a staunch angle-iron framework. The whole garage—framework, siding, roofing, doors, windows and hardware—is shipped to you complete and ready to erect. You can put it up yourself in a few hours.

Write for Garage Booklet H.J., showing other styles.

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"DO WE LIVE AFTER DEATH?"
is answered by Conan Doyle in the May Number

Man a Machine

"CLOGGED-UP"

By Walter Walgrove

IF YOU had an automobile and never cleaned it internally, but allowed the oil, the residue from the fuel, and the particles of waste which the machine itself produces to accumulate, you would not be surprised if it clogged up and acted badly, even if it would "act" at all.

If your watch is left to its own resources and not cleaned internally in the most thorough way, it will, even though "dust tight," produce in itself enough foreign matter to put it out of business.

And every day that you compel an "unclean" watch, auto, or any other machine to run, wears seriously its vital parts and saps its vitality.

Just so is the human vitality sapped and the "works" of humans worn—not, mind you, if we lived strictly up to the simple, primitive but rigorous laws of nature, but who does and who can?

If we were all farmers and labored in the fields from morning till night, or lumbermen chopping trees the day long—if we were able to earn our salt in one of the few the very few, occupations, which call into play every muscle and joint which nature has supplied for the purpose of effectually throwing off the waste which our systems naturally create and accumulate—

If, in addition to this, we ate, drank and slept in strict accordance with exacting Mother Nature's demands, no one would have cause to say, "I have Spring Fever"; "I feel Yellow"; "I am Blue"; "I am Nervous"—but show me one who violates any of her laws who can truthfully say, "I am never afflicted with any of these."

Are you ever so afflicted?

The life we live is to a great extent artificial. Many of us endeavor in our spare time to satisfy Nature's requirements as far as possible by exercise, but does this suffice? Does this absolutely obviate for you all the mild and serious ailments to which you are subject? If it does not, as is doubtless the case, what further is required?

Man of to-day is as near a machine as he probably ever can become, and still exist, and to keep him in perfect "running order" he has to be treated as such. Now, if your watch or auto was "clogged up" with foreign matter threatening its very existence unless removed, would you apply acid to rid it of this foreign matter? You could get an acid that would do it, but you know that it would also injure the mechanism.

So I don't think you would use it—you would cleanse with that which nature has provided to make and keep it clean with no injury to the "works."

I wonder why everyone does not treat the most precious thing on earth to them, their physical bodies, in the same considerate fashion. Everyone knows that their internal organs make waste which is rank poison to the blood and the system, and, under our present mode of living, the functions ridding it of these are, without aid of some kind, unable to accomplish it.

Their first thought is of the drug shop and medicine. Never a thought of whether Nature can be assisted by her own provisions, but "Acid to the machine"—that's just what it means.

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons has said: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, has said: "All medicines which enter the circulation, poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

This waste in the system can be effectually reached, and the intestines cleansed and kept pure by Nature's greatest cleanser and healer, warm Water, which, if properly introduced, is the only rational, safe and sure way of purifying, sterilizing and keeping in perfect working order the internal organism.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

No poison, no violence here. Just as sensible and sure a method as is external bathing certain to keep the pores open and the external organism sweet and clean.

That dangerous and incidentally very expensive disease, Appendicitis, is caused solely and directly by accumulated waste. Indirectly I would hesitate to name the complaints attributable to this same cause. It is a well-known fact that the blood, in circulating, comes in contact with the contents of the colon twice in twenty-four hours, and, taking up by absorption the poisons they contain, distributes them throughout the entire system.

The system is gradually weakened until it is no longer able to fight successfully against the microbes which are taken into the body through the air and otherwise, and are continually struggling for the mastery—those germs which are dominant at the time inevitably gain the upper hand and the particular illness which they produce develops.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, why people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Charles A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line has made him the pre-eminent authority on this subject.

Not only did internal bathing save and prolong Doctor Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife.

All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Suite 230, 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this article in CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

It will be very interesting to everyone as it shows clearly how rational is the system of Internal Bathing, and in what way it differs from and is superior to forcing and injuring the functions by drugs—much clearer and in greater detail than can be covered by this brief article.

Read the following stories in the May number—
"Cure for Burned Fingers" by William Hugo Pabke
"The Ranee's Bracelet" by E. A. Taylor
"Sharing Dad with Judy" by Madge MacBeth

Barterers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

missed one of the girl's motions. Not an advance or retreat, not a bow, slide or salute passed unnoticed.

"Oh," breathed the woman, "She's quite wonderful. How long has she been here?"

"Some weeks back I picked her up in a tobacco factory where she works day-times," he answered indifferently, as he drew out a large diamond-monogramed watch and snapped it open. "The girl's been on a few amateur nights, and knocked down first prize every time. She could hold her own with a profesh." Then as if regretting the confidence, he added sourly, "But she won't be worth all the money and time I've spent on her. None of 'em are. Once the crowd likes 'em, twice it gets tired. —Bah, that's rotten bad," he muttered to himself, "she's got to go on from the start with more life for that stunt."

"See here, Yetta," he lumbered forward and gripped the girl's shoulder as she came running up the stairs from the dressing room. "You do like I showed you last night when you do that Bacchante business, hear me?"

MISS MEYER from her place in the flies, saw the girl shrink from the man's brutality and put her hands in protest over her face.

"Ach, no, no," she half-sobbed, "I can't. No, no."

"You do it, I tell you. Stir 'em up. Get 'om goin' and see here," roughly he pulled away the flimsy cheesecloth from her throat and bosom. "Lower than that, yet."

With frantic fingers she clutched at the neck of the dress and tried to pull it up. "Please, no, Mr. Goldman," she pleaded piteously. "I don't can dance that way. I dance good way. I love me for to dance good way, but it makes me so to shame myself to dance—"

He gave her a little push but his eyes shone. "You do as I say, girlie. What's the good of your being pretty if you don't show it? You dance like I said or—"

Again Miss Meyer's whole gaze settled on Yetta. In a long flowing garment of white cheesecloth, magnificent blue-black hair, unbound and floating to her knees, she was slowly advancing to the center of the stage. Around her shapely head was a chaplet of green-paper leaves, and she carried a leaf-twined wand in one hand. The little face was devoid of all color now. Miss Meyer bit her lip in an effort at self-restraint, when she caught one glimpse of the big, pleading child-eyes.

In an instant the little gilt-slippered feet were twinkling and the slender form swaying, undulating, every movement alive with radiant grace. There was an unconscious sensuousness, an artless abandon in every posture of the frail body, which seemed to palpitate in harmony with the music. Soon she had risen to the height of ecstasy, and her whole frame thrilled in rhythmic response.

Miss Meyer's glance had never swerved, but she sensed the exultation of the man at her side. He was gloating over the girl's art. Then, just before the young dancer yielded herself to the climax, the two spectators in the wings saw a flood of color run high into her face—a look of something like shame leap into the tragic eyes. In spite of clenched hands, a groan escaped the girl as she sank down with well simulated exhaustion, a little white heap. Instantly she was on her feet and gone from view.

THE audience shouted, clapped, whistled! But Yetta Solomon had walked straight into Miss Meyer's outstretched arms, where she lay, sobbing with all the vehemence of a nature fired with emotion.

Isaac Goldman scolded, commanded, cajoled, but Yetta refused to return, though the audience still clamored. In the end the manager stepped before the curtain and suavely explained their favorite's sudden illness. Then he rushed back to discipline the offending Yetta. For the moment he was too completely filled with the one idea to notice the presence of a newcomer, the young shoemaker. Israel had somehow managed to slip in the alley door. His eyes shone with mournful adoration as he stepped appealingly toward the girl, but Goldman was nearer.

"See here, Yetta," he began, with eyes like steel points, "you can't put on none of them high-strikes. It won't do, you know. I ain't goin' to learn you all this and have you act like a fool."

Yetta freed herself from Miss Meyer's embrace, and faced the man who continued to bluster, "I intend to put you on my New York theatre, but them New Yorkers won't stand for no such foolishness."

Then Yetta spoke huskily, "I ain't goin' to New Yorruk."

Israel Grabowsky gave vent to his feelings in a sigh of relief, almost a sob.

Isaac Goldman replied in a high pitch of rage, "Ain't what? You don't know what you're talkin' about. Why, girl, I'm givin' you the chance of a lifetime. You'll be wearin' 'em bigger'n these some day." He held out a finger on which a ring with three gigantic diamonds blazed.

The girl's eyes glittered. Unconsciously she drew nearer him. A sudden fear chilled Miss Meyer. Trembling she waited. Yetta repeated in the same gentle tone, "I ain't goin' to New Yorruk."

"SURE you're goin', Yetta," Goldman returned, assuming a conciliatory air. "I'm goin' to make a great dancer of you some day. Just wait and see all I'll do for you."

The look in his eyes was a revelation to Miss Meyer; she never quite forgot that one glimpse of a naked, human heart.

"I ain't goin' to New Yorruk," reiterated Yetta.

"This is your doin'," Goldman flung out to the older woman. "You've gone and persuaded her. I'll—"

"You has wrong," Yetta broke in incoherently, "she ain't said me one word, yet—only good words. She don't make me shame myself. I ain't dance no more." She turned away, hiding her face in her hands.

"Sure, you'll dance again to-morrow night. You know you love the dancin' business, and you said you were crazy for money."

"Money—oh, my dear, you shall have money," the teacher cried in a voice which she could not keep steady. "Only tell me how much you want. You need not earn it this way."

"Ach, Yetta, Yetta. I give you money. I have much money saved—. I give it you from my heart out." This from Israel.

There was utter silence a moment, then the manager said with a business-like air, "You want money, Yetta. Well, I'll engage you to dance here all next week—and pay you twenty-five dollars."

Almost before Miss Meyer could find her voice, Israel had screamed. "Don't dance, Yetta. I give you t'irty dollar."

"Dance, Yetta, and I'll make it thirty-five," the man offered with a quick intaking of the breath.

"I'll give you thirty-five dollars, dear. Come, oh, please, let's go home." Miss Meyer in thought had already plunged deep into the purse of Jacob Rothschild, the founder of the "Rebecca Rothschild Institute." She took a step toward the girl. Yetta had faced about, her tear-burnished eyes wide with excitement, her hands nervously clasping and unclasping. In a half-audible tone she was saying to herself, "T'irty-five dollar, t'irty-five dollar."

"FORTY dollars is a pretty big sum, Yetta," Goldman grumbled. His commercial instinct had fully appraised the girl's art. "You ain't worth it, but it'll be in your pay envelope next week."

"Forty dollar!" the voice held a sob of joy.

"Yetta, look at me," commanded the teacher firmly, tilting the girl's chin so as to meet her eyes squarely, "how much money will you take to go home with me to-night, and keep your word not to dance again on the stage?"

Without an instant's hesitation, the girl answered glibly, "A hundred dollar."

"One hundred dollars!" The words almost formed themselves on Miss Meyer's lips, and she lowered lids over eyes dark with distrust.

"Before t'ree months," the girl went on in a monotone so low that only the woman could hear, "before t'ree months I say to myself, I need money

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75.)

A Provincial National Flower —The Trillium

The Natural Order Liliaceae---Common Names, Wake Robin or Wood Lily---is Suggested

At a recent meeting of the Horticultural Society in Toronto the matter of a National and Provincial Flower for Canada was discussed, and the following remarks were made by Mr. A. Gilchrist, the well-known Horticulturist.

THIS beautiful genus is exclusively a North American plant—all the species are low plants rising by a single stem from a tuberous root or creeping root stalk. All parts of the plant are in threes, the stem bearing a whorl of three leaves; and the solitary flower having three green sepals, and three white petals.

There are four varieties native to Canada, and about eight varieties in America. Trillium Grandiflorum is the finest of the genus, the flower vying in beauty with that of any spring blooming plant. No one who has seen a mass of this species in full bloom in the garden as we have grown it for years, will wonder at our classing the Trillium among the choicest garden flowers.

The three leaves on the stem represent the three nationalities, England, Ireland and Scotland, as the basis of the British Empire of which we form a part. The three sepals represent the Trinity, the basis of our Christianity, the three pure white petals represent purity, truly a divine flower. What flower could be more appropriate for a National Flower for this fair Province of Ontario? As a child of the Canadian wood, I loved to pluck it and love it still, and it might justly be called Kipling's Lady of the Snows.

"Flower in the crannied wall;
I pluck you out of the crannies.
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

—*Tennyson.*

A National Flower For Canada

FIRST, it should be a native of Canada, hardy, easily grown in the gardens of the common people.

Second, it should be adapted to be grown on the graves of our fallen heroes in France and Flanders.

Third, it should possess qualities as a cut flower, lasting well when cut: distinct in form and color, to be used in wreaths or garlands, heraldic and symbolic devices. From an extensive experience of our native flora, I would like to suggest our Canadian Lily of which we have three species, Lilium Canadense (common name, Yellow Canadian Lily) flowering June and July, Lilium Superbum (common name, Turk's Cap Lily) flowering July and August. Lilium Philadelphium (common name, Orange Lily) flowering June and July.

These lilies have been introduced into the gardens in the United States and England. William Robinson, founder and editor of "The Garden" speaks thus of Lilium Superbum—"A very tall kind with slender stems and leaves and a profusion of flowers with from ten to forty blossoms on a stem." Edward Rand, Jr., author of "Seventy-Five Flowers," speaks of it thus: "Lilium Canadense and Superbum, two splendid species with drooping yellows and reddish orange flowers, are worthy of every care, for they are among the most graceful and beautiful of the family. We have had Lilium Superbum in our garden eight feet high with thirty flowers on a stalk and the groups when in bloom were magnificent." I have a group of Lilium Superbum in my garden planted about twelve inches deep and among them Trillium Grandiflora planted about six inches deep growing two crops of flowers in the same bed; my soil is a moist black sand. There is nothing better as a cut flower for they can be cut with long stems lasting more than a week after cutting and every bud opening to the very top.

LILIUM PHILADELPHIUM was found in great abundance at one time near my home east of the Humber River on the dry, sandy plane and now nearly exterminated by fires and people pulling them up when in bloom. Very few found now. It is more plentiful in the west, but nearly exterminated in older Ontario. Flower erect, orange spotted with purple inside. This is the characteristic of our native lilies, a most charming native plant.

Lilium Canadense quite distinct from L. Superbum or L. Philadelphium; flowers vary from yellow to orange, bell shaped, heavily spotted inside with brown, very graceful and pretty. It likes plenty of moisture, found along river banks and streams. It produces quantities of flowers when established in the garden.

THE lily is a symbol of purity and next in popularity to the rose. The lily sweet and modest has been entwined with the rose in heraldic emblems in ancient times. The United States in recent years have adopted thirty-eight State flowers, twenty-five by legislative enactment, the balance by popular vote. But they have still left us the lily, the pride of them all. There are no poor relations or weedy plants in the lily family. By some the lily has been regarded as queen of flowers. Linneaus called the lily "the noblest of the flowering kingdom."

Pliny remarks "Lilium Nobilitatum—"

"The lily's height bespeaks command,
A fair, imperial flower,
She seems designed for Flora's hand.
The sceptre of her power."

THE HANDMADE HANDKERCHIEF

THE woman who delights in making dainty handkerchiefs is usually interested in novel ways of varying the plain square which she wishes to beautify. The handkerchief with the "roll and whip" border (the hem of which is rolled tightly by moistening it a little with the finger tips, and whipped around and back again with colored thread, to form tiny crosses for a border) has been such a favorite that it is now being ornamented by drawn threads of a deeper hue, inserted parallel to the edge, which give a most effective touch to the finished handkerchief. It is but a simple matter to draw these through the linen, if they are attached carefully to the ends of the threads of the original fabric, which are to be removed to make room for the colored ones. When the old thread is slipped out, the new one follows automatically in its place. Two lines may be inserted parallel, if preferred, to give more color and character to the design. A simple initialing at one corner is, perhaps, the most satisfactory decoration to finish the gift. Handkerchief linen is obtainable in a variety of exquisite shades, which are most attractive, when set off by a finishing touch in darker hue.

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Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.



RENNIE'S SEEDS

Make your garden a source of pride and profit this year by sowing seeds of tested quality. Healthy, productive plants will not grow from poor, undersized seeds. Rennie's are selected seeds, which have been tested for germination before being offered for sale.

For Planting up to April 15th

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Brussels Sprouts—Amager Market. Oz., $1.25; pkt., 20c.
Cabbage—Rennie's First Crop. ¼ lb., $3.00; oz., $1.00; pkt., 10c
Rennie's XXX Autumn—Winter Drumhead. ¼ lb., $4.50; oz., $1.50; pkt., 10c.
Onion—Rennie's Selected Yellow Globe Danvers (Private Stock). ¼ lb., $1.25; oz., 40c; pkt., 10c.
Cauliflower — Rennie's Danish Drouth-Resisting. ¼ oz., $2.50; pkt., 25c.
Celery—Paris Golden Yellow. Extra Select. ½ oz., $1.10; ¼ oz., 60c; pkt., 25c.
Tomato—Bonny Best (Original), ¼ lb., $1.75; oz., 60c.; pkt., 10c. Rennie's Improved Beefsteak. Oz., 75c; ½ oz., 40c; pkt., 10c.

FLOWER SEEDS.

New Giant Astermum—Mixed Colors. Pkt., 15c.
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Early Blooming Cosmos—Mixed. Pkt., 10c.
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Rennie's XXX Prize Ruffled Giant Single Petunia—Mixture. Pkt., 25c.
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Canada's Great Need

Tree, Shrub and Flower Planting

BY A. GILCHRIST

CANADA has arrived at a time in her history when thoughtful men and naturalists, artists, and men of means are demanding that more attention be given to our native trees, shrubs and hardy plants. We can never have a purely Canadian landscape until we use more of our own material. No country in the temperate zone has such magnificent forest trees, such beautiful shrubs, and lovely flowers; the maple, our own emblem—hard or sugar maple—what tree possesses such foliage in autumn? While the foliage of the soft maple lacks the wealth of color and glory of the sugar maple, the bark, especially on the branches, is as fine as an etching. The elm tree is always bewitching, every branch having its own tracery. The bark of the elm is corrugated, and in color like the ruts of a dry country road. The oak has the allegiance of centuries, for beneath its shadows the Druids worshipped and built their altars. Words are weak when they essay an oak tree epic.

We have the Red Oak, the Mossy Cup and the White Oak—magnificent trees. The birch, with its pendular branches and white, shining bark against the sky line has truly been named the Lady of the Forest, and a beech tree is a picture in winter, with its silvery grey bark.

The Mountain Ash makes a striking object, with its bright red berries, providing food for our bird friends when they can find little else.

In the smaller trees we have the hawthorn, covered with snowy white blossoms in spring; the native crab apple, (Pyrus Coronaria), with beautiful coral pink blossoms; the black and red fruited elder, two fine shrubs, white flowered; Pyrus Arbutifolia, common chokeberry, with white flowers, beautiful glossy foliage and black fruit; the Dogwoods, the red wooded called the Osier, a lovely shrub for winter—it is so striking against the snow line.

There are also the white berried and the black berried Comus. The Comus Florida, the finest genus, abundant in south western Ontario; the witch hazel, a remarkable shrub, which flowers late in autumn, ripening its seed in the spring. We have a variety of evergreens, but to see them at their best we must go to the country, for in Toronto they are all dying on account of the smoke. They retain their leaves in winter and the smoke seems to fill the breathing pores (for trees breathe). Evergreens are a great protection in winter, as well as a joy and beauty for country homes.

IN winter the individuality of trees comes out. In summer their leaves obscure this. We cannot study a tree's shape in summer—it is shut in by its own leaves and shadow, but when winter hacks away the last tatter of summer finery, and leaves the tree to stand naked as an Indian warrior, then does it proclaim itself.

Bring the woodland groves to the schools that the children may become acquainted with all the beautiful things in this wondrous Canada of ours. Children as a rule love to pluck flowers, and their young minds are susceptible to pure impressions which last through life. Nothing is better than a study of flowers, birds, insects and animals, to implant a real love for country life.

Our educationists should see that every child be given a chance to get in touch with everything that can make life pure, healthful and pleasant. Then we would hear less of the young people leaving the farm for the artificial life of the city.

In Canada we have more land than we know what to do with, which might be planted with trees, shrubs and flowers, say a dozen plants in a clump. Make it informal—no straight lines or fancy figures. Imitate nature in the work—a woodland wild. Every school in the country should have an acre or more for forest planting. Our native trees, shrubs and plants are not grown in the nurseries; get some small plants one or two feet high from the woods, (by taking them small they are more sure to grow), in either fall or spring time, whenever you have the time to gather them. Emerson says: "I am a son of the soil—I must plant trees. I am not a Henry George—he vexes my soul."

TEACHERS, just one word to you. If you help the boys and girls to plant one woodland, you will never regret the labor of love in after years. It will be a monument of love; you will be remembered long after you have passed to the great Beyond. It will be the happiest time in your life to see the work progressing in your hands. Never say fail.

Just a word for the farm; every farm should have a plantation near the house—at least a few acres of a wood lot for fuel—also for a shelter from the north and west winds in winter, adding comfort, beauty and wealth of real value. The great need of Canada is tree planting.

Native Herbaceous Plants that will Transplant well.

COLUMBINE, Liver-leaf, Bloodroot, Cardinal Flower, Harebell, The Lily Family, Phlox, Wake-Robin, Solomon's Seal, Dogtooth Violet, Spurge, Butterfly-Weed, Wind Flower, Meadow-Rue, Sneeze-Weed, Cone Flower, (purple and yellow), Sun-Flower, Beard-Tongue, Mayflower—Ground Laurel, Squirrel Corn, Dutchman's Breeches, Violets, Lupine, Geranium Cranesbill, Wood Sorrel, New Jersey Tea, Saxifrage, Blazing-Star, White Snake-root, Elecampane, Golden Rod, Starwort, Oswego Tea, Norse Mint, Wood Betony, Waterleaf, Dogbane, Skunk Cabbage, Bellwort.

Native Trees

PIN OAK, Swamp Hickory, American Aspen, Hornbeam Blue Beech, White Birch, Swamp White Oak, Basswood, Beech, White Elm, Sugar Maple, Red Oak, Butternut, Mossy Cup White Oak, Black Ash, Buttonwood, Silver Maple, White Ash, Red Maple, White Oak, Black Walnut, Slippery Elm, Tulip Tree, Chestnut, Shell Bark Hickory, Corky White Elm, Balsam Poplar (Balm of Gilead), Paper or Canoe Birch, Chestnut Oak, Pignut Hickory, Mountain Maple, White Pine, White Spruce, Black Spruce, Balsam Fir, Hemlock Spruce, Red Pine, Larch or Tamarac.

Native Shrubs

SWEET Fern, Dwarf Shadbush, Chokeberry, Maple-leaved Viburnum, Native Apple, Common Elder, Red Osier, Round-leaved Dogwood, Witch Hazel, Ceanothus New Jersey Tea, American Holly, Cockspur Thorn, Sassafras, Common Meadow Sweet, Mountain Maple, Silky Cornel, Purple Flowered Raspberry, Scarlet Fruited Thorn, Leatherwood, Red Berried Elder, Shadbush Juneberry, Shepherdia, Snowball Guelder Rose, Alternate-leaved Dogwood, Snowberry.

Native Creepers

VIRGINIA CREEPER, Bittersweet, Honeysuckle, Virgin's-Bower, Native Grape, Canadian Moodseed, Ground-nut Wild Bean, Smilax Catbrier.

The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

the beginner gets a great many very hard tumbles when learning, as found out by experience, but he feels amply repaid when after a few weeks' patient practising, he finds himself one of the "ice-flyers," and an everlasting friend of winter's slippery floor, the ice.

The clear, pure air invigorates a person as he glides along, for all the world like the mythical Mercury (with wings on his heels). I am sure it would take a pretty agile Mercury to overtake an expert skater. There are many winter sports, such as coasting, snow-balling and the merry sleighride on a calm, starry, frosty night, but I think skating is king of them all.

Many people dislike winter because of its frost and cold, and they long for summer, but for skaters winter is a never-failing and long-looked-forward-to source of pleasure and delight which will never be forgotten. Are you not of the same opinion as I?

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

Brown, Ernest, Galt, Ont.
Curl, Alice, Queensville, Ont.
Crossley, Helen, Oxbow, Sask.
Fox, Thelma, Windsor, Ont.
Hamilton, Eric D. S., Toronto, Ont.
Johnston, Cecil, Haliburton, Ont.
Jackson, Edith, Ormsby P.O., Ont.
O'Connor, Monica, Goderich, Ont.
Read, Alice, Gormley, Ont.
Sproule, Flora M., Westbrook, Ont.
Tuck, Florence, Chatham, Ont.
Watson, Lucy I., Wishart, Sask.
Watson, Mary, Wishart, Sask.
Wingrove, Reta, Barrie, Ont.
Wingrove, Fern, Barrie, Ont.

THE WORK OF APRIL DAYS.

By Ethel Bain.

I saw with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I saw in a vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat;
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.
—Ralph Hodgson.

THE grass fairies were very busy shaking out their new green dresses, so fresh and smart they were, for April had showered them plentifully with her tears. Still April did not weep every day. Showers there had to be, for April had her work to do and always after every rainfall the old earth looked cleaner and brighter, for April was really doing good. The earth, trees and rocks all needed washing and the rivers and streams needed cleaning out, and who but April could do it so well?

Spring was to arrive any day. The message had been delivered by the whispering wind from the south. "Awake, spring is on her way." Obediently the sleeping things had rubbed the sleep dust from their eyes and had risen. Then Mother Nature, that most experienced of housekeepers, had set them all to work. First of all she warned the snow fairies to depart for their Arctic home. They hurried, for well they knew that the penalty for disobeying would be death, so they made haste and after one last mad dance, which mankind called a snow flurry, they left for the frozen regions of the far north.

The annual spring cleaning had begun in earnest and every feathered worker was busy all day long, but only those that loved Nature and her children realized the great change that was taking place. The sleeping sentinels of the woodlands awakened and the life giving sap moved upwards in the trunks, creeping even to the tips of the slender branches, feeding the sticky little buds that now appeared. Every day the buds got fatter and the dresses of the grass fairies grew longer, for the golden sun shed its warm rays and thawed the frozen earth.

THE caretakers of the trees were hard at work and each knew the daily task. Here was a family of feathered carpenters, the woodpeckers. In the orchards, chickadees were busy hunting for that insect pest, the apple plant louse. The chickadees search eagerly for the eggs of this

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68.)









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delightful color combinations with unusual refinement of finish mark the new Spring styles in Monarch Knit Sweater Coats. The snug comfort of correct sizes and of fine Australian wools, there is, of course; but there is also present that fashionable quality which many women have longed for and found so hard to get. An early inspection of your dealer's display will convey far better than words just what we mean by this.

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Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

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Write for the booklet, "The A.B.C. of Home Painting" —a practical handbook by a practical painter.

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21

The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67.)

pest and one bird will destroy as many as four hundred in a day, so don't disturb these dainty blackcaps when you see them at work in your orchard. Just think of the good they are doing, and the number of eggs one of the tiny workers destroys in a week—two thousand and eight hundred—for remember a bird has seven working days. It has to work to find food and so a bird never takes a holiday on Sunday. If one chickadee consumes that quantity, how many eggs would one hundred chickadees eat? Beside the woodpeckers and chickadees, the nuthatches, brown creeper birds and the dainty kinglet birds are one and all taking care of the bark of the trees and bushes.

With the first signs of spring the messengers arrive—the robins and bluebirds. The bulbs in their cosy beds in the brown earth, obediently answer the call of the great mother, and weeks before we see the first green shoots of the new plants there is a stirring in the hearts of the little brown balls. The time has come for them to grow once more, and so, refreshed with their long sleep they push their new roots downward and long sharp pointed leaves upward. Like white spears they appear above the ground and then the light and air soon turns them green. Slowly they grow until one day spring arrives and to honor her arrival, the snowdrops burst into bloom.

DURING this month it is interesting to watch our birds at work. Mother Nature's plans are so well balanced that every bird has its share. Beside the caretakers of the bark, there are birds that look after the leaves of the trees and shrubs. Amongst these are the vireos and warblers. Their duty is to clean the leaves, especially those on the ends of the branches. This sounds strange, but if you were able, the first warm days of spring to look carefully under all the new leaves of the trees in your district, you would find countless eggs, many almost too tiny to be seen. These have been laid by ants, flies, cankerworms and many other insects, wise enough to know that the tender foliage will be the best food for their young ones when hatched. They deposit their eggs on the under side, so that they will be protected from the rain and warmth of the sun's rays, but thousands of these eggs never hatch for they are destroyed by the warblers and vireos.

Mother Nature does not neglect the ground floor or basement either, for she has many capable servants in feathered coats, that, like the fox sparrow, dig the insect pests out of the ground in the most marvellous way. Millions of insect enemies lie hidden in the undergrowth, amongst the grass, in the twisted roots of trees and under the carpet of last year's leaves. The white grubs of May beetles, wireworms and maggots that always work under cover of the soil, the deadly army worms that ruin crops worth millions of dollars every year, are some of the worst pests. Silently these enemies work, but the feathered soldiers know the best time to attack and with their sharp bills for bayonets they dig out the foe and destroy it. One of the best ground soldiers is the meadow-lark, because it is always hunting insects. The number of grasshoppers it destroys alone, makes it worth-while for the farmer to protect it. Yet, how often the meadow-lark is a mark for the gun of the hunter, who classes it as a game bird. You cannot mistake a meadow-lark for its bright yellow breast and throat betray it at first sight. Whenever this bird sees mankind near, it turns its back upon him, for by so doing the yellow parts are hidden. Not very polite, but the meadow-lark believes in "Safety First."

ROBINS, brown-thrashers, blackbirds, crows, oven-birds, yellow-winged woodpeckers and many other birds march in the land army, for by so doing they help Dame Nature to keep her house clean. If she did not, the whole earth would soon be overrun by insect pests and grass, trees, animals and mankind would die.

The value of birds, that not only entertain us with their sweet songs, but work hard for our benefit, can never be talked about too much. It is indeed a sad sight to see dead meadow-larks offered for sale in the poultry stores, simply because mankind is too stupid to understand that one live bird in a field is worth a hundred slain, for a rich man's dinner.

So as we wander about the roadside or take our walks through the woods this month, and stand to watch our feathered friends as they tirelessly carry out their duties, let us realize, more than ever we did before what a wonderful and beautiful world we are living in.

Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

"Courland loved the place," said Darrel, "and for many years until his death he spent the summers here with his wife and daughter.

"That's why they continue to come. The place is part of their life. But I don't know what they'll do now. Monsieur Paillard, their landlord, hasn't been heard of since the Germans bombarded and burnt Wiltz-la-Vallee. Whether poor Paillard got knocked on the head by a rifle-butt or a 41-centimetre shell, or whether he was lined up against some garden wall with the other poor devils when the Prussian firing-squads sickened and they had to turn the machine-guns on the prisoners, nobody seems to know.

"Wiltz-la-Vallee is nothing but an ill-smelling heap of rubbish. The whole country is in a horrible condition. You know a rotting cabbage or beet or turnip field emits a bad enough smell. Add to that the stench from an entire dead and decomposing community of three thousand people! Oh, yes, they dug offal trenches, but they weren't deep enough. And besides there was enough else lying dead under the blackened bricks and rafters to poison the atmosphere of a whole country. It's a ghastly thing that they've done to Belgium!"

Guild went to his modern bathroom to bathe, but left the door open.

"Go on, Harry," he said.

"Well, that's about all," continued Darrel. "The Germans left death and filth behind them. Not only what the hands of man erected is in ruins, but the very face of the earth itself is mangled out of all recognition. They tore Nature herself to pieces, stamped her features out, obliterated her very body! You ought to see some of the country! I don't mean where towns or solitary farms were. I mean the *land*, the *landscape!*—all full of slimy pits from their shells, cut in every direction by their noisome trenches, miles and miles of roadside trees shot to splinters, woodlands burned to ashes, forests torn to slivers—one vast, distorted and abominable desolation."

Guild had reappeared, and was dressing.

"They didn't ransack the Grand Duchy," continued Darrel, "although I heard that the Grand Duchess blocked their road with her own automobile and faced the invaders until they pushed her aside with scant ceremony. If she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71.)

Where Our Rubber Comes From

Its Growth, Cultivation and Ultimate Use.

FEW people think of Christopher Columbus in connection with rubber, yet Columbus was the first white man to make the acquaintance of rubber and to first introduce rubber into Europe. When Columbus stepped upon the soil of the wonderful new Western world he found strange red-men, whose feet were encased in water-proof shoes, playing a game with a round ball that bounced, and wearing fantastic ornaments of a material entirely unfamiliar to his old-world eyes. These shoes, balls and ornaments were of rubber or "caucho" an Indian term meaning "weeping tree."

Samples of these articles and of raw rubber were carried back to his native shores by Columbus and aroused much curiosity and interest among his friends. But it was not until almost four centuries later that the commercial possibilities of rubber began to be recognized.

In 1770 Joseph Priestly discovered that rubber would erase pencil marks and here we have the derivation of the English name "rubber". Not until 1844, however, did Charles Goodyear learn the secret of vulcanizing rubber to give it wearing qualities heretofore lacking. From that time on dates the utilization of rubber to minister to man's needs.

Originally the world was dependent upon tropical America for its rubber. Brazil had practically a monopoly of the crude rubber industry because it was in that country that the best rubber producing trees grew, the Hevea Braziliensis and the Castilloa. And jealously as a lover did Brazil guard her treasure. It remained for an adventurous Englishman, Wickham by name, to smuggle a shipload of Hevea seeds out of Brazil in 1876 and thus break the monopoly. These seeds were planted at Kew in England and later the saplings were transplanted to British possessions in India and the East Indian Islands. This was the beginning of the British Rubber Industry which to-day controls 80 per cent. of the world's production of crude rubber.

CRUDE rubber is a vegetable product and is gathered from certain species of trees, shrubs, vines and roots. There are some three hundred and fifty different varieties and grades, but these can be divided roughly into two chief classes, wild and cultivated. During the past few years, however, the rubber plantation industry has been developed to such an extent that now the great bulk of the rubber used is of the cultivated variety.

The first class, or wild rubbers are collected from trees which have grown wild and where no cultivation processes whatever have been used. These rubber producing trees, shrubs, etc., are found mostly in northern South America, Central America, Mexico, Central Africa and Borneo.

Until the time that cultivated rubber reached its present state of perfection, fine Para was considered the finest rubber in the world. Para rubber is gathered in the Amazon regions of South America. The methods in use are practically the same as those used over a century ago. The natives go out into the forests and, selecting a rubber tree, cut "V" shaped grooves in the bark with a special knife made for the purpose, these grooves being cut in herring-bone fashion diagonally around the tree with one big groove cut vertically down the centre like the main vein in a leaf. The latex of the tree from which the rubber is taken flows from these veins and down the centre vein into a little cup which the natives place to receive it. After the little cups are filled, they are gathered and brought into the rubber camp and there the latex is coagulated by means of smoke. This is done by the use of a paddle which is alternately dipped into a bowl of the latex and then revolved in the smoke from a wood or palm nut fire. This smoke has a preservative effect on the rubber, as well as drying it out and causing it to harden on the paddle, each successive layer of the latex causing the size of the rubber ball or biscuit to increase. When a biscuit of sufficient size has been thus coagulated, it is removed from the paddle and is ready for shipment to the various countries where rubber products are manufactured.

THERE are a number of other grades of wild rubber including Caucho, Castilloa, Guayule, all from Central America, Mexico and South America. From Central Africa and from Borneo come a number of other wild rubbers, all of lower grades than the Para rubber of South America.

The second class, or cultivated rubbers, are obtained from East India, Ceylon, Malayan Peninsula and Southern Mexico.

The chief and best among these is the Ceylon rubber which is being grown mostly from sprouts taken from wild Para rubber trees of South America. These cultivated rubber trees have been very carefully reared and scientific methods used to tap them so as not to, in any way, hurt the bearing qualities of the trees. The Ceylon product is very uniform as modern scientific methods are used in coagulating, drying and otherwise treating the rubber before it leaves the plantation so that there is a minimum deterioration due to oxidation and other action during the time the rubber is en route from the plantations to the rubber manufacturer. The cultivated rubbers grown in East India and the Malayan Peninsula are similar to the Ceylon product and all come under the general head of Ceylon rubber.

The method used in treating the rubber at the factory of the rubber manufacturer is very interesting. When the crude rubber first arrives at the factory in Canada it is generally stored in bins in dark and fairly cool store-rooms where it is kept until ready to be used. The rubber passes directly from the storage bins to the wash room, where it is cut up into small pieces, put into large vats of warm water and allowed to soak in order to soften it sufficiently to be broken down in the machine. It is then fed into a cracker, a machine consisting of two rolls with projections on their surfaces shaped like little pyramids, the two rolls revolving with a differential, one going considerably faster than the other, and being adjustable so that they can work close together or with some distance between them. The rubber is fed between these rolls and broken down into a coarse, spongy mass, water flows onto the rubber during the process, bringing down sand, dirt, bark and the many other foreign materials which become mixed with the rubber. The rubber is put through this machine a number of times until it is worked into a uniform condition. Some of the rubbers, like the Ceylon and Para, will sheet out into a coarse sheet by being put through this machine: others, like the majority of the African rubbers will fall apart and come down in chunks and have to be fed into the machine with a shovel.

AFTER the rubber is broken down sufficiently, it is next put through a washing machine. Here a large quantity of water is kept constantly running over the machine while the rubber is being put through and the rolls work close together, so that the rubber is finely ground and run into a thin and comparatively smooth sheet, allowing the water flowing between the rolls to take out practically all of the foreign matter that remains. The rubber is put through this machine a number of times until the experienced inspectors in charge are satisfied that it is thoroughly washed.

The next process in the treatment of the rubber is the drying. Before rubber can be used in any article of commercial value, it must be thoroughly dried as any moisture in the stock would turn to steam during the vulcanizing process and cause blisters to form in the goods. There are two ways in which rubber is usually dried. The method most used and which is generally practiced with all the better grades of gum, is to hang the washed strips on horizontal poles and place them in aisles so that air can freely circulate all along the surface of the rubber, the dry room being kept at a constant temperature. Low grade rubbers, which have a comparatively large percentage of resin in their composition cannot bear their own weight when hung on horizontal poles, but drop off and stick in piles on the floor. Hence it is necessary to dry rubber of this low quality in trays in a large air-tight receptacle.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR MAY ISSUE.)



Your Husband Values Your Opinion on Tires

Don't think that tires are just a man's proposition.

Your husband entrusts to you the spending of a very large part of his income.

He values your opinion on the clothes he wears.

He consulted you about the car before he bought it.

Why shouldn't he seek your advice on tires?

And when he does discuss tires with you, you will bring to the discussion the acumen that has made woman the world's great purchasing agent.

You will point out to him that cost-per-mile is the only basis on which to judge tires.

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That the largest selling tire in the world is probably mighty good value.

You will advise Goodyear Cord Tires, because their higher price is more than offset by greater mileage and greater comfort.

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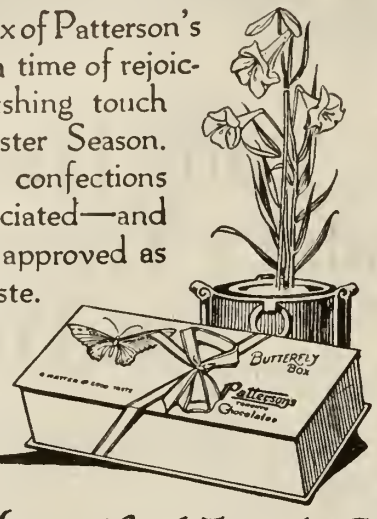


Times of Rejoicing

EASTER is a time when all Christendom rejoices—the ushering in of Spring with the vital, desire-compelling appeal of awakening life for things beautiful, dainty and chaste.

While Nature gladdens the heart and eye with its splendor and good taste—assist by bringing added happiness to your loved ones.

The arrival of a box of Patterson's Chocolates, ever a time of rejoicing, gives the finishing touch to the Joyous Easter Season. These delightful confections are always appreciated—and your consideration approved as a matter of good taste.



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As an example of a real delight I suggest this exquisite but easily made dessert of

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

Orange, Banana or Apple Sponge

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
1 cup orange, apple or banana pulp
1 cup sugar (½ cup if banana pulp is used)
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
Whites of two eggs. Few grains salt

Soak Gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add fruit pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat until light; then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and beat together thoroughly. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. May be served with a custard sauce made with the remaining egg yolks. If a Charlotte is desired, line mold with strips of stale cake.

Including pure lemon flavor, for quick use

Plain, for general use, easily prepared

Note—This recipe only uses ¼ package of Gelatine and makes over 1 pint of Sponge.

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Dept. G, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, Que.



Out of the Butterfly Class

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61.)

left Whiteside so unceremoniously?"

"It has. I wanted new excitement; something different from the old routine. You see,"—drily—"frivolous people crave innovation."

She watched his face closely to observe the effect of her words.

But his countenace remained imperturbable. He merely smiled and said. "I hope you found the experiment satisfactory."

"Entirely so," she answered coldly. "How are all my friends at Whiteside?"

"Before we discuss that, let us finish your journey to the creek. I must say I am very fond of this old creek with its overhanging willows and its shadows and sunshiny ripples. It always reminds me of Tennyson's 'Brook.'"

Pauline glanced at his profile half-curiously as she walked beside him. "You speak as if you knew this place intimately," she observed with studied carelessness.

"I have been here several times," said Mr. Maurice, non-committally He dropped down on the cool, moist turf beside the creek, while Pauline seated herself on a mossgrown log. "Ah, this is pleasure unalloyed after a stuffy office. I hope you will forgive me my curiosity, Miss Fitzgerald, if I ask how you came to get possession of all this?"

Pauline smiled. "I will, if you tell me how you come to be calling."

"That's only fair," returned Maurice with a laugh. "And it is as easily answered. I came to see Dawn. But, apparently you have turned him out."

The girl dimpled with amusement. "How very unfortunate! And instead of a nice, companionable bachelor, you found frivolous me. But I didn't turn your friend out. He went of his own accord. I am merely finishing up his lease."

Then, noting his look of surprise, she added. "I made him promise not to tell anyone. I didn't want to be bothered with any Whiteside people."

Maurice threw back his head and laughed, a boyish ringing laugh that brought the color to Pauline's cheeks.

"Well, that's honest at any rate. I admire honesty more than anything else. Present company excepted, I hope. And yet you are unjust enough to call yourself frivolous. Don't you know that only a serious person can enjoy solitude? By the way, how's Roxy?"

"I really am not able to say at present, seeing she is somewhere else."

"She hasn't deserted you!"

Pauline's affected reserve vanished, and her sweet laugh gurgled out from the fullness of her white throat. "According to your definition, she is the frivolous one. Poor Roxy couldn't live in a 'tomb,' as she called this place. You see, one doesn't enjoy the advantages of a water system here, and she objected, among other things, to carrying the water half a mile."

HER merry laugh rippled out again; and Maurice, watching her, thought she had never looked so sweet. He noted with approval the gingham apron. He had never seen her thus; and to his home-loving heart she looked even more desirable than in her most costly evening robes.

"I suppose Roxy felt the disadvantage and the loneliness more than I," she resumed, "for she doesn't enjoy old Mother Nature's companionship. And to tell the truth, I had to agree with her about the water when I came to carry it myself."

"You haven't been living here alone!" exclaimed Maurice aghast.

"'I am monarch of all I survey!'" she quoted with mock grandiloquence. "Why not? I've been alone two days now, and I'm still unharmed." Not for the world would she tell him that she could no longer endure the loneliness, and had decided to leave.

He looked at her with unconcealed admiration. Even he would have found the solitude too much.

"You haven't told me anything about Whiteside," she said suddenly.

"You don't really care to know, do you?" he asked frankly. "Whiteside doesn't belong here. This is too natural. Natural things don't combine becomingly with the artificial. Be kind and let me forget it for this short while, you who have had your full measure of nature's charms."

She laughed at his earnestness. "As you will then," she acquiesced. "Do you know where this stream leads to?"

"Why, yes; it empties into a small river not far from here. Would you care to follow it up?" He sprang to his feet, as eager as a boy. "No, please don't remove the apron. It is too becoming."

"But it is miles too big," objected Pauline. "How can I walk in it?"

"Tuck it up," pleaded Maurice. "It is a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing a woman in an apron."

SO, to please him, she tucked it up, notwithstanding its discomfort. She walked beside him in happy abandon, oblivious of time. It was so much like the old days when he was a struggling reporter, and she not even a society bud. How much she had missed in those three will-o'-the-wisp years!

Twenty minutes brought them to the river; and on its sloping green-clad banks they lingered till the sun began to lower behind the distant hill-tops. Maurice had been very quiet; it was greater pleasure to listen to Pauline. She had forgotten to impress on him her seeming frivolity, and had talked with unreserve new to her, all unconscious that she was revealing her inmost longings and character.

Then they returned, and Maurice showed her a new path that led to the cottage. By the garden she paused. "I must gather some flowers for your office before you go," she said, breaking the stem of a tall verbena. "I just wonder who planted all these flowers."

Maurice did not answer. He was thinking of how well she fitted into the surroundings. She looked like a flower herself, she was so dainty, so sweet and wholesome.

"So you like this place?" he observed quietly.

"Like it!" she cried. "I love every spot of it. I just wish I did not have to leave."

"You don't need to," said Maurice with a peculiar earnestness in his voice."

Pauline looked up quickly. She was about to ask how he knew; but she stopped all at once and began nervously to arrange the flowers in her hand. She had seen an expression on his face that had never been there before—a look that made her heart suddenly beat very fast.

"I DON'T want you to leave it," he pursued. "It is the place I have always dreamed of you in." His voice deepened. "Do you think you could learn to care enough for me to give up your old life entirely?"

He waited anxiously for her answer. But Pauline was silent. She was too confused to say anything. It seemed so wonderful, that he should want to marry her, and all the while she had been sure he had no thought for her.

"I know it is selfish of me to ask you to give up so much; but I love you, Pauline!"—earnestly—"I think I have always loved you. Don't let me go without some assurance."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78.)

FASHIONS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56.)

7896 — Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards with plaits extended.

8105 — Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.

7802 — Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Lower edge width, 1⅝ yard.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57.)

8038 — Misses' Double - breasted Coat. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years.

8041 — Misses' Single - breasted Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years.

7714 — Misses' Two-piece Suspender Skirt. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.

7959 — Misses' Single - breasted Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years.

7773 — Misses' Two-piece Suspender Skirt. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.



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Spring and Summer

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Murray - Kay Company's new catalogue No. 25J contains many pages of specially prepared illustrations showing the latest new styles in Ladies' Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists, Sweaters, Millinery, Footwear, Lingerie, etc., all most reasonably priced.

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Quebec: Its Romance and Literary Tradition

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

tion of a literature which has no excuse for failure. All the elements of life at a most adventurous, colorful and stirring period were combined. Against a barbaric life there were sent echoes from the then intellectual centre of the world, Paris. Nature, dramatic contrast and action were all godmothers at the christening of Canadian literature.

Nearly half a century ago the late Edmond Lareau wrote his "L'Histoire de la Littérature Canadienne," a book of five hundred pages. He began his record in the reign of Francis I., and when it closed M. Frechette had not been crowned by the French Academy, and neither Lampman nor Roberts had been heard of. It is an interesting fact that fifteen years later England's attention was called to "The Songs of the Great Dominion," collected by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, of Ottawa. French-Canadians have done more to preserve the historic records of Canada than all other Canadians put together.

An interesting figure in this literature is Sir James Le Moine, of Quebec. His career began in 1862, with the publication of a volume of the legendary lore of the St. Lawrence. He published many volumes afterwards. But, most of all, he has stood,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74.)

Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68.)

did that she's as plucky as she is pretty. That's the story, anyway."

"Have the Germans bothered you here?" asked Guild, buttoning a fresh collar.

"Not any to speak of. Of course they don't care anything about the frontier; they'd violate it in a minute. And I've been rather worried because a lot of these Luxembourg peasants, particularly the woodsmen and forest dwellers, are Belgians, or are in full sympathy with them. And I'm afraid they'll do something that will bring the Germans to Lesse Forest."

"You mean some sort of franc-tireur business?"

"Yes, I mean just that."

"The Germans shoot franc-tireurs without court-martial."

"I know it. And there has been sniping across the border, everywhere, ever since the destruction of Wiltz-la-Vallee. I expect there'll be mischief here sooner or later."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NEW PHOTOGRAVURE SECTION OF CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

The long-promised picture section of the Canadian Home Journal is at last a reality. We appreciate exceedingly the patience of our readers in waiting for this section after our repeated promises and its non-appearance. Labour conditions, however, and difficulties in connection with transportation forced us to wait until this issue to introduce the new feature, which appears on pages 37 to 44.

It is our intention each month the section appears to reproduce a masterpiece of Canadian art, with a short biographical sketch of the artist. Accordingly, the famous painting, "After the Bath," by Paul Peel appears on page 37. In future the actual reproduction of the picture will be larger than in this number, and suitable for framing.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

The picture of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, reproduced on page 39, painted by John Russell, is the latest portrait of Canada's great statesman.

When the commission was given for this important work, it afforded Sir Wilfrid Laurier great pleasure to feel that the honor was to go to a Canadian artist. He frequently remarked "I am glad it is a young Canadian who is painting my portrait." Thirty sittings were required before the large canvas was completed showing Sir Wilfrid in his most characteristic attitude—dignified but kindly always—truly a picture of which Canada may be proud.



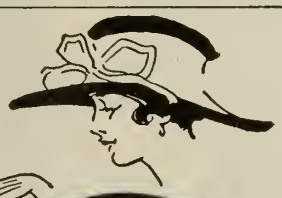
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Within the last few months a tremendous demand for Canadian candy and chocolate has grown up in England and Europe. The large supplies sent to our men overseas during the war gave to many Europeans their first opportunity of appreciating the high qualities which the Canadian product possesses. European merchants and candy lovers are now clamoring for Canadian candies.

There may be some Canadians who do not realize that the most wholesome and delicious candy and chocolate are made here at home—but this is true.

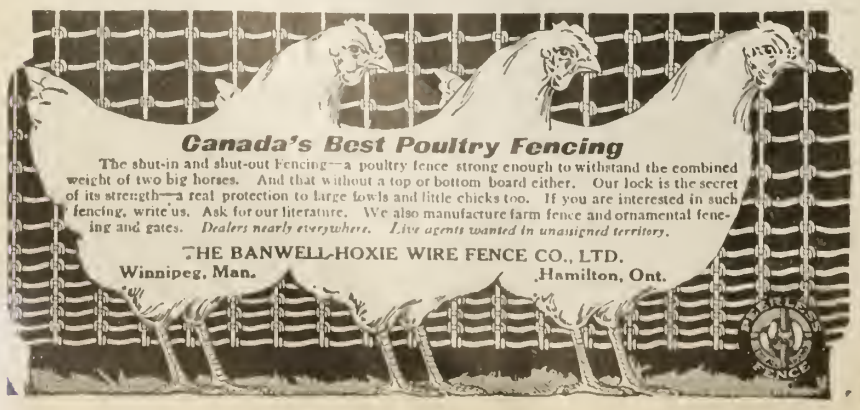
You can eat Canadian-made candy and chocolate with assurance of their high quality and wholesomeness.

Candy and Chocolate Made in Canada.
The Best.
They are Splendid Food.



THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA

35





Concerning Books That are Worth While

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Translated by Charlotte Brewster Jordan. Published by J. M. Dent & Company. Price, $1.90.

IF we are to judge works of fiction by the broad humanitarianism which is also contained in a story well told, then undoubtedly "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is the greatest novel written in recent years.

That it should be written by a native of Spain is of added interest because, for a great many years, no novel of international importance has emanated from that country. But in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Ibanez demonstrates that he has not only read widely of the great masters of fiction in all countries, but that he is conversant with most of the great economic movements which are now at work throughout Europe and America.

The story of the book concerns the family of Desnoyers and the way in which the Great War brings about a patriotic and spiritual rebirth in the hearts of its members. In the opening chapters the father of the family, Marcello Desnoyers, to avoid military service, leaves Paris in 1870 for Buenos Aires. After winning a fortune in South America he loses it and becomes employed with a millionaire rancher, Don Madariaga. Desnoyers marries Luisa, one of Madariaga's daughters, and a young German, Karl Hartrott, also employed by Madariaga, marries the other daughter, Elena by name. As the Hartrott family begins to grow up Karl, the father, plans to return to Germany and sells his share of the ranch so that he may buy preferment in official circles at Berlin. Later on Desnoyers places his large ranch in the hands of capable managers and decides to return to Paris. He reaches Paris an old man, seventy-three years of age, a few months before the outbreak of war.

But this is only the prologue of the great drama which is unfolded in the following chapters, which describe modern Paris, before and during the war, in vivid pictures which will be remembered for a long time by all careful readers.

The recital of the story of the Apocalypse by the Russian, Tchernoff, in Julio Desnoyers' rooms the night before the declaration of war, as related in the last chapter of Part One, is imaginative fiction of the highest degree. "The Four Horsemen are Pestilence, War, Famine, and Death, who precede the great beast of the Book of Revelations, as related by the Prophet John. The Russian was shaking his head with a fatalistic expression. The unhappy woman had not taken the death leap of her own accord—someone had intensified her desperation . . . The horsemen! The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse! . . . Already they were in the saddle, already they were beginning their merciless gallop of destruction. The blind forces of evil were about to be let loose throughout the world; the agony of humanity, under the brutal sweep of The Four Horsemen, was already begun!"

The story then proceeds with the mobilization of troops on the western front, the great retreat to the Marne River, the hurling back of the Germans almost at the gates of Paris, and the wiping out of the Desnoyers' castle at Villeblanche en sur Marne, where the old man, Marcello Desnoyers, lives through the attack of the Germans and the counter-attack of his fellow-countrymen. The picture written by Ibanez, of the Battle of the Marne, is one of the most realistic descriptions, if not the greatest, which has yet been recorded.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" epitomizes the spirit of France to a greater degree than any other novel which has so far been issued from the presses during the war. But it does more than this—it reveals the brutality of the military idea, of pride engendered by greed, of the need for better international relationships in business, art, and all fields of human endeavor. Vicente Ibanez has written a great work which is appealing to a sorrow stricken world as few books have ever appealed before. What is more, it will continue to appeal to readers of all classes, races, and creeds, for many years to come, and its message concerns the utter futility of war and all military effort.

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Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36D.)

Slate River Branch, in addition to its relief work, is building an Institute Hall. Mrs. G. D. Smith is President.

An entertainment is being planned by the Conmee Institute, with Mrs. J. Arnoid as President, to raise funds for Belgian relief work.

The Pickering Institute is planning some social meetings at which they will finish up work on hand for relief and Red Cross. Mrs. Robt. Clark is President.

Moorefield Women's Institute still keeps up the interest along Red Cross lines, and much splendid work has been accomplished during the war. The support of one Belgian child was pledged some time ago; for this purpose a collection is taken up every month, and if the required sum of 2.50 is not realized the balance is taken from the treasury. This branch has decorated the stage and purchased a piano for the Town Hall, also renovating the Council Chamber, and at the December meeting voted $25.00 to the village Public Library with more to follow. Being non-sectarian and having no creed but "For Home and Country," the Institute has been an important factor in the community, bringing together as it does in bonds of mutual interest and sympathy, very many women and girls who might otherwise meet very seldom; in this way gaining a wider knowledge of the questions touching particularly the lives of women and children. We might suggest that a little more space be given the matter of the use of the ballot by women, teaching them how to make the most intelligent use of the power now placed in their hands by the franchise.

Clayton Women's Institute holds its meeting on the last Saturday afternoon of each month. For the month of January four quilts were patched and quilted for the Belgians, we also knitted socks and stockings, and collected second-hand clothing in good repair. We gave $25.00 to the Rosmond Memorial Hospital, Aimonte, and $25.00 to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives. Now that the war is over we have decided to do some home improvement. Mrs. Newton Halfpenny is President of this Society.

The Milford Women's Institute, with Mrs. Lewis Minaker as President, assisted by the Secretary, Mrs. Jas. McQuoid, raised the sum of $660.00 in various ways, viz., sale of home-made quilts, conducting booths at school fairs, Red Cross bags, etc., with which we bought yarn and material. Twenty-five dollars was sent to the Belgian Relief Fund, twenty-four dollars to the Prisoners of War Bread Fund, also forty dollars to the Serbian Relief Fund. During the last month the ladies have made a canvass of the Township and have collected nearly $400.00 for the new hospital in Picton, and are furnishing a two-bed ward complete, in honor of our boys from this locality who have made the supreme sacrifice. Now we are planning comforts for the Refugees.

In addition to Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., and Blind Institute work, the Uno Park Women's Institute is partially maintaining a patient in the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives; matters of interest for the community's welfare are also discussed. Mrs. J. T. Welbourn, President; Mrs. G. L. Foster, Secretary-treasurer.

One box valued at $52 has been sent for Belgian relief and another is being prepared by the Price's Corners Institute, with Mrs. P. M. Hipwell as President.

Shelburne Institute, with Mrs. A. Wrigglesworth as President, and Miss May Hall, Secretary, has sent away 200 boxes during the year, and 170 pairs of socks.

Malton Institute is loud in its praise of the splendid nursing course which they have completed under the supervision of Miss Gradon. Mrs. D. J. Lanny is President of this Institute.

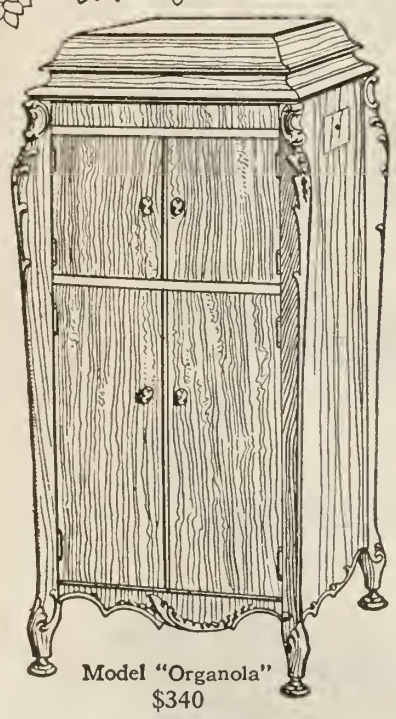
Alfred Park and Governor's Road with Mrs. Warren Turnbull as President, held a joint meeting on January 20th, to which the gentlemen were invited in the evening, after the government delegate had spoken in the afternoon.

The West Branch Listowel Institute, with Mrs. Alexander Ferguson as President, is specially interested in the younger members of their Society. They are urged to take part in the meeting and assist in the programme. A little girl of four years sang two songs at the December meeting.

Last year the York Road Institute raised over $550 for material to make up in Red Cross supplies. Mrs. Wm. Rankin is President of the Institute.

The Sheffield Institute, with Mrs. Truman Main as President, held a house-to-house canvass and raised

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76.)



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47

Quebec: Its Romance and Literary Tradition

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71.)

he and the beautiful manor house. "Spencer Grange," near Quebec, for the color and charm of early days. Here he entertained all the stray lights from the old world and the new that came by way of Quebec. The historian, Parkman, loved the "Grange," and so did Dean Stanley and Charles Kingsley, and Howells and Goldwin Smith, and many others.

It seemed like a dream to stand in that old library of his the other day, with a delightful granddaughter of the historian to show one old books and prints and bric-a-brac especially beloved by the collector. "Spencer Grange" is typical of the residences of Quebec gentry nearly a century ago. Then the architectural ideal had departed a little from the austere French town houses of an earlier period which still abound in Quebec City. There is a spaciousness and an English tone creeping in which makes them altogether charming. In the drawing-room of the Grange a great oval window looks out on meadow-like spaces of garden and shrubbery. Sir James Le Moine owned many acres of the land surrounding his house, part of which was bought by the Government for the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, so that "Spencer Wood" adjoins the Grange. In the quaint, circular-shaped library, which has been left practically untouched, are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77.)

Barterers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.)

—much money. I don't can money enough in the factory get. I must get some other way."

Impulsively she stooped and drew from her stocking a small roll of greasy, ragged bills.

"Here is money. You give me hundred dollar?"

Before Miss Meyer, her face pale, distressed, could answer, Israel had burst out, "Yetta, Yetta, you want hundred dollar? I give you it—mine all."

"Israel—I go home."

Suddenly Isaac Goldman showed an apparently complete change of front. Indifference might be a better drawing card with the girl.

"Yes, you better go home, Yetta. Come round to-morrow night, and get your money. You may change your mind about the New York proposition, or—dancin' next week."

With a leer in the girl's direction, and a cold sneering laugh, he was gone.

Not one of the three spoke a word until the theatre was well lost in the night's blackness.

"Tell us all, dear," urged Miss Meyer, hardly above her breath. "We're your good friends."

"I want hundred dollar. I must have hundred dollar," breathed Yetta.

Sickened by the thought that the poison of money had already stolen into the veins of this tender young thing, Miss Meyer groaned, "Yetta, Yetta, what do you want with so much money?"

"Ach, no, no, Miss Meyer, please don't ask me no more. You and Israel here, sure you're my best friends. I only wish I could tell you, but, no, I must have hundred dollar. That's all. I dance for money. I like for dance by our school. I hate, hate, hate, for to dance by the t'eater. It's bad t'eater. I shame myself to dance by bad t'eater, only I make more money. I must have hundred dollar. You let me the money borrow off you, Israel. I work and work, Missis Teacher, and give back, but I ain't goin' to dance in the bad t'eater no more."

And that was all of Yetta's confidence that could be won despite Miss Meyer's entreaties and Israel's shy lovering.

BUT Miss Meyer was not one to give up hope. Somehow she would draw the truth from Yetta. All through her work-steeped day at the Mission the teacher's thoughts were busy with the teasing problem. Her mind was fired with new determination. That night when the class filed in, she noted that the last comers were Israel and Yetta. At the close of the lesson she beckoned them to her.

"It made me very happy to see you here again to-night, Yetta," she came down from the platform to grasp the girl's hands. "You—."

"Miss Meyer," interrupted a voice from the doorway and she turned to greet Jacob Rothschild. "I was afraid I should be too late," he smiled the smile that always made you feel you were his best-loved friend. "A blow-out a half mile from town. No, don't go," he included the girl and the young shoemaker in his glance, "My business is with you, Miss Yetta Solomon, I believe. I have just come from your room. I was told I should find you here.

"Things have been happening during my illness, Miss Meyer," Mr. Rothschild said in his genial way. "You see, I put in a new manager in the Rothschild Emporium the day before I came down with pneumonia, and he installed a fine new system of checking up departments and clerks. Some while back he discovered that a young girl had been stealing us blind."

A sobbing breath escaped Yetta, but Mr. Rothschild apparently had eyes and ears only for Miss Meyer.

"It seems he finally got this girl to confess she'd been helping herself rather liberally to blouses, furs, and what-not, and he decided to make an example of her. So he gave her her choice of full restitution of every penny or—prison."

Her eyes dilated with terror, Yetta moaned aloud.

"This morning when I made my first visit to the office in some months," Mr. Rothschild went on to explain, "I learned that Miss Yetta Solomon had just been in to make her last payment and pay—"

"Telegram over the 'phone for you, Mr. Rothschild," the Institute office-boy sang out from the door-way.

No one moved or spoke for a full minute after Mr. Rothschild's hurried exit. Then Israel laid his hand tenderly on the arm of the girl who stood, her head drooping, her fingers tensely interlaced. "Ach, Yetta," he whispered, "I'm much with you lovin'. No matter, you are one good, beautiful girl, and once we get married—."

"That can't never be, Israel," Yetta raised great tragic eyes to his. "You can't never have for wife a t'ief—."

"I can't and won't believe it, Yetta," Miss Meyer said sadly. "There must be some mistake. We are your good friends. Tell us how it happened."

"There ain't nothin' to tell. It's done and all over, and paid for. Oh, it's been so hard," with a little heart-breaking cry.

"As I was saying," Mr. Rothschild startled the little group by his unexpected appearance, "the name of Becky Solomon is now stricken from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76.)



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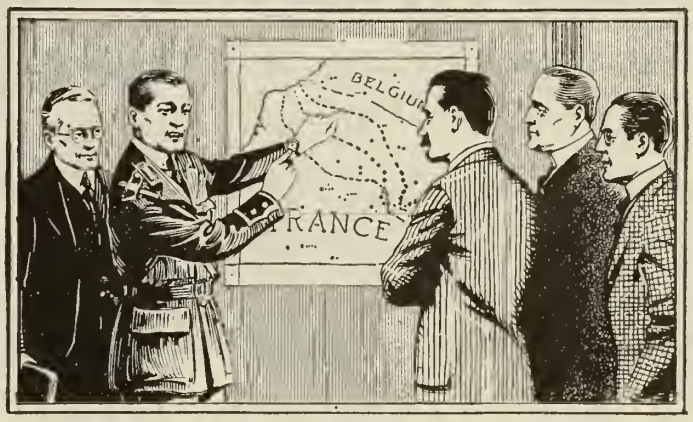


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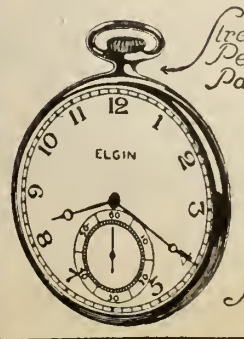
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Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74.)

$111.75 for a reception for their returned soldiers.

One member of the River Valley Institute, Mrs. Wm. Meggison, holds the record of knitting 350 pairs of socks for the soldiers. Can any one beat this? In addition to their Red Cross work, this Institute, with Mrs. Edgar Morrow as President, has taken a keen interest in a domestic science short course. This Institute has also undertaken to clothe a small needy child in Belleville.

The Williscroft Institute, with Mrs. James Rushton as President, is studying reconstruction problems pertaining to their community.

Victoria Harbor Institute is already planning for their 1919 School Fair and local improvement work of all kinds. Mrs. Lumsden, the President, reports that it is more difficult to get workers now than it was during the war.

The Charlecote Institute, with Mrs. Welch as President, is engaged in making quilts for the Belgian poor, six having already been completed.

The members of the Morewood Institute, accompanied by their husbands and friends, held their annual "At Home" as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Glascow. The President, Mrs. H. Myers, reports an unusually delightful time.

Mrs. C. Macoun, President of the Seymour West Institute, reports that this Institute is interested in educational and social problems, particularly school advancement.

The Rothsay Institute, with Mrs. J E. Oxby as President, made certain that every soldier and nurse from Rothsay had a Christmas box, all arriving in good time. Belgian relief and patriotic work are the chief interests of the Club.

Miss Mabel Hannah of Wesley Institute, Fort William, addressed the Port Arthur Women's Institute on Community Work at their last regular meeting. Mrs. A. J. Barrie is President of this Institute.

Dr. Barnardo's Home for Boys, the Toronto Sick Children's Hospital and the French refugees have all benefited by the good work done by the Dunchurch Institute, under the leadership of the President, Mrs. W J. Markham.

The Staffa Institute, with Mrs. A R. Oliver as President, have had a piano rented for the past year, and find it so helpful in their meetings that they have decided to purchase it.

Mrs. J. A. Connell, President of the Algonquin Institute, reports that this Society sent two tons of vegetables and fruit to the Khaki Club, Montreal At present they are making garments for the Belgians.

Home improvement and charitable work are engaging the attention of the Wheatley Institute, with Miss Mary Plastow as President.

Outside of war work, the Thornton Institute, with Mrs. James A Jamieson as President, has been assisting the Children's Shelter in Barrie.

The Devlin Institute led by the ex-President, Mrs. Beninger, erected a flag in honor of their boys at the front. The flag pole was set in a cement block and the flag hoisted at the Children's Fair. Mrs. Arthur Cook is President of this Institute.

Mrs. P. L. Kastum, President of the Sebringville Institute, reports that they have been able to interest the citizens in securing street lights and eleven have been installed in the town. Relief work is also being done.

The Wellesley Institute is undertaking village improvement, and also considering a sewing course. It was decided at their January meeting to dispose of their Red Cross funds by donating to the Serbian relief. Mrs A. J. Saunders is President of this Institute.

Newmarket Institute has started a campaign for the Y.W.C.A. There is much need for such a place for lonely girls in this village, and the Institute is doing a very commendable work under the supervision of the President, Mrs. Starr.

"Mrs. Pankhurst and Women's Work" was the subject discussed at the Sandford Institute January meeting. Mrs. R. Meek is President of the Society.

The West Ops Institute led by the President, Mrs. Geo. Darke, purchased a Victory Bond, and held a sale for the benefit of the Home Relief Society, realizing about $70.

Barterers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75.)

our records clean. I am giving myself a great pleasure, Miss Yetta," he drew an envelope from his pocket. "Here is the full amount of your payments. I fancy you can use it for wedding finery," with a smiling glance at the young shoemaker who involuntarily had pressed closer to Yetta as if to protect her from he knew not what. "And now will you honor an old man by shaking his hand?"

"My dear," Miss Meyer drew the young girl into her arms, when the door had closed behind Yetta's benefactor. "So it was all Becky's fault—"

"Ach, she is so pretty," interrupted Yetta, championing her sister's cause hotly, "she wanted pretty things to wear. It is right a pretty girl should look pretty. Never wished she to do wrong. My little, little Becky. Ach, Missis Teacher, all the time I said by myself I must my promise keep by my poor dead mother. She said, 'Yetta, you are older as Becky. Always of her take care and think for her first.' I tried so hard, and see what I let her do." Tears blinded her. Suddenly she dashed them away with a gesture of impatience.

"What for do I cry? I'm happy, happy. I have here my two good friends, you, Missis Teacher, and—my Israel, and I ain't never goin' to dance in the bad t'eater no more."

THE END.



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Quebec: Its Romance and Literary Tradition

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74.)

volumes which collectors covet hopelessly and prints of old Quebec that are invaluable. I noticed, pinned against a bit of woodwork, a proclamation in French, dated 1812, ordering all American residents to leave Quebec, and under it, in English, the order for mobilization of 1914.

The very names of Garneau, De Gaspe and Bourassa evoke a whole train of literary reminiscence that it would be fascinating, indeed, to follow.

IT is, however, in poetry that these French-Canadians excel. Octave Cremazie is our first French poet, and he wrote valiant war songs. I thought of his lines calling on the dead soldiers of the past to support the banner of to-day in that much-loved poem, "Le Drapeau de Carillon," as I stood in the low-raftered room on Buade street where he used to spend many hours in his brother's book shop. Probably the most truly national poet among the French-Canadians is Frechette, whose work contains a stirring racial touch. His inspiration was found, not in the Quebec of the past, but the Quebec of to-day. Here is a man who ranks with Lowell or Whittier in new world literature. He is a democrat of the democrats. He is known to his countrymen as "le rossignol de la democratie." His greatest work is perhaps the tragedy of "Papineau," which was crowned by the French Academy in 1881. Pamphile Le May, is there not a mystical pathos in the very name? And his work reminds one of the music of Chopin and Liszt. Cremazie has been called the Hugo, Frechette the Lamartine, and Sulte the Beranger of Canada.

When I asked about present day writers, with a special reference to French-Canadian poets—for there is tradition to be followed here—I was met, for the most part, with something very much like negation. Quebec people are proud of the work of their fellow-citizen, Canon George Frederic Scott, but do not point to any one man or woman among the French who is doing remarkable work at present. I was shown one pretty lyric written by Leon Mercier Gouin, a son of the Premier of the Province, in "Le Terroir: Organe de la Societe des Arts, Science et Lettres de Quebec." I heard of several other promising writers, and meeting many of the young French-Canadians, hearing the music of their speech—for it is an absurd fallacy that the French-Canadians of family have forgotten their traditions—realizing in them the sensitiveness of an inherently poetic race, I do not believe that the flame will die out.

And, after all, does not the eternal romance of this ancient city lie in the fact that in her history extremes have always met? The natural extremes of a climate that can be bitterly cold and at times sun-warm to the core; the extremes of temperament, as the abiding place of two races far as the poles apart in their expression of feeling.

That is the way one must take and leave it, town of old dreams and dear desires, looking out on the river and the hills from under the Citadel, over which two flags have flown—Quebec, the immortal city of the new world.

Literature and Journalism

SEVERAL inquiries have been received as to the placing of photo plays in Canada.

At the present time there is no market in Canada, from the fact that there is here no producing centre. There is talk of such a centre near Banff, the city of Calgary having voted a generous sum towards its inauguration. It is rumored that the Allen Theatre Company also entertain the idea of a Producing Centre. But these plans are as yet in embryo. The chances for an unknown writer of scenarios, however good the work, would be poor indeed in the United States, where it is a well-known fact that the unprotected writer in this special field is at the mercy of unscrupulous readers, who do not hesitate to appropriate a good plot.

I would strongly advise inexperienced writers who hope to achieve screen dramas and are not sure of the way to market them, to subscribe to "The Canadian Moving Picture Digest," Toronto, where students can get an idea of what is being produced, in story form, and also of American markets. Moreover, the editor assures me that any particularly promising plots or scenarios submitted to the "Digest" and sent on by them to American centres, would be, in a measure at least, protected.

THE qualifications for this work are a keen dramatic instinct, originality, and a practical knowledge of the uses of action in play-writing. No field is more promising so far as financial benefit goes, to the writer possessed of these essentials.

I am asked what text book I would advise as a practical guide for the study of poetic metre.

Looking at my own book shelves, I find that nothing can ever take the place of Sydney Lanier's splendid work, "The Science of English Verse." Brander Matthews has also written an excellent text book on versification. As a brief practical guide, "The Editor," of Ridgewood, New Jersey, issues an inexpensive little book called "Rhymes and Metres," by Winslow, which might serve as a valuable help.

Everyone That Has a Home or Wants a Home Needs This Book



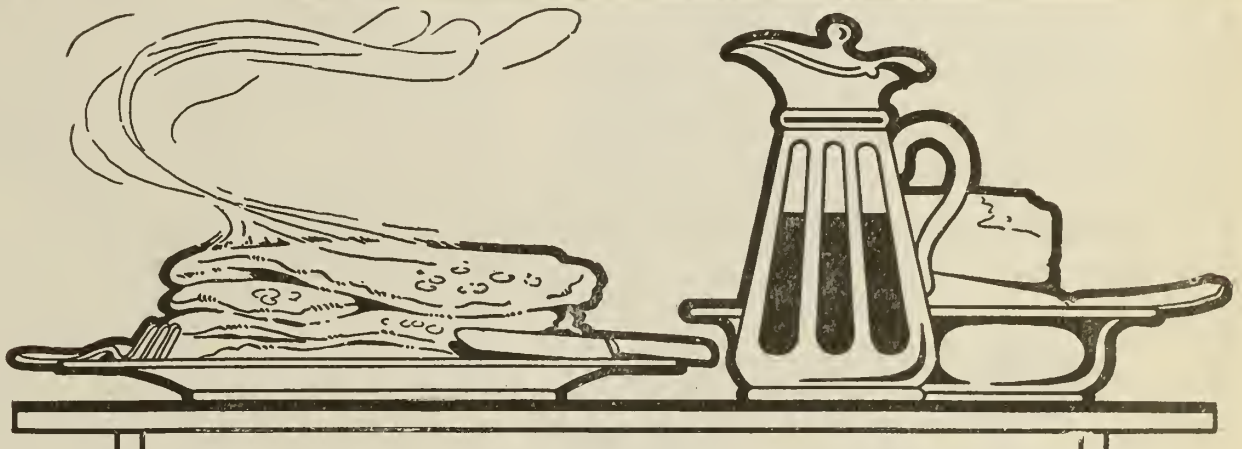
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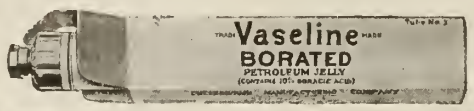
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LUX



Out of the Butterfly Class

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70.)

"But I am only a butterfly," objected the girl, tremulously. "And I can't cook. All I can do—Oh, Ivan, my cake!"

She dropped the flowers, and flew to the kitchen, all unawares that she had called him by his first name. But he had noticed; and it offset his momentary chagrin over her seeming disregard of his sincerity.

A cloud of blue smoke poured from the oven when she opened the door. She drew out the cake, a blackened, charred thing, and flat as the proverbial pancake—she had forgotten the baking powder.

If her face had been red before, heat and mortification made it even redder now. That he of all people should witness such a humiliating spectacle! She could have burst into tears. Yet she wanted to laugh at the absurdity of it. Instead, she set the pan on the reservoir and turned half-defiantly to Maurice, who had followed her and stood in the doorway.

"There now! You see what a failure I am. You don't want a wife who is not even an excuse at cooking."

He laughed; and a wavering little smile flickered across her red lips. If he could laugh at it——

"You don't need to cook," he said comfortingly. "We'll hire a maid to do that."

"No, we won't either," she flashed back with her old-time imperiousness. "I'll go to a cooking school and learn for myself before I'll marry any man. I'm not going to have you eating maid's——" She stopped in embarrassment.

He was beside her in a moment. "Then you do care for me," he said eagerly, grasping the little burnt hand that hung limply at her side. "Pauline, tell me, do you care enough to marry me? I want you so, dear."

She lifted sweet, serious eyes to his. "I do love you," she said earnestly. "Only, you oughtn't to marry such a—such a poor——"

She did not finish; for he had her in his arms and his lips were on hers.

"I CAN'T wait for you to learn to cook," he said after a time. "Will you marry me to-morrow, Pauline? We'll persuade Roxy to come back, and I'll have a water system installed."

"Do you mean we won't have to leave here?" she cried in delight, disengaging herself from his arms. "Oh, Ivan, I'd go anywhere with you, but it would be heaven to live here. Only—perhaps the agent had another renter in view. And wouldn't it be too long from your office? I'd hate to go back to Whiteside; but, if it would be easier for you, I'd go."

He laughed and drew her to him again. "My little doubter, don't raise any more objections. We won't need to rent the place; for, you see, it is already mine."

Then, in answer to her bewildered look, he explained: "I own the cottage, dear. Do you remember the day last summer when we were talking by the lake shore, you remarked that you'd like to live in the country? I knew then that you were tired of the other life. Well,—I bought this place then and had it furnished."

"But that was a year ago," she said, perplexed. Then, as light dawned on her—"Oh, Ivan, and you even thought of the Blue Willow china."

"It was too presumptuous of me, wasn't it? But, you see, I wanted you even then, sweetheart. Did you never wonder whose house this was?"

"I guess I was too excited to ask who owned it." she admitted. "Just to think I've been living in your house all these weeks!"

"Ours," he corrected. "It will be to-morrow, if you'll just say so. You didn't answer my question, dear."

"I'll have to be married in Roxy's gingham apron, then," she said with a happy laugh, "for I haven't anything to wear. Do you suppose she would mind?"

THE END.

Girls! Lots of Beautiful Hair

35 cent bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair



To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 35 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness, and an incomparable gloss and luster, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits every one who tries this.

Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.

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Swift's Premium Ham



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Fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse well with warm water, then with cold. Finish by rubbing for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

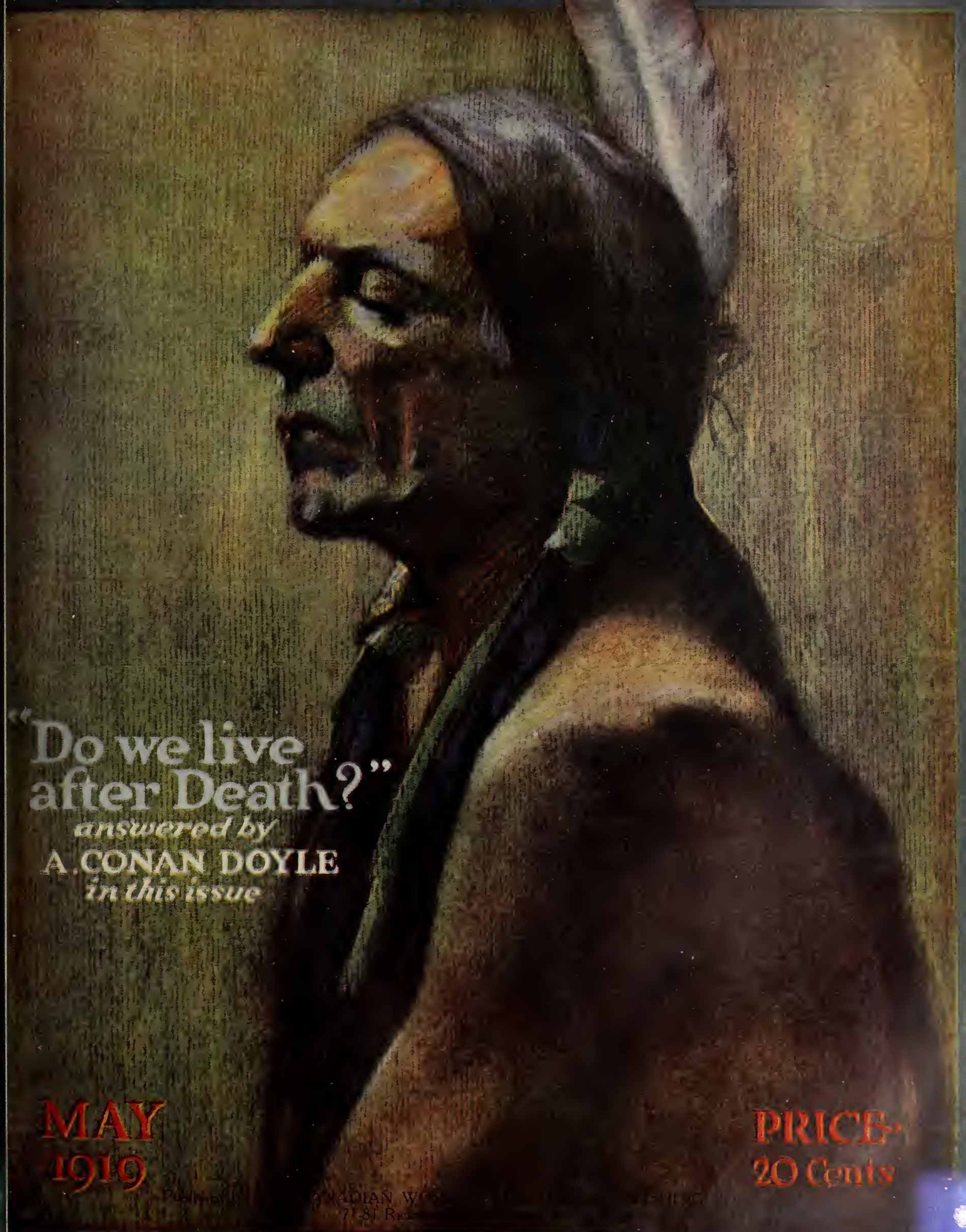
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MADE IN CANADA

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



"Do we live after Death?"
answered by
A. CONAN DOYLE
in this issue

MAY
1919

PRICE
20 Cents

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Gillett's Lye Cleans and Disinfects

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THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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"Improved!" You Will Exclaim When You See The Big June Number

The Photogravure Section will appear again in this issue, continuing the series of masterpieces by Canadian painters. Homer Watson's picture, "Truants," which hangs in the Canadian National Gallery, will be reproduced, also a picture of the artist and a short biographical sketch. The "Truants" shows a forest scene, and is truly representative of the style and method of treatment used by this great Canadian painter.

The other pages of the Photogravure Section contain pictures of "The Daughters of the Devonshire Household," photographs of interesting bungalows which may be built at moderate cost, also Douglas Fairbanks in several of his unique "stunts," and a page of the newest bathing suits.

The June cover will have an exceptional appeal to all lovers of Eastern color. "The Cockatoo," painted by Carton Moorepark, has all the brilliance of color for which this bird is noted. A Japanese girl in native costume holds the cockatoo in her arms, admiring its gay plumage, her own brilliant kimono and deep coloring making the entire picture a riot of Oriental splendor.

Montreal and Its Literary Traditions is the subject of Katherine Hale's article in the June Number, continuing the series which is proving so helpful to our readers.

A new feature will be introduced in the June Number in the form of a Fashion talk, by Charlotte M. Storey. This writer is in a position to tell Canadian women about all the newest "wrinkles" in dress, and about all the little accessories to the successful costume.

"A JUNE EVENING," a poem by L. M. Montgomery. The poet has said, "What is so rare as a day in June?" but Miss Montgomery in her charming poem, "A June Evening," says, "What is so rare as a night in June?"

"AMATEUR NIMRODS AMUCK IN TEMAGAMI." One of the welcome sounds we hear in the spring is "Sap's running," and almost at once we hear, "Let's go fishing." That is just what we are going to do with Harold C. Lowery in "Amateur Nimrods Amuck in Temagami." This is a really true fish story, and the scene is laid in Temagami, that charming spot in Northern Ontario. The story has been illustrated by Peter C. Sheppard, one of our own Canadian artists.

Perhaps some of us think we know all the tricks in the fishing game or have caught the largest fish in Ontario. If that is so, we ought to read the story in the June issue with added interest, comparing our experiences with those of Mr. Lowery.

"FORTY-LOVE." Did you ever play tennis, and were you ever interrupted by some fussy individual just when you were scoring "forty-love"? What would you do if that fussy individual were an old man who blurted out, "Will you marry me?" Of course you wouldn't, and so the old chap who had set out to marry the first good-looking young girl he saw had to set his face homeward to his old housekeeper, who declines his offer of marriage in favor of the town butcher, leaving our old friend, as the story goes, "a better and a wiser man."

"MORE PLAY IN THE COUNTRY" is the theme of a timely, practical and unusually helpful article in the June Number, by Louise Richardson Rorke.

We have shown plans for city houses, summer houses, small houses and large houses, but for June, Clarence Thetford has designed a house particularly suited to the country.

This Month's Cover

Throughout America it would be difficult to find a studio of any consequence in which the old Blackfoot Indian, Thundercloud, has not posed.

This interesting character, which Peter C. Sheppard has so cleverly drawn for the cover of the present number, was born in Canada, near Battleford, but, true to the roving propensity of his kind, he travelled afar, and finally became a scout in the United States army. Joining a circus, old Thundercloud went to Europe, but later returned to America to take up his "artistic career," and for twenty years he posed in studios in all parts of America. From one of these he selected his wife—a white girl, studying art at the time—and they made their home in Dingman's Ferry, Pennsylvania.

The sketch shown on the cover was made when the old red man was quite aged, nearing seventy years. With his death, which occurred about three years ago, art students lost an interesting model.

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL EDITORIAL



THE TOWN IN WHICH YOU LIVE. There are many very excellent reasons, perhaps the strongest being its tremendous need, why the Spring of Nineteen-nineteen should be a red letter one in community improvement throughout Canada. For four years every energy has been rightly devoted to the production of food, but with the home-coming of our soldiers the task is being taken up by an ever-increasing number of workers, thus permitting time for the improvement of homes, towns and communities.

A careful stock-taking of the conditions of many Canadian towns reveals almost an absolute lack of plans for the beautifying of their streets, parks and individual buildings. Anyone who desires may improve his own property, but the towns as a whole are not entering into big schemes and interesting every man, woman and child to make their town the prettiest in Canada. There is scarcely a village which does not boast of perhaps one beautiful velvety lawn with trees, shrubbery and flowers, but just as "one robin does not make Spring," so one beautiful home cannot cover up a whole community of neglected ones. It is the effort on the part of every citizen which will transform our ugly places into beauty spots. No stone should be left unturned to influence public opinion in favor of a "clean-up" campaign—the schools may assist, the women's organizations, the men's meetings and the churches each should have an important share in the boosting for more beauty everywhere.

One reason which retards progress in the beautifying of our homes and communities is the constant moving which takes place. People are here to-day and there to-morrow, and are prone to say: "What's the use?" Why can we not overcome this feeling and, although mere renters, plant something for permanency—a rosebush, a flowering shrub or a tree, something which will beautify the earth even if we may not be present to enjoy its fragrance? Someone will—and flowers are always better than rubbish. Let us put forth a sincere effort this Summer to make at least one spot in this old world more beautiful.

Do we realize that our boys are coming from some of the most beautiful places in the world? They will undoubtedly be delighted to see their native land, and will view it through eyes softened by sentiment and prejudice, but they cannot fail to compare the villages here with those beautiful spots in England and France. And they will do us a very great amount of good—if we will but listen and profit by their suggested improvements. They should be the means of disseminating much information and artistic feeling throughout Canada, and in a few years the improvement in our architecture and town planning will doubtless be evident.

YES, PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR BOYS, BUT FOR GIRLS, ALSO. "Mother," (it was a small boy who had just completed a course in swimming who spoke), "you must find a teacher and take lessons, or how will you feel this summer when we go to the lake together?"

This question from a boy of nine brings us face to face with the fact that much more is being done for the development of Canadian manhood than womanhood. Physical culture, swimming and all manner of sports are planned for the boy as soon as he is able to take the training, but if the girl wishes to have these advantages, it is a much more difficult matter to arrange in other than our larger cities. The excellent work of the Y.M.C.A. for the young boys is not duplicated by any organization for girls, yet the need is equally great.

Canada is lax in this. And it remains only for the people generally to become aware that such is the case to have the fault corrected. We do not have to wait for legislation. It is quite within our power to make physical culture classes and gymnasiums for girls more numerous, more popular and more helpful.

It is not uncommon to see churches turning their attention to boys' problems, boys' sports and boys' welfare so carefully that they quite forget their girls have the same requirements. The work as far as it goes is quite commendable, but it is only meeting the problem half-way. Not all of our young men are returning wounded—thousands will come back perfectly trained and fit—yet very little is being done that our young women may be equally developed.

A prominent educationist recently said: "We cannot have A1 mothers from C3 girls." Following the great educational wave for "better babies" which swept over this continent recently, was one which demanded "better mothers"; now we are going back still one step farther and crying "better 'teen age girls." Then shall we have A1 mothers.

Thoughtlessness about physical training for girls may probably be traced to the old-time fondness for the fragile type of doll girl, who could faint gracefully at the psychological moment without any difficulty whatever, and sweetly and resignedly "fade as the Autumn leaf" if she were disappointed in love. This lamentable condition is fortunately now safely past, and there is perhaps nothing in this old world considered more beautiful and more admired than the sparkle of perfectly healthy girlhood. So far, then, have we gone. Now it remains for us to make it possible for each and every girl in our land to be physically strong. Not only possible, but easy. It is the simplest and most natural course possible for the boy to enter classes for his training. They are planned for him. They tempt him. His chums all attend. It should be exactly the same for the girl.

LETTERS FROM ACROSS THE SEA. Can you remember when you were "just past ten" what a joy it was to receive a letter, addressed unmistakably to you, from someone you had never seen, and coming from across the ocean? Perhaps you did not have such a treat until you were too grown up to appreciate it, but you can at least imagine the thrills.

Because some thoughtful people have realized what a far-reaching influence an empire-wide correspondence among the children would have, they have formed a plan by which either schools or individual children may write to and receive letters from boys and girls in Great Britain, Australia, India or South America.

It reads like a fairy tale, but it is quite true, and children are already receiving and sending letters from and to all parts of the British Empire. What an interesting way to study geography, and perhaps history, too. Surely there will not be a teacher in Canada who will not take advantage of this new method of combining pleasure with education for her pupils.

This work is undertaken by what is known as the League of Empire, and we trust such a splendid effort will meet with the co-operation and support of Canadian teachers, pupils and parents.

OUR AIM

To publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome and truthful.

To be a leader in thought, and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To, as far as possible, publish and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature, and their own country, with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.





The piquant charm of a clear, soft skin. Read below how by proper care you can have this greatest of all attractions.

The right treatment for skin blemishes

Nature intended your skin to be flawless

IS YOUR skin fine, soft, attractive? If not, find out just why it is marred by blemishes; then start immediately to gain the natural beauty, the clear, radiant skin that can be yours.

Your skin is changing every day. As the old skin dies, new skin forms to take its place. This new skin is fine, clear, unblemished. By proper care, you can keep it as flawless as nature intended it to be.

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood. They say more often, skin blemishes can be traced to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime. To clear your skin of blemishes caused by this insidious and persistent enemy, use regularly the following special treatment:

To remove skin blemishes

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap; then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

In addition to this special treatment, use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin firm and active. It will help the new skin to resist the frequent cause of blemishes. Before long your complexion will take on a new clearness and freshness.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find this treatment, and many others for the commoner skin troubles, in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake will last a month or six weeks.



BLACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION *that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin. A special treatment for this trouble is among the famous treatments in the Woodbury booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.*

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of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15 cents.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents, we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. *Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 5205 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*

MADE IN CANADA

Sharing Dad With Judy



"Judy," whispered the child, extending painfully stiff arms, "I have to tell you something. Come close and listen. Maybe I will die before you forgive me—"

Nan—an important young lady.
Dad—her father.
Judy—her new stepmother; the modern twentieth century stepmother, very unlike Snow White's. But this Nan did not know at first, hence a story

By Madge Macbeth

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY ESSEX

NAN'S opinion of step-mothers was definite and disagreeable. It coincided exactly with that of Grimm and Hans Andersen from whose portrayals it had been formed. To Nan a step-mother was a step-mother just as black was black and wrong was wrong; a fascinating monster of deceit who could cheat an enthralled father into thinking her a model parent, all the while she was inflicting the subtlest cruelties upon his children.

"Like Snow White's," thought Nan, bitterly.

The child sat in starched uncomfortableness on the top step of the verandah. Her heart seethed with hot rebellion and with self-pity. She was actually too miserable to cry although it seemed impossible to put her finger on the spot where something hurt.

To escape unhappiness for ten years is more than most of us expect, but Nan did not realize this. She thought that Life's entire course should run as smoothly in the future as the past, with a background of sleepy old Bayfield, with Granny, with puppies and kittens and a few children, and with occasional visits from Dad. Nan's mother had died when she was born and her father, filled with a sudden loathing of the place where Hope and Happiness lay buried under a bed of lilies-of-the valley, went back to the city and feverish business activity, which he said, provided him with a fair substitute for the waters of Lethe. Granny was both father and mother to Nan, who was seldom conscious of her loss.

BUT a week ago, something had happened. Granny had received a long letter from Dad. It had made her very thoughtful and a little tearful. Simultaneously, Nan felt herself an object of unwonted interest in the straggling little village; glances of well-intentioned commiseration followed her and frequently her sensitive ears caught the words, "Poor child!" as she passed. She spoke to Granny.

"Your father has married—again, my dear." The old lady spoke bravely. "This is quite as it should be, for he must have been very lonely all these years. I have had you, and you have had me, but he has had no one. I am very glad, and know you are."

"He has had me," protested Nan.

Granny nodded. She could not explain that Lawrence Johnson had always looked upon his child as the too-extravagant price he paid for her mother's life and that his visits to Bayfield were prompted by duty rather than love.

"I am going away for a little holiday," she continued, "for you are big enough to look after yourself and Dad will not require two women to look after him."

Nan wriggled out of her grandmother's embrace. She felt more indignation than sorrow at the thought of the old lady's departure for youth accommodates itself to vacancies in the home with unflattering ease. But this summary eviction, the first act of a cruel and heartless step-mother, was intolerable! No wonder Granny wiped her eyes as she read the letter, and no wonder people said, "Poor child!" It would probably be her turn next.

AMY MEADE supplied her with further information. Amy was a ferret-like child who possessed unerring judgment in picking out the gossipy gems from her elders' conversations. These she polished and set in a fashion delightfully original.

"I know something about you," she challenged with a triumphant superiority which galled. "You've got a step-mother!" The tone was such as might have been used had she said, "You've got a jail-bird in the family."

"As if I didn't know," Nan flung at her, angrily. "She's *my* step-mother, you see."

Nan took no joy in her possession. On the contrary. But she did not intend to be looked upon with mawkish pity. Rather she chose to be regarded with respectful awe, as a Chistian martyr, one who bears the blows of Life without flinching and with uncomplaining fortitude.

"That's nothing to brag about," taunted Amy, "even if she *has* got the money. She's snippy and citified and 'she has different ideas,'" the quotation was one of the neighborly speculations. "You'll see how long it'll be before you go away to your grandmother. 'It always complicates matters when there is a child,'" she ended borrowing one of Mrs. Henderson's lugubrious prognostications.

NEITHER of them understood this, but Nan felt that every awful fate, including sudden death, hung over her. She resolved not to wear the woman's gifts, eat her food, sleep with her door unlocked and never, never to allow the fiend to comb her hair!

Pride and a sort of fatalism prevented her from appealing to Granny. Were they not both powerless?

So Granny had left and Nan was left, to greet her father and his bride. She wished she could think with passionate tenderness of her father, but as hers was a nature which loves most fondly that upon which it can demonstrate its affection, the nearest approach she could make, was a feeling of fierce jealousy new-born with loss. "My own dear lost Dad," she murmured repeatedly.

A horn sounded and Nan drew herself up stiffly, her eyes fastened upon the distant gateway. The sharp coughing of a motor climbing the steep hill which curved suddenly into the grounds was no louder than the beating of her heart. She felt that suffocation would kill her before the car drew up at the steps.

"HELLO, little girl," called her father. "Here we are—dusty and thirsty. How are you? You look very sweet and clean."

Nan went slowly down and lifted a cool cheek to her father. With a child's keen intuition she saw that he was nervous, that he hoped this first meeting would be pleasant and that his anxiety was not for her—no! but for his bride. Nan hugged herself and felt very wicked and powerful and triumphant. There was grim satisfaction in having the upper hand, even for a moment.

"Come, dear, and welcome—er—Judy," her father continued. "You two must love each other heaps."

The child turned insolent eyes toward the woman who had climbed out of the car. Neither so young, nor beautiful, nor dashing as she had expected. Furthermore, she was not at all nervous.

Nan extended three limp fingers.

Judy hesitated the fraction of a second before taking them and Johnson watched uneasily while pretending to fuss with bags and parcels. If Nan expected her indifference to be met by any sign of conciliation or affection, she was disappointed. Her face flamed under the keen scrutiny of her father's wife who smiled as she said:

"I AM so glad to have a grown up daughter to help me make things comfortable for Dad. We are going to have lots of fun spoiling him, aren't we, Nan?"

Nan set her teeth and made no reply. But Judy had not waited for one. She admired the view, and sniffed happily among the lilacs and said she was vulgarly hungry. Then she passed into the house

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Do We Live After Death?

The New Revelation by A. Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

THE subject of psychical research is one upon which I have thought more, and been slower to form my opinion about, than upon any other subject whatever. Every now and then as one jogs along through life some small incident occurs to one which very forcibly brings home the fact that time passes and that first one's youth, and then one's middle age, is slipping away. Such an incident occurred to me the other day. There is a column in that excellent little paper, "Light," which is devoted to what occurred on the corresponding date a generation—that is thirty years—ago. As I read over this column recently I had quite a start as I saw my own name, and read the reprint of a letter which I had written in 1887, detailing some interesting spiritual experience which had occurred to me in a seance. This will confirm my statement that my interest in the subject is of some standing, and I may fairly claim since it is only within the last year or so that I have finally announced that I was satisfied with the evidence, that I have not been hasty in forming my opinion. If I narrate some of my personal experiences and difficulties, the reader will not, I hope, think it egotistical upon my part, but will realize that it is the most graphic way in which I can sketch out the points which are likely to occur to any other enquirer. When I have passed over this ground I will be able, I hope, to discuss something more general and impersonal in its nature.

When I had finished my medical education I found myself, like many young medical men, a convinced materialist. I had never ceased to be a theist, because it seemed to me that Napoleon's question to the atheistic professors on the starry night as he voyaged to Egypt: "Who was it, gentlemen, who made these stars?" has never been answered. To say that the universe was made by immutable laws only put the question one degree farther back as to who made the laws. I did not, of course, believe in an anthropomorphic God, but I believed then, as I believe now, in an intelligent Force behind all the operations of Nature—a force so infinitely complex and great that my finite brain could get no farther than its existence. Right and wrong I saw also as great obvious facts which needed no divine revelation. But when it came to a question of our little personalities surviving death, it seemed to me that the whole analogy of Nature was against it. When the candle burns out the light disappears. When the electric cell is shattered the current stops. When the body dissolves there is an end of the matter. Each man in his egotism may feel that he ought to survive, but let him look, we will say, at the average loafer—be it the loafer of the street corner, or even more perhaps the club loafer—would anyone contend that there was any obvious reason why *that* personality should carry on? It seemed to me a delusion, and I was convinced that death did indeed end all, though I saw no reason why that should affect our duty toward humanity during our transitory existence.

This was my frame of mind when spiritual phenomena first came before my notice. I had always regarded the subject as the greatest nonsense upon earth, and I had read of the conviction of fraudulent mediums and wondered how any sane man could believe such things. I met some friends, however, who were interested in the matter, and I sat with them at some table-moving seances. We got connected messages. I am afraid the only result that they had on my mind was that I regarded these friends with some suspicion. They were long messages very often, spelled out by tilts, and it was quite impossible that they came by chance. Someone, then, was moving the table. I thought it was they. They probably thought I did it. I was puzzled and worried over it, for they were not people whom I could imagine as cheating—and yet I could not see how the messages could come except by conscious pressure.

ABOUT this time—it would be in 1886—I came across a book called "The Reminiscences of Judge Edmunds." He was a judge of the United States High Court and a man of high standing. The book gave an account of how his wife had died, and how he had been able for many years to keep in touch with her. All sorts of details were given. I read the book with interest, but absolute skepticism. It seemed to me an example of how a hard, practical man might have a weak side to his brain, a sort of reaction, as it were, against those plain facts of life with which he had to deal. Where was this spirit of which he talked? Suppose a man had an accident and cracked his skull, his whole character would change, and a high nature might become a low one. With alcohol or opium or many other drugs one could apparently quite change a man's spirit. These were the arguments which I used in those days. I did not realize that it was not the spirit that was changed in such cases, but the bodily medium through which the spirit worked, just as it would be no argument against the existence of a musician if you tampered with his violin so that only discordant notes could come through.

I was sufficiently interested, however, to continue to read such literature as came in my way. I was amazed to find what a number of great men—men whose names were to the fore in science—thoroughly believed that spirit was independent of matter and could survive it. When I regarded spiritualism as a vulgar delusion of the uneducated, I could afford to look down upon it; but when it was endorsed by men like Crookes, whom I knew to be the most rising British chemist; by Wallace, who was the rival of Darwin, and by Flammarion, the best-known of astronomers, I could not afford to dismiss it as beneath my intellectual level. For some time I was sustained in my skepticism by the consideration that many famous men, such as Darwin himself, Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer, derided this new branch of knowledge; but when I learned that their derision had reached such a point that they would not even examine it, and that Spencer had declared in so many words that he had decided against it on *a priori* grounds, while Huxley had said that it did not interest him, I was bound to admit that, however great they were in science, their action in this respect was most unscientific and dogmatic, while the action of those who studied the phenomena and tried to find out the laws that governed them, were following the true path which has given us all human advance and knowledge. So far I had got in my reasoning, so you will perceive that my skeptical position was not so solid as it had been.

It was somewhat reinforced, however, by my own experiences. I was, of course, working without a medium, which is like an astronomer working without a telescope. I have no psychic powers myself, and those who worked with me had little more. Among us we could just muster enough of the magnetic force, or whatever one may call it, to get the table movements, with their suspicious and often stupid messages. I still have notes of those sittings and copies of some, at least, of the messages. They were not always absolutely stupid. For example, I find that on one occasion on my asking some test question, such as how many coins I had in my pocket, the table spelt out: "We are here to educate and to elevate, not to guess riddles," and then: "The religious frame of mind, not the critical, is what we wish to inculcate." Now, no one could call that a puerile message. On the other hand, I was always haunted by the fear of involuntary pressure from the hands of the sitters. Then there came an incident which puzzled and disgusted me very much.

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Let us again state that the accompanying article is published that the readers of Canadian Home Journal may have a knowledge of what Spiritualism is. It is distinctly an educational essay, and as a magazine we neither endorse nor condemn the statements made. The subject is one of present day interest, and one about which all should be informed.

We had very good conditions one evening, and an amount of movement which seemed quite independent of our pressure. Long and detailed messages came through, which purported to be from a spirit who gave his name and said that he was a commercial traveller who had lost his life in a recent fire at a theatre at Exeter. All the details were exact, and he implored us to write to his family, who lived, he said, at a place called Slattenmere, in Cumberland. I did so, but my letter came back, appropriately enough, through the dead letter office. To this day I don't know whether we were deceived by some tricky sprite, or whether there was some mistake in the name of the place; but there are the facts, and I was so disgusted that for some time my interest in the whole subject waned. I was content to study a subject, but when the subject began to play elaborate practical jokes upon me it seemed time to call a halt. If there is such a place as Slattenmere in the world I should even now be glad to know it.

I WAS in practice in Southsea at this time, and dwelling there was General Drayson, a man of very remarkable character, and one of the pioneers of spiritualism in this country. To him I went with my difficulties, and he listened to them very patiently. He made light of my criticisms of the foolish nature of many of these messages, and of the absolute falseness of some. "You have not got the fundamental truth into your head," said he. "That truth is, that every spirit in the flesh passes over to the next world exactly as it is with no change whatever. This world is full of fools and knaves. So is the next. You need not mix with them, any more than you do in this world. One chooses one's companions. But suppose a man in this world who had lived in his house alone and never mixed with his fellows, was at last to put his head out of the window to see what sort of place it was, what would happen? Some naughty boy would probably say something rude. Anyhow, he would see nothing of the wisdom or greatness of the world. He would draw his head in, thinking that it was a very poor place. That is just what you have done. In a mixed seance, with no definite aim, you have thrust your head into the next world and you have met some naughty boys. Go forward and try to reach something better." That was General Drayson's explanation, and though it did not satisfy me at the time, I have come to the conclusion that he knew a great deal more than I did.

These were my first steps in spiritualism. I was still a skeptic, but at least I was an inquirer, and when I heard some old-fashioned critic saying that there was nothing to explain, and that it was all fraud, or that a conjurer was needed to show it up, I knew at least that that was all nonsense. It is true that my own evidence up to then was not enough to convince me, but my reading, which was continuous, showed me how deeply other men had gone into it, and I recognized that the testimony was so strong that no other religious movement in the world could put forward anything to compare with it. That did not prove it to be true, but at least it proved that it must be treated with respect and could not be brushed aside. Take a single incident of what Wallace has truly called a modern miracle. I choose it because it is the most incredible. I allude to the assertion that D. D. Home—who, by the way, was not, as is usually supposed, a paid adventurer, but was the nephew of the Earl of Home—the assertion, I say, that he floated out of one window and into another at the height of seventy feet above the ground. I could not believe it. And yet when I knew that the fact was attested by three eye-witnesses, who were Lord Dunraven, Lord Lindsay and Captain Wynne, all men of honour and repute, who were willing afterward to take their oath upon it, I could not but admit that the evidence for this was more direct than for any of those far-off events which the whole Christian world has agreed to accept as true.

I still continued during these years to hold table seances, which sometimes gave no results, sometimes trivial ones, and sometimes rather surprising ones. I have still the notes of these sittings, and I extract here the results of one which were definite, and which were so unlike any conceptions which I held of life beyond the grave that they amused rather than edified me at the time. I find now, however, that they agree very closely with the revelations in "Raymond" and in other later accounts, so that I view them with different eyes. I am aware that all these accounts of life beyond the grave differ in detail. I suppose any of our accounts of the present life would differ in detail—but in the main there is a very great resemblance, which in this instance was very far from the conception either of myself or of either of the two ladies who made up the circle. Two communicators sent messages, the first of whom spelled out as a name "Dorothy Pothelthwaite," a name unknown to any of us. She said she died at Melbourne five years before at the age of sixteen, that she was now happy, that she had work to do, and that she had been at the same school as one of the ladies. On my asking that lady to raise her hands and give a succession of names, the table tilted at the correct name of the headmistress of the school. This seemed in the nature of a test. She went on to say that the sphere she inhabited was all round the earth; that she knew about the planets; that Mars was inhabited by a race more advanced than we, and that the canals were artificial; that there was no bodily pain in her sphere, but there could be mental anxiety; they were governed; they took nourishment; there was no sleep; she had been a Catholic, and was still a Catholic, but had not fared better than the Protestants; there were Buddhists and Mohammedans in her sphere, but all fared alike; she had never seen Christ and knew no more about Him than on earth, but believed in his influence; spirits prayed and they died in their new sphere before entering another; they had pleasures—music was among them. She added that they had no rich or poor.

THIS lady bade us good-night, and immediately the table was seized by a much more robust influence, which dashed it about very violently. In answer to my questions it claimed to be the spirit of one whom I will call Dodd, who was a famous cricketer, and with whom I had some serious conversation in Cairo before he went up the Nile, where he met his death in the Dongolese Expedition. We have now, I may remark, come to the year 1896 in my experiences. Dodd was not known to either lady. I began to ask him questions, exactly as if he were seated before me, and he sent his answers back with great speed and decision. The answers were often quite opposed to what I expected, so that I could not believe that I was influencing them. He said that he was happy, that he did not wish to return to earth. He had been a freethinker, but had not suffered in the next life for that reason. Prayer, however, was a good thing, as keeping us in touch with the spiritual world. If he had prayed more he would have been higher in the spirit world. (This, I may remark, seemed rather in conflict with his assertion that he had not suffered through being a freethinker, and yet, of course, many men neglect prayer who are not freethinkers.) His death was painless. He remembered the death of Polwhele, a young officer who died before him. When he (Dodd) died he found people to welcome him, but Polwhele had not been among them. He had work to do. He was aware of the fall of Dongola, but had not been present in spirit at the banquet in Cairo afterward. He knew more than he did in life. He remembered our conversation in Cairo. Duration of life in the next sphere was shorter than on earth (both spirits said that). He had not seen General Gordon, nor any famous spirit. Spirits lived in families and in communities. Married people did not necessarily meet again, but those who loved did meet again.

I have given this synopsis of a communication to show the kind of thing we got—though this was a very favorable specimen, both for length and for coherence. It shows that it is not just to say, as many critics say, that nothing but folly comes through. There was no folly here. On the other hand, what proof is there that these statements are true? I could see no such proof, and they simply left me bewildered. Now, with a larger experience in which I find that the same sort of information has come to very many people independently in many lands, I think that the agreement of the witnesses does, as in all cases of evidence, constitute some argument for their truth. At the same time, I could not fit such a conception of the future world into my own scheme of philosophy, and I merely noted it and passed on.



The greatest joy of Heaven is emptying Hell.

I continued to read many books upon the subject and to appreciate more and more what a cloud of witnesses existed, and how careful their observations had been. This impressed my mind very much more than the limited phenomena which came within the reach of our circle. Then or afterward I read a book by Monsieur Jacolliot upon occult phenomena in India. Jacolliot was Chief Judge of Chandragore, with a very judicial mind and rather biased against spiritualism. He conducted a series of experiments with native fakirs, who gave him their confidence because he was a sympathetic man and spoke their language. He describes the pains he took to eliminate fraud. To cut a long story short, he found among them every phenomenon of advanced European mediumship, everything which Home, for example, had ever done. He got levitation of the body, the handling of fire, movement of articles at a distance, rapid growth of plants, raising of tables. Their explanation of these phenomena was that they were done by the Pitris or spirits, and their only difference in procedure from ours seemed to be that they made more use of direct evocation. They claimed that these powers were handed down from time immemorial and traced back to the Chaldees. All this impressed me very much, as here, independently, we had exactly the same results, without any question of American frauds, or modern vulgarity, which were so often raised against similar phenomena in Europe.

SOME time before this, about 1891, I had joined the Psychical Research Society, and had the advantage of reading all their reports. The world owes a great deal to the unwearied diligence of the society, and to its sobriety of statement, though I will admit that the latter makes me impatient at times, and that I feel that in their desire to avoid sensationalism they discourage the world from knowing and using the splendid work which they are doing. Their semi-scientific terminology also chokes off the ordinary reader, and one might say sometimes after reading their articles what an American trapper in the Rocky Mountains said to me about some university man whom he had been escorting for the season. "He was that clever," he said, "that you could not understand what he said." But in spite of these little peculiarities all of us who have wanted light in the darkness have found it by the methodical, never-tiring work of the society. Its influence was one of the powers which now helped me to shape my thoughts. There was another, however, which made a deep impression upon me. Up to now I had read all the wonderful experiences of great experimenters, but I had never come across any effort upon their part to build up some system which would cover and contain them all. Now I read that wonderful book, Myers's "Human Personality," a great root book from which a whole tree of knowledge will grow. In this book Myers was unable to get any formula which covered all the phenomena called "spiritual," but in discussing that action of mind upon mind which he has himself called telepathy he completely proved his point, and he worked it out so thoroughly with so many examples, that, save for those who were wilfully blind to the evidence, it took its place henceforth as a scientific fact. But this was an enormous advance. If mind could act upon mind at a distance, then there were some bodily properties which were quite different to matter as we had always understood it. The ground was cut from under the feet of the materialist, and my old position had been destroyed. I had said that the flame could not exist when the candle was gone. But here was the flame a long way off the candle, acting upon its own. The analogy was clearly a false analogy. If the mind, the spirit, the intelligence of man could operate at a distance from the body, then it was a thing separate from the body. Why then should it not exist when the body was destroyed? Not only did impressions come from a distance from those who were just dead, but actual appearances of the dead person came with them, showing that the impressions were carried by something which was exactly like the body, and yet acted independently and survived the death of the body. The chain of evidence between the simplest cases of thought-reading at one end, and the actual manifestation of the spirit independently of the body at the other, was one unbroken chain, each phase leading to the other, and this fact seemed to me to bring the first signs of systematic science and order into what had been a mere collection of bewildering and unrelated facts.

About this time I had an interesting experience, for I was one of three delegates sent by the Psychical Society to sit up in a haunted house in Dorsetshire. It was one of these poltergeist cases, where noises and foolish tricks had gone on for some years, very much like the classical case of John Wesley's family at Epworth in 1726, or the case of the Fox family at Hydesville, near Rochester, in 1847, which was the starting point of modern spiritualism. Nothing sensational came of our journey, and yet it was not entirely barren. On the first night nothing occurred. On the second, there were tremen-

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Cure for Burned Fingers

By William Hugo Pabkc

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE

"I just dare you to convince the crowd we are on our honeymoon! I'm some actress," said the girl.

"I'm some actor," chuckled Billy.

And this is the way the fun began. But you must read the story to learn of the cure for their "burned fingers."



"I was in an exultant mood this afternoon," said Billy, "but it has passed now. The end is too near."

IT was suffocatingly hot. The people in the chair car were lolling in dejected attitudes and fanning themselves languidly. It would have needed very little imagination to picture them with their tongues hanging out. As the train pulled out of Montreal, Billy Brayling sank into his seat prepared for a desperately uncomfortable time.

Things had not gone well with Billy recently. His ingenuous face looked decidedly woebegone. Before leaving Boston for his Canadian trip he had been given a letter of introduction to "the dearest girl in Toronto"; so Mrs. Fleming had assured him. When he called to present his letter he had found the house closed and the people away for the summer. Furthermore, his real mission in Canada was to sign up John K. Stafford, of Montreal, for a large contract for machinery. But Mr. Stafford had not been in Montreal; he had gone to Quebec the day before.

Billy let his languid glance wander the length of the car to rest uninterestedly on one after the other of his fellow-passengers. A most dismal-looking lot they were as they suffered patiently or impatiently, according to temperament, in the sweltering car. He turned his chair slightly and became interested forthwith. In the chair beside his was a girl who looked refreshingly immaculate and cool, which fact of itself was a relief and a distinction. He studied her covertly through his thick-lensed glasses for a few moments and gave silent thanks that there was something attractive to look at. She seemed entirely unconscious of him as she divided her attention between the magazine in her lap and the view through the car window of the stewing suburbs.

BILLY decided after careful scrutiny that he entirely approved the cool green of her travelling suit and the contrast of the white wings in her jaunty hat. He liked her very evident joyousness that refused to be quenched by temporary discomfort. Above all he was attracted by her face, prettily flushed and holding the charm of mobility. As openly as he dared he watched its play of expression and the sudden light in her eyes as she saw something that interested her for the moment. A very companionable girl he thought. Too bad that the conventions forbade—. Oh, pshaw! what was the use?

It was merely tantalizing to watch her so he turned away and stared moodily out of his window. He began to speculate upon what would happen if he should politely and respectfully offer her a magazine—very politely and entirely respectfully. She would probably freeze him. And then how'd he feel!

The train stopped at St. Lambert, and Billy was on the point of making up his mind to shatter the conventions. He had reached the vindicating motto, "Faint heart ne'er won, etc.," when the Pullman conductor entered the car with a telegram.

"Miss Grey," he cried. "Miss Hazel Grey."

The girl eagerly reached for the message and tore it open. Billy gasped and then chuckled audibly as his hand sought an inner pocket. He stood before her and bowed low as he presented a small white envelope rather the worse for wear.

"The gods are good sometimes even to the least deserving, Miss Grey," said Billy.

SHE took the letter with a little puzzled frown, hastily glanced at the address and opened it. After a moment's perusal she looked up brightly at the tall young chap towering above her.

"How delightful, Mr. Brayling," she exclaimed, giving him her slender hand. "I was dreading a lonely trip to Quebec, but after all, I am to have a nice companion. I don't even have to use my own judgment about your being nice because Ruth Fleming says you are."

"That's like Ruth," laughed Billy; "she sees everything through rose-colored glasses." He seated himself with an exaggerated sigh of content.

"But what a coincidence—our meeting like this." Miss Grey laid aside her magazine and very definitely made preparations for conversation.

"I called on you in Toronto and found the house deserted," said Billy. "You can imagine my disappointment in view of the fact that Ruth described you as being the 'dearest girl in Toronto.'"

"I'll have to quote you and say 'that's like Ruth; she sees everything through rose-colored glasses,'" laughed Hazel.

"It is rather remarkable our being on the same train. Of course I didn't know you from Adam—from Eve rather—until the conductor called your name." Billy looked a trifle sheepish and continued ingenuously: "I have to confess that I was wondering what would happen if I offered you a magazine, or a book, or a box of candy—or—or a touring car or some little thing like that."

"As though I didn't know it," she jeered, wrinkling her nose at him impishly.

"YOU did? I thought you were absolutely unconscious of my existence."

"That's the eminently proper attitude for a girl; isn't it? Besides, I'm a fair actress and I like to practise."

Later, at luncheon, across a small table in the dining-car they veered from generalities to the fascinatingly personal topic of plans for the immediate future.

"The telegram that was the primary cause of our meeting," said Hazel, "contained my marching orders from Dad. He couldn't wait for me at Quebec. He says he has engaged rooms for me at the Chateau Frontenac. So I am to stay there to-night and then proceed—proceed is the proper term, I believe—to Metis Beach to-morrow afternoon."

"What do you know about that!" exclaimed Billy. "Why—why—I've got to go there to-morrow myself." He tried his best to make it sound convincing, and in his earnestness, almost believed it himself.

"How perfectly wonderful," cried Hazel gaily. "What a coincidence!" She cast a quizzical glance across the table, which Billy, absorbed in quick mental calculation, missed entirely. He was rapidly planning his coming interview with Mr. Stafford, whom he hoped to find at the Chateau. Perhaps it would be possible to do his business that night; if not, surely the next morning would suffice.

"By the way," he began musingly. "how far is it to—er—to this place where we're going to-morrow?"

"What place?" asked Hazel, her eyes dancing

"Why—the beach you just mentioned."

"Where you had planned long ago to go?" asked Hazel innocently.

Billy reddened furiously. He looked up. Their eyes met and together they burst into wholehearted laughter.

"Oh, what's the use?" he protested. "Be nice."

"All right; I will. It's Metis Beach—and it's about two hundred miles east—and you never heard of it before in your life. So there," she ended with a grimace.

"What's a little white lie between friends?" said Billy joyously.

ARRIVING at the Chateau, Billy found that Mr. Stafford had just left for parts unknown. After a few moments' cogitation he shrugged his broad shoulders. If business persisted in eluding him there remained pleasure, at least, and he should worry. After a cheerful, companionable dinner he and Hazel tried dancing but gave it up as being too hot. They strolled out on the terrace. Even among that throng they were a noticeable pair. The boy was tall and broad-shouldered with a shock of fair hair above his frank, ingenuous face; the girl at his side graceful and laughing-eyed, every fibre of her being

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Hand in Hand With the Centuries and Strictly British

By Ethel Cody Stoddard

A History of The Hudson's Bay Company in Canada



Crest of the Hudson's Bay Company.

WOVEN with romantic adventure, which at times rivals Fenimore Cooper, the friend of our 'teens, the history of the most wonderful organization of its kind in the world—and that British—reads like an enchanted tale. It dips back into the centuries, struggles through two of them, and emerges stronger than ever in the third—the twentieth.

While Eastern Canada has always, and still does, feel the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, yet it is primarily the West which it has mothered, and over which it still has a strong hold. But even at that, from Labrador to British Columbia it has interests, especially in fur trading and land.

In Labrador there are three fur trading posts under this company's name, In Quebec twenty-eight. It has two stores in Ontario, twenty-four fur posts, and holds land in seven townsites; in Manitoba, one store, sixteen posts and nine townsites; in Saskatchewan, eleven posts, two stores and seven townsites; in Alberta, four stores, five townsites and sixteen fur posts. British Columbia holdings are sixteen fur posts, five stores and two townsites, and in what many of us think of as being lost in the shuffle—the North-West Territories—there are fourteen fur posts. All of which covers the Dominion fairly well, and seems to bind up the country and the company part and parcel with each other.



Bastion at Victoria, Built in 1842.

THE year 1670 looks to be a long way past yesterday. But in that year men were keenly alive to all things new, and the glint of a gold piece did not go unseen.

Charles II., though unwilling to allow any minute to escape till squeezed dry of all possible pleasure, had at the same time a taste for commerce. He, therefore, listened attentively to the project of two adventurous Frenchmen—Radisson and Chouart (afterwards the Sieur de Groseilliers), who had gone to Canada in the middle of the seventeenth century, and, becoming enamoured of the country, wanted to follow up its possibilities. Backed by the King and such men as the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, the Earl of Craven, the Earl of Arlington, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, these men finally set out on a history-making voyage, the influence of which has come down through the centuries.

In June, 1668, two vessels—the "Nonsuch" and the "Eaglet"—sailed from Gravesend. The skipper of the latter, however, even after crossing the Atlantic, decided that the whole thing was a foolish venture, and returned to London. The "Nonsuch," with more adventurous spirits on board, including Groseilliers, kept on and found the Bay which a little more than half a century before had been discovered by Hudson.

The ship entered the Nemisco, on the south-east corner of the Bay, and the representatives of King Charles took possession of it, naming it Prince Rupert's River, after their distinguished patron. Here a stone fort was built and called "Charles Fort." After the long winter passed they sailed out of the Bay and down to Boston, and from there back to London to give an account of their adventures, and in general to start things moving toward permanent prosperity.



Hudson's Bay Post at Telegraph Creek, B.C.



The Hudson's Bay Fort Garry Post in 1868, now the City of Winnipeg.



Norway House.

In looking over the charter of this company, one wonders why Charles II., in a generous mood, did not hand over all of Canada to it. As it was, he apparently came very near to the mark. For instance, he gave the company "the whole trade of all those seas, streights and bays, rivers, lakes, creeks and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance of the streights commonly called Hudson's Streights, together with all the lands, countries and territories upon the coasts and confines of the seas, streights, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks and sounds aforesaid, which are not now actually possessed by any of our subjects, or by any subjects of any other Christian prince or state."

IN general, the grant included the trade of the country, "the fisheries within Hudson's Streights, the minerals, including gold, silver, gems and precious stones, shall be possessed by the company."

More than this, power was given the company to make their own laws, not only for their own forts and plantations, with all their officers and servants, but having force over all persons upon the land ceded to them so absolutely.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 65.)



Among the Snow-capped Peaks Nestles the McWames Creek Post.



The Ranee's Bracelet

By E. A. TAYLOR Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

A Story of India in 1857 and 1914

IT WAS February, the month of roses in Northern India, and the garden of the Moti Bagh (House of Pearl) literally overflowed with rose color and perfume. The tropical plants and shrubs, waiting their day of glory and bloom when the fierce summer of their land should come, seemed only a background for th .t riot of rose blossoming.

The house in the garden was a lofty one-storey building, of small drab bricks with white cornices. There was a carved balustrade round the flat roof, and a pillared portico along the front; and it look·d rather a fine home for the eight women missionaries who lived there. But the inside was plain enough; there were no ceilings, only the large beams that supported the thick roof of bricks and earth. And the earth floors were covered with coarse, eheap rugs of aloe fibre, while the scanty furniture was of cane.

From the portiec the big entrance doors opened into the hall, where a hundred people could sit down to tea or a meeting. On one side were the dining-room and library, and on the other the eight bedrooms, with their string beds and thick, coarse cotton rugs, all as small and elean and bare as the eells of cloistered nuns.

Alice Ross, the head of the little band, stood in the portico. She was a tall woman, with the luminous eyes of a mystie, and she smiled across the roses at the two teachers, Elizabeth Dunn and Lois Aird, who came from the girls' school, in an outbuilding. They were two grave young women, who believed devoutly in their mission—and in Alice. Then the three went in together to the library, where the other five had gathered: Ella Glen, oldish and thin, with a prim mouth, who was housekeeper; Laura Hood and Rose Thorn, the zenana workers, who looked tired and plain in their painfully plain dresses; Kitty Lee, youngest and prettiest of them all, who was assistant to Marion Davidson, the woman doetor; and Marion herself.

Marion wore the same plain costume as the others; yet she did not look in the least as if she belonged to them, as she sat unconventionally on the edge of a table, swinging her feet. She was a long-limbed bit of splendid womanhood, more than merely pretty, with her splendor of bronze hair and the frank eyes of a boy knight who had never a thought of sin, yet who loved clean fighting, and fun and adventure.

"MARION has been in Aladdin's palace," exclaimed Kitty.

"She has actually got into the Rajah's palace," explained Ella; "though he is so opposed to our work, and the Ranee is even more bitter than he."

"Yet it was she who sent for Marion," put in eager Kitty. "You remember the boy who died three months ago, the Rajah's only son? Well, it was his wife, only thirteen, and a Hindoo widow, that Marion was called in to see. Oh, Marion, what was everything like?"

Marion laughed good-humoredly. "It was a ehapter out of the 'Arabian Nights' certainly, but I had no time to notiee anything at first, for they had waited till the poor little girl hadn't half a chance for her life before they sent for me. I did save her, though, and the baby, too—a fine boy, but I couldn't have done either if the Ranee had not stood by me all the time, seeing that every direetion I gave was obeyed instantly and exactly. She never misunderstood me, and I fancy the others did not eare to misunderstand her. She looks about thirty, and it would take a poet to describe her beauty and jewels, for she was beautiful, though all the while she made me think of a tigress—a soft, purring creature, but still a tigress.

"When I left my patient she took me to the most lovely room I ever saw, all carved ivory and mother-of-pearl. She made me sit down by her, while servants poured out trays of jewels and money before me. I saw an empty marmalade pot of unset diamonds, and a cardboard box with ropes of pearls, besides a heap of other things: with small sacks of gold mohars and piles of silver rupees. And the Ranee was inviting me to take it all. I blunderingly explained that we did not take pay for our services. You know I can't talk; but I asked her if she would let some of you visit her and the palace women. She knew what we had eome to India to try and teach, and she answered so softly:

" 'Miss Dr. Davidson, you mistook me when you thought I offered to pay you. Can we pay the sun for his light, or the river for the water which is our life? No, I only hoped you would take these poor things to remember us by. You are very learned, Miss Doctor, but you do not understand that our blood, our race instincts, are the medium through which we must see God. And it is not best for one people to try to adopt the faith or customs of another. But you are going out of this house, never probably to enter it again, so do take something to remember us by. We will always remember you.'

"So I took this thin silver braeelet, and the Ranee looked disappointed for a minute, and then said: "Miss Doetor, you have shown me that a love-deed may not be paid for in gold; it must be love for love and life for life. Yes, life for life. Who knows what to-morrow may bring? We are but the sport of the Lords of Life and Death, who move our passions as the dust is moved by the wind. So, if you ever want a friend, Miss Doctor, send the braeelet back to me."

Ella sighed meaningly, not because of the Ranee's hints, no one gave them a thought, but Marion knew it was over her shorteomings as a missionary, as well as the Ranee's determined "heathenism," and she flushed, uncomfortably, wondering if she had really failed somehow because she did not compel the Ranee to consent to be taught a religion that she evidently did not want. Then the eight scattered to their various tasks while the bracelet—a thin silver band with the name of the Ranee Rajmahli Singh on it in Persian characters—was dropped into a drawer and forgotten.

In the evening of that day Alice walked in the garden, which she loved with the quiet passion of her soul for all things calm and beautiful. There was a slight stir among the pansies and convolvulus as she passed their bed, and a half-seen snake slipped away into the rose-scented

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

A House Plan of Seven Rooms Showing Two Methods of Exterior Treatment



House at left built of brick. Same design at right but built of brick and roughcast plaster.

Designed by Clarence Thetford, Architect

IN house arrangement it must be conceded, there is no plan so pleasing as the centre entrance hall. For economy of space, the hallway at the side is possibly more advantageous, but where a home of fairly generous proportions and an attempt at artistic arrangement is desired, the centre entrance hall plan should be selected.

The house illustrated on this page is an excellent example of a centre hall treatment, with double doors on two sides opening into living and dining rooms. It is a much simpler matter to decorate a hall of this kind than one with an unbroken wall space at one side, where there is usually the additional problem of making a stairway attractive.

The hall is the one and only room in the house which may be extreme in color or design, perhaps both if carefully handled. Halls are not to be lived in, therefore, one may introduce something which is rather more daring than artistic and the effect will be good.

At the back of this hall the stairs ascend. Note the convenience of the rear hall behind the front square hall. This smaller passageway has a door opening into the kitchen, and an outdoor exit through a Service Entry.

BY referring to the drawing it will be seen that the living room, which is eleven by nineteen feet, has a fireplace situated on the long side wall. The advantages of this arrangement will be noted when a large number wish to congregate around the open fire. A pair of French windows open on a large verandah at the rear of the living room which provides a delightful view of the garden in summer, permitting of easy access—steps leading down from the side of the verandah to the lawn.

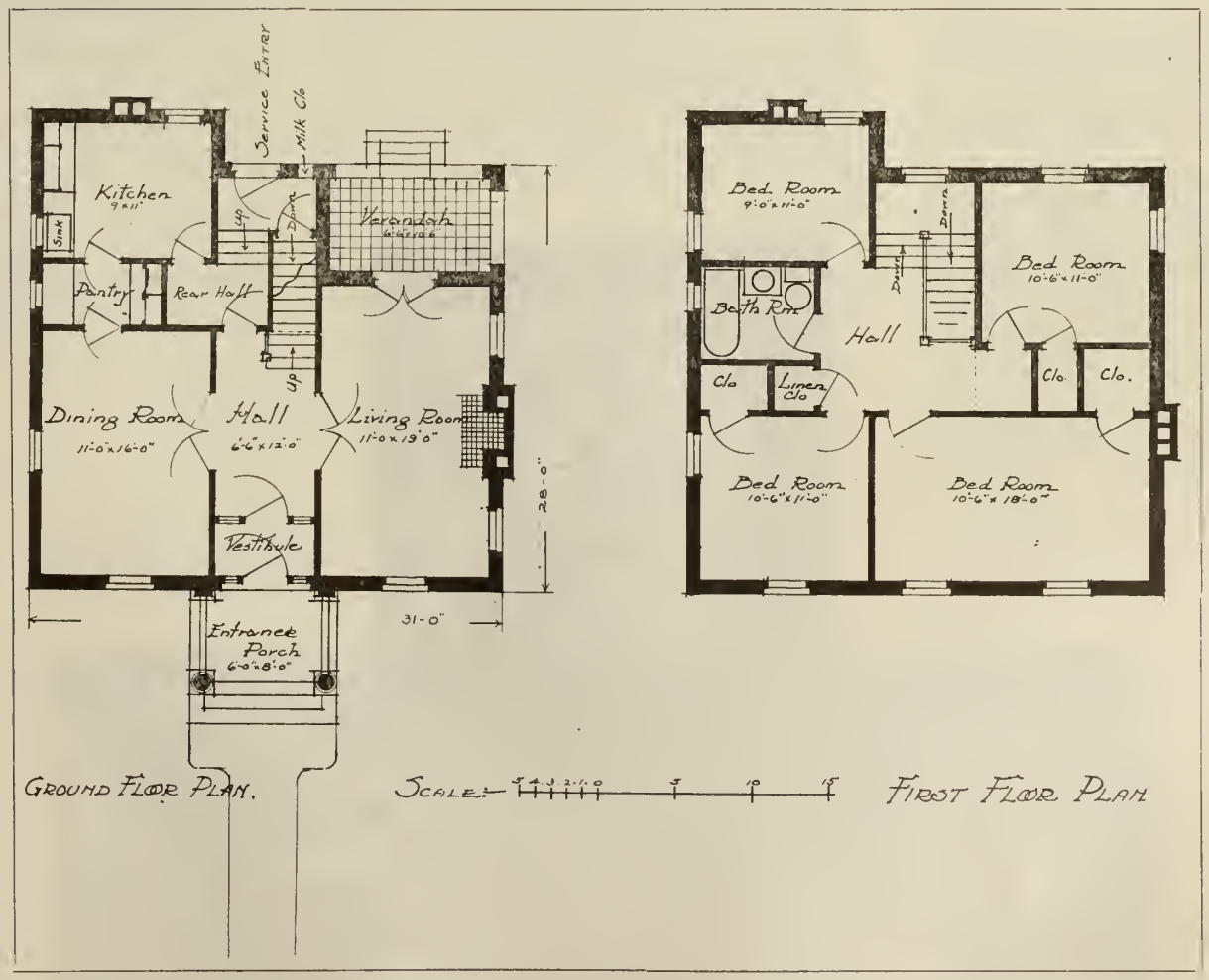
In winter this verandah may be closed in with sash, and if properly heated makes an ideal sun room. A tile floor, kept in dull and warm color and softened by one or two grass rugs, is most suitable, while the chintz curtains may be gay to the extreme, contrasting with the dreary, wintry aspect out of doors. Many flowers, a few birds and some books with the wicker furniture complete a very homy and exceedingly attractive room.

The dining room, well lighted and of convenient proportions, is connected with the kitchen by a small serving pantry fully equipped with cupboards and shelves. The kitchen is nine by eleven, and has two windows, one thoughtfully planned to be directly over the sink, providing both light and a refreshing breeze for the hot days.

THE bedrooms on the upper floor are four in number, each having two windows to insure perfect ventilation. Three of the bedrooms have clothes closets, and opening from the hall next to the bathroom is a linen closet. The hall is lighted by a window placed on the stairway landing. This meets two needs: gives abundant light for the entire stairway and lights the upper hall.

Two methods of exterior treatment of this house are shown at the top of this page. The design at the left shows the house built of red brick, with white mortar joints, with well proportioned porch, the entablature of which is supported by Doric columns. The roof is of red slate. This with white woodwork and green shutters (the right shade of green, for there are many) completes a very pleasing and comfortable looking house.

The drawing at the right shows a house of freer design, built of solid brick or brick veneer at the ground floor, and of roughcast plaster or brick or roughcast on wood framing on the bedroom floor. The rafter ends are left exposed, and the roof may be covered with shingles stained a suitable color. If shingles are dipped separately in stain before laying, color will be much more permanent and satisfactory. This is a detail frequently overlooked.



THIS plan, therefore, permits of a great variety of treatments, making it suitable for almost any locality, and any requirements. Houses built from these designs will be simple in line, well-proportioned, and will have an air of permanence and solidity, so lacking in many of our modern medium priced homes.

Next month there will be a design for a rural house, showing plans and perspective drawing. While the houses shown in this department have all been suitable for country homes, the next dwelling will be designed specially to meet the needs of the rural resident. Moderate in size and cost of construction, it will show many pleasing features, which may be introduced into houses already built as well as the new home.

Articles on better sanitation for country houses will appear in the future issues of this magazine.



Gladiolus Americana



First Prize Collection of Vegetables, winning the Championship Cup, grown on a vacant lot where burrs and burdocks were growing six feet high the previous year.



Lilium Auratum Vitatum

Gardening Discretion



Gloxinia and Tuberous Begonia.

THE Gloxinia as shown on this page, is one of the most beautiful of all tuberous rooted plants, for it produces broad, handsome leaves and abundance of large bell shaped flowers in various colors, shades and markings. It is easy to grow, and therefore takes rank as one of the best plants for amateurs to grow in the house. A little heat is required in the early stages of growth, but when the plants come into bloom, they are best in a cool sun-room, and the flowers which are erect last well. Gloxinias may be raised from seed in winter in the same way as tuberous Begonias, the two making a charming combination; they will flower in less than six months. By regulating the heat a succession of bloom may be obtained. If not raised from seed, store the tubers the same as Begonias during winter, and restart them in the spring. Plants may also be raised by inserting the leaf stalks in sandy soil, and keeping moist. The Gloxinia is not suitable for the garden.

Before moving your house plants outdoors for an airing or repotting, mix the following ingredients together in equal parts: dry Nitrate of Soda, crushed charcoal, soot, wood ashes, and powdered Sulphur. Mix well together, and put a heaping teaspoonful of the mixture to two quarts of water, and give a good soaking once a week.

Window Box, a Thing of Beauty, and a Joy Forever.

DELIGHTFUL as a well kept window box is in summer, brightening the aspect, pleasing the observer, and giving satisfaction to its possessor, it is much to be regretted that so many of them are allowed to remain for a goodly portion of the year in a state of neglect which is not at all edifying. There is no need whatever for a window box to be neglected with the passing of summer or early autumn. Not in the most forbidding neighborhood, nor in the least inviting aspect need any window box look disreputable, or unkempt, although it is admitted they cannot always look gay. If one cares to take a little trouble, then at least one may have something pleasing to look at, immediately outside or inside one's window, no matter what the aspect and quite irrespective of season. The "scheme" to be here outlined is one which, while designed primarily to provide a window box that shall be pleasing to the eye the whole year round, will also assist in furnishing plants for the table. The scheme in brief, is to provide a sufficient number of plants in pots to be able, as soon as those in position in the box itself give out, to ring the changes with others which in the meantime have been plunged in the garden. The mere lifting or transplanting of plants from the garden is not nearly so successful as the use of the established plants in pots, and the plunging both in the garden and the window box is essential to success; further the pots used should be as nearly as possible the same size.



Lilium Auratum Platiphylum



Method of covering unsightly board fences. Pumpkins and marrow in foreground were grown on fence.

Do It Now

By George R. Baldwin F.R.H.S.

The preparation of the box itself may now be described. With the drainage in the box, and the box in position, the pots may be taken in hand—as many as will stand comfortably without crowding. An overcrowded box never looks well. The pots should have a layer of moss placed around them and tied on with raffia. The interstices round the pots may then be filled with prepared soil, packed close and watered. These interstices may be planted with anything at hand, or left overs from the garden. The roots of the objects planted in the interstices will run into the moss layers around the pots and so form a pot shaped pocket, from which the pot in position may be easily withdrawn and a fresh one just as easily inserted. Before withdrawing a pot from the box a slight rotation of it should be made, so that any rootlets adhering to the outside may be disconnected. By this method it will be seen that there can be no check to the plants themselves, and, providing the supply of suitable plants is maintained in the garden, the box may be renewed as often as may be desired.

AS soon as Jack Frost starts to come around, suitable plants for the late autumn and the winter may be found among the varieties of low growing shrubs such as Box, Euonymus, Veronica, etc., the window raised and the box set on the inside ledge, when bulbs for Christmas and January blooming can be inserted in the interstices. One of the chief advantages of this scheme is the satisfaction of always having something ready to look at, and the elimination of the uncertainty as to whether or not particular plants will develop in that particular situation. There is no interval of waiting while things grow. Now then you who live in apartments, no more excuses for not being amateur gardeners even if you are on the 'steenth floor of a sky-scraper.

THE following are a few of the favorite hardy flowers which should be in every garden, "to help keep sorrow out." The single white Arabis albida, also known as Rock or Wall Cress, which is one of the earliest plants to flower in Spring. The plants

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Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton will answer letters relating to health, baby welfare, feeding, clothing and general care of the child.



Post Poison Proceedings

A Health Talk by Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton

DIRECTOR OF CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL DEPARTMENT OF CHILD HYGIENE.

ANY illness contracted through an infection is really a poisoning, just as much and sometimes with more lasting results as if a so-called actual "poison" had been wittingly swallowed

As a matter of fact all illness might be said to be caused by infection, except such as results from fractures or accidents or operation.

Any of these may speedily become infections or poisonings if the wounds become unclean or the excretory channels of the body become occluded.

Diseases producing bacteria or "germs" and their products are responsible for this poisoning.

It was a Vienna physician nearly a hundred and fifty years ago who first drew attention to the fact that all disease was caused by bacteria. He also discovered that different diseases were caused by different species. He was considered quite mad and his discoveries were allowed to die with him.

It is a fact worthy of note that the rank and file of the human race usually consider the discoverer and promulgator of new thoughts or ideas as either quite mad or quite bad, according to their particular viewpoint.

In the last twenty-five or thirty years wonderful strides have been made in the study of the habits and differentiation of the forms of bacteria. While it has been discovered that the greater bulk of disease of all sorts is the work of bacteria, on the other hand it has been ascertained that not by any means are all "germs" bad "germs," but that to the good ones may be credited far more of the beneficent processes that surround us than we have any idea of.

One writer says "The part played by bacteria in the causation of disease may be regarded as of surpassing importance, but the work done by them in other directions exerts a mighty influence upon the welfare of mankind. Bacteria not only act as scavengers in destroying dead organic material, but they also change the form of important chemical elements, such as nitrogen and carbon, into substances which are available for the nutrition of the higher plants, thus proving themselves as important in constructive as in destructive processes."

BACTERIA, as I pointed out in a former paper, live in their food, which is called pabulum. As long as this food stuff remains in suitable condition for their development, they continue to flourish. They increase by what is called "fission" or dividing. Some species divide, or double their numbers every half hour, so that one can form a slight idea of the extraordinary rapidity of their increase.

Now the pabulum may become unfit to further nourish these forms of life, either because of the resistive energy of their "host" or the body in which they are residing, or because of the excreta thrown off by the bacteria themselves, the gases they form or their own dead bodies. In this event some bacteria possess the power of making little cases for themselves, and retiring as it were from active life, or sleeping as the bear or squirrel does, till their environment improves. In this shape they are called "spores." In such form they are peculiarly resistive to the effects of both heat and cold, and to the action of most disinfectants. Such a sleep may last for months or even for years, when they can wake up and start growing again. It behooves us then, even the ordinary every-day person, to know sufficient of the peculiarities of disease bearing bacteria to be able to so adjust ourselves after an illness as to rid our bodies and surroundings of these unwelcome guests. And better still in every possible case to keep both person and environment in such condition that should we have these visitors they will find a welcome completely lacking.

The lodgment of the bacteria themselves, which constitute foreign bodies; and the substances produced by them, which are not only foreign bodies but in many cases active poisons as well, produce the various symptoms of illness which we find in persons suffering from any infectious disease, from a so-called simple "cold" to a severe case of typhoid fever.

The larger proportion of disease bearing bacteria enter the body through the mouth and nose, lodging first temporarily in the mucous membrane or moist lining of these parts. Some of them remain here, and merely the poisons produced travel to other portions of the body. Others again find some other location more suitable for their particular housekeeping requirements, and resort thither at the earliest opportunity.

In either case two things immediately occur. Nature hastens to eject the intruder, and by means of her servant, the blood, hurries hither and thither endeavoring to get the bodily house cleaned. This causes a heated condition of the blood stream called "fever." Then also the bacteria throw off poison, and the fight between them and the blood produces more poison, these poisons at once circulating throughout the whole body, and causing varied symptoms, apparently having no connection with the original infection. Some of the most common of these symptoms are headache and constipation, occasionally diarrhoea.

CERTAIN bacteria seems to have a preference for poisoning certain organs. But in almost every case the heart is the organ that must bear the brunt, not only of the poisoning, but with the poison the strain of all the extra work that the blood has to take on itself of ejecting the intruder, while the supplies at the base of the army of defence are probably very low on account of the effect of the enemy poison on the stomach.

For instance, let us consider a concrete example, the symptoms of which most of us at the present time are unfortunately too familiar with, that of influenza.

The poisoning (not the actual germ) of influenza not only produces the symptoms noted above, but almost invariably gives violent pains in the muscles. These are most noticeable in the back and limbs, but the poison evidently affects the whole musculature of the body. And of all the muscles, again it is the heart that suffers most. Hence we find long continued weakness and general malaise for weeks or even months after the actual illness itself is past, also in a sadly large number of cases a train of symptoms not generally recognized by the laity but which to the physicians spell just one word, "heart."

Now the pathos of this lies in the fact that if people only understood a little of what I am trying to teach, or not understanding would have the wisdom and faith to obey and trust those who do, many a chair that to-day is vacant would be filled, many a home that is shadowed would be rejoicing in the sunshine of peace.

Many of my readers have handled the heart of a sheep or other animal. You know that it is a firm, strong, muscular organ, having certain (actually four) cavities within. Such is a healthy heart. A poisoned heart is as flabby as a kid glove.

A little thought will show you that blood circulating through that firm, healthy heart will as it passes along only extend its strong, elastic walls temporarily, and that they will at once spring back into their original shape. The same thing is true of the little doors within the heart that form the exits of the different cavities, and that must shut tight when the time to shut comes, or else cause trouble commonly called "a leak." You can imagine that even a sudden onrush of blood caused by a lift or some excitement or other exertion would not injure such strong muscular walls as that heart shows.

BUT on the other hand supposing that heart were just as floppy as an empty kid glove. Supposing the walls were just as soft and non-elastic as the "flesh" of the arm is after a long illness, then it does not take much thought to show you that even the ordinary blood stream might prevent a return to normal shape, that every movement and effort of such a heart must necessarily be laboured and slow, that a sudden exertion or emotion causing a violent onrush of the blood-stream might be fraught with dire results—must in the oest of cases have a deleterious effect.

Such a flaccid condition of the heart is the effect of practically every infection. This heart poisoning is particularly marked in the cases of influenza, diphtheria, pneumonia, and some other diseases.

The poison of the present epidemic of influenza is peculiarly virulent and lasting.

This poisoned condition almost invariably clears up, and the heart returns to its normal firmness and ability, given the care and rest in elimination of poison, at the right time,—that is, bed together with proper measures for helping immediately on the cessation of the violent symptoms of disease. I mean that patients should stay in bed and be treated as more or less invalids till they themselves feel as strong as usual, and until the doctor says that the pulse has returned to normal beat and time.

Danger lies in the fact indicated above, that if strain, even the strain of the ordinary daily tasks, or in acute cases of getting up and down, is put upon a heart in the flaccid condition described, irreparable injury may be done to it, by a permanent enlargement of some of the orifices taking place. While if a little patience is practiced the walls of the heart harden up again as the other muscles of the body attain normality, and as the last of the poison leaves the system.

A CASE in point came to notice recently. A young girl away from home had taken cold she thought. The fact that influenza was prevalent should have put her on her guard, but it did not. She was boarding, so after staying indoors for a few days she returned to work. She had not been very sick, but she remained unaccountably tired. She had seen no physician. Her cough got better, but the tiredness remained, and increased. Her work was a misery. Even going up and down stairs became an effort. She decided to return home, a long railroad journey. She was miserably lonesome. At this juncture she dropped in to say good-bye to me, not to make a professional call. Casually I learned that "yes, her back and legs had ached during the 'cold'," now some weeks past. I felt her pulse, and it was pounding along with marked effort somewhere about 104 when it should have been 74. It took a whole week of complete rest in bed in the Hospital to get that heart into a normal condition. And very grateful should its owner be that it returned to normal at all after the strain she had put upon it. Had she undertaken the railroad journey there are grave doubts as to whether she would ever have reached the end alive. And yet she had had such a mild attack of influenza that she scarcely recognized the fact that she was sufficiently ill to stay in bed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63.)

WHO GOES THERE?

BY

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



CHAPTER XVIII. *(Continued)*

GUILD, tall, broad-shouldered, erect, stood by the window looking out between the gently blowing sash-curtains, and fastening his waistcoat.

And, standing so, he said: "Harry, this is no place for Mrs. Courland and her daughter. They ought to go to Luxembourg City, or across the line into Holland. As a matter of fact they really ought to go back to America."

"I think so, too," nodded Darrel. "I think we may persuade them to come back with us."

Without looking at his business partner and friend, Guild said: "I am not going back with you."

"What!"

"I can't. But you must go—rather soon, too. And you must try to persuade the Courlands to go with you."

"What are you planning to do?" demanded Darrel with the irritable impatience of a man who already has answered his own question.

"You can guess, I suppose?"

"Yes, confound it!—I can! I've been afraid you'd do some such fool thing. And I ask you, Kervyn, as a sane, sensible Yankee business man, *is* it necessary for you to gallop into this miserable free fight and wallow in it up to your neck? Is it? Is it necessary to propitiate your bally ancestors by pulling a gun on the Kaiser and striking an attitude?"

Guild laughed. "I'm afraid it's a matter of propitiating my own conscience, Harry. I'm afraid I'll have to strike an attitude and pull that gun."

"To the glory of the Gold Book and the Counts of Gueldres! *I know!* You're very quiet about such things, but I knew it was inside you all the time. Confound it! I was worried by your letter to me! I thought you'd already done something and had been caught."

"I hadn't been doing anything, but I *had* been caught."

"I knew it!"

"Naturally; or I shouldn't have written you a one-act melodrama instead of a letter. . . . Did you destroy the letter to my mother?"

"Yes, I did."

"That was right. I'll tell you about it some time. And now, before we go down, this is for your own instruction: I am going to try to get into touch with the Belgian army. How to do it I don't see very clearly, because there are some two million Germans between me and it. But that's what I shall try to do, Harry. So, during the day or two I remain here, persuade your friends, the Courlands, of the very real danger they run in remaining at Lesse. Because any of these peasants at any moment are likely to sally forth Uhlan sniping. And you know what German reprisals mean."

"Yes," said Darrel uneasily. He added with a boyish blush: "I am rather frightfully fond of Valentine Courland, too."

"Then talk to the Courlands. Something serious evidently has happened to their landlord. If he made himself personally obnoxious to the soldiery which destroyed Wiltz-la-Vallée, a detachment might be sent here anyway to destroy Lesse Lodge. You can't tell what the Teutonic military mind is hatching. I was playing chess when they were arranging a shooting party in my honour. Come on downstairs."

"Yes, in a minute. Kervyn, I don't think you quite got me—about Valentine Courland."

Guild looked around at him curiously.

"Is it the real thing, Harry?"

"Rather. With *me*, I mean."

"You're in *love?*"

"Rather! But Valentine raises the deuce with me. She won't listen, Kervyn. She sits on sentiment. She guys me. I don't think she likes anybody else, but I'm dead sure she doesn't care for me—that way."

Guild studied the pattern on the rug at his feet. After a while he said: "When a man's in love he doesn't seem to know it until it's too late."

"Rot! I knew it right away. Last winter when the Courlands were in New York I knew I was falling in love with her. It hurt, too, I can tell you. Why, Kervyn, after they sailed it hurt me so that I couldn't think of anything. I didn't eat properly. A man like you can't realize how it hurts to love a girl. But it's one incessant, omnipresent, and devilish gnawing—a sensation of emptiness indescribable filled with loud and irregular heart-throbs—a happy agony, a precious pain—"

"HARRY!"

"What?" asked that young man, startled.

"Do you realize you are almost shouting?"

"Was I? Well, I'm almost totally unbalanced and I don't know how long I can stand the treatment I'm getting. I've told her mother, and she laughs at me too. But I honestly think she likes me. What would you do, Kervyn, if you cared for a girl and you couldn't induce her to converse on the subject?"

Guild's features grew flushed and sombre. "I haven't the faintest idea what a man should do." he said. "The dignified thing would be for a man to drop the matter."

"I know. I've dropped it a hundred times a week. But she seems to be glad of it. And I can't endure that. So I re-open the subject, and she re-closes it and sits on the lid. I tell you, Kervyn, it's amounting to a living nightmare with me. I am so filled with tenderness and sentiment that I can't digest it unaided by the milk of human kindness——"

"Do you talk this way to her?" asked Guild, laughing. "If you compare unrequited love to acute indigestion no girl on earth is going to listen to you."

"I have to use some flights of imagination," said Darrel, sulkily. "A girl likes to hear anything when it's all dolled up with figures or speech. What the deuce are you laughing at? All right! Wait until you fall in love yourself. But you won't have time now; you'll enlist in some fool regiment and get your bally head knocked off! I thought I had troubles enough with Valentine, and now this business begins!"

He got up slowly, as though very lame.

"It's very terrible to me," he said, "to know that you feel bound to go into this mix-up. I was afraid of it as soon as I heard that war had been declared. It's been worrying me every minute since. But I suppose it's quite useless to argue with you?"

"Quite," said Guild pleasantly. "What's the matter with your leg?"

"Barked the shin. Listen! Is there any use reasoning with you?"

"No, Harry."

"Well, then," exclaimed Darrel in an irate voice, "I'll tell you frankly that you and your noble ancestors give me a horrible pain! I'm full of all kinds of pain and I'm sick of it!"

Guild threw back his blond head and laughed outright—a clear, untroubled laugh that rang pleasantly through the ancient hall they were traversing.

As they came out on the terrace where the ladies sat in the sun knitting, Valentine looked around at Guild.

"What a delightfully infectious laugh you have," she said. "Was it a very funny story? I can scarcely believe Mr. Darrel told it."

"But he did," said Guild, seating himself beside her on the edge of the stone terrace and glancing curiously at Karen, who wore a light gown and was looking distractingly pretty.

"Such an unpleasant thing has occurred," said Mrs. Courland in her quiet, gentle voice, turning to Darrel. "Our herdsman has just come in to tell Michaud that early this morning a body of German cavalry rode into the hill pastures and drove off the entire herd of cattle and the flock of sheep belonging to Monsieur Paillard."

THERE was a moment's silence; Darrel glanced at Guild, saying: "Was there any explanation offered for the requisition—any indemnity?"

"Nothing, apparently. Schultz, the herdsman, told Michaud that an Uhlan officer asked him if the cattle and sheep did not belong to the Paillard estate at Lesse. That was all. And the shepherd, Jean Pascal, tried to argue with the troopers about his sheep, but a cavalryman menaced him with his lance. The poor fellow is out in the winter fold, weeping like Bo-Peep, and Schultz is using very excited language. All our forest guards and wood-choppers are there. Michaud has gone to Trois Fontaines. They all seem so excited it has begun to disturb me a little."

"You see," said Valentine to Guild, "our hill pastures are almost on the frontier. We have been afraid they'd take our cattle."

He nodded.

"Do you suppose anything can be done about it?" asked Mrs. Courland. "I feel dreadfully that such a thing should happen at Lesse while we are in occupation."

"May I talk with your head gamekeeper?" asked Guild.

"Yes, indeed, if you will. He ought to return from Trois Fontaines before dark."

"I'll talk to him," said Guild briefly. Then his serious face cleared and he assumed a cheerfulness of manner totally at variance with his own secret convictions.

"Troops have got to eat," he said. "They're likely to do this sort of thing. But the policy of the Germans, when they make requisition for anything, seems to be to pay for it with vouchers of one sort or another. They are not robbers when unmolested, but they are devils when interfered with. Most troops are."

THE conversation became general; Darrel, sitting between Karen and Mrs. Courland, became exceedingly entertaining, to judge from Karen's quick laughter and the more subdued amusement of Katharyn Courland.

Darrel was explaining his lameness.

But the trouble with Darrel was that his modesty inclined him to be humorous at his own expense. Few women care for unattractive modesty; few endure it, none adore it. He was too modest to be attractive.

"I was sauntering along," he said, "minding my own business, when I came face to face with a wild boar. He was grey, and he was far bigger than I ever again desire to see. Before I could recover my breath his eyes got red and he began to make castanette music with his tusks, fox-trot time. And do you know what happened—in *your* forest, Mrs. Courland? I went up a tree, and I barked my shin in doing it. If you call that hospitality, my notions on the subject are all wrong."

"Didn't you have a gun?" asked Karen.

"I did. I admit it without a blush."

"Why didn't you use it?" asked Mrs. Courland.

"Use it? How? A gun doesn't help a man to climb a tree. It is in the way. I shall carry no more guns in your forest. A light extension ladder is all I require. And a book to pass away the time when treed."

They all laughed. "Really," asked Guild curiously, "why didn't you shoot?"

"First of all," said Darrel serenely, "I do not know how to fire off a gun. Do you want any further reasons?"

"You looked so picturesque," said Valentine scornfully, "I never dreamed you were such a dub! And you don't seem to care, either."

"I don't. I like to catch little fish. But my ferocity ends there. Kervyn, shall we try the trout for an hour this afternoon?"

Valentine turned up her dainty nose. "I shall take Mr. Guild myself. You'd better find a gamekeeper who'll teach you how to shoot off a gun." And to Guild: "I'll take you now if you like. It's only a little way to the Silverwiltz. Shall I get a rod and fly-book for you?"

Karen, watching her, saw the frank challenge in her pretty brown eyes, saw Guild's swift response to that gay defiance. It was only the light, irresponsible encounter of two young people who had liked each other at sight and who had already established a frank understanding.

So Valentine went into the house and returned presently switching a light fly-rod and a cast of flies; and Guild walked over and joined her.

To Karen he looked very tall and sunburned, and unfamiliar in his blue-serge lounging clothes—very perfectly groomed, very severe, and unapproachable; and so much older, so much more mature, so much wiser than she had thought him.

And, as her eyes followed him from where she was seated among the terrace flowers, she realized more than ever that she did not know what to say to him, what to do with him, or how to answer such a man.

HER face grew very serious; she was becoming more deeply impressed with the seriousness of what he had asked of her; of her own responsibility. And yet, as far as love was concerned, she could find no answer for him. Friendship, swift, devoted, almost passionate, she had given him—a friendship which had withstood the hard shocks of anger and distrust, and the more bewildering shock of his kiss.

She still cared for him, relied on him; wished for his companionship. But, beyond that, what had happened, followed by his sudden demand, had startled and confused her, and, so far, she did not know whether it was in her to respond. Love loomed before her, mighty and unknown, and the solemnity of its pledges and of its overwhelming obligations had assumed proportions which awed her nineteen years.

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Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

In her heart always had towered a very lofty monument to the sacredness of love, fearsomely chaste, flameless, majestic. So pure, so immaculate was this solemn and supreme edifice she had already builded that the moment's thrill in his arms had seemed to violate it. For the girl had always believed a kiss to be in itself part of that vague, indefinite miracle of supreme surrender. And the knowledge and guilt of it still flushed her cheeks at intervals and meddled with her heart.

She had forgiven, had tried to readjust herself before her mystic altar. There was nothing else to do. And the awakened woman in her aided and taught her, inspiring, exciting her with a knowledge of her power.

Then, as she sat there looking at this man and at the brown-eyed girl beside him, suddenly she experienced a subtle sense of fear: fear of what? She did not know, did not ask herself. Not even the apprehension, the dread of parting with him had made her afraid; not even the certainty that he was going to join his regiment had aroused in her more than a sense of impending loneliness.

But something was waking it now—something that pierced her through and through: and she caught her breath sharply, like a child who has been startled.

For the first time in her life the sense of possession had been aroused in her, and with it the subtle instinct to defend what was her own.

She looked very intensely at the brown eyes of the young girl who stood laughing and gossiping there with the man she did not know how to answer—the man with whom she did not know what to do. But every instinct in her was alert to place upon this man the unmistakable sign of ownership. He was hers, no matter what she might do with him.

To Darrel, trying to converse with her, she replied smilingly, mechanically; but her small ears were ringing with the gay laughter of Valentine and the quick, smiling responses of Guild as they stood with their heads together over the contents of the fly-book, consulting, advising, and selecting the most likely and murderous lures.

Neither of them glanced in her direction; apparently they were most happily absorbed in this brand new friendship of theirs.

Very slowly and thoughtfully Karen's small head sank; and she sat gazing at the brilliant masses of salvia bloom clustering at her feet, silent, overwhelmed under the tremendous knowledge of what had come upon her here in the sunshine of a cloudless sky

"Au revoir!" called back Valentine airily; "We shall return before dusk with a dozen very large trout!"

Guild turned to make his adieux, hat in hand; caught Karen's eye, nodded pleasantly, and walked away across the lawn, with Valentine close beside him, still discussing, and fussing over the cast they had chosen for the trout's undoing.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE lamps had not yet been lighted in the big, comfortable living-room and late sunlight striped walls and ceilings with rose where Karen sat sewing, and Darrel, curled up in a vast armchair, frowned over a book. And well he might, for it was a treatise on German art.

His patience arriving at the vanishing point he started to hurl the book from him, then remembering that it was not his to hurl, slapped it shut.

Which caused Karen to lift her deep violet eyes inquiringly.

"Teutonic Kultur! I've got its number," he said. Which observation conveyed no meaning to Karen.

"German art," he explained. "It used to be merely ample, adipose, and digestible. Now the moderns have made it sinister and unclean. The ham-fist has become the mailed fist; the fat and trickling source of Teutonic inspiration has become polluted. There is no decadence more hideous than the brain cancer of a Hercules."

Karen followed him with intelligent interest. She said with hesitation: "The moderns, I think, are wandering outside immutable boundaries. Frontiers are eternal. If any mind believes the inclosed territory exhausted, there is nothing further to be found outside in the waste places—only chaos. And the mind must shift to another and totally different pasture—which also has its boundaries eternal and fixed."

"Right!" exclaimed Darrel. "No sculptor can find for sculpture any new mode of expression beyond the limits of the materials which have always existed; no painter can wander outside the range of black and white, or beyond the surface allotted him; the composer can express himself in music only within the limits of the audible scale; the writer is a prisoner to grammatical expression, walled always within the margins of the printed page. Outside, as you say, lies chaos, possibly madness. The moderns are roaming there. And some of them are announcing the discovery of German Kultur where they have barked their mental shins in outer darkness."

Karen smiled. "It is that way in music I think. The dissonance of mental disturbance warns sanity in almost every bar of modern music. It is that which is so appalling to me, Mr. Darrel—that in some modernism is visible and audible more and more the menace of mental and moral disintegration. And the wholesome shrink from it."

Darrel said: "Three insane 'thinkers' have led Germany to the brink where she now stands swaying. God help her, in the end, to convalescence—" he stared at the fading sunbeams on the wall, and staring, quoted:

"'Over broken oaths and
Through a sea of blood.'"

He looked up. "I'm sorry: I forget you are German."

"I forget that I am supposed to be, too. . . . But you have not offended me. I know war is senseless. I know that war will not always be the method used to settle disputes. There will be great changes beginning very soon in the world, I think."

"I believe so, too. It will begin by a recognition of the rights of smaller nations to self-government. It will be an area of respect for the weak. Government by consent is not enough; it must become government by request. And the scriptures shall remain no more sacred than the tiniest 'scrap of paper' in the archives of the numerically smallest independent community on earth.

"The era of physical vastness, of spheres of influence, of scope is dying. The supreme wickedness of the world is force. That must end for nations and for men. Only one conflict remains inevitable and eternal; the battle of minds, which can have no end."

FOR an American and an operator in real estate, Darrel's philosophy was harmlessly respectable if not very new. But he thought it both new and original, which pleased him intensely.

As for Karen, she had been thinking of Guild for the last few minutes. Her sewing lay in her lap, her curly head rested in the depths of her armchair. Sunlight had almost faded on the wall.

Through the window she could see the trees. The golden-green depths of the beech-wood were growing dusky. Against the terrace masses of salvia and geraniums glowed like coals on fire. The brown-eyed girl had been away with him a long while.

Mrs. Courland came in, looking more youthful and pretty than ever, and seated herself with her knitting. The very last ray from the sinking sun fell on her ruddy hair.

"Think you are right, Harry," she said quietly to Darrel. "I think we will sail when you do. The men on the place are becoming very much excited over this Uhlan raid on the cattle. I could hear them from my bedroom

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



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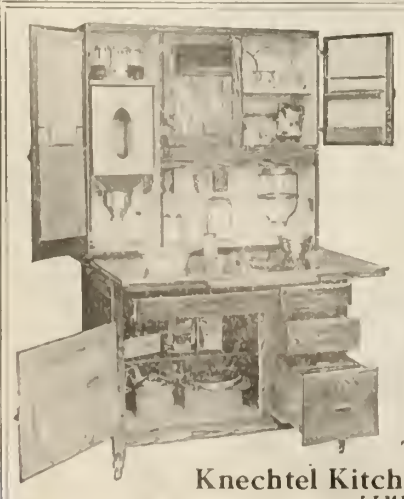
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Literature and Journalism

By Katherine Hale

The "Plan" in Our Work

TO-DAY I would rather do almost anything—"anything under the sun"—than write this column about Literature and Journalism.

This is quite literal, for the sun is shining, there are green blades among the gray grass, a robin is calling. I want to be digging in a little garden, or motoring over hard, March roads, or even cleaning the outside of a window provided it is a French window and my two feet are set on terra firma. Most of all I should love to be perambulating slowly down this sunny sidewalk with a certain maiden of two whose remarks about the unlverse are more interesting to me than any book I have ever read or ever hope to write.

But here is a desk piled with letters waiting to be answered; letters to this department from young men and old ladies, from university girls who want to be, and ought to be, reporters, and from typists who long to write essays "for the better grade of magazines." And all these correspondents are inquiring more or less eagerly, each in his own way, "how may I, hampered by circumstances, out of touch with writers, financially oppressed and working at another job, how can I even begin to get ready for the profession of literature, or journalism, which I want, with all my heart, to follow?"

SO I turn my eyes and ears from the challenge of spring and ponder a long time over these letters, and wonder how anyone still on the threshold of things, with, herself, many problems yet unsolved, can give the advice so ardently invited by these inquiries.

And I come to what seems to me the only solution. It is set forth in the title of this little talk—the "plan" in our work.

I don't believe that any successful life or career was ever easy. I am sure that, with perhaps a handful of exceptions, no one ever wrote for his or her living without the lash of an imperative urge, generally financial. I am certain that loneliness, the arch-foe of youth, has been the greatest spur to endeavour in all ages, and I am not sure that contact, personal contact, with writers, is the wisest stimulant.

A career of any kind must be created, formulated and finished in the vision of what one expects and intends to do, and according as the vision is clear and steadfast so will the accomplishment become.

The vision of what we *want* to do undoubtedly comes first; and it is because it so often remains the first and last factor in a mere dream—for dreams fade while a vision endures—that this article is written.

We can only fix the vision by the working medium of a "plan."

THIS sounds like the beginning of one of those thrift stories for which the American magazines are so justly famous. But perhaps it will not turn out so badly as it appears.

I am going to illustrate what I mean from the letter of a correspondent to this department who wrote me the other day, enclosing a little story that she had written, which shows more than usual ability. She says: "I am a school teacher in a rural district. There is no library near. There is no one to whom I can talk about the things that mean most to me. I am not very strong, and the long day at school wears me out. I come back to the farm house where I board and my bedroom is so cold that I have to sit with the family in the kitchen all evening to keep warm. With seven people all talking around me you can see that I have not much opportunity to think out the things I long to write. The story I send you was done during lunch hours at the school. I have to support my mother by my earnings and have not a cent for books of instruction in story-writing, or a typewriter, and I believe you say that it is necessary to submit manuscript typewritten to the magazines. But in spite of this I know I am going to write successful stories and I am saving up to buy a second-hand coal oil stove to put in my bedroom, so I can have the evenings to write."

Do you think there is any doubt of that girl's success? I don't.

You see, instinctively her mind seized on the first essential—time to work out her ideas. The second-hand coal oil stove is the first stroke in a "plan" that one feels will grow. If she had written "I am saving up to buy a second-hand typewriter" one might have doubts, in spite of the excellence of her manuscript. It would have looked as though she intended waiting for summer (her letter was written in February). But no, she was doing the first, most simple thing towards the culmination of her vision of a future of work. She will get her coal oil stove and then her typewriter and, bless her heart, I can see a stenographer of her own waiting for her in the dim distance when the force of her personality, depicted in even better stories than the one she sent me, shall have assailed the editors, not in vain.

THE "plan" in our work is really just a determined and systematic seizing and using of what opportunity we have—to progress. Over and over again the truth is borne in upon one that the only thing that counts is a chance to sharpen one's tools. Write a good story and there is no doubt in the world that you can sell it. But merchandising is another theme which demands an article by itself. Merchandising also means careful planning, but the first essential is to find out the best method towards perfection in the work you have chosen.

The last article in this series had to do with the work of the woman reporter. Many letters have been received since then from girls who say, "I long for just such a newspaper training as you describe, but I am living in a small village far from any newspaper centre. How can I be sure that I could find employment if I left home and went to a city in search of this kind of work?"

Well, the very question shows that you are not intended by nature for a newspaper reporter. If there is not enough of adventure in your make-up to take a gamble, to make the opportunity in some way for the privilege, the rare delight of such a gamble, then you were never intended to be the Slave of Surprising Circumstance: in other words a reporter.

A "PLAN" is a cosmic and deep-rooted thing, perhaps it is born in one. If one wanted to turn the word into a phrase it might be called "a dissatisfaction with things as they are," "a revolt against what might be, and is not," and so on. And this "plan," this desire sometimes slumbering but never dead, is lying all the time at the back of life waiting to be put into use by a steady will.

A "plan," coupled with a steady will may take you so far along the way of success that it will outrun your most eager hopes.

Madame Melba once said to me, in reply to an inquiry as to whether she found it difficult to get the time to study while on extended tours, "Difficult, yes. Sometimes almost impossibly difficult. But then that is my first consideration; the opportunity to work on my voice a little every day. And so on trains, ship-board, in hotels, tired to death often, yet every day, every day, I work. Not long at a time, but with all my mind. That is the secret of success."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63.)

Cooking the By-Products of the Meat Market

By Marion Harris Neil

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO COOK IN CASSEROLE DISHES."



Liver with Macaroni.

Baked Tongue.

For Oxtail Soup.

For Kidney a la Chateau.

By-products of the Meat Market.

Cheap Cuts of Meat if Properly Cooked Make Appetizing Dishes

Ox-Tail Soup.—Cut into small pieces one fresh ox-tail. Cut in the same way one carrot, one small turnip, one onion and one stalk of celery; place these in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of drippings. Mix well with a wooden spoon while cooking for ten minutes, or until they are a nice brown color; then add eight tablespoonfuls of well-washed barley, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-half tablespoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper and three quarts of hot water, and mix together. As soon as the soup boils shift the pan so as to let it gently simmer for two hours, taking care to skim the fat from the surface of the soup while cooking. Serve hot in a soup tureen.

Baked Tongue.—Wash and trim one fresh beef tongue, roll it round, and keep it in shape with tape; then boil it the day before you wish to use it, so that it may become cold and firm. Put the tongue into a greased baking tin, dot with butter substitute, dust with salt and pepper and cook for one and one-half hours, basting frequently. When cold slice and serve decorated with parsley.

When choosing an ox-tongue select one with a smooth skin, as a very rough skin is a sign of age.

Liver With Macaroni.—Have a piece of liver weighing two or two and one-half pounds cut into pieces. Cook for five minutes with one chopped onion and two tablespoonfuls of drippings. Season with salt and pepper. Shake the pan all the time. Then add one cupful of white sauce and cook for three minutes. Stir in one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and serve hot in a border of hot cooked macaroni.

Liver should be fresh, firm textured, and free from smell, and from all specks or discoloration.

Kidneys a la Chateau.—Skin three sheep kidneys, cut them open and divide in two halves, take out the hard part, season with salt and pepper. Put four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute into a saucepan, make very hot, then put in the kidneys, and fry for a few minutes, they must cook quickly or they will be hard. Cut three tomatoes in halves, sprinkle them with salt, pepper and paprika, put them on a greased tin, with a little butter on each, and bake in the oven for ten minutes. Do not let them get too soft. Dish the tomatoes in a circle on a hot platter, place one kidney on each tomato, garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Fried Tripe With Sauce.—Cut two and one-half pounds of tripe into small dice. Fry until a light brown color in one-fourth cupful of butter substitute, one chopped onion, and one-half green pepper finely chopped.

Peel one tomato, cut it in pieces, and mix with one cupful of white sauce, season with salt and pepper and stir the tripe in this sauce and cook for twenty minutes. Then add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and serve very hot.

Calf's Heart, Roasted.—Make a forcemeat with one cupful of fine bread crumbs, one-fourth pound of suet chopped small, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and mix together with one beaten egg or a little milk and place them in the heart. Tie the heart and roast, turning it frequently. Serve with thin slices of lemon and melted butter poured over it. It should cook for two and one-half hours.

Another Method.—Wash the heart, stuff with forcemeat and sew. Arrange one cupful each of sliced onions and carrots in the bottom of a fireproof baking dish, place the heart on this bed, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and bake for two and one-half hours. Baste often with melted drippings. Remove from the pan and make a gravy, using three tablespoonfuls of the fat from the pan, add four tablespoonfuls of flour and two cupfuls of boiling water. Serve the gravy round the heart.

Calf's Brains a la Vinaigrette.—Wash three good-sized calf's brains, remove the skins and then wash again and drain well. Put them into a saucepan and cover with fresh water, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of vinegar, one carrot sliced, one chopped onion, one dozen whole white peppers, a sprig of thyme and one bay leaf. Cook for fifteen minutes and drain thoroughly. Cut each brain in half and serve very hot on a folded napkin on a dish with the vinaigrette sauce poured into a hot sauceboat.

Calf's Head.—The butcher should first prepare the head for use. Wash it thoroughly and remove the brains, which may be kept for frying, or they may be added later. Cover the head with cold water, take off the scum as the head begins to heat, and cook it gently for two and one-half hours. Remove from the fire, let it cool, and remove all the bones. Lay the boned head in a saucepan, replace the brains if you wish to cook them, and simmer gently for one hour in its own gravy. If it is necessary, thicken the gravy with a little flour or cornstarch and lay forcemeat balls round the dish in which the head is served. Add salt and pepper to taste and two chopped sage leaves. Serve hot.

Lamb's Fry.—Wash one or one and one-half pounds of lamb's fry thoroughly, put it into a saucepan of cold water and then allow to simmer for five minutes, lift out the fry on to a soft towel, and divide into suitable pieces. Then dip into a batter made with one beaten egg, one tablespoonful of milk, a little salt and pepper, and enough flour to make it the consistency of good thick cream. Have ready a frying pan containing eight tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute, put in the fry and cook a light brown color, remove the fry, dust a little flour into the frying pan, allow this to brown, add one-half cupful of water and salt and pepper to taste, boil for eight minutes, strain over the fry and serve. Decorate the dish with parsley and cut lemon.

Sweetbreads Fried.—Soak four sweetbreads in cold water for two or three hours, dry them thoroughly on a clean towel, put them into a saucepan of fast boiling water and cook for twelve minutes, remove and drop into cold water for five or six minutes. Place between two plates and press until quite cold, then cut each sweetbread in two, brush over with beaten egg, roll them in some fine bread crumbs seasoned with salt, pepper and paprika, and fry in smoking hot fat until a light brown color. Drain on kitchen paper and dish in a ring, garnish with cut lemon, cooked peas or small cooked potatoes in the centre, and a rich brown gravy round the base of the dish. Serve hot.

Patties of Calf's Head.—Roll out some pastry, then cut it out with a two inch cutter into rounds, lay them on a greased baking tin. Beat up one egg, and brush over the patties with it. Take a smaller cutter, dip it in hot water, and mark the top of each with it. Bake in a hot oven for about fifteen minutes. Lift out the piece marked with the smaller cutter (this will form the lid), scoop out some of the inside, and fill with the following mixture: Cut some cooked calf's head and one tablespoonful of cooked ham into small dice, put it into a small saucepan, add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, seasoning of salt and pepper, dilute with hot white sauce to a nice consistency, add one beaten egg, cook over the fire until it thickens, but do not allow the mixture to boil. When the cases are filled, put on the lids, dish up on a napkin, and garnish with parsley and serve at once.

Calf's Feet en Fricassée.—Wash two calf's feet, scald them, bone the upper part, and take out the shank-bone. Cut in half, and put them to soak for two and one-half hours. Then blanch and drain well and put the feet into a saucepan with one-half onion peeled, one-half carrot, three whole peppers and one teaspoonful of salt and simmer gently until quite tender. As soon as they are sufficiently cooked, take them up, drain, and remove all the bones. Press lightly until cold. Take three cupfuls of the liquor, the feet were cooked in, put it into a clean saucepan, and add one onion and one carrot sliced, two cupfuls of white stock, and bring slowly to the boil. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a small saucepan, stir in six tablespoonfuls of flour, and mix to a smooth paste, then add the boiling stock and stir until smooth. Cut up the feet into nice even-sized pieces, place them in the sauce, and cook gently for thirty minutes, add salt to taste and when ready to serve, add one-half cupful of cream, bring to the boil, but do not let it actually boil. Dish up, and serve very hot.

Shapes of Ox-Tongue.—Cut up one-half pound of cooked tongue and two ounces of cooked veal, put into a bowl, and pound well together, then add one-half cupful of thick white sauce, salt and pepper to taste, and rub through a sieve. Then add one-half cupful of whipped cream and eight tablespoonfuls of liquid aspic jelly. Rinse some little molds with cold water, fill them with the above mixture, and put on ice to set. Prepare a salad of lettuce mixed with mayonnaise dressing and arrange this in the centre of a dish. Turn out the little molds round the salad and decorate with chopped aspic jelly. Serve cold.



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Eat Good Green Things for That Tired Feeling of Spring

By Marion Harris Neil
AUTHOR OF "SALADS, SANDWICHES AND CHAFING DISH RECIPES."

Change the Diet in the Month of May

MAY is the approved month for squaring up accounts with Mother Nature and the world at large. If you have been over-eating, cut down and change your diet; overworking, cease for a little and take breath; too closely housed, get out into the fields, following the needle of your nature that points toward the country.

Was there ever such a month as this month of May? Each year we ask ourselves the question and there is never a real answer, for beauty confronts us on every side, and perhaps there is no comparison to beauty.

May—"fayre Maye," whose name from the Latin *Maguis,* the same as the sanscrit *Mah,* meaning the growing or shooting month—leads the housewife to recall that the special dainties of the season are in the main derived from the "green things growing all around." In England Rogation week was frequently known as *grass*-week by reason of the foods of the time, which, according to old church calendars, "shall consist principally of salads, eggs and green sauce." They understood hygienic living, those old church fathers and we can do no better than to follow the examples set by them.

From time immemorial, "greens" of various sorts have been held in high esteem for purifying the blood of humors engendered by the winter's usual diet of fatty foods, hot breads, rich puddings and forcemeats of various kinds.

Among the wholesome Spring green vegetables the onion stands first:

Eat onions in May,
And all the year after, physicians may play,

runs the old couplet; and after that, spinach, cress and asparagus, each of which has medicinal claims to recognition. Asparagus is supposed to calm the action of the heart, act as a preventive of calculi, and stimulate the kidneys.

Cress was believed by the ancients to excel as a mental stimulant and system invigorator, this universal opinion becoming crystallized into the proverb, "Eat more cress and learn wit."

Everyone knows that as a complexion beautifier, owing to the large amount of sulphur it contains, the onion has no equal. Everyone knows that it soothes the nerves, gives tone to the stomach, cures the earache, loosens a cold, quiets a cough, and stimulates the kidneys to remove waste products.

For the "good for nothing" Spring feeling, onions raw, eaten early, often and late, will be found effective. As an appetizer there is nothing to excel young home grown onions, sliced thin, lightly salted and placed between slices of buttered bread.

The list of edible greens is much more varied than the housewife usually supposes. Besides the popular and wholesome spinach, Brussels sprouts, kale, lettuce, cress and dandelion, there are sorrel, mustard greens, chicory, beets, cowslips, radish and milkweed.

Hop sprouts are popular in England for greens, though not generally familiar to housewives in this country. They are cooked like asparagus.

Coming at a time of the year when one is tired of tubers, the dandelion should prove a boon to all thrifty housekeepers. As a pot-herb, the young dandelions can not be excelled, whether cooked alone or with sorrel or with bacon. Later the leaves become bitter, and must either be boiled in two waters or foregone. Dandelion "greens" are best when picked after a rain or in the early hours of the morning. They are very easily prepared for the table.

Gather one-half peck of dandelion leaves; pick them over carefully, wash them in several waters, and drain thoroughly. Simmer them for thirty minutes in a saucepan of boiling water. Drain well, cover again with boiling water, to which has been added one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar. Let the mixture simmer for twenty minutes. When the leaves are tender, turn them into a colander and drain. Cut them through with a knife, and season with pepper and melted drippings.

Dandelion Salad.—Wash thoroughly one quart of dandelions, arrange them in a salad bowl with a seasoning of salt and pepper. Cut in dice shaped pieces three ounces of bacon and fry them crisp, then add them to the dandelions. Put two tablespoonfuls of vinegar in with a little of the bacon fat, heat and pour over the salad.

Or chop cooked dandelions fine, mix with thinly sliced hard-cooked eggs, and serve with French dressing. Or mix fresh dandelions with chopped onion and pour over French dressing made with bacon fat instead of oil.

Watercress Surprise.—To one bunch of fresh watercress, washed and picked over carefully, add one can of chopped pineapple, strained juice of half a lemon, a dash of powdered sugar, and seasoning of salt and paprika. Just before serving add one cupful of thick mayonnaise mixed with one-half cupful of whipped evaporated milk.

Spinach Timbale. — Cook enough spinach when passed through a wire sieve to fill a cup. Add to it four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, one-half cupful of milk or cream, the yolks of two eggs, and one-half teaspoonful each of salt and paprika. Pour into a greased mold, cover with a greased paper, and steam steadily for one hour. Turn out on to a hot dish and serve garnished with cooked peas and diced cooked carrot and turnip.

Asparagus with Cheese. — Remove the loose leaves from one bunch of asparagus, scrape the stems, cut the ends so as to have them all the same length, put them into a bowl of cold water, wash them carefully and quickly; tie them in small bundles, taking care that the heads are all of equal size. Put the asparagus into boiling salted water, sufficient to cover them in a saucepan large enough to hold the vegetable and cook for twenty minutes. Care must be taken not to break the heads. Grease a vegetable dish, place on it a layer of asparagus, sprinkle with grated cheese, then add some more asparagus, and then more cheese; continue in this way until the asparagus is all used up.

Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, cook it until of a nut brown color, pour this over the asparagus heads, and serve very hot.

Baked Beets.—Wash several beets thoroughly, but be careful not to break the skin or even to cut away any of the fibers. Place on a baking tin, and bake in a very moderate oven from five to eight hours. When done, they can be served hot with butter, pepper and salt, or served cold, cut in thin slices. Beets cooked in this way are very wholesome, and are rich and sweet in flavor though less bright in color than when boiled.

Braised Lettuce.—Choose six lettuces with firm hearts, and as much the same size as possible; wash them in water, cut the stalks, trim off the outside leaves, and wash again in fresh water; parboil them in boiling salted water, and drain well. Line a small stewpan with thin slices of fat bacon; on that put a layer of sliced carrot and onion, and season with salt and pepper; lay the lettuces on this, cover with a few thin slices of fat bacon, add two cupfuls of stock or water, and cover with the lid of the pan. Bring to boiling point, then put it in the oven, and cook slowly for one and one-half hours. When the lettuces are cooked, drain, and place them on a hot dish. Strain the liquor into a clean saucepan, and cook for five minutes, then add one teaspoonful of meat extract and one tablespoonful of butter. Make very hot, but do not boil, and pour over the lettuces. Serve hot.

Radish Salad.—Mix thinly sliced radishes with small pieces of tart apple, marinate in French dressing, drain well, and mix with mayonnaise dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

How to Use the Grateful and Pleasant Lemon

By Marion Harris Neil
AUTHOR OF "ECONOMICAL COOKING."

The Lemon Should Have a Larger Place in Our Culinary Schedules

WITHOUT the lemon, cookery would fare badly; of all the fruits this earth can produce this one is the most important in the preparation of dishes both sweet and savory.

Citrons, limes, oranges, and others of this same perfumed species, have all their culinary value, but not one of them can be converted into a substitute of the pure lemon.

Lemon juice aids the cook in a hundred ways, at all times and all seasons. Her kitchen would be badly equipped did it ever lack the lemon. The juice enhances the flavor and brings out the characteristics of most other fruits. It mingles well with most dishes. It is used in every kind of cookery, for sweets and savories alike, never coming amiss, never failing the culinary operator.

Salad dishes need it; salad dressings require it; cold meat is given coolness, zest, delicacy, by its companionship as a garnish; apples are improved by its presence in pudding, pie, or any confection made of them; even the sour rhubarb is enhanced in every way by lemon juice which may enter safely also into most syrups and preserves.

There is gum in the lemon, which is sugar in a sour form. But as some amount of sulphur is present, one of the most powerful acids is formed in the ripening process, and this is sulphuric acid, that brings breaking up and change wherever it comes.

Lemon juice is a very mixed matter. It is full of warring elements, so to speak. Its acids and alkalies are in constant working order, changing and altering the liquid portion. The skins, too, are no less complex, with their bitter attributes and their oils.

The zest of a lemon is really its flavoring oils, therefore in very thinly peeling off the yellow part this is secured. Lump sugar will absorb the oil through the process of like going to like. The sugar is carbon, so is the oil. If the sugar carbon be rubbed on the skin, the oil is attracted and absorbed. Such sugar flavors the lemon juice exquisitely in lemonade or lemon ice water. The rubbing ruptures the oil sacs.

Lemon juice is a febrifuge, valuable in feverish states of the system. There are minute amounts of phosphoric acid and of chlorine in the juice, which is really a natural medicine to-day, even as it was ages since in old time India and China.

Lemon Squash.—Squeeze the juice of one lemon into a tumbler, add one tablespoonful of sugar, some broken pieces of ice and then fill the tumbler with soda water, mix thoroughly, strain into another tumbler, and serve immediately.

Lemon Syrup.—Peel the rind from one lemon very thinly, taking care not to remove any of the white part, or the syrup will be bitter. Put the rind into a saucepan with three cupfuls of cold water, and allow to simmer for fifteen minutes; then add the strained juice of the lemon, and simmer for fifteen minutes longer; strain through a cloth, return to the saucepan, add two pounds of lump sugar and one-half ounce of citric acid, and simmer for a few minutes. Let it get cold, then bottle it.

Lemon Whey.—Put one cupful of milk and two tablespoonfuls of sugar into a saucepan, and bring to the boil. Add the strained juice of one lemon, cook over the fire until it curdles. then strain, and use. Excellent for invalids.

Lemon Sauce.—Boil one-fourth cupful of brown sugar and one-half cupful of water for fifteen minutes, add the grated rinds and strained juice of two lemons and boil for eight minutes and strain.

Lemon Tartlets.—Put one-fourth cupfuls of butter into a saucepan, add one cupful of sugar, add the grated rind of one lemon and the strained juice of two lemons. Beat three eggs well, and then pour into the saucepan with the other ingredients. Stir them over a gentle heat until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture begins to thicken. Care must be taken to keep it well stirred, and not to have too great a heat under, as it burns very easily. Roll out some pastry, cut it into rounds with a round cutter, and line some tartlet pans with them. Three-parts fill with the lemon mixture, put them into a hot oven, and bake for fifteen to twenty minutes. Take them out of the oven, remove from the tins, and serve either hot or cold.

This lemon mixture can be put into small jars, and covered down, in which case it will keep for some time.

Lemon Soufflé.—Grease a timbale or soufflé mold, tie a band of greased paper round the outside, coming two inches above the top. This prevents the pudding running over while cooking. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, stir in four tablespoonfuls of flour, add one-half cupful of milk, boil until it thickens and becomes a smooth paste and leaves the sides of the saucepan. Grate the rind from one lemon, take the pan off the fire, stir in the lemon rind and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, let it cool, and then beat in the yolks of three eggs one at a time. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and mix them in lightly. Pour this mixture into the prepared mold, and steam slowly for forty minutes. Turn out on to a hot dish and serve at once with sweet sauce or hot milk.

Lemon Sponge.—Melt one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one cupful of water over the fire, then add the grated rind of one lemon. Strain the juice of the lemon into a bowl, add one-fourth cupful of sugar and one white of egg, strain the melted gelatine on to it, and whisk all together until quite stiff. Dish up in a pile on a glass dish, or it can be put into a wet mold and turned out when required.

Lemon Cream Dressing.—Mix one-half cupful of cold, thick white sauce with one-half teaspoonful of onion juice, the strained juice of one-half lemon, salt, pepper and paprika to taste, one tablespoonful of oil and just a pinch of white sugar, then whisk with a fork until the whole is light and fluffy and pour over the salad.

Lemon Pie.—Moisten one tablespoonful of cornstarch with three tablespoonfuls of cold milk, pour into a saucepan with one cupful of water bring to boiling point, and boil for five minutes. Add one teaspoonful of butter, the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon, and one-half cupful of sugar. Bake between two crusts and serve hot or cold.

Lemon Pick-Me-Up.—This is excellent for anyone who is shivering, limp and depressed.

Put the juice of one lemon into a tumbler, nearly fill it up with boiling water, and add eight drops of ginger extract. Stir well and drink hot.

Lemon Nectar.—Pour one cupful of water into a saucepan, then add two cupfuls of sugar, bring to boiling point, and boil for fifteen minutes; take from the fire, and when cool add the strained juice of four lemons and four cupfuls of grape or loganberry juice. Let stand in a cool place for three hours. Serve with ice or soda water and pieces of plain cake.

Lemon Candy.—Dissolve three cupfuls of sugar in one cupful of water, add one teaspoonful of vinegar, and when it boils, add a pinch of cream of tartar and allow to boil until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water, or until it reaches 240° F. by the candy thermometer; then pour in one cupful of thick cream and cook to 254° F., or until it forms a hard ball when tried in cold water. Then pour on to a buttered slab. When cool, add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and pull until white, then cut into neat strips.



There's a
Bright Side
To This Food Question

Some foods have doubled and trebled in cost. But Quaker Oats—the food of foods—still costs a little price.

You get little meat for a dime nowadays. But you can serve 20 *dishes* of Quaker Oats for a dime.

The average cost of meat and fish foods is at least 50 cents per 1000 calories. That is ten times Quaker Oats' cost for the same energy value.

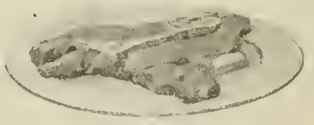
Yet Quaker Oats is vastly better food. It is almost a complete food. It is considered the ideal food, especially for young folks.

As a body-builder, as a vim-producer, oats have an age-old fame.

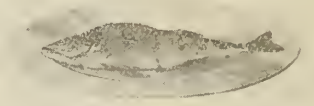
Compare your foods by calories, the energy unit. Know what your money buys. At this writing this is what you pay for some necessary foods:

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	5½ cents
Round Steak	41 "
Veal Cutlets	57 "
Salt Codfish	78 "
Canned Peas	54 "
Hubbard Squash	75 "

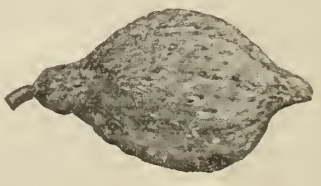
Ten Quaker Oats breakfasts can be served for the cost of one meat breakfast of same energy value. Yet think what delicious breakfasts Quaker Oats supply.



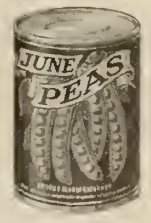
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Per 1000 Calories



50 Cents
Per 1000 Calories



75 Cents
Per 1000 Calories



54 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

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Around the Hearth

By Jennie Allen Moore

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

"If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!"

—Rudyard Kipling.

MOTHERS OF OURS.

THE month of May brings with it Mothers' Day, recognized now in every country. The Journal readers need scarcely be told how it originated—how Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, in commemorating the anniversary of her mother's death, by concentrating her thoughts on all that her beloved mother had meant to her during her life time, conceived the idea of a Mothers' Day.

She realized that others had also felt the loss of a mother, and her idea grew until it blossomed into the beautiful thought of remembering a living mother with a long procrastinated letter, or a little kindness by gift, or office of ministry, that would bring cheer and happiness to a mother's heart.

Then she thought out the special day for the celebration, also the outward expression of its recognition by wearing a carnation—red or pink for the mother on earth, and white for the one who had "crossed the bar."

From a small beginning in her own city in 1908, it has spread over the state, through the whole of the United States, into Canada, across the ocean, and is now a world-wide institution.

* * * * * * *

LAST May on Mothers' Sunday, I listened to a sermon which I shall never forget. Allow me to digress while I paint a word picture that arises in connection with that sermon, and which helped to make it impressive.

The men of the church marched in a body and occupied the centre pews. The choir had male voices only, with appropriate solos, and carnations were in evidence everywhere—paper ones principally, which could only be known as artificial by touch or smell. (This little explanation is offered as a suggestion only, because in small places the real flowers would be hard to obtain. Also it gives the young girls a chance to raise funds for their church society by making and selling the paper carnations.)

But to return, I wish I could give you that grand address as I heard it, and I also wish I had taken pad and pencil to take notes. But even though I could copy the remarks in their completeness I could not give you on paper the moral force of a convincing voice, and the extreme efficacy of the speaker whose every word carried weight.

My memory will be called upon to supply me with the fundamental truths inspired that day. Therefore as you read, remember that I have borrowed largely from the theme of that memorable sermon, using many of the illustrations as well, believing them to be well worth passing on.

"You are tied to your mother's apron strings," is a twit of ridicule to the child, and a sarcastic fling at the young man or woman who dares to adhere to mother's wishes. It may hurt or sting, but at the same time it is the grandest tether in all the wide world, and never be ashamed to own that you respect the ties that bind you.

We all remember that our mothers wore aprons. We can see her in the morning as she dons it—and it may have been a large garment that covered her form from neck to feet, or a very small dainty article of apparel. It may have been made by her own hands, or it may have been purchased ready-made. Perhaps it was of cheap calico, or more expensive material. That did not matter, it was her insignia of office, and she wore it becomingly, as we remember.

Many a time our heads have been buried in that apron as we poured out our childish grief in tears at mother's knee. Often as we have stood at the door or gate beside mother, has she enveloped our little bare heads in its folds to ward off the biting wind.

* * * * * * *

A YOUNG man asked another this riddle: "What is the longest line in the world?" The answer was—"Why the C.P.R. because it stretches from coast to coast."

The other retorted: "No; the clothes line because it reaches from pole to pole."

The minister added, "And if mother's apron hangs on that line, it encircles the earth, for the strings reach to the uttermost corners of creation."

Yes; the apron strings are long. They cannot be measured. They reach from the cradle to the grave. They wind and entwine around all the meandering paths of life. Their elasticity cannot be estimated. They follow into the remotest regions; they yield to the most untoward conditions; they bind hearts that are severed by distance; and are always reaching away and beyond any mortal conception of space.

There is the most enduring material in the making of those strings. There is no wear nor tear in their fibre. There is the pure gold of mother's truth and honor, the silver of her care and patience, the yielding qualities of brass in the maternal nature, and the firm anchor of her religion.

There are many strands interwoven in those apron strings that render them tenable. They hold when all else fails. There is mother's smile. How very early in life the little one learns to know mother's smile! Looking up at her face as the infant lies in her arms it watches for the smile of loving tenderness it is wont to receive.

Then as a little child, how eagerly the approving smile of mother is looked for, as they help in their little way to carry in wood or water, or assist in setting the table. It helps to make the work easy and pleasant.

Can any one forget their mother's lullaby song? We thought our mother's singing a most wonderful thing. I know I did. She was a beautiful singer and had a voice I coveted when I began to sing the same old songs to my babies.

One recollection I have of trying to rock my little one to sleep without his usual lullaby. Some terribly sad news had come to me, and I was sorely stricken. It was necessary that I should go to the scene of the blow, and I tried to hush my little man to sleep while the tears rained down my cheeks. He gazed in wonder, but insisted, "Sing, Mamma," and would not close his eyes until I mastered my emotion sufficiently to sing to him his usual lullaby. Only mother's song could bring the desired result.

* * * * * * *

THEN mother's kiss—that token we all loved. None so sweet and tender, as she held us closely in her arms, and imprinted upon our lips the first kiss of affection. The last thing at night and the first in the morning was this emblem of her sacred joy in her motherhood. As we hastened away to school with her goodbye kiss, we felt encouraged to face our studies, and our memories are rife with the pleasure we took in receiving that loving caress.

Princess Alice, the beloved daughter of our good old Queen Victoria, gave her life by responding to the request of her little child dying of diphtheria, who called, "Kiss me, mother." She knew the danger, but risked it because the great mother heart could not resist the pleading of her little one. She contracted the dread disease, and succumbed to its ravages. There was heroism in that fatal kiss of a loving mother.

Will the lesson taught us in our tender years ever be forgotten?
Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

What a blessed privilege is this of a mother! The innocent prattling child stands at her knee with eager questions, which are hers to answer. "Mamma, did God take Baby up to Heaven?" "Well, what did they put him in the ground for?" "What are angels wings made of?" "Who will mind little brother up in God's house?"

Alas for the rebuffs, and the senseless replies too often given! Anything to turn the inquiring mind aside and evade the replies that would give satisfaction, and help to unfold the flower of a budding mind.

Mothers, your work is akin to that of God in moulding and training the plastic young minds entrusted to your care.

* * * * * * *

THE mother love begins with the first throb of the little life, and never ceases until death. She lavishes her affection long before any response can be given, and spares not herself in her constant ministration. I came across this little tribute in my reading lately:

"Mother does not care much what becomes of her, if only her dreams come true in these—her children. She stays at home, and at work, and grows pale, and her loving sacrifice is all too often thoughtlessly accepted. But sometimes after many days, and in a far country, one rises up and calls her blessed and comes home, and then she knows her reward even before God calls her, and tells her she did well."

We are speaking of the *real* mother—those born with the divine instinct—not the sort who hand over their children to the care of nurses and maids. We are not considering that class of mother—so called. Theirs is the loss, because they know not the joys of maternal love that draws forth all that is grand and noble, pure and true, in a woman's soul.

The mother of our theme is the one who climbs the scaffold, and follows into the gutter, who knows no limit. She is the kind that leaves the door unlocked and the light in the window for years perhaps, so that the wandering child may find a pass-port and a welcome into the old home.

"Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then mayst thou mete out a mother's love.

* * * * * * *

WHERE does a mother's influence end? Silently but deeply it works, permeating into the lives of her family. Long after her voice is silent, her wise counsels are repeated, descending with the generations.

A very fine young man of my acquaintance who paid the supreme

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

Keeping the Kitchen Cool in Summer

By LOUISE GUNTON ROYSTON

TO provide sufficient ventilation for the kitchen in Summer, the windows should be of good size, with the upper part reaching close to the ceiling. It is also well to have windows on more than one side of the room if possible. The placing of a window above the sink is one of the best means for providing comfort in a Summer kitchen. In order to have the pantry window raised, and at the same time securely fastened against intruders, open the window two inches and drill a hole through the top of the lower sash near the casing and into the upper sash, though not quite through the latter. Into this hole insert a large nail that will reach well into the upper sash, leaving the head of the nail even with the sash. By this method the air in the pantry can be kept fresh and sweet. Sometimes a door in the kitchen may have the upper part fitted with a movable sash to take the place of a window, under which are placed convenient shelves and nearby a box fitted with under shelves on which to place pots and kettles.

If possible, fly screens should be arranged so that the whole of the window is covered, necessitating full length screens, hinged and opening out like a door, fitted with some sort of snap catches at two points in their length. In this way it is possible to open or close the outside shutters at will, while the windows can be down at the top for a foot or more, insuring a constant passage of heated air outward. Lacking full-length screens, it is a very simple matter to tack wire gauze across the upper part of the window frame for a sufficient depth to admit of the upper sash being well pulled down. Least expensive of all, of course, would be to cover the entire window frame with wire gauze, or even with plain black mosquito netting.

A plant of mignonette placed on the kitchen window sill will help to keep flies away. For some unknown reason they do not like the odor of the flower.

A kitchen window may be given protection from the sun in the absence of shutters or awnings in the following manner: Make a frame from light strips of wood at the top of the window by nailing an end of a 12-inch strip at each side of the casing and fastening a crosspiece between them at the outer end. To the ground underneath stake the end of a piece of wire netting and carry it up to the frame above. Over this train vines. The common lima bean vine has foliage that is both beautiful and dense. It is an advantage not to have the vines directly against the window. The foot of space between allows the breeze to circulate freely. The kind of shading to be provided for kitchen windows will depend upon the absence or presence of shutters or awnings. A dark green or dark blue linen shade will be necessary for a window without shutters or awnings, and if the roller is hung on brackets that are fastened on the extreme upper part of the casement, instead of in sockets that are placed between the casing, a quick ventilation can be secured.

WOMEN POLICE TO REMAIN.

WITH regard to the permanency of women police, of England, whose continued office, now that the war is over, someone has had the temerity to question, Miss Damer Dawson, their chief and champion, has the following to say:

"We mean to do precisely what policemen have done for women and children in pre-war days, only we hope to do it a great deal better. In some parts of the country we are getting a firm grip. Gloucestershire, for instance, is served by a full staff of women police, including detectives and linguists. Women police are sworn in at Gloucester and at Oxford, Walsall, Carlisle, Tunbridge Wells, Colchester and Cheltenham. The other day a member of the Metropolitan Force entered the Oxford Police Station, and was astonished when the woman sergeant said that she was the officer in charge. His errand concerned the escort of a woman prisoner, but he demanded to see a male officer. He was obliged to submit to the prisoner being accompanied by a policewoman."

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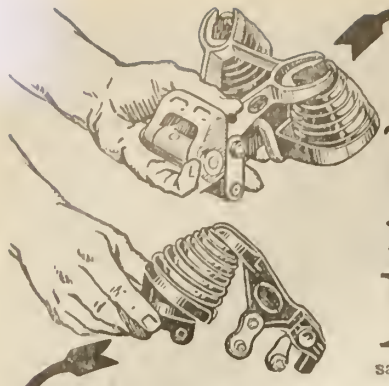


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For the "old man" with his shirt sleeves up and nothing to do on a Saturday afternoon—but a little job of painting—there's nothing to it but MAPLE LEAF and follow the directions on the can. Perhaps he won't need my services, but here's my advice to him:—go to it strong with MAPLE LEAF and the eternal smile will become a permanent fixture on his face—for every time he'll look at the job he'll say MAPLE LEAF for mine every time.

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What a Playground Means to a Community

By BETTY O'HARA

Editor of The Girls' Carry-On Column

PLAYGROUNDS to most of us seem to be one of the developments of the last couple of years; in fact some of us hear very little about them even now, but in the crowded centres of industry where children are cramped and crowded into small spaces with not a vestige of green grass or even a flower to substitute the glaring heat of the city pavements, it has become a common topic for public men to argue over when searching for the best means of utilizing the public funds. As early as 1908 Boston organized its first playground and since that time in the large cities of the United States and Canada the demand for these public amusement parks has been continually on the increase.

"It is a waste of money," some people argue. "If children must play let them find their own amusement, for they never seem to be at a loss when they have to shift for themselves in that respect." In answer let me draw your attention to England's experience shortly after the war started. When, owing to conditions, some schools and all playgrounds were neglected, children were turned loose in the streets or put to hard work; expenses for schools and playgrounds were reduced. As a result during the year 1915 juvenile delinquency throughout England showed an average increase of 34 per cent. In the city of Manchester the increase was 56 per cent. Which would we rather keep up,—a playground or a Juvenile Court?—not taking into consideration the effect of such a proceeding as the Juvenile Court experience on the child himself; and his future prospects as a citizen. Yet each in its own way strives to teach the child his relation to his fellow beings. Then as to the cost of a playground in dollars and cents. Those who have studied the subject closely tell us that the average cost and upkeep for a city playground is about 4c. per child. Not much I should say toward the protection of your property, the banishing of the Juvenile Court and the future of your nation.

NOR should this be an improvement for cities alone, but in any small town or village, the school teacher and school board should join together in one gigantic effort to instal this means of pleasure for every child in its vicinity Small concerts and socials, and now that gardening time is here, the raising and selling of vegetables can generally raise money for this purpose. The sum of thirty-five dollars with a little outside help will accomplish wonders for a playground in the schoolyard.

A SAND bin, half a dozen swings, a horizontal bar, and a hundred yard running track along the fence, then a baseball diamond, a tether ball equipment and a basket ball court turns a country schoolyard into a land of dreams, for very small cost. For a child of any age, boy and girl alike, with an ambitious teacher having the children's interest at heart who makes a study of child's games, the possibilities are unbounded.

One school principal who was weary of listening to complaints of broken windows and other childish misdemeanors surrounding the schoolyard, gave entertainments with the help of the children to buy playground equipment. Three hundred dollars was raised and both teacher and pupils turned in and made ready the playground. Now he hears no more complaints of broken windows or recess squabbles; punctuality and the number in attendance have improved, and the happy children are ten weeks ahead of the students of last year.

Toronto is about the best example of Canadian activities along this line.

With a population of 550,000, they have twelve playgrounds and four recreation centres and a staff of 47 men and 53 women. The total attendance for one year was 778,000, with a children's attendance of 621,466. And for one year at the free moving picture shows provided every Saturday afternoon for children and in the evening for adults, they had a total attendance of 16,157 for the parents alone this shows that the efforts are not only welcomed by the children but also keenly appreciated by the older folk as well.

TORONTO however is not the only city convinced that such a plan is for the betterment of the community, but the whole of Canada is behind the scheme. And the fact that the supervisors must be those who are trained for the purpose has opened for the girls of this country a vast field of endeavor.

For the girl who would make a success of this vocation for women, creative ability and resource must be two of her outstanding qualities. She must make a study of child nature and of the games which will awake in them at once a sense of fair play, and make for the development of mind and body simultaneously; for it is as much a subject of deep thought as the study of languages or mathematics. She who would qualify for this as a life's work must have a love for children which is not easily destroyed. She must love them sometimes with dirty faces, she must love them if they have one toe unceremoniously poking out of a patched boot, or just as often with no boots at all. She must have a knack of comforting a bumped head or a smashed finger and the authority to teach the children of the street that might is not right, that the older and bigger children should not push the tiny tots away from their play, but that it is their privilege to help and protect them.

HERS is a work whose tact must even overshadow that of the school teacher. In the school room discipline reigns supreme. If the young miscreants transgress the law, there punishment can be meted out, but for the playground the supervisor has no such recourse. There is no punishment for the playground. she must dispense law and order by some other means.

She must be able to organize games for the child of seven, and have that finesse which tells her that a fifteen-year-old boy would have nothing in common with "Here we come gathering nuts in May," or "London Bridge is falling down." For this lad of fifteen an obstacle race or a good game of baseball will satisfy his precarious taste. She will be a "peach of a pitcher" and be able to make a dashing "home run," if she would not elicit that scathing remark with which the male sex are ever proud to display their superiority, "You can't expect it, she's only a girl."

On bright, sunshiny days the children troop to the playgrounds. Some are faithful devotees at the see-saws which stand in stately rows at the far end of the lot, while others, thinking the up-and-down movement rather monotonous, find their ambition realized when they can go higher than the boy across the way, in the swings, which are so constructed as to allow for any competition of this kind without taking vengeance on its occupant and tipping him overboard.

ONE of the most popular pieces of apparatus in the whole playground is the slide, where the children walk up a spiral staircase and slide down highly polished hardwood. The fact that they are slowly but surely wearing out Sunday trousers or the only school dress they own seems to bother them not at all. The merry-go-round which most resembles a clothes reel with seats for the smaller ones is a regular picnic, for it seems just like going to a really truly circus and you do not have to look with longing eyes while the other children have the rides, for five cents is really a fortune when father is out of work, that is why the merry-go-round is always filled to its utmost capacity, and when there is not another bit of room to be had there is always a pail and shovel handy and with wonderfully clean sand the disappointed ones can always build castles in Spain to their hearts' content.

Of course there are rainy days too, when the swings are deserted and the merry-go-round ceases to spin. It is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

Concerning Books

That are Worth While---and Some Others

BY OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

Love Songs, by Sara Teasdale. Published by The Macmillan Co. of Canada. Price, $1.25.

HERE is a volume of genuine poetry which has the singing quality all true lyrics should possess. There are no long poems, nor is there any attempt at free verse included in it, but if one wishes to have words sing their thoughts into tired and weary minds, there is no book published in recent years by any American poet which will give the same degree of satisfaction as does "Love Songs."

We quote one poem which seems to serve as an excellent criterion for the rest of the volume:

OTHER MEN.

"When I talk with other men,
I always think of you—
Your words are keener than their words,
And they are gentler, too.

"When I look at other men
I wish your face were there,
With its gray eyes and dark skin
And tossed black hair.

"When I think of other men,
Dreaming alone by day,
The thought of you, like a strong wind,
Blows the dreams away."

Uncensored Celebrities, by E. T. Raymond. Published by J. M. Dent & Company. Price, $2.25.

THIS volume is a collection of some thirty-six character sketches of men prominent in British public life at the present time. The sketches were published originally in "Everyman's Weekly," and they deal with such men as David Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Lord Milner, Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson.

Mr. Raymond demonstrates in these character studies that not only is he well-informed in regard to his subjects, but that he also has wide political knowledge and writes with a wit that is out of the common. In a brief preface the author states that the war has created new standards and that the sketches are designed to assist the process of re-valuation.

"They are not meant for the hero worshipper," he writes, "The Hero as Politician, always rare, is not discoverable just now by the present writer. 'The Man' of the newspaper articles has still to appear, though he has been regularly announced every three months or so. For the most part one can only say of political things that they have got themselves transacted somehow. But while, like the angry ape, certain politicians have played 'fantastic tricks before high heaven,' others have emerged with credit from the supreme test, and still others have meant exceedingly well.

"In his task of classification the author has paid scant attention to party labels, and has always preferred the wider to the narrower loyalty. The most important question to be asked of any public man at this time, 'Is he a good Englishman?' cannot be resolved by purely intellectual tests. Judge Jeffreys used to say that he could 'smell' a certain kind of person 'a mile off.' The present writer can claim no such delicacy of perception; yet he is not ashamed to admit that in some doubtful cases he has relied chiefly on his nose."

Mr. Raymond has aimed to be impartial in his treatment of the various political characters and he vents a rare causticity on Premier Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bottomley, and Mr. Walter Long. Writing of Premier Lloyd George, Mr. Raymond says, "He has a quite unusual capacity for getting to the heart of any matter to which his attention is specifically directed; his judgment is shrewd; his courage high; his driving power remarkable. But the very intensity of his nature forbids calm envisagement of things as a whole. He has little faculty for exercising a general command and his talent for discovering talent, though considerable is not always allowed full play; the claims of private partiality, political affinity, or convenience, etc., are often given undue weight. Thus he is often badly served and does not discover the fact till too late and too often fails to correct what is wrong even after it is manifest.

"In other words," continues Mr. Raymond, "Mr. Lloyd George's ministry is like an orchestra composed of performers of very unequal merit under a conductor who only occasionally troubles to conduct, being engaged in writing the music, looking after the stage carpentry, advertising the performance, and even selling the tickets. Mr. George has had to keep a watchful eye on interests for which the public cares nothing, but the management of which is essential to the maintenance of his position. He has had to work with many tools he would not have chosen, and like other tailors he has had to cut his coat to his cloth. The garment is still in the stage of threads, thrumbs, and chalk marks; It is y t too early to say what will be the final result. We wait in a spirit of increasing hope, tempered, perhaps, with some little concern, lest at a critical moment audacity should degenerate into recklessness, or that the instinct which dictated the right course in 1914 should falter in face of things almost as vital and far more complex."

These character sketches are brilliant word pictures of the men who are busy at the present time shaping Britain's future. The whole book is brilliantly written and will give the reader a closer knowledge of the guiding intellects in the Old Land than might be gathered in any other way. The book is one to be bought and read and then kept on a handy shelf to read again.

The Book of Elizabethan Verse. Chosen and Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Published by Frederick D. Goodchild. Price, $2.00.

HERE is an anthology of Elizabethan verse such as all true lovers of poetry have been yearning and searching for during many years. Mr. Braithwaite has made a painstaking study of the many poets of the period and while many old favorites are recognized a great number of poems which have hitherto not appeared between covers in recent years are also included.

Such poets as Francis Bacon, Sir Robert Eyton, Francis Beaumont, Nicholas Breton, Thomas Campian, Thomas Carewe, Richard Crashaw, John Donne, Michael Drayton, John Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Christopher Marlow, Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Spencer, and Sir Philip Sidney, with some forty-five others, give a representative number of lyrics such as this period has never before had credited to it in one volume. The anthology is one which every true lover of poesy should have on the most accessible shelf in his or her library.

Yashka, by Maria Botchkareva. Published by Frederick D. Goodchild. Price, $2.00.

THIS book records the life story of Maria Botchkareva who commanded the Russian women's Battalion of Death, and has been referred

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.)



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Beware of Substitutes

The Ranee's Bracelet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

gloom, stopping and raising a hooded head among the flowers, as his instinct told him that the woman standing so near was one of those "who have never learned to hate."

It was her custom to make a round of the Moti Bagh and its grounds each evening, blessing each inmate in the quietness of her soul. So she passed through the garden and across a grass plot to the school-house, with its class-rooms and boarding hall where forty young Hindoo girls ate their rice and spread their sleeping mats. Then round to the rear of the compound, to where the vegetables looked poetical in the dark, and beside them was the cottage refuge for the few outcast women they sheltered. Alice could hear the dry cough of the bazaar girl who was dying there of consumption as she stood praying for the peace of all within.

THERE were no idlers at the Moti Bagh. Beside boarding school and refuge there was the dispensary by the high gateway in the east wall, where Marion was busy, with Kitty and Chunia Lal, the Hindoo apothecary, preparing medicines for the patients who would come to them in the morning.

Alice stood still in the gate arch, looking out across the great plain which seemed to move with a mysterious wavy motion in the dusk, for the wheat was in the ear, and for miles it covered the country like a sea, the villages, with their thatched roofs and groves of trees, rising like islands among it. On the other side of the Moti Bagh was the native bazaar and city of Beelampore, built at the foot of the outstanding rock on which the Rajah's palace towered. And beyond it again was the European quarter.

Marion came out silently, putting her arm round Alice, just as a horseman rode past. He saw the faces of the two women in the moonlight, and with a startled exclamation pulled up his horse so suddenly that the big, spirited animal reared and plunged. Alice had a moment's glimpse of a young man's face—a white man, whose eyes looked at her almost as if he thought she was his enemy. Then recovering himself, and his horse, he dashed away, riding at furious speed, while Alice said, in mild surprise, "Whoever can he be, Marion?"

She looked at the girl doctor as she spoke, and had a second surprise, for Marion's face was pink in the moonlight. "He is Donald Grant, the Government engineer at Beelampore, Allie. I did not know he was here. I am sorry, for once he asked me to marry him, and I said I would and then I didn't."

"HE looked at me as if he blamed me for it," remarked Alice, "though I had never heard of him till now."

"He was born out here," said Marion briefly. "His mother was a far-off cousin of ours, so he was sent home to us when he was seven. I was three then, and I grew up with him and my brothers, loving them all alike, till I was seventeen, and he was going back to India. He made me see then that he was not my brother, and never could be, and I—I was bewildered at it all. I suppose I did love him a little, for I said I would marry him when he came back, in four years. Then I went on helping Dad—you know he was a doctor—and I got so interested in his work that I forgot my lover, or that woman doctors were unheard-of things. Well, I did study medicine, in defiance of all old ideas, and in the end dignified Edinburgh College gave me a qualified degree. But before that Donald was back, demanding I should give up everything for him. And, Allie, I couldn't. I told him so, and he said I was treating him disgracefully. That's all the story. I took my degree, fell in love with you, Allie, and because Christians did not want my medical treatments I came out here to inflict myself on the poor heathen."

AWAY across the plain Donald rode furiously, vowing to himself, as he had vowed continually for three lonesome years, that he would never "grovel" at the feet of a woman who was so lost to all the proper feelings of her sex that she preferred a career to a husband (Donald thought according to the thinking of the Victorian age he lived in). Yet he knew that the only thing that kept him from "grovelling" before Marion and telling her that she could have all the careers and missions she liked, if only she would accept her lover as well, was the assurance that Marion did not want him at all.

Among men Donald had the name of being a masterful man, who rather enjoyed beating his way through opposition, but he lost all his fighting qualities when it came to wooing the only lady he had ever taken an interest in. As Marion told Alice, he had spoken angrily when she cast him off for a career, but he had written, apologizing for his anger later, and Marion had written in answer: "Of course, I am not angry with you; but I feel that I am made for higher things than love and marriage, so please do not waste your time and mine in coming to see me. Neither you nor any man can ever have any part in my life, for I am going to India with Alice Ross, to help a little in elevating my sisters there."

"SHE'S as bad as Tennyson's 'Princess,'" Donald thought gloomily; "and I'd make as big a fool of myself as her prince did, if only I could get the least bit nearer to her, but I can't; hang it all."

And up in her ivory tower the Ranee sat thinking of the upheaval of nations. There were strange plots brewing in India that February night, 1857, and in the chaos they should bring Marion was fated to meet with Donald again.

All March the roses bloomed in the garden of the Moti Bagh, but the hot winds of April ended the day of the English flowers, and the garden grew into a scene of Oriental splendor as the amaltas tree—the Indian laburnum—hung out its long, golden pendants of blossoms, while gaining their flaming red from the fierce heats of noon; the scarlet of the pomegranate flowers blazed out on their trees.

And there was war in India—the great Mutiny. At Beelampore they heard that the rebels had seized Delhi. There were ghastly stories of the indiscriminate slaughter of white men, women and children—then they heard nothing at all. Beelampore was ominously quiet, and the English residents had gathered at the Moti Bagh, whose massive brick walls could defy the attacks of any enemies unprovided with artillery. So the windows of the mission home were blocked up with sandbags, and the early sunbeams one hot morning in July flashed on the rifle barrel of the man keeping watch on the roof.

DONALD was not among the men at the Moti Bagh. He had started for home on leave just before the trouble began. Marion told herself that she was glad he was safe. He was not lying in the school-house as her brother Alan was, wounded perhaps unto death. He was captain in a native regiment, and his own men had stayed true. They had fought against the rebels, and when he fell eight of them, with their havildar, brought him and five-year-old Roy, his motherless little son, to the Moti Bagh, where the school was now a hospital.

Marion had watched all night by him, and now, as the dawn came fiercely hot from the heart of the East, she walked wearily through the garden to her room, and rest—if she could rest in the Indian heat. Round her the neglected garden had grown into a jungle of flowers, and the air was heavy with the mingled scents of tuberoses, jessamine and the sweet white kamini. She looked at them, unwontedly despondent, and wondering if her life was nearly spent and whether she had spent it in the wisest way in driving love away from her.

There was a sudden noise behind the house—the noise of a mob shouting of death to the foreigners, as they fired the refuge cottage, then pressed on to the school-house. The havildar was on guard there with his Sepoys. They were preparing to fire on the advancing mob when Marion was among them, crying: "Wait, brothers; do not kill, or we all who are here will be killed. Wait!"

THEY were in a class-room, from whence they looked into the long hall where Alan lay as one dead, with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

NEW PERFECTION
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Keeps Kitchens Livable—
Cooks Everything Correctly

There's no smell or smoke from unburned gases—no stifling, sweltering kitchen heat—when you cook with a New Perfection Oil Cookstove. And everything gets just the right heat—low for simmering preserves—high for a crisp brown crust on bread or roasts—medium for frying or long cooking—*heats for all purposes.*

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With a New Perfection you can save minutes preparing a meal or boiling a pot of tea or coffee. No time lost generating the flame—reaches full intensity in less than a minute. Doesn't touch pots to blacken them. Instantly set and stays where set. Like gas—no waiting. Saves work—no kindling wood, coal or ashes to handle—no dirt. Is making 3,000,000 kitchens livable. Burns safe and always available Imperial Royalite Coal Oil.

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Through the Looking Glass

By VAIN JANE

The Second Milestone on Our Journey into the Realm of Beauty.

NO doubt it is the example of Old Mother Nature busy washing up her muddy world with April showers and drying it with bright spring sunshine, that awakens in the feminine heart at this time of year a passion for renovation, a desire to track to its lair every smallest speck of dust for the purpose of extermination, and a longing to be surrounded by new and shining things. You have felt that way in the spring, haven't you, dear ladies? Have you ever rushed to the telephone and called urgently for the window cleaners some day in April when the existence of double windows has suddenly seemed intolerable to you? Have you ever yourself for lack of someone else to do it, delved into the tool box and found a screw driver, with the fixed intention of removing the storm doors within the next half-hour or knowing the reason why? Have you ever hated with grim bitterness the rug on the living-room floor, where the spring sunshine lies on the worn part and positively magnifies the pattern that you once thought suitable but now despise? Have you ever dressed for the street and suddenly, through the looking glass, discovered that you simply couldn't endure your old clothes any longer? Of course you have done these things. or else you are the most unfeminine person in the world.

But the worst shock of all comes when one day in spring we stop to take stock of our personal qualifications and to determine just what the winter's toll has been. In the exaggerated mood in which spring finds us, we are liable to make ourselves believe that all our assets have been turned to liabilities. Consider our hair, for instance. By the clear daylight which shines upon our looking-glass we discover that it has a faded, drab appearance—that the ends are broken and a fine dandruff besprinkles the line of parting. Perhaps it looks dry and crackly—perhaps it has the sticky appearance given by too much oil. At any rate it has a neglected, shabby look and our heart sinks with the thought that this, which was once a proud possession, is no longer anything but a crowning humiliation.

BUT "take heart of grace," my friend, as one of the old operas advises, the case is not so hopeless after all, and hair experts will tell you that even a little attention in the spring of the year will give results which you will enjoy for months to come. The hair is very receptive to care and repays fully the time we spend in beautifying it.

One thing it especially needs in the spring is a reliable tonic, persistently and consistently applied. By consistently, I mean, daily, and not just on occasions or when the spirit moves one. A very good tonic may be made from the following formula:

Pilocarpin nitrate	1 gram
Resorcin	25 grams
Water	500 grams

This should be massaged into the scalp each night before retiring, using the tips of the fingers for the purpose and rubbing gently and firmly so that the scalp is loosened on the head. A tight scalp is known to be an unhealthy sign and the utmost endeavor should be made to keep it flexible.

The hair should afterwards be brushed, and though you might think it a trifling thing, still it is very important that it be brushed in the right way and not carelessly as a great many people have the habit of doing. In the first place it is important that no dragging or pulling at the roots should be allowed, for which reason all tangles should be removed with a wide-toothed comb before brushing. Incidentally, a certain amount of premature greyness is due to this very dragging, and that isn't a thing which anybody willingly courts. The hair should be parted straight from the middle of the forehead to the nape of the neck, in half, as it were, and brushed first on one side and then on the other with slow, regular strokes of the brush, this being put firmly through the roots to the scalp—but without banging, another mischievous action not infrequently performed. If the hair is too long for the brush to pass easily down its length it should be brushed in half, the long tresses held firmly together with the left hand halfway down, and brushed from the scalp downward first, and then on to the ends. It has been said that every head of hair should have at least twenty-four strokes of the brush each night and this is a good computation, for, though to brush it steadily for ten minutes is a good thing, it is rather a counsel of perfection to many people.

THE matter of how and when to shampoo the hair is quite as important as the daily care we give it—indeed, one largely depends on the other, for hair which is consistently cared for does not need as frequent washing as that which is attended to spasmodically. For instance you may hear some person say:

"I simply must wash my head every ten days, or it is a sight and perfectly impossible to dress. How other people are able to let theirs go for weeks at a time is a mystery to me."

"But do you brush your hair thoroughly every night?" you might inquire, to which she is pretty sure to answer:

"Oh. that is such a bore and I am always so tired when I am going to bed! Besides, I think brushing makes it oily."

Certainly it makes it oily, when the poor scalp has been made unhealthy by all-to-frequent ablutions. The circulation of the scalp must have stimulation, otherwise bad conditions will result. And constant washing which relaxes the pores, especially when only hot water minus the closing cold douche is employed, impoverishes the scalp and does it no good. The hair and scalp may be kept reasonably clean and free from dust by a little brushing every night—say five minutes given to this, which even the busiest person in the world can spare. Then, perhaps at the end of three or even four weeks, the hair should be washed with a reliable shampoo powder or preparation for the purpose, (not a drying soap, at any rate) the water squeezed out of it with warm towels and finished off with the application of heat as quickly as possible.

NOW that the war is over and we may with a clear conscience, allow ourselves some few little luxuries, I should say that it would be a good idea to look over our stock of accessories for the care of the hair and renew any which seem to have "had their day." For instance, the bristles of the brush which we bought two years ago are getting somewhat thin at the edge and don't take the same grip on the hair as they used to in their days of newness. In fact, we need a new brush, one that will do the work thoroughly. If we have a hairdresser, perhaps we had better consult her in the choice of a brush, for this is no unimportant matter and "any brush at all" will not do. For instance, if our hair is of a delicate, brittle quality, we need a brush with softer bristles than our sisters of the thick and coarser locks. At the same time the bristles need not be so long as they will require. Then again, I would suggest that we have two kinds of brushes—one of the ornamental kind which matches our toilet accessories and looks well upon the polished surface of the dressing table,—a monogrammed brush, perhaps, in silver or ivory, the aristocrat of the toilet family—and another, a "service" brush which we keep hidden away in the dresser drawer because while it is good as gold, it is not beautiful enough to be exposed. Very often a brush of excellent quality comes with dark bristles and a plain wooden back—the kind the careful hairdresser uses for she knows that it will stand frequent washing and is long in endurance.

Vain Jane



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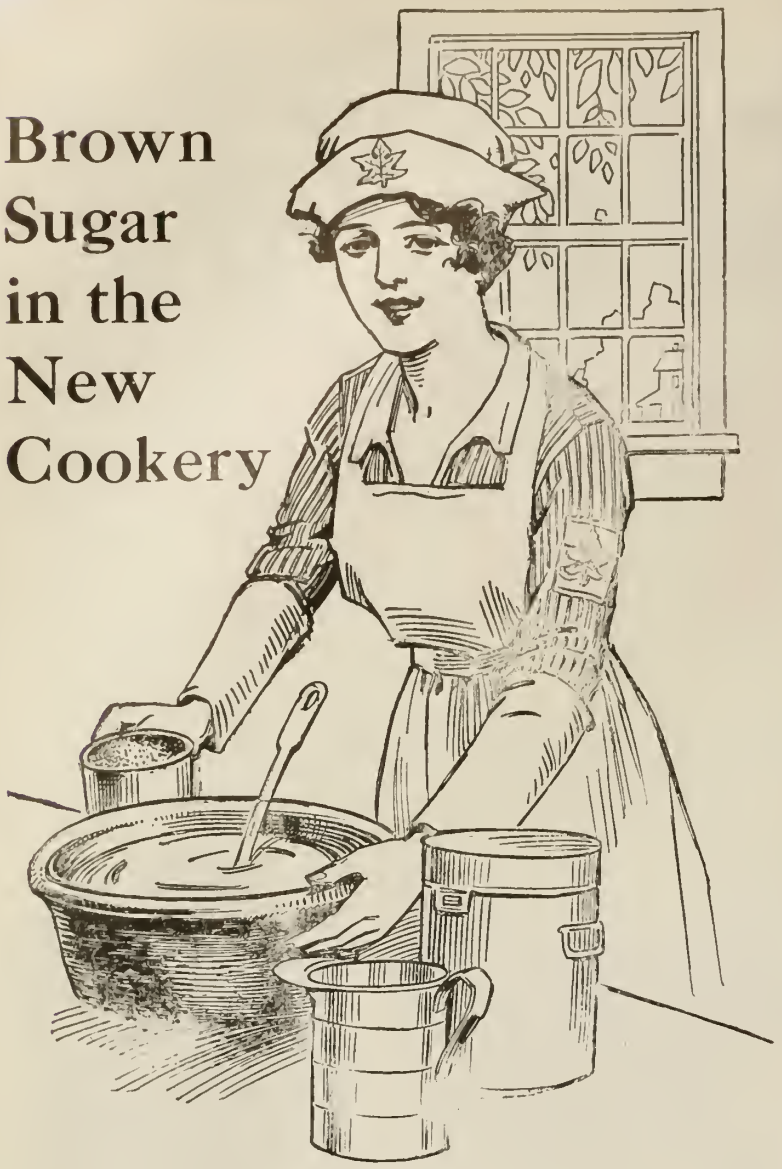
Mercury

Hosiery

and Underwear for men, women and children

103

Brown Sugar in the New Cookery



OUR Grandmothers used Brown Sugar for the delicious, old-fashioned sweets, but the usefulness of brown sugar is by no means limited to old-time cookery. It is as great a favorite in the scientific cooking school as it ever was in the old-time kitchen.

Lantic

Old-Fashioned Brown Sugar

which is just like the brown sugar Grandmother used to use, gives character and flavor to simple, substantial sweets. Very plain cakes and desserts lack zest and piquancy when made with white sugar. *Lantic Brown Sugar* is not only economical in itself, but it makes the plainest cookery more appetising, and is specially adapted to a time when food-saving is universally practised by conscientious housewives.

Lantic Old-Fashioned Brown Sugar is not only delicious for baking, but for many kinds of pickles and preserves, and for the simple sweets necessary to the health of children, and far more wholesome and economical if made at home from brown sugar than when bought ready-made. Send 2c stamp to-day for our booklet "*Grandmother's Recipes*," telling how to make all these good things. We will appreciate it if you will send us a good brown sugar recipe which you have tried and like.

Ask your grocer for a few pounds of Lantic Brilliant Yellow Sugar, and when you get it, put it in a stone crock with a moist cloth under the lid. This will keep the sugar fresh and moist and the flavor will be retained.

Atlantic Sugar Refineries, Ltd.
Montreal

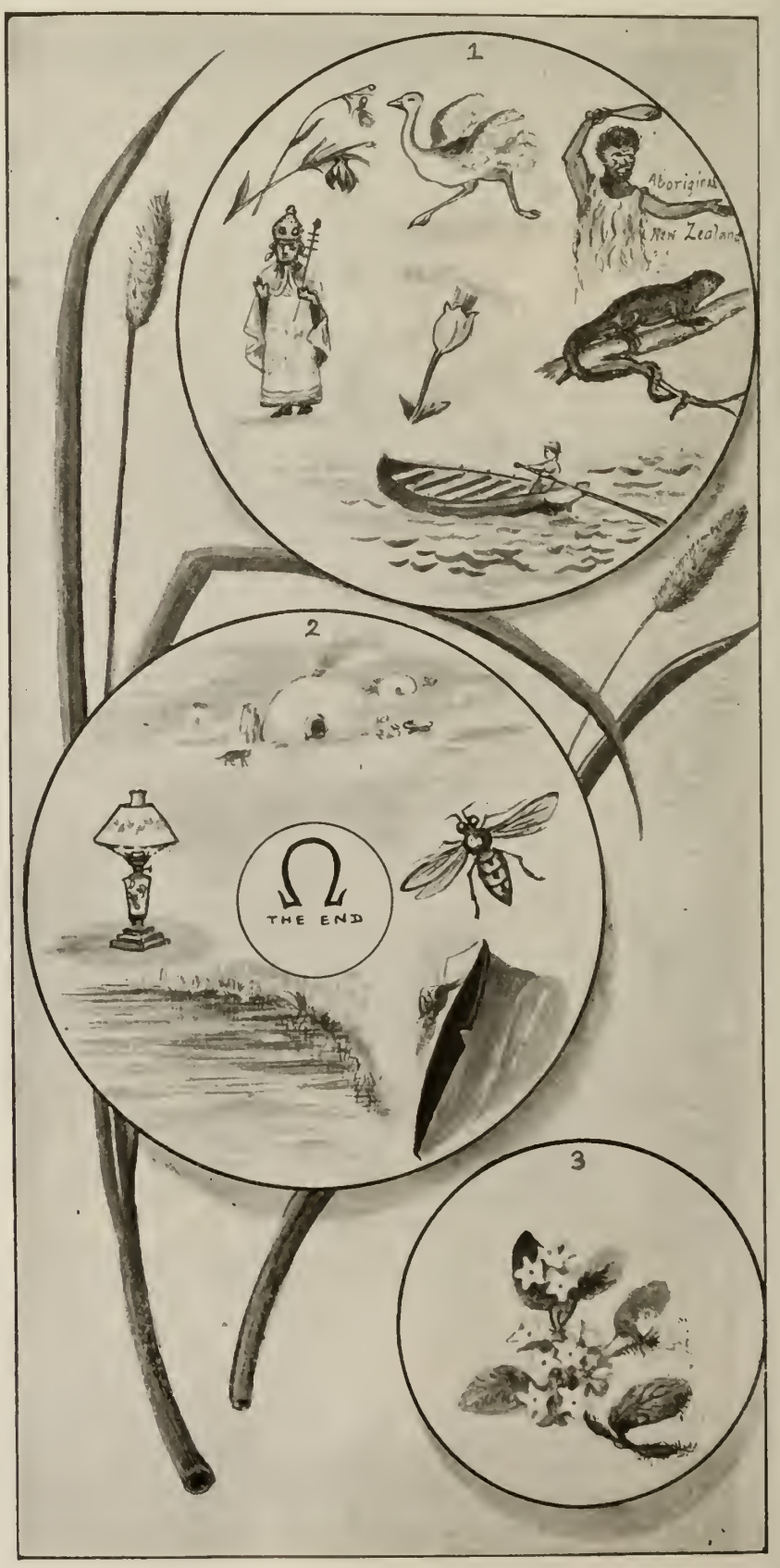
The Puzzle for May

By TOM WOOD.

Within **Circle No. 1** are seven little pictures. Name and arrange these correctly, and you will find that the initials spell the name of one of the famous liners which have conveyed thousands of our soldier lads over the seas, while the finals will give you the name of the water crossed.

Circle No. 2 contains six little pictures. When correctly named and placed, the initials and finals spell the names of two trees indigenous to Canada.

No. 3—What is the correct name for the delicious little pink and white flower shown in this circle? It is found in almost every Province of the Dominion.



Two prizes will be awarded:

First—One dollar and a half

Second—One dollar

for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy. All may compete.

Address: Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.

THE JOURNAL JUNIORS' CLUB

Conducted by Ethel Bain

Stories, articles and photographs by Canada's future writers



MY Dear HOME JOURNAL Children:

Such splendid letters have been received from our younger members for their March contest, and it was indeed interesting to learn how well our junior readers know the value and habits of the robin family. Much better than many a grown-up, I'm sure.

A suggestion to our photographers. The print sent in should, for preference, be made on glossy paper as this sharpens the picture and helps in reproduction.

Do you like to write poetry? If so, there is a chance for you to win a prize this month.

No, it does not matter, Dorothy M. Moffatt, if you exceed the word limit by ten or twenty words. but not more, because if we did not set a fixed number, the letters would be too long and the remaining prize contributions would be left out for want of space.

Have you started your garden and what plans have you made? Are you going to grow only flowers or will you help food production this year? The war is over, Yes, but remember half the world is crying for food. Hundreds of thousands of starving people in the countries ruined by the war are looking eagerly to us in Canada to help feed them. By growing vegetables, and selling those you do not use, you can become one of the world's food producers. A prize is offered this month for the best plans sent in by any girl or boy reader of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Your sincere friend,

ETHEL BAIN.

PRIZE LIST FOR MARCH

1. "Birds from the South." Awarded to Martha Rose Andrews, age 16, R.R. No. 2 Park Hill, Ont.
2. "Camera Contest." Awarded to Ida Fullerton. Age 13, R.R. No. 1, Desboro, Ont.
3. "The Robin." Awarded to Andrew Waechter. Age 11, care Benjamin Waechter, R.R. No. 3, Walkerton, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION

Florence Johnston.
Andrew D. Jamieson.
Alfred Hobberlin.
Eric D. S. Hamilton.
Aileen Speers.
Beatrice Graves.

PRIZE LETTER

"Birds That Arrive from the South in March."—By Martha Rose Andrews, age 16, Park Hill, Ont.

We have now begun on the first of the spring months, the month in which we welcome back our birds. And what is there in this life, which brings greater joy to the hearts of all, than the arrival of our birds from the south?

They also seem to feel the pleasure in getting back to us once more, for their cheery little hearts seem to be overflowing with happiness, and their endless songs would make the saddest of people happy.

Our birds do not all appear at the same time. There is usually a spell of a few days, even a week, between the different kinds of birds. This depends on the weather, for some birds can endure more cold than others.

About the first of our spring birds to appear is the robin. The robin is considered a pretty bird and is about eight inches long. It is of a brown color with a red breast, and for this reason it is known as robin redbreast. The song of the robin is very cheery. The male robin is very kind to his mate, he sings over the nest while she is brooding, and when the young are hatched, he feeds them.

The next of our birds to appear is the kildeer. a bird which is found in the marsh. They are gray with white wings. They have no song but rather a shrill call.

Following the kildeer come the black birds. They are a rich glossy black. The black bird is a large bird, and is known to the farmer as a robber, as they sometimes steal corn. On account, of this, many of these birds are shot. I do not, however, think that it is proper to shoot these useful birds, as they destroy innumerable insects for the farmer during the growing season.

After the black birds come the gray birds. They are a small bird and are gray in color. They are sweet singers and are very industrious birds. The blue bird next appears with its sweet song. They are a bright blue in color, the male bird being of a brighter blue than the female. Their song is very sweet, although it does not contain many notes. They are very valuable as they destroy insects.

Cranes and sea gulls, also wild geese and wild ducks are also seen in March, but as a rule the other birds such as gold-finches, bobolinks, thrushes, doves, and meadow larks do not appear in this part of the country until April. But our old friends the robin, black bird, blue bird, gray bird and kildeer usually arrive from the South in March.



Prize Photograph, taken by Ida Fullerton, aged 13, Desboro, Ont.

PRIZE LETTER

"The Robin."—By Andrew Waechter, age 11, Walkerton, Ont.

There is no time in the year that I feel happier than the day when I hear the first robin of spring. The robin is well named when it is called the harbinger of spring.

Ever since I was a baby there has always been a robin lay its eggs, every spring, just beside our house, in an apple tree, and I can always see and watch it from our kitchen window. When good old Robin Red-breast calls, I know it is time to put away skates and sleigh, and a glad rush of feeling comes over me as I think it will soon be green grass, flowers and fishing rod time again.

The robin is a very interesting bird as well as a joy bringer. It builds a very snug nest of wool, feathers, straw, little twigs and mud, and in it lays four pretty little blue-green eggs. The average number of young raised by a robin is four, and there are usually two broods each season.

The robin is of great value to the farmer. Its greatest merit is that in the early part of the season it feeds itself and its young almost entirely on cut-worms and on the large white grub. the larvae of the May beetle.

Of all our insect enemies the underground cutworm is about the most destructive, for in feeding it just comes above the ground and cuts off the entire plant, and our only remedy is to rely upon the ground diggers among the birds that are fitted for digging out the insects and devouring them The robin has proved by experiment to be the most conspicuous of these.

When the small fruit ripens, however, the robins show a decided partiality for it, especially cherries and strawberries, but can you blame them? I cannot, because I like them too; and a scare-crow will keep the robins away, but I am afraid it takes more than that to keep me away.

HONORABLE MENTION

"The Robin."—By Eric D. S. Hamilton, age 7, 68 Macpherson Ave., Toronto

The robin is ten inches long. He has a reddish-brown breast and brown wings with a white spot under his tail and white around his eye. The beak is dark yellow.

Mrs. Robin is not the same. She has a gray head and much paler breast.

The robin makes a coarse, rough straw and mud nest, and in that nest are four or five green-blue eggs.

The robin's song is "cheerily-cheerup, cheerily-cheerup."

The robin is a northern bird. The sparrow hops but the robin runs very fast. The robin goes as far south as the United States.

At the Forks of the Credit, up in an apple tree there was a robin's nest and I went and got the nest, and in about two weeks there was another nest, and in another day there was a green-blue egg, and the next day there were two eggs. The next day there were three, the next day four and the next day five, but the next day there were not six but only five, and Mrs. Robin was on the nest. Without meaning to, I frightened her away from the nest and I saw that she still had five eggs, and the next day I went and two eggs were hatched. Next day I went again. There was nothing and the nest was all pulled down. Do you know who pulled it down? Chatterer, the red squirrel, did.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

CONTESTS FOR MAY

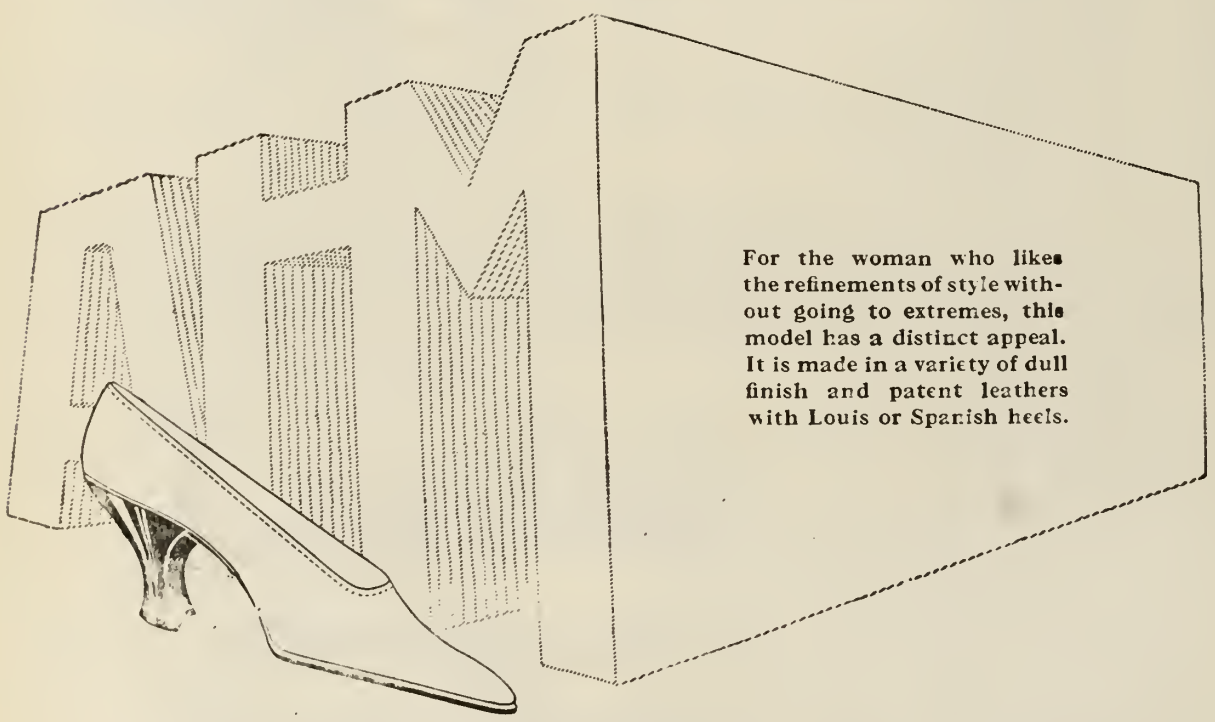
1. Original Poetry. Not more than four verses. Open to girls and boys up to 16 years. Any subject.
2. Not more than 500 words. Subject: "Plans for My Garden." Boys and girls up to 16 years.
3. Camera contest for boys and girls up to 16 years. Any subject.
4. Prize for neatest and most carefully made scrap book for a convalescent soldier. Boys and girls up to 16 years.

All entries must be in by May 26th.

Write on one side of the paper only.

Name, age and address must be written on each contribution.





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If you will go to a reliable dealer and be guided by his advice, you will seldom fail to get value for your money. And if you will see that the manufacturer's trade mark is on the shoes you buy, you may feel doubly confident. For the manufacturer's business reputation is behind it.

Send for our booklet "How to Buy Shoes." You will find it helpful. It is sent with our compliments to any address in Canada upon request to our head office at Montreal.

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When you buy Shoes look for— AHM RELIABILITY *—this Trade-mark on every sole*

(45)

The Ranee's Bracelet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

Kitty kneeling beside him, holding Roy in her arms. At the far end of the room the enemy crowded—a leaderless mob, drunk with religious frenzy and hemp drug. They were hesitating, for between them and their destined victims stood a man in green robes and turban and long hair. Unarmed, he stood there, stretching out his hands as he said in the high-pitched, monotonous voice of the Moslem faker: "Have ye not heard of the woe and the curse, from our Lord Mohammed, given through the lips of his seers, on them who slay women and small children in the name of the Faith?" He went on with a string of Moslem curses, so awful and comprehensive that the mob backed a little, until one of them cried: "Kill every male among the infidels."

"The man here is dead already," said the faker instantly. "Will ye not let the women and child go to their friends?"

"She can go," was the harsh reply. "But before she takes the child she must uncover its body and show us that it is not a male."

Kitty held Roy tighter. His hair was in long yellow curls, and he wore the lace-trimmed garment of a little girl who had died. The faker pointed at him with a long brown finger, as he cried: "The fear of you is upon the woman, and she does not understand that she must show you the child to save it. But observe its hair and robe, for they show that it is a woman-child."

"I AM a man," Roy began, indignantly, but Kitty covered his mouth before the mob heard, though a big man lurched to the front of the mob, levelling his rifle at Kitty as he cried: "Let the woman uncover her child now, or I fire."

The faker's right hand went into the folds of his robe, but Marion was beside him instantly, standing before Kitty, and he only cried: "Would you wound a healer of wounds? Would you slay a saver of life?" And from behind the mob another voice shouted threateningly: "Let the man who would hurt the Miss Doctor remember that in this life he shall meet the wrath of the Ranee of Beelampore, and in the next the curse of which the holy man has spoken."

"Be quick!" said the faker sharply to Marion, and together they raised Alan, and with Kitty and Roy, started across the garden; the loyal Sepoys followed, and before the mob recovered from their indecision all were safe in the Moti Bagh.

There Marion turned to the faker. "Donald," she said softly. "I thought you were safe at the coast."

"I came back," he said briefly, "through the enemy's armies. Fortunately, they were not as keen as you to see through my disguise."

"I think I should know you anywhere, Donald," said Marion, with a note of invitation in the way she spoke his name. And the next moment Donald held his proud princess in his arms. For a little while these two stood together in the sanctuary of their love, shut out from all thought of a world of war round them; then men called to them, for the high, pale flames were rising from the school, threatening the Moti Bagh with fire, and from behind the compound wall rifle bullets were seeking for a weak spot in the defences.

Donald sprang away to the other men, and Marion went to arrange a place for her patients, feeling for the first time a dread of death, now that life seemed so good to live.

THE slow days of the siege went on. At first there were many attempts to storm the house where the flag of England waved so defiantly, but the handful of men there—Sepoy and white—used their rifles so well that the enemy fell back, leaving many dead among the crushed oleanders. So at last they made no more attacks, but waited sullen and savage beyond the wall, while within the garden nature hid all signs of battle in the dense growth of tropical bloom. The big babool tree had hung out its dainty tassels, and the lemon and pomegranate trees filled the air with their fragrance.

In the house the besieged husbanded their scanty stores of rice, split peas, sugar and charcoal, and endured the terrific heat as best they might, until a moonlit August night, when a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

My Best Idea

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS

In this Department we will publish the best original items of general interest to housekeepers which are sent in by our readers. For each of the accepted items we shall pay the one sending it fifty cents.

If the description is not clear, we would suggest that the contributor send a rough sketch, making the idea plain, which can be used as a guide to the artist who will illustrate this page.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL *cannot return the items submitted, therefore it is advisable to keep copies of matter sent for consideration.*

Address "My Best Idea," care of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. *Give your name and address.*

Crochet Corners for Yokes

When making a square crocheted yoke for nightgown, if three-cornered pieces are crocheted (about two inches each way) in each of the inside corners, the ribbon will not tear the yoke. —MISS A. ARMSTRONG, Fergus, Ont.

A Useful Mirror for Skirts

A mirror attached to the inside of the closet door near the floor will be found useful in dressing or dressmaking. The glass measures about eight by fourteen inches, and rests on two curtain rod hooks, screwed into the door about four inches from the bottom. The upper edge of the glass can be securely fastened by a tack. Much depends upon the angle at which the mirror reflects—the longer the hooks the better the results when the glass is in place.

Door Key Always Handy

Don't waste time hunting for a door key at the bottom of your handbag. Stitch a black silk cord to the top of the bag and have it long enough to reach to the bottom. At the lower end of the cord make a knot; fasten a safety pin to the knot and pin it through the top of the key. When the key is wanted, simply pull up the cord. By following this method the key will never be mislaid. If preferred, a small key ring may be used instead of the safety pin.

Home Made Ice Box

To make an ice box for less than one dollar: Line an old trunk with carpet paper, then with zinc from old washing boards, using the frames for a grate. Bore a hole in the corner for a spout, solder over seams to hide tacks; keep inner lining dry, and make smooth. Nail trunk to four posts to make it high enough and leave room underneath for a pan to catch water.—I. M. M.

Spring Cleaning Hint

Upholstered chairs and sofas can be cleaned indoors without filling the house with dust if the following plan is tried: Take an old bed sheet. Dip in warm (not hot) water, and wring as dry as possible. Spread over the chair or sofa and beat. The dust will stick to the cloth instead of flying about, and the furniture will be cleaned with little trouble. Be sure to have the cloth damp, not wet.

To Remove Water Spots

Take a piece of the same material as that spotted and dampen it in lukewarm water. Place over water spots on right side and press with a moderately warm iron. Press until both pressing cloth and material are dry. The spots will have disappeared.

For Baked Potatoes

Baked potatoes will always be mealy if before putting them in the oven to bake you snip off a small piece from each end. This has been tried many times, and has never been known to fail.—ESTHER JAMES, Macdonald, Man.

To Protect the Hands

When peeling fruit or vegetables, put a slit in a small cork and fit it to the back of your paring knife. This will save your fingers.

Kitchen Equipment

Don't wait until you can build a new kitchen or make over the old one, but get the most out of what you have. A little readjustment, the installing of such simple devices as dish-driers and drainers, and so on, will help things along mightily. There is a difference between accepting things as they are and putting what you have to the best uses; one is unintelligent resignation, the other may be real efficiency. All the patent devices on the market will not make yours a livable and workable kitchen if you do not use your brains in their disposition.

Worth Remembering

When starting on a long automobile trip, fold a bungalow apron over the top of the lunch basket. It is then handy to slip on just before spreading the lunch. It is surprising how this protects one's clothes, and reduces the amount necessary for the trip.

Mending Pans, Kettles, Etc.

Small, round holes often come in baking and roasting pans, kettles, etc. To mend these get one of the small, copper rivets which are used in mending harness and may be bought at any hardware store. Place the rivet in the hole with the flat side underneath, allowing the other end to project through. Then place the pan on something hard and, with a hammer, pound the projecting end flat. This will stop the hole perfectly, and at practically no cost. If knobs to pot and pan lids come off, put a screw through the hole left, head downwards, and thread a cork upon the projecting screw. This will never get hot and will last a long time.—J. M. M.

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Besides sugar, candy contains nuts, fruits, corn syrup, chocolate, some fats such as butter, and flavoring. All these ingredients are recognized as useful foods and essential to the maintenance of good health.

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While at the Front, General Pershing cabled: "Send candy if you have to omit oatmeal."

There are times each day when you feel the need for something to tone you up and restore your vigor—try candy.

Eat candy in rational quantities and nothing but good can result.

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The Ranee's Bracelet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

figure came out from the shadows of the babool trees, with its face veiled but its breasts uncovered that the sentry might see it was a woman, and not fire. So she was allowed to come up to a window, where she handed in a letter, addressed in English to Marion. Then drawing her veil closer round her, she calmly sat down on the ground to wait for an answer.

"Dear Dr. Marion," the Ranee had written. "In the cool season you came to my house to bring life, and now in the summer heat death is near to you. I gave you a bracelet as a pledge of honor that I would save your life, if it was ever endangered, and now you must let me save you, as your death would cover me with shame. The Rajah is vacillating—one day he is for one side and the next for the other. So men who hate your people have borrowed cannon in his name. Tomorrow, in his name, they will break down your house, and the blood of your friends will commit him to the cause you call the Mutiny. Only you must not die, as it would hurt my honor. You must leave the Moti Bagh with my messenger. I am waiting for you myself just beyond the garden. And I know you are so true a woman yourself that you can always recognize truth in others. You know you can trust—Rajmahli Singh."

BUT it was only a letter that went back with the old woman messenger. "Dear Madame," Marion wrote. "I trust you perfectly. Only my honor would not let me leave the Moti Bagh without the consent of Captain Davidson, my brother, and because he does not know you, he would not give it. And I don't want to escape, because since you saw me I have become the promised wife of a man—and I think I understand the spirit of your women who choose the flames of suttee rather than live widowed. So you see your honor is clean from the shame of not saving me, as I decline to be saved. Yet with all my heart I thank you. Your friend, Marion Davidson."

After the messenger had gone with her answer, Marion showed the Ranee's letter to Donald and her brother, now a gaunt convalescent, who lay on a string bed under an awning on the roof, with a rifle beside him. His face darkened as he read the letter: "She must think you foolish to imagine you would trust her," he said.

Marion did not argue the question. "Is it true about the guns?" she asked.

"They have been busy mounting them beyond the east gate," he answered, "out of the range of our rifles."

Donald drew Marion aside. "Tomorrow morning will see the end of the Moti Bagh," he said. "Marion, I know you trust the Ranee, and I have considerable confidence in your judgment. Let me help you to leave the house and get to her to-night?"

She laughed softly. "I have already refused her offer, Donald. I don't want to escape—alone."

ALL the people of the Moti Bagh were gathered on the roof now—the men all armed and ready and the women beside them—everyone knowing that when the enemy's guns had crushed in the walls, and he stormed the ruins, he would find no one to take prisoner. Marion sat with Donald till the moon went down, and there was a stir in the air that told the dawn was near. Then she stood up and sang:

"God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen;
God save the Queen."

Except the sick, everyone on the roof was standing, and singing. And so they waited—for dawn and death.

The Ranee, too, was watching for the dawn; standing on the roof of the white tower that from the plain, a hundred feet below, looked like a shaft of carved ivory. She wore her richest robes and all her jewels, and in her arms was the baby boy Marion's skill had saved. The other women of the Rajah's household stood round richly dressed, and resigned with Oriental philosophy to obey the woman who was the queen of the zenana.

Then came the swift dawn of the East, and instantly the Ranee was standing on the broad edge of the parapet round the tower roof, holding out the child towards the east, as she chanted the wild song of the suttee, calling on the women behind her to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

Music in the Schools

How the Province of Saskatchewan Has Set the Pace for Other Sections of Canada

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

NOT long ago the writer had the privilege of being present at a gathering which included musical educationists of many of the important cities of Eastern Canada, and was, like many of the Easterners in the assemblage, surprised to learn that the Province of Saskatchewan had taken the lead in practical work of diffusing music through the medium of the public schools. Of course we have more or less music in our schools, but hitherto there has been no really systematic attempt in this country to deal with the subject on a comprehensive and practical basis. In the East we are apt to learn more of Western demands in connection with the tariff, and Western political movements, than of enlightened reforms like this, which indicate that Western ideas of progress are not merely material.

The interest in music which characterizes the prairie provinces has indeed been the theme of much flattering comment among musicians who have given concerts in that part of Canada; and some years ago I heard the late Lord Grey comment enthusiastically on the fine quality of singing he had heard at a musical festival he attended in Edmonton, during his term as Governor-General. It was perhaps, to be expected, therefore, that the wide-awake West should take the lead in the matter of practical measures for the improvement of musical education.

So well does the Saskatchewan system commend itself to Easterners that an agitation has been launched, backed by a body of prominent gentlemen who have organized a "Music in the Home League," and which has as one of its most active supporters, Dr. A. S. Vogt, the celebrated head of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, to have it adopted by the Ontario Department of Education. The excellence of this legislation in the view of musical educators is that it goes to the heart of the question and provides the machinery for a widespread development of musical taste and knowledge, through the important medium of the schools.

THE deficiency of musical education in most parts of Canada has lain in the fact that so far as the schools are concerned, it has been scattered and isolated, attaining fairly good development at some points and little, if any, at others. But a still more important limitation is that where it does exist it begins and ends with the public schools.

For instance, it is probable that no better singing by children is to be found anywhere than in certain public schools of my own city of Toronto. But so soon as the child of thirteen or fourteen enters the High Schools or Collegiate Institutes all instruction in music ceases. That is the prevailing system elsewhere also. In connection with the University of Toronto and McGill University, Montreal, there exist musical faculties which hold examinations and grant certificates, but the intervening gap between the primary schools and the universities is a blank so far as music is concerned. This means in practice, that so soon as a child reaches an age when he can form an intelligent appreciation of music it vanishes from the curriculum of his studies. There have also been complaints from various quarters that music is almost non-existent in the rural schools; and this condition may be largely attributed to the fact that musical knowledge counts for nothing in connection with the granting of teachers' certificates. It does not assist the prospective teacher in obtaining the license which entitles him, or more frequently her, to teach, and except in rare instances it is not an aid toward obtaining an engagement.

The present system, or lack of system, in Ontario and most other provinces, except Saskatchewan, operates detrimentally in another sense; because the multiplicity of subjects taught in the High Schools, puts such a strain on the young student that he is obliged to give up music study even at home, in the most formative period of his life. Many of these subjects are comparatively useless for practical purposes and are prescribed for cultural effect, in other words, the training of the mind. Music certainly answers this requirement and can be made a source of pleasure and of use in later years.

THE Government and Legislature of Saskatchewan seem to have found remedies for these drawbacks. Under their Education Act as revised last year, it is provided that music shall be an optional study in the High Schools of that province; and under their system musical education, obtained elsewhere, may entitle the student to credit marks in connection with the granting of teachers' certificates. The candidate for a second class teacher's certificate, who presents official evidence of having obtained a certificate in Piano or Theory, may be exempted from examination in either Algebra, or any one of the following subjects, Agriculture, Household Science, Latin, French, German or Greek. The candidate for a first-class teacher's certificate has a similar option in connection with the subjects of Algebra or Trigonometry. It will be seen that there is no desire to sacrifice any really useful subject for the sake of music. For my own part I should be inclined to make Household Science a compulsory part of every girl's education; but the general principle which places music on an equality with the subjects named is absolutely right. By the Saskatchewan authorities, music is also included in the list of subjects for which specialists' certificates may be granted. In order that the teaching of music may not end with the public schools, a simple course in the elements of musical theory is provided for the High School curriculum, as an optional subject; which undoubtedly provides a most interesting aid to advancement in the pupil who is able to take music lessons at home.

IT will thus be seen that under the Saskatchewan system the student who proposes to become a teacher can continue to study music without fear of losing ground in the effort to obtain the credit marks that are necessary, before a teacher's certificate can be obtained. A still more important advantage, is that the number of teachers capable of giving intelligent instruction in music to classes in rural schools, should be very materially increased within the next few years.

Though the system is a novel one so far as Canada is concerned, it is not new in the United States. In some States education in this respect is more backward than our own, but in others the development of music in the High Schools and as a part of the teacher's qualifications has brought splendid results. In connection with these institutions school orchestras and choral societies have been developed which add materially to the charm and interest of life for young people, and help to make education in a general sense attractive.

OF course the whole issue depends on whether the public men of other provinces will take the same view as do our Western friends, of the importance of music in relation to life. Though many of us regard the case for music as a factor in education to be beyond the range of controversy, it is quite possible that there are many who do not take the same view, and many more who are so indifferent on the subject that they do not deem it a matter worthy of the attention of legislators. The gathering to which I made allusion at the outset of this article had as its chief speaker Dr. Hollis Dann, Dean of the Medical Faculty of Cornell University. Outside his duties in connection with that institution he is a very active factor in promoting music in the schools, and is Chairman of the Music Council of the leading educational body of the State of New York. He is also the author of several manuals of teaching in connection with his propaganda, and he dealt at considerable length on the very methods of dealing with the problem that had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)

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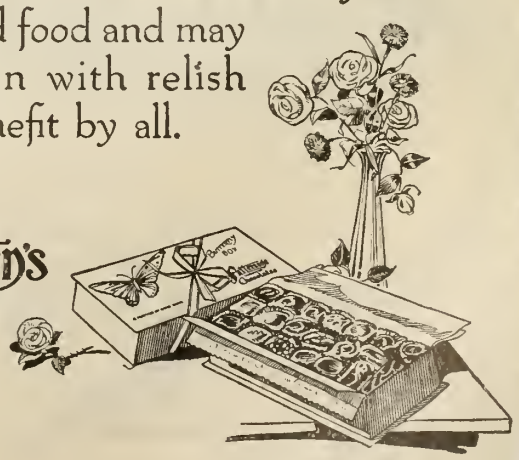
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QUICK PUDDINGS
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Another Photogravure Section Next Month

The Ranee's Bracelet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

escape by death from the shame of a pledge that could not be kept. "Here I wait," she cried, "till the great guns speak. Then we leap to our death together."

And that was why—though they never knew the reason—the astounded men on the roof of the Moti Bagh saw the guns deliberately dismounted and run over the edge of a seventy-foot wall. Only Marion whispered to the man who held her in his arms: "I know it is the Ranee's doing. She may not like the English, but she is determined to redeem the pledge of her bracelet."

"AND still you do not think the pledge of the bracelet has been kept?" A man was speaking to a woman on the roof of the white tower. She wore the plain white robes of a Hindoo widow, and she was very old, though the flash in her dark eyes showed that years had not broken the Ranee's imperious spirit. The elderly man with her wore the splendid dress of a reigning Hindoo prince—he was the child that the Ranee had threatened to leap to death with, nearly sixty years before.

"It is still binding on our honor," said the Ranee, very decidedly. "For see, after this that I have just told you—this palace secret of why the Rajah would not let the guns be fired—the others who hated the English drew away from us, and when the English recovered their power they increased our sovereignty, and gave us many other rewards. And as we were paid for what we had done, it followed that our debt of honor is still unpaid."

The Rajah looked from the tower across the plain—India in the winter months is a very pleasant flowery land—and he thought of the freezing mud in the Flanders trenches. Then he remembered his four sons. "And you judge, O mother," he said, "that all four should go with me?"

"Which of the four do you love so little that you would leave him behind, hurting his honor to avoid risking his life?"

So that is why Beelampore is emptied of young men to-day. With the Rajah and his four sons they went, to the trenches near Ypres that first terrible winter of the war, and then on to the deserts and hot marshes of the Euphrates valley. Many English are very friendly with the stately Hindoo prince, but not one of them knows what every child in Beelampore does—why he wears in the front of his turban, instead of a jewel of great price, just a thin band of silver—the Ranee's bracelet.

THE END.

The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS

Andrews, Martha Rose, Park Hill, Ont
Crossman, Muriel, Acton, Ont.
Fullerton, Ida, Desboro, Ont.
Gibson, Margaret, Locust Hill, Ont.
Howell, Maude, Goderich, Ont.
Hobberlin, Alfred, Toronto, Ont.
Johnston, Florence, Stayner, Ont.
Moffatt, Dorothy M., Raglan, Ont.
Speers, Aileen, Caledon, Ont.
Waechter, Andrew, Walkerton, Ont.

IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

By Ethel Bain

IT was a glorious sunshiny morning in May, and the sun was turning the newly awakened dandelions into shining buttons of gold, whilst the wind, still with a touch of the northern ice fields in its breath, played at hide-and-seek among the leaves and rustled through the undergrowth.

A burst of rippling, frolicsome music came up from the meadows and Bushy the red squirrel, out in search of breakfast paused for a moment. "Must be a lark," he said to himself. "There it goes," he chattered, as a bird suddenly shot into the air. "No it isn't," he went on. "It's a bobolink." He had caught sight of the buff colored patch in the middle of the songster's back. Moving but the tips of his wings and still singing his mad song—a melody full of the strangest twists that would defy any musician to capture, the bobolink flew up and down and then quickly dropped to earth and was lost to sight amongst the grasses.

Now Bushy Squirrel felt sure that he could find the bobolink's nest, but even he had to hunt for quite a while before he discovered it, so cleverly had Mrs. Bobolink disguised the heap of twigs and leaves with loose grass.

"Good morning," he chattered as he appeared at the edge of the nest.

"Bushy Squirrel, how dare you disturb me," Mrs. Bobolink exclaimed, and her mate rushed angrily at the visitor.

"I don't want to eat you," said the squirrel.

"Who knows? I've heard that you steal eggs."

"I do—sometimes, but I did not come to steal. I heard your song," went on the squirrel, turning to the bobolink, "and, well, I just felt that I'd like to know you. Why do you always nest in a meadow? Aren't you afraid when the hay is cut that you'll be hurt?"

"No," laughed the bobolink, "because, you see, by the time the hay is ready for cutting, we have finished our nesting season and also our work in the meadow is over."

"Why, what work do you do?"

"The farmer knows or he wouldn't have such a fine field of clover. If you watch this clover, as it grows day by day, you would see that there are hundreds and hundreds of caterpillars feeding on it. These we devour and thus save the crop from being destroyed. Then there are myriads of insects on the ground, which attack the roots of the clover and grass.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



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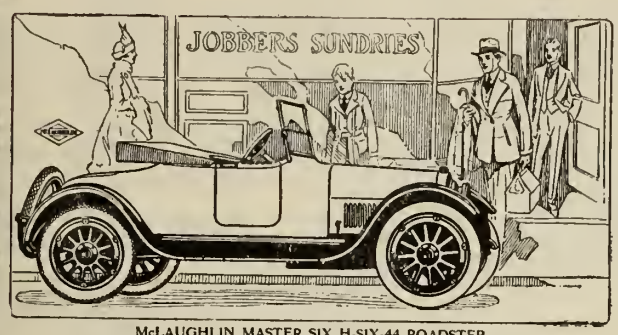
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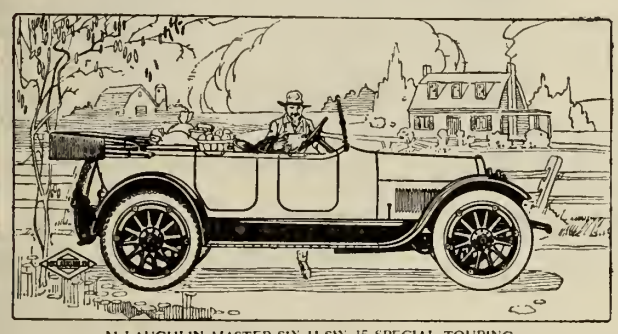
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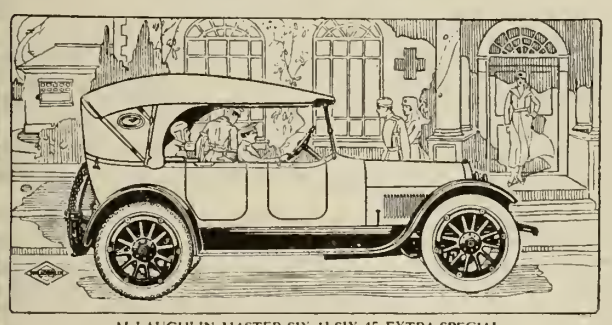
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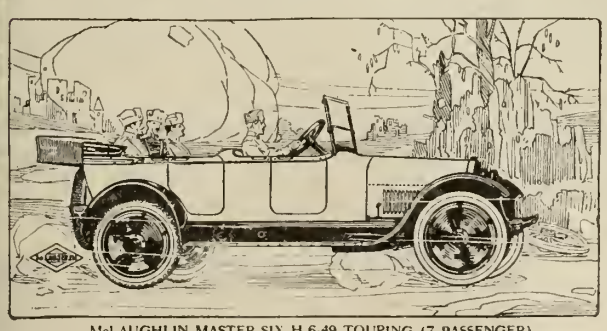
McLAUGHLIN MASTER SIX H-SIX-45 SPECIAL TOURING
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McLAUGHLIN MASTER SIX COUPE H-SIX-46



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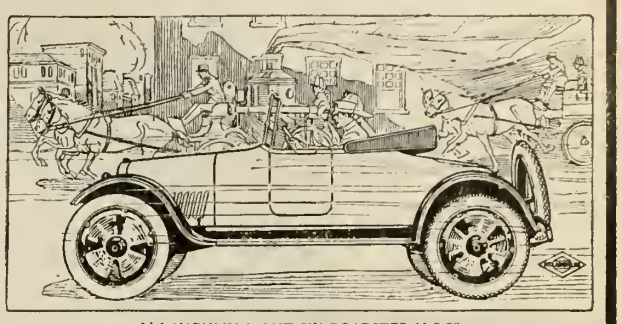
The new 1919 Series "H" more than uphold this high McLaughlin reputation. The Master Six Series are refined and improved in detail, making them more beautiful than ever.

Graceful in design and exquisite in finish and appointment, these models represent the best work of master builders and master artists.

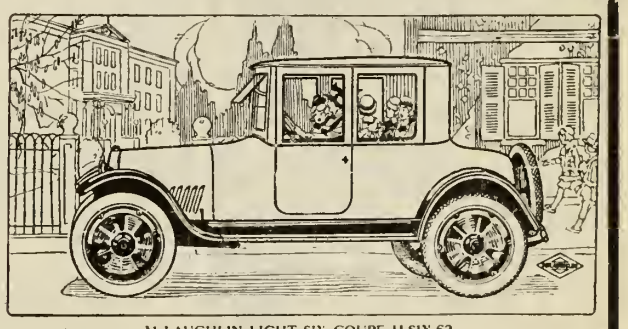
The Light Six Series maintains an established record for economy in gasoline consumption and tire mileage. No detail of material and workmanship has been stinted in production. For efficiency and economy in motoring cost the new Light Six Series stands without a peer in Canadian built cars.

The McLaughlin Series "H" for 1919 will appeal to motorists intending to purchase a new car this year. Call at the nearest McLaughlin show rooms.

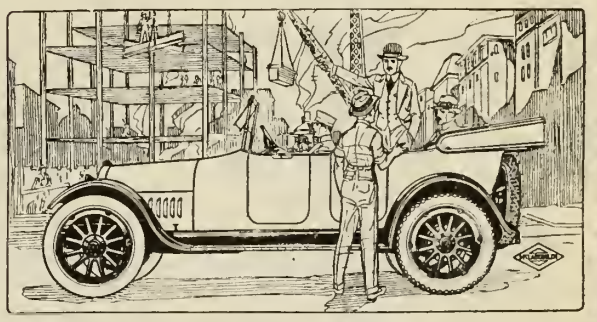
See the McLaughlin models at the nearest McLaughlin showrooms.



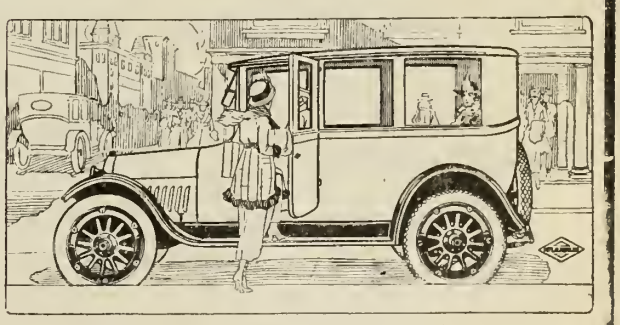
McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX ROADSTER H-6-62



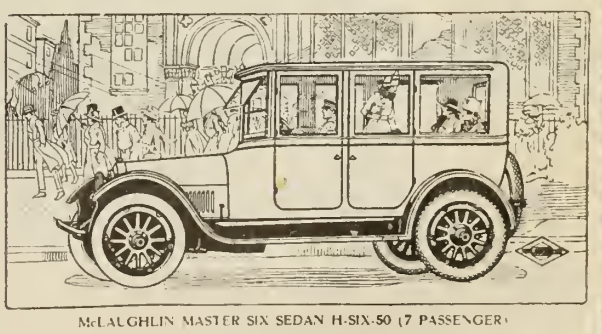
McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX COUPE H-SIX-62



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McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX SEDAN H-SIX-63



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Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

window out by the winter fold, and they were talking loudly as well as recklessly."

"There's no telling what these forest people may do," admitted Darrel. "I am immensely relieved to know that you and Valentine are to sail when I do. As for Kervyn Guild—" he made a hopeless gesture—"his mind is made up and that always settles it with him."

"He won't return with you?"

"No. He's joining the Belgians."

"Really!"

"Yes. You see his people were Belgian some generations back. It's a matter of honour with him and argument is wasted. But it hits me pretty hard."

"I can understand. He is a most delightful man."

"He is as straight and square as he is delightful. His mother is charming; his younger brother is everything you'd expect him to be after knowing Kervyn. Theirs is a very united family, but, do you know I am as certain as I am of anything that his mother absolutely approves of what he is about to do. She is that sort. It may kill her, but she'll die smiling."

Mrs. Courland's serious, sweet eyes rested on him, solemn with sympathy for the mother she had never met.

"The horrid thing about it all," continued Darrel, "is that Kervyn is one man in a million;—and in a more terrible sense, that is all he can be in this frightful and endless slaughter which they no longer even pretend to call one battle or many.

"He's a drop in an ocean, only another cipher in the trenches where hell's hail rains day and night, day and night, beating out lives without distinction, without the intelligence of choice—just raining, raining, and beating out life! . . . I can scarcely endure the thought of Kervyn ending that way—such a man—my friend——"

His voice seemed hoarse and he got up abruptly and walked to the window.

ASHES of roses lingered in the west; the forest was calm; not a leaf stirred in the lilac-tinted dusk.

Karen, who had been listening, stirred in the depths of her chair and clasped her fingers over her sewing.

Mrs. Courland said quietly:

"It is pleasant for any woman to have known such a man as Mr. Guild."

"Yes," said Karen.

"If the charm of his personality so impresses us who have known him only a very little while, I am thinking what those who are near and dear to him must feel."

"I, too," said Karen, faintly.

"Yet she loves him best who would not have it otherwise it seems."

A man came to light the lamps. And a little while after they were lighted Mrs. Courland quietly looked up from her knitting. One swift, clear glance she gave; saw in the young girl's eyes what she had already divined must be there. Then bent again above her ivory needles. After a while she sighed, very lightly.

"They're late," remarked Darrel from the window.

"They are probably strolling up the drive; Valentine knows enough not to get lost," said her mother.

After a few moments Karen said: "Would my playing disturb you?"

"No, dear. Please!"

So Karen rose and walked to the piano. Presently Darrel turned and seated himself to listen to the deathless sanity of Beethoven flowing from the keys under a young girl's slender fingers.

She was still seated there when Valentine came in, and turned her head from the keyboard, stilling the soft chords.

"We had such a good time," said Valentine. "We caught half a dozen trout, and then I took him to the Pulpit where we sat down and remained very quiet; and just at sunset three boar came out to feed on the oak mast; and he said that one of them was worth shooting!"

"You evidently *have* had a good time," said Darrel, smiling. "What happened to Guild. Did the boar tree *him*?"

"I think he'd be more likely to tree the boar," remarked the girl. And to her mother she said: "He went on toward the winter fold to talk to Michaud who has just returned from Trois Fontaines. There were a lot of men there, ours and a number of strangers. So I left him to talk to Michaud. What have you all been doing this afternoon?" turning to Karen, and from her, involuntarily to Darrel.

"Miss Girard and I have conversed philosophically and satisfactorily concerning everything on earth," he said. "I wish my conversations with you were half as satisfactory."

VALENTINE laughed, but there was a slight flush on her cheeks, and again she glanced at Karen, whose lovely profile was visible where she bent in silence above the keyboard.

"Your mother," remarked Darrel, "has decided to sail with me. Would you condescend to join us, Valentine?"

"Mother, are you really going back when Harry sails?"

"Yes. I don't quite like the attitude of the men here. And Harry thinks there is likely to be trouble between them and the Germans across the border."

The girl looked thoughtfully at her mother, then at Darrel, rather anxiously.

"Mother," she said, "I think it is a good idea to get Harry out of the country. He is very bad-tempered and if the Germans come here and are impudent to us he'll certainly get himself shot!"

"I! I haven't the courage of a caterpillar!" protested Darrel.

"You're the worst fibber in the Ardennes! You *did* kill that grey boar this morning! What do you mean by telling us that you went up a tree! Maxl, the garde-de-chasse at the Silverwiltz gate, heard your shot and came up. And you told him to dress the boar and send a cart for it. Which he did!—you senseless prevaricator!"

"Oh, my!" said Darrel meekly.

"And you're wearing a bandage below your knee where the boar bit you when you gave him the coup-de-grace! Maxl washed and bound it for you! What a liar you are, Harry! Does it hurt?"

"To be a liar?"

"No! Where you were tusked?"

"Maxl was stringing you, fair maid," he said lightly.

"He wasn't! You walk lame!"

"Laziness and gout account for that débutante slouch of mine. But, of course, if you care to hold my hand——"

The girl looked at him, vexed, yet laughing:

"I don't *want* people who do not know you to think you really are the dub you pretend to be! Do you wish Miss Girard to believe it?"

"Truth is mighty and must——"

"I know more about you than you think I do, Harry. Mr. Guild portrayed for me a few instances of your 'mouse'-like courage. And I don't wish you to lose your temper and be shot if the Uhlans ride into Lesse and insult us all! Therefore I approve of our sailing for home. And the sooner the better!"

"You frighten me," he said; "I think I'll ask Jean to pack my things now." And he got up, limping, and started for the door.

"Mother," she said, "that boar's tusks may poison him. Won't you make him let us bandage it properly;"

"I think you had better, Harry," said Mrs. Courland, rising.

"Oh, no; it's all right——"

"Harry!" That was all Valentine said. But he stopped short.

"Take his other arm, mother," said the girl with decision.

She looked over her shoulder at Karen; the two young girls exchanged a smile; then Valentine marched off with her colossal liar.

CHAPTER XX

MICHAUD, head forester, had taken off his grey felt hat respectfully when Valentine introduced him to Guild, there in the lantern light of the winter sheep fold. A dozen or more men standing near by in shadowy groups had silently uncovered at the same time. Two wise-looking sheep dogs, squatted on their haunches, looked at him.

Then the girl had left Guild there and returned to the house.

"I should like to have a few moments' quiet conversation with you," said Guild; and the stalwart, white-haired forester stepped quietly aside with him, following the younger man until they were out of earshot of those gathered by the barred gate of the fold.

"You are Belgian?" inquired Guild pleasantly.

"*De Trois Fontaines, monsieur.*"

It was a characteristic reply. A Belgian does not call himself a Belgian. Always designates his nationality by naming his birthplace—as though the world must know that it is in Belgium.

"And those people over there by the sheep fold?" asked Guild.

"Our men—some of them—from Ixl, from the Black Erenz and the White, from Lesse—one from Liege. And there is one, a stranger."

"From where?"

"Moresnet."

"Has he any political opinions?"

"He says his heart is with us. It is mostly that way in Moresnet."

"In Moresnet ten per cent. of the people are Germans in sympathy," remarked Guild. "What is this man? A miner?"

"A charcoal burner."

"Does he seem honest?"

"Yes, Monsieur," said the honest forester, simply.

Guild laid one hand on the man's broad shoulder:

"Michaud," he said quietly, "I know I am among friends if you say I am. I mean friends to Belgium."

THE dark eyes of the tall forester seemed to emit a sudden sparkle in the dusk.

"Monsieur is American?"

"Yes. My grandfather was Belgian."

"Monsieur is a friend?"

"Michaud, my name, in America is Guild. My name in Belgium is Kervyn Gueldres. Judge, then, whether I am a friend to your country and your king."

"Gueldres!" whispered the forester, rigid. "Kervyn of Gueldres, Comte d'Yvoir, Hastiere——"

"It is so written on the rolls of the Guides."

"Monsieur le Comte has served!"

"Two years with the colours. I am here to report for duty. Do you feel safe to trust me now, Michaud, my friend?"

The tall, straight forester uncovered. "Trust a Gueldres! My God!"

"Put on your hat," said Guild, bluntly, "I am American when I deal with men!"

"Monsieur le Comte——"

"'Monsieur' will do. Give me your hand! That is as it should be. We understand each other I think. Now tell me very clearly exactly what happened this morning on the hill meadows of the Paillard estate."

"Monsieur le——"

"Please remember!"

"Pardon! Monsieur Guild, the Grey Uhlans rode over the border and laughed at the gendarme on duty. Straight they made for our hill meadows, riding at ease and putting their horses to the hedges. Schultz, our herdsman, saw them trotting like wolves of the Black Erenz, ran to the wooden fence to close the gate, but their lances rattling on the pickets frightened him.

"They herded the cattle while their officers sat looking on by the summer fold.

"'Do not these cattle and sheep belong to the Paillard estate?' asks one of the officers of Schultz. And, 'Very well then!' says he; 'we are liquidating an old account with Monsieur Paillard!'

"And with that a company of the Grey Ones canters away across the valley and up the slope beyond where our shepherd, Jean Pascal, is sitting with his two dogs.

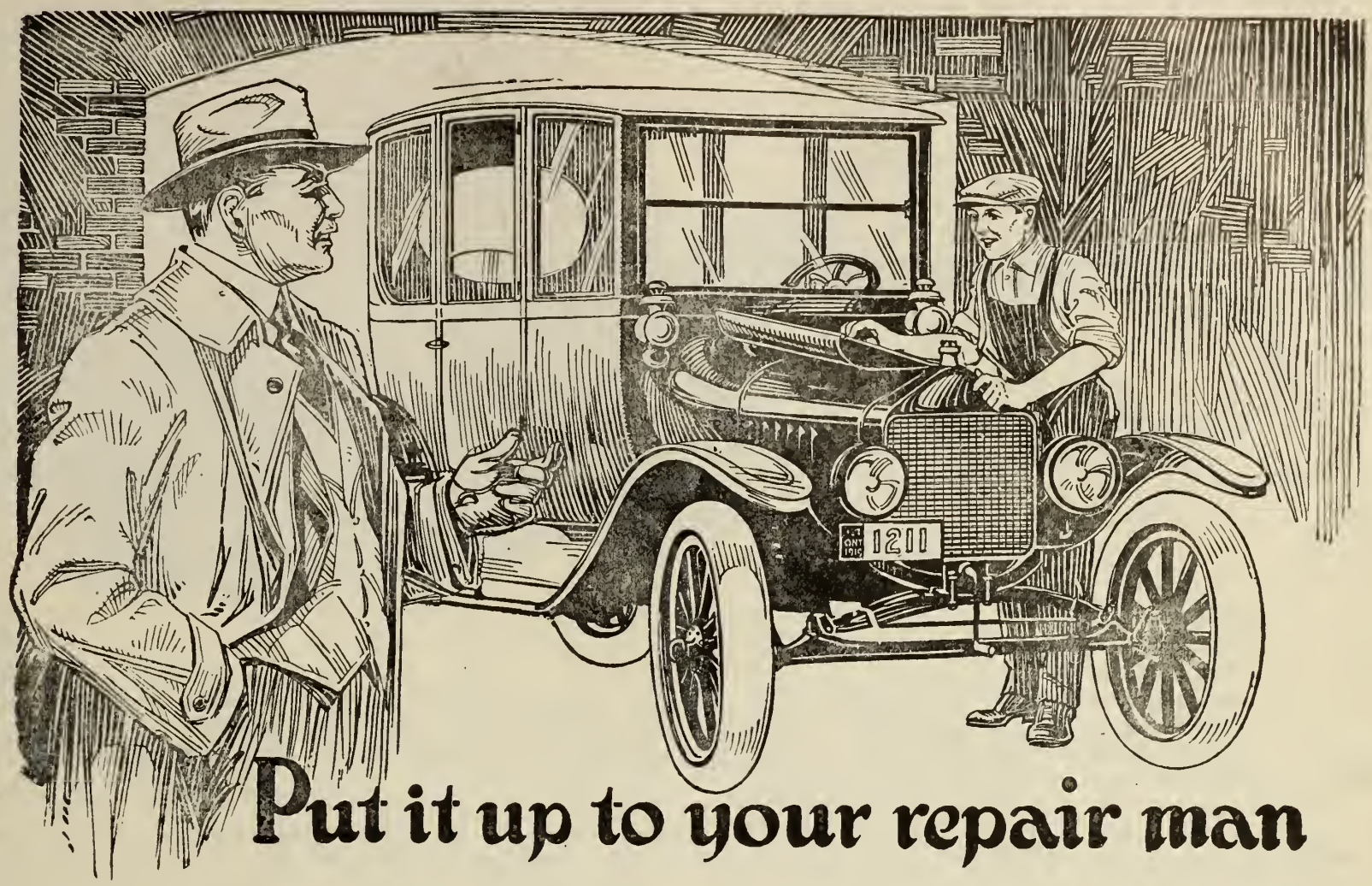
"'You, there!' they call out to him. 'Send out your dogs and herd your sheep!' And, when he only gapes at them, one of their riders wheels on him, twirling his lance and shoves him with the counter-balance.

"SO they make him drive his flock for them across the valley, and then over the border—all the way on foot, Monsieur; and then they tell him to loiter no more but to go about his business.

"That is what has happened on our hill pasture. He, the lad, Pascal, is over there with his dogs"—pointing toward the fold—"almost crazed with grief and shame. And, Schultz, he wishes us to organize as a franc-corps. Me? I don't know what to do—what with Monsieur Paillard away, and the forests in my care. Were it not for my responsibility—— "

"I know, Michaud. But what could an isolated franc-corps do? Far better to join your class if you can—when your responsibility here permits. Those young men, there, should try to do the same."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)



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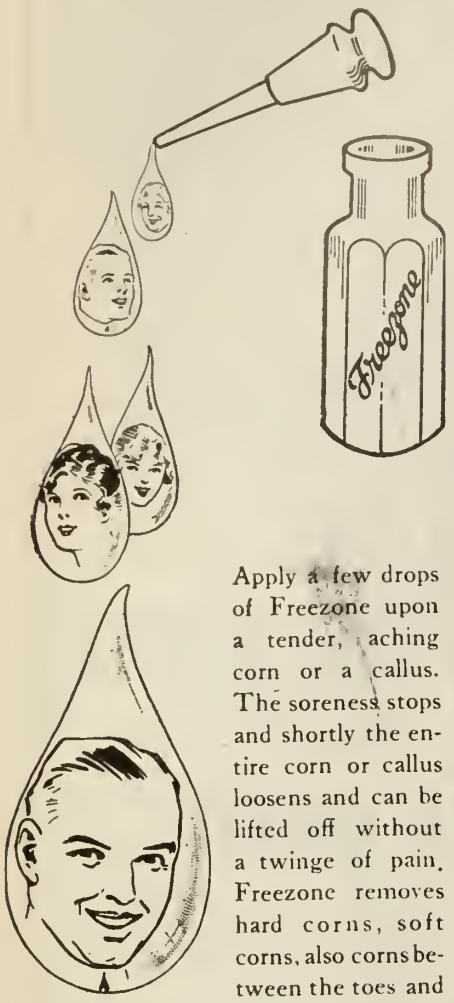
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Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

"MONSIEUR is right! Even the classes of 1915, '16, and '17 have been called. I have reminded them. But this outrage on the hill pastures has inflamed them and made hot-heads of everybody. They wish to take their guns and hunt Grey Uhlans. They don't know what they are proposing. I saw something of that in '70. Why the Prussians hung or shot every franc-tireur they caught; and invariably the nearest village was burned. And I say to them that even if Monsieur Paillard is dead, as many are beginning to believe, his death does not alter our responsibility. Why should we bring reprisals upon his roof, his fields, his forests? No, that is not honest conduct. But if we are now really convinced of his death, as soon as Madame Courland leaves, let us turn over the estate to the proper authorities in Luxembourg. Then will each and all of us be free to join the colours when summoned—if God will only show us how to do it."

"Madame Courland and mademoiselle ought to go to-morrow," said Guild. "One or another of your hot-heads over there might get us into trouble this very night."

"The man from Moresnet talks loudest. I have tried to reason with him," said Michaud. "Would you come to the fold with me?"

They walked together toward the lantern light; the men standing there turned toward them and ceased their excited conversation.

"Friends," said old Michaud simply, "this gentleman's name is Kervyn of Gueldres. I think that is sufficient for any Belgian, or for any man from the Grand Duchy?"

Off came every hat.

"Cover yourselves," continued Michaud calmly. "Monsieur, who has become an American, desires to be known as Monsieur Guild without further mark of respect. This also is sufficient for us all, I suppose. Thou! Jean Pascal, cease thy complaints and stand straight and wipe thy tears. By God, I think there are other considerations in Lesse Forest than the loss of thy sheep and of Schultz's cattle!"

"M-my sheep are gone!" blubbered the boy, "I was too cowardly to defend them——"

"Be quiet," said Guild. "It was not a question of your courage! You did wisely. Show equal wisdom now."

"But I shall go after Uhlans now with my fusil-de-chasse! Ah, the cowards of Germans! Ah, the brigands——"

"Cowards! Assassins!" muttered the other. "Grey wolves run when a man goes after them——"

"You are wrong," said Guild quietly. "Germans are no cowards. If they were there would be no credit for us in fighting them. Don't make any mistake you men of the Ardennes; their soldiers are as brave as any soldiers. And where you belong is with your colours, with your classes, and in uniform. That's where I also belong; that's where I am going if I can find out how to go. Perhaps one of you can guide me. Think it over. Keep cool, and listen to Michaud, who is older and wiser than all of us."

THERE was a profound silence. Then a voice from the darkness, very distinct:

"I have seen red. It is necessary for me to bleed an Uhlan!"

Guild walked toward the sound of the voice: "Who are you?" he demanded.

"*Moi, je suis de Moresnet!*"

"Then you'd better go back to the zinc mines of Moresnet, my friend. No Uhlans will trouble you down there."

And, aside to Michaud: "Look out for that young man from Moresnet. He's too hotly a Belgian to suit my taste."

"Monsieur, he is a talker," said Michaud with a shrug.

"My friend, be careful that he is nothing more dangerous."

"Ah, sacre bleu!" exclaimed the forester, reddening to his white temples—"if any of that species had the temerity to come among us!——"

"Michaud, they might even be among the King's own entourage. . . .No doubt that fellow is merely, as you say, a talker. But—he should not be left to wander about the woods *alone*. And, tell me, is there anybody else you know of who might do something rash to-night along the boundary?"

"Monsieur—there are two or three poor devils who escaped the firing squads at Yslemont. They live in our forest, hiding. Our people feed them."

Guild said in a troubled voice: "Such charity is an obligation. But nevertheless it is a peril and a menace to us all."

"Were this estate my own," said the sturdy forester, "I would shelter them as long as they desired to remain. But I am responsible to Monsieur Paillard, and to his tenant, Madame Courland. Therefore I have asked these poor refugees to continue on to Diekirch or to Luxembourg where the sight of an Uhlan's schapska will be no temptation to them."

"You are right, Michaud." He held out his hand; the forester grasped it. "To-morrow we should talk further. Our duty is to join the colours, not to prowl through the woods assassinating Uhlans. Good night! In the morning then?"

"At Monsieur's service."

"And both of us at the service of the bravest man in Europe—Albert, the King!"

Off came their hats. And, as they stood there in silence under the stars, from far away across the misty sea of trees came the sound of a gun-shot.

"One of your men?" asked Guild sharply.

"I don't know, Monsieur. Big boar feed late. A poacher perhaps. Perhaps a garde-de-chasse at Trois Fontaines."

"I hope nothing worse."

"I pray God not."

They continued to listen for a while, but no other sound broke the starry silence. And finally Guild turned away with a slight gesture, and walked slowly back to the Lodge.

Lights from the tall windows made brilliant patches and patterns across terrace and grass and flowers; the front door was open and the pleasant ruddy lamp-light streamed out.

VALENTINE passing and mounting the stairs caught sight of him and waved her hand in friendly salute.

"We're sterilizing Harry's shins—mother and I. The foolish boy was rather badly tusked."

"Is he all right?"

"Perfectly, and bored to death by our fussing."

She ran on up the stairs, paused again: "We're not dressing for dinner," she called down to him, and vanished.

Guild said, "All right!" glanced at the hall clock, and sauntered on into the big living-room so unmistakably American in its brightness and comfort.

But it was not until he had dropped back into the friendly embrace of a stuffed arm-chair that he was aware of Karen curled up in the depths of another, sewing.

"I didn't know you were here," he said coolly. 'Have you had an agreeable afternoon?"

"Yes, thank you."

"It's a very charming place."

"Yes."

"I think the Courlands are delightful."

"Very."

"Miss Courland and I had a wonderful walk. We had no trouble in taking all the trout we needed for dinner, and then we went to a rock called The Pulpit, where we lay very still and talked only in whispers until three wild boar came out to feed."

Karen lifted her eyes from her sewing. They seemed unusually dark to him, almost purple.

"After that," he went on, "we walked back along the main ride to a carrefour where the drive crosses; and so back here. That accounts for my afternoon." He added, smiling carelessly: "May I ask you to account for yours?"

"Yes, please."

'Very well, then I do ask it."

She bent over her sewing again: "I have been idle. The sun was agreeable. I went for a little stroll alone and found an old wall and a pool and a rose garden."

"And then?"

"The rose garden is very lovely. I sat there sewing and—thinking——"

"About what?"

"About—you—mostly."

He said steadily enough: "Were your thoughts pleasant?"

"Partly."

"Only partly?"

"Yes. . . . I remembered that you are joining your regiment."

"But that should not be an unpleasant thought for you, Karen."

"No. I would have it so, of course. It could not be otherwise under the circumstances."

"It could not be otherwise," he said pleasantly; but his grey eyes never left the pale, sweet profile bent above the leisurely moving needle.

"I understand."

"I know you understand *that*—at least, Karen."

"Yes. Other matters, too—a little better than I did—this morning."

"What matters?" he asked casually. But his heart was threatening to meddle with his voice; and he set his lips sternly and touched his short mustache with careless fingers.

Karen bent still lower over her sewing. The light was perfectly good however.

"What," he asked again, "are the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)

Around the Hearth

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

sacrifice in the last days of the great war, was staying with a relative of his in a large city. One evening they went the rounds of the theatres in a reportorial way, as his friend was in journalistic work. It was a new experience, and the boy enjoyed it, but on the next invitation he declined.

"It's all right, you know," he said, "but, somehow, I think mother would rather I didn't go." She was miles away, and need never have known, but her influence was alive in him. When the little incident was related to her afterward, it afforded her no small consolation to know that her son honored what he believed were her wishes.

What millions of mothers' letters must have been carried overseas during the past four years and more! What messages of love and hope went across in those letters, mingled with faith in the boy and confidence in his integrity! In one newspaper I read the report of a bullet having struck a young man, but a bunch of letters from his mother carried in the left pocket, saved his life.

Many of us have a sacred drawer, and tied up with ribbon are mother's letters. We take them out sometimes and read her loving words. They were so sincere, and rang so true to her ideals—precious relics of mother.

Her prayers were sweet incense poured out in our behalf. They held us back from straying. They never lost their power even when we were far away. The yearning note followed on, and connected the soul of mother and child. Even the sinful soul has been reclaimed by memories of prayers which have proven to be immortal. The quotations of Scripture verse are especially indelible as the years testify to their veracity.

And so we pay our tribute to the mothers who are with us, and to those who have passed "within the veil." We can all be thankful that God implanted in mothers His own nature of love. His wisdom and forbearance in dealing with our failings, and His great consolations. "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you."

What a Playground Means to a Community

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

then that the supervisor gathers her ducklings under the roof of the rainy-day play house. For the larger children folk dancing or dramatic work are practiced, or sometimes dumbbells or club swinging. The older girls often take up their bead or basket work, while for the little ones such wonderful stories unfold which make the characters of fairyland so enchanting and realistic that the rain is entirely forgotten.

THEN as to the course itself. It has an advantage that few vocational courses possess, for the girl who wishes to make a study of playground work can do so, and at the same time keep up with any other employment she may wish, in the daytime giving one evening a week and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58.)



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The Work of Canadian Women's Institutes and Affiliated Societies Broadens

THE FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF CANADA.

At a meeting held in Winnipeg in February, when the Women's Institutes of the Dominion were federated into a National Institute, the following similar organizations came into the Federation: The Home Makers' Clubs of Saskatchewan, the Home Makers' Clubs and the Cereles de Fermieres of Quebec, and the Home Economics Societies of Manitoba. This Federation unites approximately 100,000 women, and thus becomes the largest women's organization in Canada. The organization is strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian. Its motto is "For Home and Country."

Several important resolutions were passed. The following are given, not as being more important than the others, but as those which will be laid before the Federal Parliament now in session:

1. That whereas the present method of granting decrees of divorce is both costly and inconvenient; and whereas it is desirable that we should have uniformity of laws relating to the annulment of the marriage contract;

Be it resolved that the Federal Government be petitioned to establish divorce courts in each of the provinces, such courts to be governed by Federal enactments.

2. That the Standing Committees on Legislation do take steps to lay before the Federal Government the extreme desirability of their placing on the Statutes as enactments, the recent Orders-in-Council concerning Registration and anti-loafing.

3. That the Committee on Legislation do petition the Federal Government to grant the right to women to enter the House of Commons as members thereof.

4. That whereas at a sparsely attended meeting of the Senate, and without proper consideration, the amendment to the Criminal Code raising the age of consent, was vetoed by the Senate, we would respectfully urge that with further consideration, this legislation be placed upon the Statutes of Canada.

Among the general resolutions were the following which are of common interest:

1. That greater emphasis be placed in the schools upon the instilling into the children those ideals which pertain to and promote true citizenship and loyalty to the Canadian nation, and the whole British Empire.

2. That the Union Jack be placed in a prominent position in all schools in Canada; that it be saluted with the words "For God and My Country," and that this resolution be put before the Standing Committee on Education.

Speaking of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, a Vancouver editor has said: "In the National Federation of Women's Institutes there has arisen a mighty force for good, whose influence knows no bounds. Indeed, we may say with assurance that with the inception of such an organization, Canada has arrived at a turning point in the history of her onward progress and that henceforth no amount of crooked work or of profiteering schemes on the part of party politicians and their confederates, the big interests, will be able to stay our country from achieving a higher and nobler civilization."

The Winnipeg "Free Press" says: "It is too soon to adopt the role of prophet and forthwith tell what a mighty force this organization is going to wield in the affairs of this Dominion. It can only wield that force if the whole is vitalized by the interests of the Provincial Organizations. . . . Does this mean that the federation will become a political force? It certainly does but not in the partisan sense. Politics in the ordinary sense of the term would be a deplorable thing to get into such an organization,—indeed, it would be the beginning of the end. But politics in the broad sense of study of national problems must be taken up by these organizations if they are to keep abreast of the times, which is their hope of life. This is politics as it should be. After study and investigation the members can do their own choosing as to party. Here's good luck to the Federation of Women's Institutes of Canada."

Extracts from Reports of Superintendent, Geo. A. Putnam, as presented at the Provincial Women's Institute Convention, held at Toronto, February 4th, 5th and 6th.

After expressing deep gratitude at the conclusion of hostilities, and a reference to the splendid patriotic work of the members, Mr. Putnam said:

"The field of regular Institute activity at the last pre-war convention in the fall of 1913 was very broad; to-day it is much broader, for we have not only the problems of five years ago, but added responsibilities. In reviewing the programmes of pre-war days, it is surprising the large proportion of the long list of topics for discussion, addresses, demonstrations, and exhibits, which bear directly or indirectly upon the problem of the child, and to-day the child problem of the nation has been added to by additional problems,—the land settlement plans, the re-adjustment to industry plans, the social problems, the church problems, etc., of the returned soldier. Many of the good men who left us as men have come back as children in so far as re-establishment and re-education are concerned, and those who went away as boys have come back as men, and what different men to what they would otherwise have been, and what ideals they have for the betterment of civil and industrial conditions!

"You have an unlimited field of activity from which to choose, and it is no small responsibility for the officers of a branch institute to determine the line of activity for the coming months and it must be left largely with the officers or special committees to determine, not what *might be introduced*, but what portion of the great variety of possible work *will occupy their attention* in the immediate future.

"And if it is a great responsibility for the individual branch to determine upon the programme of action the responsibility becomes all the greater for the district officers and for those who have general direction of the work. We have always aimed to base our advice and determine our course of action so far as departmental activities are concerned, only after a careful survey of conditions and in the light of the experience and advice of local and district officers and lecturers and demonstrators representing the department. The responsibility is greater than ever and we realize that with the expansion of the work, which is assured, the necessity for an advisory council truly representative of the Institutes as a whole is greater than ever, and I trust that you will take action in forming such a representative council or committee with which departmental officials may consult and advise from time to time; and there is much which the individual member of such a council may do to stimulate a greater interest in the work in general and in her own section of the province in particular. We want the best they have to offer, and we will try to give the best we have ourselves.

"We have met to review very briefly the activities of the past and to consider more fully the responsibilities which rest upon you as representative of the womanhood of the rural districts. Our deliberations at the last four conventions have been almost entirely of war work and those features which had become of added importance because of the war—health problems, food values, efficiency in methods of work, etc. Now, we face new conditions and a period of very rapid development and much re-adjustment.

"The high motives which inspired the women and girls of the Institutes at the outbreak of war to forego the advantages of regular Institute programmes, in which you were so much interested and which were so dear to you, and devote your energies and resources to patriotic effort, is the same spirit which will lead you to accept the new responsibilities, and shall I say the greater responsibilities which present themselves to you as leaders in an organization which will be looked to in an ever increasing degree for guidanee in community undertakings and those activities (and there are many of them) which must be left to combined action rather than individual effort. Many problems of the whole people are already presenting themselves and will continue to develop as re-adjustment, reconstruction and re-establishment progress. The Women's Institutes have beeome known and have gained the well deserved place which they hold in public opinion, through being thoroughly practical and ready to do the duty next them,—always ready to accept responsibility.

"The Institutes have not always stopped to ask whether or not the thing which needed attention rightfully belonged to their province, but if the need existed, they were liberal in their interpretation of responsibility and a means of meeting it was sought. If the task was beyond their powers they used their influence to get responsible persons to act rather than to rest in inactive criticism and shirk responsibility, even though some mistakes may be made and some criticism offered. Let us in formulating plans at this convention keep the one fact before us, that the Institutes have been and are for the whole people; a sort of clearing house where community problems, and, if necessary, the individual need, can receive that consideration which will result in effective action.

"The responsibilities and resultant efficiency on the part of the Institute members can be fully experienced only away from the centres of popuation. When the general manager, the purchasing agent, the governess, the laundress, the baker, the cook, the general utility woman are combined in the one personality, and combined efficiently, the results are beyond what practical experience in the city or a class room instruction can offer. Coming successfully through the experience of 'manager-laborer' as nearly all women have in the rural districts produces a womanhood of the keenest and sanest judgment and highest efficiency.

"All successful undertakings even in peace times are directly or indirectly attributable to the efforts of women, for what can man do without the care that is only possible through efficiency in the opposite sex? The farm without the efficient home-maker is not a paying enterprise or a happy place of abode, and the success of the merchant, the artisan and the professional man depends to a large extent upon the comforts and efficiency found in the home.

"With this efficiency acknowledged, it is inconsistent to undertake community effort in which the whole people are interested without the combined deliberations and active co-operation of both men and women. Men are coming to more highly appreciate women, and women are coming to value more fully than ever the business ability of men as they become more closely associated and interdependent in public undertakings. I believe the great hope in the educational problem in Ontario is in the fact that the women are going to have more to do with the schools from this day on.

"Our schools, our libraries, our community centres, our churches, our hospitals, our charitable institutions, our houses of refuge, health campaigns, and other efforts of the people for the people will show more efficiency when we have the united effort of all interested, both men and women.

"The Institutes have gained their enviable position not through insistent resolutions, unreasonable demands and agitation, but by establishing confidence through keenness of judgment, saneness of suggestion and a readiness to do their part in a spirit of sacrifice.

"While the Department of Agriculture has a responsibility to perform and while there are certain things that must be done through the central office, don't forget that while the success of the Institute depends, in part, upon Departmental action and Departmental support, the real success depends on what comes from the people themselves."

After setting forth the gradual development of the work and the growing importanee of its activities, the speaker dealt with Medical School Inspection, stating that, "An examination merely for the purpose of informing them that their children are ailing is of little value in itself. To be of real value it must be followed by treatment of the ailing ones; and in a health campaign to be of greatest value the aim should be to prevent illness rather than wait until treatment is necessary. During the year 1917-18, 14,067 children were examined in 289 schools of the Province and the approximate percentage of defects were as follows:

Impaired vision	19%
Defective teeth	68%
Defective hearing	10%
Defective tonsils	33%

"An alarming condition! If you went to the Government and reported that the live stock of the country were affected as seriously as has been demonstrated in the case of the children, and asked them to spend $75,000 to combat disease and defects, it would not take them long to get the money. Are not the children more valuable than live stock?

"Thirteen thousand girls and women have during the past six years taken advantage of the very liberal offer to give free courses of two weeks each in Home Nursing and First Aid, Domestic Science and Sewing.

"The Institutes cannot surely fully appreciate the very liberal offer which yet stands good to the women of the Institute. I do not recall any centre where the members of a demonstration-lecture class do not fully realize the superior value of this systematic instruction as compared to any other form of effort in Institute work. It gives sufficient definite information upon one line of work to be of lasting value, and places the members of the class in a position to make further study and experiment. Even though the instruction were not of great value, the opportunity of bringing together from day to day for a period of two weeks the young girls in a rural district where new friendships are formed, new ideas imbibed and new ideals set up, the time and expense would be justified.

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Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42.)

"All Departments of the Government undertaking work in the rural districts are anxious to link up with the Women's Institutes and I am confident that no community which has its best interests at heart, and is fully acquainted with the advantages to be derived through a local Women's Institute, will fail to organize. There are many groups of girls and women who have been brought together to undertake patriotic work, but who are now looking for something attractive and of value to occupy their energy and time and afford a means of more closely cementing the bond which has been established through common effort. The splendid programme presented through the Women's Institute should prove attractive to these people. Notify the Department of any such group or Club and we shall be pleased to forward literature and direct or assist in organizing.

"We hear a great deal about the necessity for greater social advantage in the rural districts, the place of the consolidated school, provision for amusement and entertainment, including games on a larger and more systematic scale, a system of Medical School Inspection for the rural districts, etc. Governments do not usually go beyond expressed public opinion (and we have the means of expressing very good public opinion in and through the Women's Institutes) In introducing legislation and providing funds for the purpose of bettering those facilities which are dependent to a greater or lesser degree upon Government support. A judicious use of the facilities already at hand and united action on the part of the persons vitally concerned is to be expected before Government action may be looked for. How many public schools in the rural districts and the towns and villages are utilized for the whole people to the extent which would naturally be looked for before greater facilities will be provided? Why the schoolhouse should be occupied only during study hour and the parlor for visitors' day only, has never yet been satisfactorily explained. The school and the parlor should be the living room, one for the community and the other for the family. It is not always possible to utilize the school in this way. Why not build a Community Hall if there is no public building available for use as a community home? Utilize what you have to best advantage and you may expect to get better facilities for carrying out your plans, either through local effort or Government assistance, or possibly both. If you make an effort to utilize what you have and you are struggling under great disadvantages, and the Government hears about it, I have no doubt that some assistance will be given.

"If you are to attract and hold the worthy men who have come back from the field of battle to take up civilian life again, it can only be through an earnest effort to provide attractive and helpful entertainment, amusement and instruction, to take the place of the close comradeship and the unceasing activity which have characterized the life of the soldier. The isolation of working alone in the fields and in the barns will be more lonely than ever for him, and his evenings and Sundays must be made interesting.

"Ontario with her 899 branches, and some twenty Girls' Clubs or Junior Women's Institutes, and over thirty thousand members (30,096) has more branches and a larger membership than the rest of the Dominion put together, and the prospects were never brighter for extension of the work to new centres and an increase in membership. Let us get together, for an aggressive campaign of expansion; the need was never greater or the programme more attractive. You can approach your friends and neighbors with every confidence.

"You are an important section, the mother, of organizations which have grown to large proportions and which are destined to play an important part in local and national affairs in the years to come. Let us study the situation, respond to the call,—and cooperate with other organizations and the Governments in building better than we have heretofore. Let us introduce the doctrine of prevention rather than correction or cure; and give our children every chance and encouragement to become worthy citizens of a progressive, prosperous honourable Canada."

Many Institutes Being Organized

A great many applications have been received for speakers to attend special meetings with a view of organizing Institutes. Most of these meetings are asked for by groups of women and girls who have been devoting their attention to patriotic effort and are now ready for something of a real, practical and helpful nature such as the Women's Institute has to offer.

A great many enquiries are coming to hand regarding Institute organization and the programme for the coming year, and the prospects are that the number of branches will be very greatly increased during the present spring and coming fall.

In the June issue of this Journal announcement will be made as to the service which the Institutes' branch will be able to render the various local branches. No rural community can well afford to be without an organization through which they can receive assistance only in groups and not as individuals.

A few of the Institutes recently organized are: North Crowland, Mt. St. Louis, Glenora, Harwood, Dorchester, Underwood, Williamsburg, Glen Eden, Crediton, Farquhar, Hurondale, Phillipsville, and a number of Girls' Institutes.

The Mt. St. Louis secretary writes, under date April 4th, "Our first meeting was a great success, according to my way of thinking. We had two splendid papers, one on 'Meat Substitutes,' and one on 'Home Nursing.' At our May meeting we are to discuss Gardening."

A Letter of Thanks

The following letter from the Field Secretary of the Navy League of Canada was received by Mr. Putnam, Superintendent of Ontario Institutes, a short time ago:

"I am desired by the Executive of the Navy League of Canada, Ontario Division, to express their very sincere appreciation to the women of your Association for the very splendid manner in which they came to the help of the Navy League in the matter of securing Christmas parcels and Naval comforts for the sailors. It was a great effort and the result was of a magnificent character, bringing satisfaction to all who had any small part to play, and, if you will kindly convey to the women whom you have the honor to represent, our sense of appreciation, our executive will be much obliged."

Conference of Ontario Lecturers

The Conference of Lecturers was held on April 22, 23 and 24, when the following subjects were fully considered:

"Provincial and National Federation"; "The Returned Soldier and Reconstruction"; "Rural Hygiene"; "What to teach about Parenthood and how to teach it"; "Ideal Features of a Modern Rural School"; "Laws Relating to Women and Children"; "Community Halls"; "Travelling Libraries"; "Medical School Inspection, including Follow-up Work, and Clinics"; "Agriculture as Education"; "Equipment for Playgrounds"; "Education for the New World after the War"; "Complete Education of the Girl"; "The Consolidated School Problem as Related to Ontario"; "Home and School Club Work as it affects the School and the Community Life of either Rural or City Districts"; "Mothers' Pensions"; "The Labor Situation"; "The Housing Problem"; "National War Savings"; "Social Hygiene"; "Standard Efficiency Tests"; "The School as a Community Centre."

This most attractive list of subjects insures a great fund of most interesting and practical information for our Institutes, and everything points to a most successful series of Institute meetings during the early summer. The topics receiving emphasis at this conference are, as will be noted, of vital importance at the present time.

Assistance to be Given in Financing the Building of Community Halls

A goodly number of Women's Institutes have already on hand funds as the foundation for the erection of community halls, and these especially will welcome the announcement made by the Hon. Geo. S. Henry, on March 24th, of a Bill to be brought before the Ontario Legislature, by which provision is made for giving assistance, not exceeding $2,000 in any case, toward the erection of community halls. If an Institute expends, say, one thousand dollars it will be entitled to a grant of $250 from the Government. This effort must be in cooperation with the Municipal Corporation of the township concerned. A township council may by a By-law provide for the establishment of a community hall and athletic field in accordance with the provisions of this Act.

There will be some slight changes in this bill, but not likely anything of an important character.

Provision is being made to send two copies of this Act to each secretary as soon as it has received its final reading.

How the Institute Hall at Garden Hill Was Built

In reply to an inquiry regarding the Institute hall of the Garden Hill Branch in East Durham, the secretary writes:

"We began to build our hall the year before the war, were given a free site, purchased an old barn for $50 for rough lumber, and purchased all our new lumber in a near-by town. Our hall is a frame building, 30x50 feet, finished outside with matched lumber and inside with varnished pine. There is a platform the entire width of the hall, 10 feet wide, with dressing rooms at the back. At the time of building, it cost us about $1,000 and could not now be built for double that money. The men of the country around gave their help for any teaming required, without charge.

"Before beginning to build, we raised in subscriptions nearly $750 and borrowed the balance. Last year, in spite of all patriotic and Red Cross work, we paid our last instalment on the hall and it is now free of debt.

"Besides this, we purchased chairs and seats sufficient to furnish the building."

What a Few Institutes Have Done and are Planning to Do

In the four months ending with March, the Comber Women's Institute, with Mrs. I. Ainslie as President, has shipped 170 pairs of socks, valued at $2.15 each, and 159 refugee garments valued at $1.39 each. A barrel of fruit valued at $15.00 was sent to the Byron Hospital.

The Consecon Branch held a reception in March for the returned boys in that district. This Institute is furnishing a room in the county hospital.

A number of near-by Institutes were invited to meet with other women's organizations in Hamilton to discuss the butter problem.

The Grimsby Institute is co-operating with other local organizations in furnishing a room for the Veterans. Other Institutes are planning similar work.

Fenelon Falls Institute has made a contribution of $60 to the local library.

The Stoney Creek Branch sent 100 quarts of fruit to the Hamilton Sanatorium.

The Welland Institute has offered its co-operation to the town council for some project of benefit to the town. Two suggestions made by the Institute were the providing of a park and the erection of a concert hall.

The Pickering Institute has made a gift of $25 to the Hostel in Toronto for the orphans of soldiers.

At a recent meeting of the Newmarket Institute, a most interesting paper on "Interior Decoration" was given.

Several Institutes near Renfrew are co-operating in furnishing a rest room in Renfrew. The room with light and heat has been secured free through the courtesy of the town council.

The membership of the Lindsay Institute is increasing so, that a suitable hall must be provided, and a committee is to look into the matter.

The Girls' Institute at Orillia had the good fortune to be addressed by Dr. Mary Roberts on "India and her Women." This Branch is planning for a course in Home Nursing and First Aid.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44.)

Girls! Lots of Beautiful Hair

35 cent bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair



To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 35 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness, and an incomparable gloss and luster, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits every one who tries this.

Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.

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Lawn Handkerchiefs, $1.14 to $2 88.
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Prune Jelly

½ Lb. Prunes
1 Cupful Water
Rind of Half a Lemon Grated
1 Inch of Cinnamon Stick
¼ Cupful Sugar
1½ Tablespoonful Gelatin
1 Cupful Fruit Juice
Shredded Almonds
Chopped Nut-meats

WASH the prunes, cover them with water and allow to soak for thirty minutes; then put them both into a saucepan, add the grated lemon rind, the cinnamon stick, and the sugar. Cook until tender, strain off the liquid, and rub the prunes through a sieve. Crack a few of the stones, blanch the kernels, and add them to the pulp. Put the liquid from the prunes into a pan, add the gelatin, and the fruit juice and dissolve over the fire. Strain this into the pulp and stir occasionally until nearly cold. Rinse out a jelly mold with cold water and decorate with shredded almonds; fill up with the prune jelly, and set aside in a cool place until firm. Decorate with a few chopped nut-meats.

Pictorial Review

Whenever a recipe calls for "Gelatine"– it means

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Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.)

A witty remark was the answer to roll call at the Crowland Institute, with Mrs. E. T. Metler as President. This Institute is interested in Red Cross, Belgian Relief and Children's Shelter work.

Mrs. John Bourka, President of the Mattawa Institute, reports that this Society is a small band of earnest workers who have sent a large quantity of goods and money to the Red Cross and other societies.

The Streetsville Institute, with Mrs. J. S. Chambers as President, held two clinics, one in July when 44 school children were operated on for adenoids and diseased tonsils, the second a dental clinic when 70 public school pupils had their teeth treated.

The magnificent sum of $3,579.33 was raised by the Woodville Institute in money and supplies for war relief during the last three years. Mrs. J. Campbell is the President.

The Monteith Institute led by the President, Mrs. John Lothian, held a social afternoon for mothers, and others whose home duties prevented them from attending the regular meetings of the Institutes.

Each of the fifteen soldiers who will return to Poplar will be presented with a pair of socks by the Institute. Refugee work is also being carried on, reports the President, Mrs. J. L. Baker.

The Slate River Institute, with Mrs. G. B. Smith, President, has just forwarded a box of bedding to the French relief, valued at $45.00.

The Stratton Institute, with Miss Lena Dormer, President, is holding Cake Sales to raise money. This Institute holds receptions to welcome home the soldiers.

"We are still knitting, and sending parcels of socks overseas to some of the boys who will not return for some time, in addition to our usual Institute work," writes Mrs. W. B. Bourn, President of Colbeck and Monticello Institute.

Mrs. F. J. Fawcett, Secretary of Gravenhurst Institute, reports as follows: "To erect a memorial to the local heroes who have fallen in the great fight for liberty and democracy is the task which the Gravenhurst Institute has set for itself, and to this end, has approached the Town Council for a site."

The Listowel Institute, with Mrs. Alex. Ferguson, President, has been engaged in Belgian and French relief work, and is now undertaking to furnish a ward in the new Hospital recently presented to the town.

"Our individual part in the world's great Peace Conference," was the subject studied at a recent meeting of the Dryden Institute. Mrs. R. Weigle, President.

Great interest is being taken in gardening by the members of the Rodney Institute. Several have secured the seed from the Department and are planning to have large gardens. Mrs. M. Bisnett is President of this Institute.

Mrs. Wm. Honess, President of the Louise Institute, reports that this Society has contributed $25.00 to the Children's Aid in Owen Sound.

The Bognor Institute, with Mrs. Wm. T. Moffatt, President, gave a donation to the Walter's Falls Agricultural Society. A bale of clothing was sent to the Belgian Relief Society, and 70 pairs of socks to the Serbians.

"The South Horton Institute is continuing patriotic work and helping hospital and children's aid," reports the President, Mrs. D. Barr.

The President of the Rodney Institute, Mrs. A. Bisnett, reports that such excellent results were obtained from the government seeds received by the members of their Institute, that greater activity is planned for the coming year. Mrs. Bisnett expresses a desire for greater sociability among the different societies.

Warsaw Institute led by the President, Mrs. David Miller, is planning to fittingly receive the returned soldiers and carry on Belgian relief work.

Very practical indeed is the aim of the Berwick Institute. "How to be Thrifty Housewives," is the question asked by Mrs. W. J. Stark.

Tutela Institute, under the able leadership of Mrs. Hird, has provided special aid to "flu" sufferers, and is now interested in helping to find suitable homes for orphans.

Mrs. James Moore, President of the Solina Institute, reports that they sent 10 women's dresses, 25 pairs of socks and 25 sheets to the Belgians.

"Stratton Institute is preparing social evenings for the returned soldiers," reports the President, Mrs. Draycott.

Mrs. R. O. Morrow, President of the Hilton Branch, reports that they have purchased a beautiful Union Jack for the school, and as an Institute they have decided to extend a welcome to all soldiers' wives coming to Canada for the first time.

One hundred and fourteen dollars and fifty cents was realized by the Drayton Institute by an entertainment entitled the "Spinsters' Convention," given by the young girls. "Since the New Year this branch has donated $100 to Belgian relief, $100 to French relief, and $100 to Red Cross," reports the President, Mrs. R. Wigle, and the Secretary, Mrs. H. Davidson

The Cornwall Centre Institute, Mrs. L. A. Groves, President; Leamington, Mrs. Geo. R. Fox, President; and Stony Creek, Mrs. A. E. Walker, President, are all actively engaged in work for the relief of Refugees.

The Beaverton Institute, with Mrs. A. Burton as President, has made some worth while resolutions, as follows: They have decided to again have a programme and to have each member in turn preside and take charge of a meeting. They have also found daylight saving a detriment in their community. At Christmas time this Institute filled 100 stockings for the school children and assisted the school teacher in preparing an entertainment. They hope soon to have medical and dental inspection of the school. Twenty dollars was sent to the Children's Shelter at Ottawa and a box of warm clothing.

Ivanhoe Institute led by the President, Mrs. John Clements, held a very enjoyable "At Home" at the home of Miss Tanner. Matters pertaining to the school are being investigated by this Institute.

With a membership of 22 and situated "in the bush," the Barnhart Institute with Mrs. J. Shaffer as President, conducted a successful auction sale at which they realized $102. The sale was held in the evening in order that the gentlemen might attend. The members donated fancy work, socks, shirts, etc., which were sold. Prizes were given for the best display of vegetables and roots, which were afterwards sold by auction. A short programme and lunch brought the interesting affair to a close.

The New England Institute led by the President, Mrs. Wm. Wylie, and Haliburton, under the direction of the President, Mrs. G. Potts, are doing excellent relief work.

Manitoba

Miss Gertrude E. Patterson, Secretary of the Home Economics Society, reports excellent work done in this Society, which is now celebrating its third birthday. They have sent 54 boxes overseas, donated $73.50 to the Red Cross and sent 100 pairs of socks to the front.

The Home Economics Society members are interested in the questions "Why Women Should Vote" and "What Constitutes Happiness." This Society is looking after the young people, assisting in the children's aid and protection, and the boys' and girls' club. Mrs. H. Houchin is the President.

The Home Economics Society under the guidance of Mrs. Hammel, their President, are endeavoring to interest the community in the beautifying of home surroundings. To secure rest room accommodation is also one of the aims of this Society.

To raise funds for the support of a rest room with matron, for short courses from Ex. Dept. Agricultural College, and for a lending library, are the worthy ambitions of the Rivers Home Economics Society, whose President is Mrs. R. W. Sargent. At present this Society is helping in the boys' and girls' Fair work, and trying to propagate a community spirit with more consideration for others.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56.)



Making Palmolive 3,000 Years Ago

THIS task fell to the user in the days of ancient Egypt. Palm and Olive oils were blended into a combination that would today seem crude. But this first Palmolive was the greatest toilet luxury this old time civilization knew.

Today these same rare oils, Nature's perfect cleansers, impart their magic qualities to a modern luxury. Their combination in Palmolive Soap has made the name famous, and the soap the most popular measured by actual sales value.

The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather, profuse and fragrant; the wholesome, attractive natural color; the mild yet soothing, cleansing qualities, are due to Palm and Olive oils.

Although 3,000 years have passed since their discovery, the world has found nothing better.

Palmolive Soap heads a line of finest toilet specialties, guaranteed satisfactory by the famous name. Palmolive Shampoo is liquid Palmolive, indispensable for proper shampooing.

Palmolive Shaving Cream contains the same rare oils—is both lather and lotion.



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A,

Painted for The Palmolive Company, by W. Pogany

Help the Y.M.C.A. Finish Work for Soldiers

CANADIAN Y.M.C.A.

Help the "Y" to Construct the Manhood that will Reconstruct Canada

CANADIAN Y.M.C.A.

The Y.M.C.A. will keep its chain of Red Triangle Service unbroken till the end

All the world now knows that the Red Triangle of the Y.M.C.A. was the "Sign of Friendship" to thousands of your brothers, sons, nephews, cousins and neighbors' boys in the last four and a half years. Wherever the Canadian Soldiers went, the "Good old 'Y' " went, too. And now it is coming back home with them!

For the support which has made possible the war work of the Y.M.C.A., we thank you. Your money has been well expended. We have rendered full account.

We ask now your continued sympathy and support for Red Triangle Service for our soldiers during Demobilization, and for Y.M.C.A. work for Canada generally during the Reconstruction period. The Annual Red Triangle campaign will be held throughout Canada May 5th to 9th, 1919. The objective is $1,100,000.

For what purpose is the money required? We will tell you.

For Our Men Returning

For the soldiers and their dependents, returning from Overseas, we have provided as follows:—

1. A Red Triangle man on board every ship when it leaves Great Britain, with a full equipment of games, gramophones and records, magic lantern, literature and writing materials, where possible, also a piano or an organ. Lectures, concerts, sing songs, instruction re Government repatriation plans, and Sunday services.
2. Red Triangle comforts and facilities for the men on arrival at Halifax, St. John, Quebec, and Montreal, including coffee stalls with free drinks, free eatables, cigarettes, candies, etc.
3. Red Triangle men on every troop train to provide regularly free drinks, eatables and cigarettes, organize games, and sing songs and furnish information.
4. Red Triangle free canteen service, information bureau, etc., at each of the 22 Dispersal centres in Canada.
5. Red Triangle Clubs in the principal cities of Canada in the shape of large Y.M.C.A. hostels to furnish bed and board at low rates and to be a rendezvous for soldiers.
6. Seventy-five secretaries to superintend Red Triangle service in Military Hospitals, Camps, and Barracks throughout Canada.
7. Tickets entitling soldiers to full Y.M.C.A. privileges for six months at any local Y.M.C.A. furnished.

In addition to our work for the returning soldiers, we have to maintain the Red Triangle service to the full for the soldiers in Siberia, as well as the work of special secretaries in Northern Russia, Palestine and Poland.

Canadian Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Campaign $1,100,000 May 5th to 9th Canada-Wide Appeal

For Canada's Manhood

The Reconstruction program of the *Y.M.C.A.* includes the following vitally important developments:—

1. An increased service to 300,000 teen-age boys in the Dominion—the development of Canadian Standard Efficiency Training; Bible Study groups; summer camps; conferences; service for High School boys, for working boys, in the towns and cities; for boys on the farm and for boys everywhere who have lacked opportunity for mental, moral, physical or social development.
2. Inauguration of Y.M.C.A. work in the country, and the smaller towns and villages lacking Association buildings and equipment, on a plan of county organizations. This will include the establishment of Red Triangle centres for social, recreational and educational work among boys and men in co-operation with the churches.
3. The promotion of Y.M.C.A. work among Canada's army of workers in industrial plants, both in Y.M.C.A. buildings and in the factory buildings, organizing the social spirit among the industrial workers of our cities by meetings, entertainments, games and sports.
4. The establishment of the Red Triangle in isolated districts where lumbermen, miners and other workers hold the front trenches of industry.
5. Besides these main fields of increased activity for 1919 we have to provide for enlarged work among railway men, college students and for our campaign to encourage physical and sex education. Under all our work we place the fundamental foundation of manly Christianity.

Please Note:

We are not asking for money to carry on our work Overseas with the Army in Great Britain, France or Belgium. That work will continue at its maximum for some months, financially provided for by the liquidation of our assets Overseas, and will not cease until the last man has sailed for home.

We Ask the Support of the People of Canada

For the sake of our victorious soldiers and dependents, and the happiness of their home-coming; for the sake of our future citizens, our teen-age boys; for the sake of rural life in Canada; for the sake of the social betterment of the toilers in factory and workshop; for the sake of lonely men and boys in our mines and forests; for the sake of Christian Society and Canadian Manhood—we appeal to you. Give us your contribution, little or big. Be as generous as you can.

Hand your contribution to the canvasser when he calls, or if you live where it is difficult for him to call, send it by check, money order or registered letter to the National Treasurer, Red Triangle Campaign, 120 Bay Street, Toronto.

Y.W.C.A.

For the wives and children Overseas dependent upon Canadian soldiers, a sum of $175,000 from the Red Triangle Fund will be set aside to cover the work of the Dominion Council of the Y.W.C.A., which is co-operating with us in caring for the soldiers' women folk and their little ones on the long journey from Liverpool to their homes in Canada.

National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations of Canada

The Red Triangle Campaign is being conducted under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., P.C.

Hon. Campaign Chairman:	Campaign Chairman:	Campaign Treasurer:	Campaign Director:
John W. Ross, Montreal.	G. Herbert Wood, Toronto.	Thomas Bradshaw, Toronto.	Chas. W. Bishop, Toronto.

Nineteen-Nineteen Summer Models

Showing the New Fabrics for Sport and Street Wear



CALICO is Fashion's watchword for the Summer of 1919. This is combined with white organdy.



A SPORT dress of white khaki kool with rose satin trimming. Observe the long shoulder and the looped girdle.



HERE is one of the newest wool jersey sport suits, showing the use of inverted box-pleats.



A CREPE meteor silk dress with side drapery and embroidered bodice.

Tailored Suits, Coats and Frocks for the Miss



Coat 8038



Coat 7938

Dress 8121



Jacket 8041
Skirt 7624

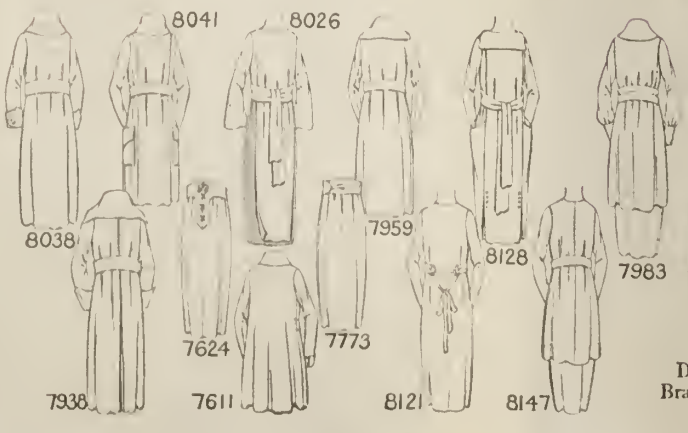
Jacket 7611
Skirt 7773

Jacket 7959
Skirt 7773

Dress 8128
Embroidery 12193



Dress 8026





Dress 8147
Braiding 12426

Dress 7933

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

The name *Gossard* in your corset is your guarantee of



health

depending on a hygienically correct support to abdominal and back muscles, that leaves no chance of undue pressure at the waistline. A healthy body is a correctly poised body; Gossard Corsets induce correct posture, correct breathing and protect the organs of nutrition.

comfort

assured by the exact science of Gossard designing for every type of figure.

style

only to be found in a correctly poised body, induced by a correctly designed and fitted corset.

GOSSARD CORSETS

The Original-Unequalled Front Lacing Corsets

are hygienically correct.

Health should be the first consideration in the purchase of your corset. Only by a thorough appreciation of this fundamental fact can any woman guard herself against those bodily ailments that are often the result of improper corsetry. The woman who buys her corset largely for appearance, without proper regard for its hygienic qualities, is nearer the hospital every time she puts it on.

There are many reasons why you should wear Gossards besides the obvious one that they are a gratifying acquisition to the daintiest wardrobe. The real value in these inimitable corsets cannot be measured in terms of cloth, boning and lace. They must be measured in terms of health, comfort and style.

During the war abnormal conditions made the material question a serious one for every manufacturer. The tremendous demand for Gossards grew from day to day, adding to our manufacturing problems. Our huge factories, working at capacity, could not meet the situation. A tribute, indeed, to Gossard supremacy!

Our best efforts at production are still taxed by the demand that is growing larger day by day as women come to a fuller appreciation of what Gossards accomplished in sustaining womanhood through the World War. But now, happily, the war is over and our raw material and labor problems are of the past.

With this year we will produce Gossards of quality excelling even our high standards of past years, and attain a perfection never before reached in corset manufacture.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited

Largest Makers of Fine Corsets

284-286 West King Street, TORONTO

Made in the United States and Canada

Wear Gossard CORSETS *They Lace In Front*

Worn with Health and Comfort by Women the World Over



Ideal Figure Tall Slender | *Ideal Figure Short Slender* | *Ideal Figure Tall Heavy* | *Ideal Figure Short Heavy* | *Ideal Average Figure* | *Ideal Figure Large Below Waist* | *Ideal Figure Large Above Waist* | *Ideal Figure Curved Back* | *Ideal Figure Short Waisted*

Dinner and Afternoon Gowns of Taffeta, Georgette and Satin



7608—Ladies' Jumper Blouse (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust.

12321—Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 20 cents.

7928—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (25 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires

4¼ yards 36-inch crepe de Chine
⅞ yard 36-inch satin for jumper and girdle
⅜ yard white satin for collar
⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody

8165—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

8001—Ladies' Three or Four tier Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires

2⅝ yards 40-inch white Georgette crêpe
4 yards 36-inch black satin

12470—Beading transfer pattern in blue or yellow, 15 cents.

8137—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires

4 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe
1½ yard 36-inch taffeta for girdle and trimming-bands

7710—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust.

7700—Ladies' Draped Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires

7¼ yards 36-inch satin
2 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt

12319—Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 20 cents.

7711—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust.

7677—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires

2½ yards 36-inch plain satin
2⅞ yards 36-inch printed satin
1¾ yard 36-inch lining for top of foundation skirt

8148—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust.

7339—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Skirt (20 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. The costume in medium size requires

2¼ yards 44-inch serge for blouse
2⅜ yards 44-inch plaid for skirt
⅜ yard 40-inch white organdy
1¾ yard lace insertion
1¼ yard 36-inch lining for underbody

8164—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

8034—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires

1⅜ yard 54-inch gray silk duvetyn for waist
3¼ yards 54-inch blue silk duvetyn for tunic and underskirt

11506—Transfer in blue or yellow, 15 cents.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Stout and Elderly Women Will Find These Styles Becoming



7603—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires

3⅞ yards 54-inch wool velours
1¼ yard 36-inch black satin
⅜ yard 36-inch white satin
⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

Waist with large armholes and open front that may be finished with revers which are cut in one with collar, pointed at back. Attached two-piece skirt (with raised waist-line) closing at left-front; finished with gathered tunic sections at sides, and with a straight trimming-piece at center-front.

12372—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (3½ yards of 2- and 3¾-inch borders), 20 cents.

7266—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge in 39-inch length about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires

4½ yards 44-inch gabardine
⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and surplice vest
⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody

Waist has surplice vest caught in shoulder seams of lining. Front of waist is faced and rolled back to form revers. High or V neck, long plain or gathered sleeves. Two-piece skirt with straight lower edge.

12270—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (3 yards of ½- and ¾-inch borders), 20 cents.

7511—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires for dress without tucks in skirt

4⅜ yards 44-inch serge
⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar, cuffs, and belt

Dress without lining. High neck and standing collar perforated for square or V outline with large collar. One-piece sleeves with turn-back cuffs. Two-piece gathered skirt with high waist-line and with or without deep tucks. Closing at left side seam.

8095—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Without lining. Open front and inset vest and a large collar which forms pointed rever effect in front, perforated for round collar. The inset vest with round neck (perforated for straight upper edge) extends below the waist in panel style and is perforated to be made without the panel extension. The back of waist extends over the shoulders in yoke effect. One-piece sleeves gathered to deep cuffs, or long plain one-piece sleeves perforated for short sleeves lengthened with flowing sections. The straight belt is closed at left side-front.

12420—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (2 panels supplied), 20 cents.

7657—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Skirt has high waist-line, is gathered at top and closed at left side seam. The costume in medium size requires

3⅛ yards 54-inch brown duvetyn
⅞ yard 54-inch tan duvetyn for vest
⅜ yard fringe

8106—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires

3¼ yards 54-inch blue wool Jersey
⅞ yard gray wool Jersey for collar, vest, and belt

Without lining; closed at left side-front. Open neck with large collar perforated for round collar and for shorter pointed collar. Long plain one-piece sleeves, perforated for shorter length and finished with turn-back cuffs. Attached two-piece skirt.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



Renew Your Furniture

with C.P. SUN VARNISH STAINS; and make the worn pieces as handsome and lustrous as new. Equally good for all woodwork; especially for floors.

Your Hardwood Floors

should be protected with C.P. "SUN WATERPROOF" FLOOR VARNISH. It is waterproof—not easily scratched or marked—and has a brilliant finish.

Use our DECORATIVE SERVICE—send for suggestions for finishing any part of the exterior or interior of your home.

"What, When and How To Paint"—sent free on request.

THE CANADA PAINT CO., LIMITED,

Makers of the famous "ELEPHANT BRAND" White Lead.

572 William Street, Montreal. 13
112 Sutherland Ave., Winnipeg.

THE MEN SERVING ABROAD

ARE STILL BADLY IN NEED OF

SMOKES

The demand for cigarettes for the boys who are still "over there" is just as great at the present time as it was during hostilities. So keep the boys well supplied with their favorite cigarettes during the long months of waiting before they return to their homes.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

Bringing Home the Bride

How Canada Welcomes Her Returning Soldiers and Their Brides

By Elizabeth Becker

IN the sunshine of peace, our soldiers return to their native land, the dark clouds of warfare lifted—the cloud under which they left our shores and embarked on the great adventure. But the *boys* do not come back. They are gone forever. In their place come men, men who have proven their manhood, whose spurs, spiritual and military, have been won in desperate conflict. Many who left in a state of single unblessedness, married the first year of the war, and are returning with wives and children; others are bringing their brides who make the adventure into matrimony and Canada on the same trip. This return in dual or triple form, calls for a reception differing from that accorded to mere man accustomed to the rigours of camp life, but the great-hearted men and women of St. John, New Brunswick, know just how to express the feeling of Canada for those who return and for those who are new members of our large family.

Saint John, Not Saint Peter, at the Door.

BY virtue of the geographical location of St. John, its citizens have become Canada's official welcomers of our returned soldiers, and right royally does the old city down by the sea, open wide its doors and extend the warm hand of welcome, and to home-sick men, who have been yearning for a glimpse of their native land through years of the horrors of war, this seems indeed the very Gate of Heaven.

To some of the wives coming from Overseas, the prospect was not one of unalloyed bliss, for mischievous pens and tongues had set a mental wave in motion, that made the English, Scotch and Irish brides fear that some of the Canadian homes might have preferred Canadian brides for their soldier sons. However, their reception by the women and the men of St. John banished all such fears. As one of the brides confided to a member of the Reception Committee, "We were told in England that Canadian women would greet us with bad eggs, but instead we have been treated like royalty." Canada recognizes in these young women from the British Isles, those whose kindness in hours of loneliness have won the hearts of our boys, the kind of women who, with few exceptions, are the type of citizen of whom Canada will be justly proud.

In the Receiving Line.

THE Soldiers' Reception Committee of men and women has done valiant service ever since the beginning of the war, in meeting boats and trains early and late, and distributing comforts. With the prospect of thousands of women and children coming in addition to the soldiers, when the Armistice was declared, it was felt that only by thorough organization could the situation be met. A citizens' welcome Committee was formed of nationally organized societies, such as the Young Women's Christian Association, the Red Cross, the I.O.D.E., the W.C.T.U., Protestants of all denominations, and Roman Catholic societies, all working together harmoniously, sub-dividing the work in such a manner that every detail that may add to the comfort of the guests is attended to. Having secured permission from the Dominion Government, the Dominion Council of the Y.W.C.A. extended the work of its Travellers' Aid Department, to meet this emergency, by placing two efficient National workers, Miss Perry and Miss Woods, in charge of a Reception and Rest Room for those returning, especially the women and children.

Rest Rooms.

A SPACIOUS room in the Immigration Building was prepared by the Military authorities. The Y.W.C.A. Hostess Houses of Ontario shipped their no longer needed furniture, and with the splendid local assistance, the rooms were arranged. Bright, airy and warm, they are a perfect haven of rest for the weary women and children, who on one occasion numbered nine hundred—over three hundred being children. Though the accommodation was supposed to be adequate for four hundred, the larger party was satisfactorily handled.

One side of the long room has a row of dainty white cots, which soon are filled with travel worn occupants. Opening off this large reception room is a smaller room, filled with beds for those who are ill, and off this, a nursery and lavatory, where unlimited supplies of hot and cold water, towels and soap, turn out "new women and babies for old." Adjoining this is the Red Cross dispensary, with a trained nurse in charge, where supplies and medicines and everything a baby sick or well could possibly want, are given out.

Back of this is the kitchen, and connecting with the Reception Room is a serving table where under the direction of one of the Y.W.C.A. workers, the local V.A.D.'s serve hot drinks, sandwiches and cakes.

When the boat docks, the only ones allowed to go on board are Miss Perry, the Y.W.C.A. Secretary, and Mrs. Lawrence, the Red Cross Secretary.

Off the boat, up the long stairs and "Welcome Home" says the great streamer at the head. Along through the Immigration offices all must pass, and many have a long wait. The welcome is repeated by voice and handclasp of the ladies of the Reception Committee, who keep the babies and the bundles, so that Mother can attend to her papers with a free hand and a free mind. This done all move on to the Rest Room, which with its dainty curtains, easy chairs, bright chintz cushions, piano, reading and writing tables, is most inviting to the sea-sick travellers. Outside the Rest Room, are the Y.W.C.A., the Salvation Army, and the Knights of Columbus booths, which cater to the needs internal and external of the soldier. The military Information Bureau and the C.P.R. offices do a land office business in answering questions, and the Patriotic Fund Booth aids the soldier or his dependent financially if necessary.

The Next Stage.

RESTED and refreshed, the next step in the long journey must be arranged. The local assistants and the Y.W.C.A. secretaries are everywhere, ascertaining destinations, seeing that babies, bundles, bags and boxes are collected, for the first train to pull out. The Red Cross superintendent see that a nurse, with full equipment of supplies, and loads of extra blankets, is on every train. This is one of the greatest of comforts to those with small children. This goes on all day, welcoming the coming, and speeding the departing guest, until the last train load disappears, possibly at eight or nine o'clock at night, if, as sometimes happens, several thousands arrive the same day.

Then come the clearing away of the wreckage, cleaning of the rooms, stocking the dispensary and the pantries, changing the beds, and getting all ready for the next boat load.

As quite frequently happens, there are cases of illness on board and these are at once taken to a special hospital

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)

Concerning Books That are Worth While

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

to during ecent years as the Slavic Joan of Arc.

In it she gives a vivid account of Bolshevism in action. But apart from any propaganda value which the book possesses, it must be accepted as a great human story of a dauntless spirit who has undergone all the hardships which Russians have had to go through during the last four years.

Maria Botchkareva tells a story which for individual hardship has rarely been equalled. She strips bare the most intimate phases of her private tragedy as a child, young girl, and wife in her self-forgetful service of "Mother Russia." But even the frank details of her martyrdom at the hands of many men shrink to insignificance in the face of her inimitable four years' service at the front during the war,—and its cruel aftermath. From the day of her enlistment this indomitable woman—lovingly called "Yashka" by her comrades in arms—lived the life of a Russian soldier, fought, ate, and slept in the promiscuousness of a common camp and yet by the magic of her personality maintained the respect and devotion of her comrades.

The book is a literal revelation of a woman's soul, of her most intimate hopes and fears, and must be accepted as a noble sacrifice for the cause of humanity. She makes an earnest appeal to the free peoples of the world to help Russia find herself in return for the millions of lives the "Great Bear" has already given to the cause of civilization.

"Yashka" is a wonderful, inspiring book which will prove interesting and worth-while either as a story, as a biography, or as an interpretation of the present difficulties of modern Russia.

Sinister House, by Leland Hall. Published by Thos. Allen. Price, $1.50.

FOR those who like a work of fiction which mystifies and develops a curdling of blood, "Sinister House" will prove to be one of rare interest. It is the story of a man and woman passionately in love, but haunted by the sinister spirit of the man's former wife. The scene is located in an old house which was used as a residence by the dead wife, and was unknowingly chosen by the second one.

As a haunting mystery for adults the book will have many admirers, but will not prove good mental food for children.

Re-Education, by George Edward Barton, I.A.A. Published by T. Allen & Company. Price, $1.25.

IN this volume, Dr. Barton makes an analysis of the institutional system throughout the United States and Canada, and that he has done the work successfully is proven by the fact that many universities have chosen his book as the accredited text book in their social service courses.

In his preface the author states that he has endeavored to point out some of the fundamental weaknesses or fallacies in the present methods of dealing with education, sin, and sanity and disease.

The book deals with such chapter subjects as "The Size of the Dependent Population," "The Immigration Problem," "The Failure of Hygiene in Industry," "The Cost of Living," "How Much Can Any Man Do," and "Vocational Guidance." It is a book which should be secured and pondered over by every serious student of sociology and economics.

Songs of Men: An Anthology by Robert Frothingham. Published by T. Allen & Company. Price, $1.25.

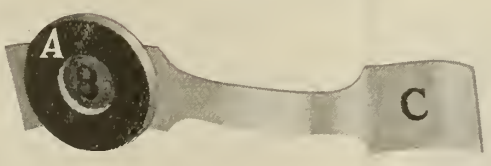
THIS volume of short lyrics is advertised as being "a book for every woman to give to some man, and a book for some women to own themselves." It is the opinion of the editor of this department that this book will give undoubted pleasure to all men and women who take enjoyment in the life of the great outdoors. The lyrics which have been selected are of that rollicking, red-blooded type which have been popularized so much in recent years by such writers as Kipling, Service, and Masefield. Men who never read poetry in their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)

Do You Remember
The Old Corn Doctor?



Copyrighted B & B, 1919.



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

He stood on the street in the olden days and offered a "magic corn cure."

It was harsh and it caused soreness, but it did not end the corn. Nearly everybody had corns in those days.

That same method, harsh and inefficient, is offered you in countless forms to-day.

Grandmother's Way

Another method, older still, was to pare and pad a corn. That was grandmother's way.

Folks did not know the danger, for they did not know of germs.

But they knew its uselessness. The corns remained. Paring brought but brief relief. Pads made the foot unsightly.

Ten-year-old corns by the millions existed in those days.

Then Came Blue-jay

Then scientific men in the Bauer & Black laboratories invented the Blue-jay plaster. It was based on research, on knowledge, on many a clinical test.

People began to use it. They found that a jiffy applied it. They found it snug and comfortable.

They found that the pain stopped instantly, and it never came back. They found that the corn completely disappeared, and usually in 48 hours. Only one corn in ten needed a second application.

These users told others, and now millions use Blue-jay. They apply it as soon as a corn appears. Now at least one-half the people never suffer corns.

You can, like them, keep free from corns forever in this easy, simple way. One test will prove this, and to-night. In these scientific days it is folly to have corns.

B&B Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK LIMITED, Chicago, Toronto, New York
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

988

MOIR'S
Chocolates

Satisfy the child's hunger for sweets with Moir's Chocolates. Moir's name is a guarantee of the pure, wholesome quality of the ingredients as well as perfection in the making.

Moir's Limited
Halifax

103



The Red, White and Green Package is Familiar to All

FOR over twelve years the original Red, White and Green corn flake package has been a familiar combination of colors to all Canadians.

During all these years millions of Canadians have enjoyed

Kellogg's

TOASTED

CORN FLAKES

ALWAYS make sure you are getting the genuine original Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes which are only sold in the red, white and green package.

Accept No Substituted Imitations.

Only Made in Canada by

THE BATTLE CREEK TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICE AND PLANT:

LONDON, ONT.



20

Concerning Books

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53.)

lives would probably appreciate this little volume for the appeal it has to the average man who appreciates nature's elements much more than he does the inside enjoyments of a library.

Shops and Houses, by Frank Swinnerton. Published by McClelland and Stewart. Price, $1.50.

WHILE this novel is not the equal of "Nocturne," Mr. Swinnerton has written a story which lays bare the small town snobbishness which obtains in certain communities in the Old Land.

The story has to deal with a black sheep of one of the "first families" who returns to the old community and sets himself up as a grocer. Of course, the solution out of the tangled skein of social affairs is found through the medium of a charming romance. The portrayal of the characters of Louis Vachantors, of Dorothy, and of Veronica,—yes, and of the town gossip, Miss Lampe,—are excellently done. Altogether the book is worth reading and while it may not be accepted as the equal of "Nocturne," it is a big advance on the author's former works of fiction.

Little Journeys Towards Paris, 1914-1918, as written by that confirmed tourist, W. Hohenzollern, satirically translated by Simeon Strunsky. Published by Frederick D. Goodchild. Price, 75 cents.

FOR sheer satire this work of Simeon Strunsky's is one of the most delightful which has appeared since the beginning of the war. The book is a supposed diary as kept by one, Wm. Hohenzollern, who sets out for Paris, but repeatedly loses himself on the way.

In a brief preface Mr. Strunsky outlines the purpose of his book as follows:

"There are two very good reasons why the translator has undertaken the task of introducing Col Hohenzollern's little volume to the English-speaking public.

"1. The author's knowledge of his subject is unrivaled. It is enough to say that he has spent nearly four years traversing the distance from the German frontier to the terminus of the Nach Paris line. He has not only covered the ground minutely, but has frequently retraced his steps, though modestly refraining from mentioning the fact in his daily communiques.

"2. All other guide books to Paris exhibit a certain sameness, arising from the fact that they are written by tourists who started out for Paris and got there. Col. Hohenzollern's book, on the contrary, has all the freshness of an unspoiled ideal. It breathes the spirit so admirably conveyed in the familiar Pomeranian proverb, 'Not yet but soon.' Col. Hohenzollern does not burden the reader with a mass of superfluous detail. Thus, in his account of Paris, and its environs, he leaves ever so much to the imagination.

"To the young and frivolous, Col. Hohenzollern's tours may seem somewhat leisurely. Let them go their way. The present guide-book is intended for those to whom time and expense are no object.

"Such travelers will be more than amply repaid for the moderate price of this volume. Under the guidance of Col. Hohenzollern, who is himself under the special guidance of Gott (so aptly described by Mr. Trietschke as 'the Thos. Cook and Son of the Imperial German family'), the tourist may reasonably expect to get to Paris in time for the International Exposition of 1975, perhaps."

The book is one which will be looked upon as a little masterpiece of satire, and stands out in a class apart from other volumes which have been issued during the progress of the war.

Bringing Home the Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.)

where expenses are met, when necessary, by the Patriotic Fund. Funerals are also taken charge of by this organization. During the recent epidemic of influenza, all the accommodation was overtaxed, and an old hospital building was re-opened and equipped, proving a great boon to disabled travellers.

The Godmother.

THIS fine piece of National service, warmly welcoming our own men, and those whom they bring with them, does not begin or end here. Its source was in the sending to England as soon as hostilities ceased, of the Y.W.C.A. National Immigration Secretary Mrs. Burrington-Ham, who went to the authorities to secure space in which to open a Bureau for the information of soldiers' dependents coming over. After many difficulties and delays this was accomplished and Mrs. Burrington-Ham's assistance was of the greatest value to the women. "The Godmother" as they appreciatively called her, succeeded in placing upon each boat bringing a number of women and children, a Ship Secretary, who looks after their needs in every possible way, aiding the sick, cheering the well, carrying babies, and when time and *mal de mer* permit, giving talks on conditions in different parts of Canada, that newcomers may not be utterly at sea when they land. Motherless children coming with their fathers are her especial charge, until placed with friends. The end of this work,—but then we cannot speak of the end of the infinite, but rather the follow-up of the port service,—consists in writing to the Y.W.C.A. secretaries in each town or city to which the newcomers go, and asking that they locate them as soon as possible, call upon them, put them in touch with a Church of their denomination, and do all possible to make this new land a home land to these welcome members of the nation's family. Letters of appreciation from East and West, pay tribute to this great interest taken by the Canadian women.

This long chain of welcome from England to the Pacific demonstrates in magnified form, the work that has been carried on for years by the Y.W.C.A. Immigration and Travellers' Aid Departments. Its scope and fitness are such as appeal to the imagination of many who cannot be there in person, but who can by financial support strengthen the hands of the workers. The coming big drive of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. gives to all an opportunity of assisting in this great work.

If we truly value the sacrifice of our men in the tragic days just past, if we realize the difficulty of those returning to the different struggle of the wage earning civilian, and if we realize even dimly the tremendous crisis we are facing, let us as loyal Canadian men and women, leave nothing undone to continue individually this magnificent work in every community to which our men and women come, that we may make them one with us for a greater and nobler Canada.

Cheap Houses for Soldier Farms

The Federal Settlement Board will Build Homes for Veterans at from $300 to $775

PLANS have been completed by the Federal Soldier Settlement Board for supplying standard houses to soldier settlers in the Prairie Provinces.

Four types are contemplated, ranging in price from $300 to $775, beginning with a moderately convenient and comfortable two-roomed house suited to the needs of a bachelor settler, which can be erected for $300. This house is 17′ 10″ x 14′, and is so constructed that as the home needs of the farmer increase he can add to it without waste of material used in the original construction. This house is called type "A".



Type "B" is merely an extension of "A", one room being added and basement excavated. This building, which has dimensions of 24′ x 14′, when completed will cost approximately $590.

Type "C" is "B" with a portion of the roof lifted and an upstairs bedroom added. Total cost, $700.

Type "D" is the same as "C" with the remainder of "B" roof lifted and two extra upstairs bedrooms added. The cost complete of "D" is approximately $775. This type of house will give the farmer living-room, kitchen and parlor downstairs and three bedrooms upstairs. If, in the course of time, he requires a still more pretentious home, plans are being prepared by the Board for a wing, which will give him a much more commodious and comfortable structure.

Cheap and Commodious.

Great care has been given by the Board's architect to combine cheapness of construction with utility. The plans and specifications were submitted to a number of the leading pioneer women of the West, whose suggestions were incorporated. The proposed houses have been endorsed by these women. When a settler is ready to go on his land, he has the opportunity of selecting the type of house he requires and he is given full particulars as to cost and the amount of lumber required for construction. As previously announced, the settler may buy from any of 1,200 lumber dealers in the West at greatly reduced prices. The settler may erect his own house, or he may ask the Board to do it for him. In any case construction will be under the supervision of the Board's architect.

The plans have been made to meet the needs of settlers who may require a small and inexpensive house in the beginning. If at some future time he wishes to enlarge to "B" or "C" types, there is no loss of material. Everything in connection with the construction has been standardized with this idea in view. Plans and specifications of the four standardized houses will be supplied to soldier settlers at any time.

Built in Eight Days.

From three to eight days, according to the type, will be required to complete one of these houses, if building materials are on the ground. In the case of grouped farms, where a number of settlers may propose to locate together and build together, there will be material reduction in cost of construction.

The Board also plans to erect standard stables and implement sheds at the lowest possible cost to the settler. A settler may get along with a small stable, say 24′ x 12′, sufficient for the housing of two cattle and four horses, erected at a cost of approximately $200. The plans are so drawn that these buildings can be enlarged without loss of material.

With regard to Eastern Canada and British Columbia, where different conditions are found, the architect of the Board is planning suitable types for different locations.

Music in the Schools

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

already been adopted in Saskatchewan. The closing part of his address dealt with the relation of this movement to social life.

After the entry of the United States into the war, Dr. Dann joined the army as instructor in the largest artillery camp in his own land; and he testified from personal experience to the important part singing played in maintaining the morale of men. The main discovery he made, however, was the immense difficulty of arousing the natural musical sense of men in whom it had been allowed to remain dormant in youth. In a camp which contained soldiers from every state of the Union, he was soon able to discern by the way the men responded to his efforts in the matter of instruction, the sections from which they came. With those who had had some contact with music during school days, general education and bearing seemed to be better. Lack of musical sense was usually accompanied by ignorance in other matters.

Dr. Dann pointed out that real home life is accompanied by music from the first lullaby to the funeral hymn; while its necessity as a part of church life was recognized. The large employers of labor in the United States are also recognizing its importance and are introducing it into the great department stores and industrial plants. Music is indeed a possible preventive of crime; for, said, Dr. Dann, it is a known fact that 90 per cent. of crimes on this continent are committed in leisure hours, and chiefly by young men. Therefore, he argued, we must teach our boys how to employ their leisure hours, and must not forget that action and conduct are influenced more by feelings than by reasoning powers. Music has important uses in this respect. Moreover, in view of the enormous sums that are to-day spent on music, running on this continent to more than two hundred millions of dollars annually, the musical vocation has become a fertile field of success and livelihood. Its study sharpens the wit and the intelligence of the pupil, not to speak of the improvement in his tastes and modes of enjoyment that all such study brings. To learn to perform on an instrument involves a manual training, not to be underrated. In brief, music trains the hand, the head and the heart.

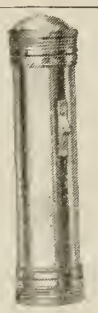
Entering into our private and public life through so many channels, there seems no good reason why it should not get into our legislative deliberations, and it is to be hoped that readers of this article will duly impress this fact on their legislative representatives.

Always keep a Daylo under your pillow!



So handy and convenient;
—a household necessity!

Is the rain coming in?
What was that?
What time is it?
Is the baby all right?
Did I lock the cellar door?
Where are my slippers?



No. 2631

Important

For your protection the registered name Eveready DAYLO is stamped on the end cap.

Accept no substitute.

The ideal Daylo to have under the pillow. 77 styles, many especially designed for home use.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.

Every night at some hour or other there is the unexpected call for the Daylo to "look and see"—frequently saving you the trouble of getting out of bed.

The Light that says:
—"There it is!"

All Eveready dealers are now well stocked

With that long-lived EVEREADY DAYLO *Tungsten Battery*

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EVEREADY DAYLO

WE ARE THE LEADING DISTRIBUTORS

EVEREADY DAYLO

Mail us your orders or write for catalog.

Our reputation has been won by our Efficient Service.

SPIELMAN AGENCIES, Reg'd, 45 St. Alexander St., Montreal



The June number will contain an interesting story about the popular film actor

Douglas Fairbanks

Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44.)

The Flee Island H. E. Society is looking after soldiers' comforts and hospital supplies. They are especially considering the question of training and educating the children for future welfare. Mrs. J. A. Graham is President.

The Lyleton Home Economics Society, with Mrs. Cheney, President, is interested in recreation for the community and providing library advantages. A child is being supported in France by this Society.

The Brandon H.E.S., with Mrs. Geo. Brochie as President, listened to two splendid addresses on February 15th. The speakers were Mr. S. E. Clement, M.P.P., and Superintendent A. White. The subjects were "The Dower Law" and "The Thrift Campaign."

Child Welfare, and special community relief work will be undertaken by the Swan Lake H.E. Society, with Mrs. J. McDonald, President, during the present year.

SASKATCHEWAN

Red Cross and Refugee relief work have been successfully carried on by Douglastown Homemakers' Club, in addition to assistance given to the Alameda Rest Room. Mrs. R. J. Smith is the President of this Club, and Mrs. Chambers, Secretary.

Mrs. A. G. Hawkes, President of the Whitewood Society, reports that they are still working for the returned soldiers' fund.

NEW BRUNSWICK

The Torbolton Women's Institute members are all working for Red Cross and at the January meeting made three life members of Red Cross, all mothers of soldier boys who have been overseas, practically since the beginning of the war. At this meeting a paper was given on Labor Saving Devices in the Home, and a button hole contest conducted for the girls. Mrs. Robt. Buckham is President of this Society.

QUEBEC

The Clarendon Homemakers' Club led by the President, Mrs. Wilson, has sent boxes overseas valued at $282.35, and to the Red Cross 6 pyjama suits, 17 wash cloths, 116 personal property bags, 3 pairs slumber socks and 10 pairs of socks.

Mrs. David Todd, President of the Argenteuil Homemakers' Clubs, reports that they are interested in anything pertaining to home or farm life and are interested at present in relief work.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Mrs. S. J. Rose, President of the Lakeview Institute, reports that 70 pairs of socks have been knitted for the soldiers. Contributions have been sent to Belgian relief and Salvation Army in addition to their local work for the school.

NOVA SCOTIA

The Port Maitland Institute is building and furnishing an annex to the local hall to be used as a kitchen. This Institute, under the leadership of Mrs. L. E. Porter, raised an average of $10 per member during the past year. Mrs. J. F. Southern is the President of this Society.

Mrs. F. Colllll, President of the Hantsport Institute, reports that in January a successful Fair was held, money prizes being given to the children to encourage them in school work and home gardening. This Institute is also helping the Boy Scouts and doing field comfort work.

The Martock and Windsor Forks Institute, Mrs. Levi Daniels, President, has decided to arrange for a better health system in their schools, also to take advantage of the McGill library.

East Leicester Institute reports that their January meeting was Children's Day, and the school was then entertained.

The Scotsburn Institute is doing refugee work and assisting to pay off the debt of the local hall. Mrs. R. Y. Stewart is the President of this Society.

"Milliville Institute is helping in the public work of the district," reports the President, Mrs. Adam Fleck.

Kempt Institute is holding school exhibitions and overseeing sanitation of the school. Mrs. W. N. Freeman is the President.

Mrs. W. N. Freeman, President of the Kempt Institute, reports that this Society is trying to get a public hall built, and to do other community work.

Twenty dollars was donated to the Social Service Council by the Hantsport Institute. A welcome for every returning soldier is arranged for by this Society in addition to their usual work. Mrs. F. A. Coffill is President.

"We have decided to start a library from donations of books by the members, and later enlarge it," writes Mrs. L. Daniels, President of the Windsor Institute.

The Tatamagouche Institute, with Mrs. D. A. Cunningham, President, was able to raise sufficient money to have the Town Hall repaired. During last year this Society held twelve meetings, with an average attendance of 25, 53 on the roll. A large amount of Red Cross work was done, and many donations made.

Mrs. Arthur J. Hebt, President of the Lunenburg Institute, reports that this Society has been doing much to better conditions in the community. Prizes are being offered for the School and County Fair, and an anti-tuberculosis movement is on foot.

Scotch Village Institute, with Mrs. George Smith, President, is interested in encouraging the making of gardens by the children. This Society also welcomes the returning soldiers.

Perhaps in these qualities lies the secret of her success, for the truly great are always simple at heart.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Mrs. Hale, Secretary of the Tillicum Institute, reports progress in the work of this Society. The members are heartily interested in Child Welfare, school lunches, and baby clinics, and they hope to have community canning. They have a Red Cross Committee and hope soon to form a Navy League Committee. Mrs. Lowery is President.

The February meeting of the Silver Creek Institute was devoted to a discussion on "Personal Appearance—its relation to self-respect, and vanity. How to improve it." Tho members are assisting the Boys' and Girls' Club in giving a Box Social with musical and literary programme. Funds for library books. Mrs. B. Brown is President, and Mrs. J. R. Tweeddale, Secretary.

The Upper Sumas Institute, with Mrs. York, President, has started the study of "Civics" and "Betterment of Health," and is aiming to make the meetings social centres.

The Kaslo Institute held an interesting meeting on February 28th, when they presented to the retiring President, Mrs. Millington, a broach. The presentation was made by Mrs. Archer, wife of the Mayor. The new President is Mrs. Caldwell, with Miss McKenzie as Vice-President.

Three demonstrations were given at the Rutland Institute during last year in March, June and October: on "Beauty Culture," "Canned and Dried Fruit, Vegetables and Chicken" and "Battenberg Lace." Five essays were given on the following topics: Woman's part in Food Production and Conservation; Work of the Scottish Red Cross in Serbia; The Place of the Institute in the Community; Common Sense in Conservation; and Economies in the Home. Mrs. Campbell-Brown gave an address at the December meeting on "Opportunities and Obligations of our New Citizenship"; $667.88 was raised in addition to work sent to Red Cross valued at $384.50. The officers elected for 1919 were: Mrs. Stonehouse, President; Miss Zella Monford, Vice-President, and Mrs. S. Gray, Secretary-treasurer.

Mrs. E. Adair, President of the Haney Institute, reports that the members are taking a keen interest in the improvement of schools and are anxious to have women trustees. This Institute is considering the erection of a cottage hospital as a memorial to the soldiers who volunteered from that district.

A great effort is being made by the Garden City Institute, led by Mrs. Chambers, to have domestic science taught in the rural schools.

KASLO, B.C.

The annual meeting of the Kaslo and District Women's Institute was held in their rooms on Friday, 31st of January. There was a good attendance. After the reading and adoption of the minutes of the last year's annual meeting the president, Mrs. Millington, addressed the meeting.

Mrs. Millington declined re-nomination as president, the balloting providing the Institute with the following: Mrs. Caldwell, president; Miss McKenzie, vice-president; Mrs. Roberts, secretary-treasurer. Mrs. Millington was made honorary president.

Auditors appointed were Mr. Whellams and Mrs. Papworth. Mrs. Roberts was chosen as Government delegate to attend the Kootenay and Boundary annual convention.

President's Address.

Dear Co-workers,—

I must say how pleased I am that we are once more able to meet together after the trying period of nearly four months, through which we have passed since our last meeting.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to all who have been bereaved during the recent epidemic which has caused so much suffering and sorrow all over the continent; even in our own little corner of the globe we have felt its sad effects. Our hearts go out to the relatives of the late Mrs. Skillicorn and Mrs. Hall. Through their death we have lost two good members; although they did not attend the meetings often they were always ready and willing to help in any way they could, and they certainly will be missed.

We have great cause to be thankful that this terrible war of four and a half years is over with such a great victory to the allies and while welcoming home all our dear boys who are returning, let us not forget those whose loved ones can never return. It must indeed be a heart breaking time for them to see others coming back and to know they will never see their own again on this earth.

Otherwise, aside from events over which we had no control we had a very pleasant and successful year in the Institute.

You will see from the report how much money has been taken in and how it has been spent. You will notice there has been a large sum go to the Prisoners of War Fund, but now the war is over and there is no further need to spend it that way we can do more to help the Red Cross. You may think that now the war is over there is no need for further efforts in that line, but the Red Cross is asking you to continue for another year at least, as there are so many things needed in the hospitals. I would ask our members who have worked so nobly to keep on; whether sewing or knitting let us do our best for those who need it so badly. While speaking of hospitals I would like to say that I would be in favor of the Institute doing something for our local hospital. Mind, I don't say bind ourselves down to any hard and fast rule like we did with the Prisoners of War Fund, but just to give a donation occasionally direct to the board of management, or even buy some articles towards the equipment, that could be placed to the credit of the Women's Institute.

I would also like to propose that we put forth a strong effort to get a home of our own. The way we are at present is anything but satisfactory, and paying out rent is a waste of money.

Community work was much spoken of at the convention, and I think these two things would be a good piece of community work for our Institute to consider at an early date.

I very much regret that Mr. Scott, the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, had to resign through ill-health during the past year. In losing Mr. Scott we have lost a good friend, one who was always ready to do whatever he could for the Institutes throughout British Columbia, and we trust his well earned rest will be most beneficial to his health.

We also regret the resignation of Mrs. Johnson, from the Advisory Board. We hope the time is not far distant when she will again be able to take an active part in Institute work.

As you all know the convention was considered a great success, and I take this opportunity of thanking you one and all, who helped in any way whatever, for your kind support and help at that time and during the two years I have been working with you as your president. I ask for a continuation of the same kind of support for my successor. As I have said so many times, a president or some one to take the lead of any organization is always a necessity, but they can do nothing alone. The co-operation and help of each and every member is very essential to make a success of any undertaking, therefore in closing I ask of you not to forget this and I trust you will endeavor to make 1919 a record year.

ELIZABETH MILLINGTON,
President.

Secretary's Report.

Madame President, Lady Directors, and members of the Kaslo and District Women's Institute,—

In giving a report of our year's work, it gives me pleasure to inform you that we closed the year with a membership of eighty-seven. The average attendance was twenty-six. In May, thirty-four, and in June, thirty-two, being the best months. Miss McKenzie, Mrs. Patey and the Misses Roberts attended all meetings held, and Mrs. Millington, Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Roberts missed one meeting.

We held nine regular meetings, and nine directors' meetings. Seven papers were read, two readings, three recitations and three addresses given. No regular meetings were held in October, November or December because of influenza regulations.

We started the year with a balance of $19.69, and ended with a balance of $15.90.

We kept two Prisoners of War, paid $10.00 per month for nine months. We also sent $5.00 to Navy League, and $10.00 to Red Cross Drive.

Women's Institute members canned over one hundred and seventy quarts of fruit for Balfour Sanitarium, also sent $10.00 at New Year's to be used to buy comforts for the bed patients.

Work done for the Red Cross,—thirty-one dressing gowns, one hundred and seventy-seven pyjamas, three hundred and seventy-five pairs of socks.

In May we held a sale of home baking, ice cream, etc., which realized $84.25. This was the only sale we had for the year.

In January, the Lake of the Woods Milling Company made arrangements with one of the storekeepers, and members were enabled to get flour and feed at reduced prices.

In May, the Farmers' Institute proposed sending for a car of feed; $216.85 was taken in from Women's Institute members for orders of feed, but had to be refunded as the Farmers' Institute did not send for the car.

In June, the Women's Institute sent for half a ton of rice and three hundred pounds of beans for members.

In January, Miss Hamilton's paper on "Cruelty to Animals" was read, and Mrs. Archer gave a reading. In February Rev. M. C. Campbell gave a paper, Mrs. Whittaker a recitation and Mrs. Roberts a paper on "Economy in the Home." In March, Mrs. Millington read an article on "Pruning," Mrs. McQueen gave a reading, also a recitation. On April 23rd a social was held at which over seventy members and friends met to bid farewell to Mrs. Keenan, an old Women's Institute member, who was leaving Kaslo to make her home at the coast. An address was read and Mrs. Millington presented Mrs. Keenan with a handsome broach, set with pearls and amethysts, a joint present from her many friends.

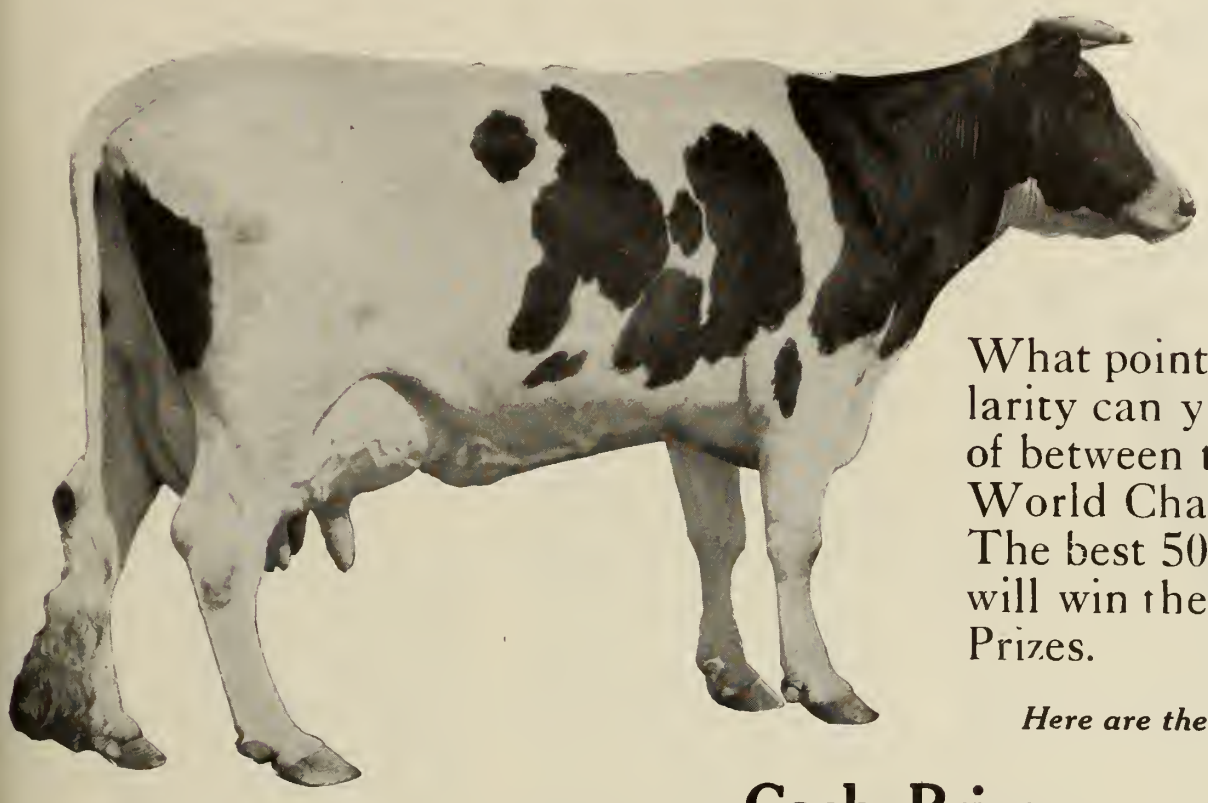
At the regular meeting in April, Mrs. Patey gave a paper on Gardening. In May, Mr. J. Keen, M.P.P., gave an address on Guardianship of Children and Minimum Wage for Women. Mrs. Norman gave a talk on Canning. In June the Monthly meeting took the form of a Picnic on the beach, all members' children were treated to ice cream; sports were held and prizes given. Members and their children had a splendid time.

On July 13th we had a very successful Flower Show. The sections open to adults were well stocked with entries, but the most notable exhibits were the wild flowers shown by children under sixteen years. In this division there were seventeen entries. Several of the contestants had as many as seventy-one varieties; $7.50 was given in money prizes, besides the Government prizes.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)

50 CASH PRIZES

You May Easily Win—Costs Nothing to Try



What points of similarity can you think of between these two World Champions? The best 50 answers will win the 50 Cash Prizes.



Here are the Prizes:

Cash Prizes

1st Prize	$500.00	4th Prize	$50.00	21st to 35th Prizes (each)	$5.00
2nd Prize	300.00	5th Prize	25.00	36th to 45th Prizes (each)	2.50
3rd Prize	100.00	6th to 20th Prizes (each)	10.00	46th to 50th Prizes (each)	1.00

TO enter this contest, you ought to read our intensely interesting booklet, which we will send you, FREE, and which tells, in detail, just how these great world records were made and this great success attained. No one, anxious for success in life, should fail to read it. It also gives you many pointers of help in this contest, because it tells of the connection between Segis Fayne Johanna, the $150,000 official Champion Cow of the world, "The Liquid Veneer Cow," and

LIQUID VENEER

Read and study this ad. and the story carefully, and then send us a list of NOT MORE THAN EIGHT points of similarity that you can think of between these two World Champions. For instance, "Both are World Champions," "Both are owned by the same people," "Both are doing great Patriotic Work."

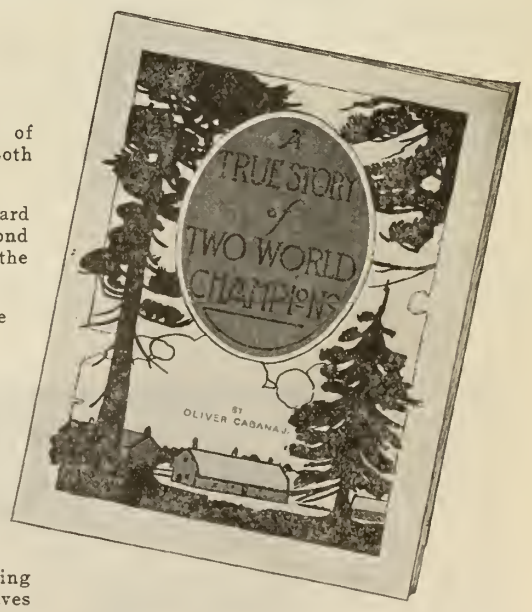
After the close of the contest on June 1st, 1919, the judges will carefully consider all suggestions, and will award the first prize to the contestant from whom, in their opinion, the best list of suggestions has been received, the second prize to the contestant from whom the next best list has been received, etc. All contestants will be notified who the winners are as soon as possible after the close of the contest.

FREE, to every contestant, a large and beautiful colored reproduction of a wonderful painting of Segis Fayne Johanna, suitable for framing. It is a work of art, and will be sent whether you win a cash prize or not.

A complete set of Rules and List of Prizes will be sent with your copy of the story.

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DU PONT



The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

These added to the caterpillars are our daily bread. Our work is over when the hay is cut and then we assemble in flocks and go to the marshes. There we eat the wild rice, but as soon as the first frost comes we leave for the sunny south."

"You're awfully like a sparrow," remarked the squirrel to Mrs. Bobolink.

"I am a bit sparrowy-looking, but you know we belong to the blackbird family."

"This is my wedding suit," cried the bobolink proudly. "In the autumn I change my color until I'm dressed just like my wife, because then we both blend in with the dead leaves and grass and are in little danger of being shot."

"Camouflage," murmured the squirrel.

Just for one moment did Mrs. Bobolink allow the visitor to see the eggs from which her babies would soon emerge. There they were, four of them, white and thickly spotted and clouded with brown.

"You see, I didn't know you were so useful," chattered the squirrel as Mrs. Bobolink hopped back to her nest. "It seems to me that you birds don't leave anything unguarded."

"We don't," replied the bobolink. "Look over there," went on the male bird as he perched on a stout weed stalk. "Look at that rose-breasted grosbeak. He's busy."

"What is he doing?"

"You'd better go over and ask him."

"I will—" and without waiting to say good-bye, the red squirrel scampered away through the grass until he came to the foot of the wild apple tree. Clouds of snowy petals descended in a constant shower. "Hi! Stop, stop!" screamed the squirrel.

"Why?" asked a choked voice from above.

"You're spoiling the tree."

"Never," the grosbeak laughed as he ceased his work to talk.

"Well, I think you are," retorted the squirrel.

The bird twittered merrily, then cried, "I'm afraid you don't understand, friend Bushy. You see it's this way. I'm a tree pruner."

"A tree pruner?"

"Yes," went on the rose-breasted grosbeak. "A tree pruner, and a pruner is one that snips off a bud here and there, and then the remaining buds grow stronger and larger. Nature has many ways of pruning her trees. Insects kill some of the buds, but birds do nearly all this work. We even help the farmers in their orchards; somehow most of them don't seem to realise that we are really doing good when we snip off a bud or a newly formed fruit. The remaining fruit is always finer, but we are never given any credit for the work we have done. It's the same with the leaves of a tree. A few leaf-eating caterpillars do not hurt a tree, but the caterpillars become a pest by increasing so quickly. This happens in districts where birds are scarce, for most birds, if annoyed by stone throwing boys and pet cats, will leave that place. They are wise enough to know that there is danger in staying, but there, go away, I'm wasting my time and I must finish this tree."

So the squirrel scampered away, but the sun was high in the heavens before he reached his home tree. So many old friends had arrived overnight from southern lands. He stopped to chatter with the dainty grey catbirds. Oh, yes! They had had a lovely winter in Panama, but would he mind coming back later? They were so busy deciding just which part of the tangled brier they would build their nests in. The scarlet tanager bird passed overhead with a friendly greeting. He and his mate were off to the deepest part of the woods, for once there, he knew that he could hide his vivid coat and feel secure. Like the bobolink, he too had donned his wedding suit, and the startling splash of color nearly upset the tiny ruby-thoated humming bird that was darting hither and thither. The living jewel was getting impatient. His lady love was now a day late, for, as was the custom, the male ruby-throats had travelled in advance. The flame colored oriole whistled cheerfully from the depths of a blossom-covered cherry tree, his voice vying with that of the crested flycatcher, who, mischievous as the blue jay, was amusing himself by chasing the smaller birds. Every few minutes he startled the feathered folk with a loud, piercing call that sounded like "What!" With his tousled head he was never tidy, for his crest of feathers was always standing on end. No wonder the baby flycatcher's hair sticks up, for it is a well known fact that the crested flycatcher always places a piece of snakeskin in his nest. A queer habit and nobody has ever solved the mystery of it.

Bushy, the red squirrel, resting outside his door, heard a clear business-like voice calling "Chebec." Over and over it was repeated and it took the sharp eyed squirrel many minutes before he saw the small bird on the tree top. Dressed in Quaker grey, with vest a shade paler, the least flycatcher with its slightly forked tail darted viciously at a passing insect, then disappeared. Only the "Chebec, Chebec" was heard. The squirrel curled himself up for a nap, but before his eyes closed he thought over all he had learned that morning. "Tree pruners," he murmured and the next moment he was asleep.

What a Playground Means to a Community

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.)

Saturday afternoon to the study of playground work.

In return, for the girl who takes up this work, a substantial salary awaits, and as a result of her work a statement of Judge Wagner of one of the Juvenile Courts, speaks for itself. "At present there are 200 boys and girls in the hands of the Juvenile Court under probation. Ninety or ninety-five per cent. of this number we got during July and August when the playgrounds are closed, for while they are open, few hearings are held. The reason for this is that during that period of the year this organization takes care of the boys."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

In one of your articles you spoke about bee-keeping as a means for a girl to earn money at home. As I am interested could you give me the information required for a beginner. I just love raising poultry but I have no bees as yet.

PRESCOTT.

I am sending you the titles of some books you will find very interesting along that line and also the names of a couple of magazines to help you. I am sure these will give you the information you desire much better than I could. I am also sending you the name of a college which specializes in that work. Hope you have every success with them.

To whom should my brother apply about his artificial leg. It seems to be giving him some trouble of late.

ANXIOUS.

Apply to the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment Bureau, 185 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Could you tell me if there is going to be another course given at Hart House?

WINOHAM.

Yes there will be a course given in both Massage and Muscle Function Training. The dates of these courses have not been finally fixed as yet

I would like to take up the study of nursing, but as I am a working girl, I would only be able to give my spare hours to the work. Could I take my training in that way?

GRETTA B.

I would not advise you to think of nursing unless you can spend three years in a hospital and receive the proper training. Since this is impossible why not turn your attention to something else? Did you ever think of taking up the work of playground supervisor? The lectures are given Wednesday nights and Saturday afternoons; in this way you will be able to keep on with your daily work and train at the same time.

Would you kindly give me the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60.)

Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56.)

In August, Mrs. Keen read a paper on "The Progression of B.C. Laws Affecting Women in Provincial and Municipal Affairs."

Early in the year we had a China Shower, which brought in two dozen cups and saucers, cream and sugar sets, plates, also spoons, a kettle and a table cloth. Each month a tea was given by three members, proceeds for Prisoners of War Fund.

In October the Annual Kootenay and Boundary Convention was held at Kaslo and was a grand success. All who attended the sessions felt a desire to do a great deal better in the coming year. Owing to the precautions taken in closing the town and forbidding all meetings, to prevent the spread of Spanish influenza, we were unable to hold any regular meetings, so our good resolves and plans for community work did not materialize.

We hope that the incoming officers will be able to do better than we have done, and that we all may put forth our best efforts for Home and Country. We trust that the work of our Institute may progress during the year 1919 as it has done in the past.

In closing I wish to thank you all for your kindness. I have found it a pleasure to work with you all and have enjoyed the work. Respectfully submitted,

CATHERINE ROBERTS,
Secretary-Treasurer.

SUMMER SERIES OF ONTARIO INSTITUTE MEETINGS.

The following list of Women's Institute meetings for late May and early June has been submitted to the Institutes concerned and the majority have approved of the dates suggested. The Institute members are requested to keep these meetings in mind and make sure as to the date for their respective meetings. Very few changes will likely be made in the dates as announced.

Lists for the whole of June will appear in the June issue of this Journal.

DIVISION 1.

Lincoln.—Jordan, May 26; Louth, May 27; Grantham, May 28; Virgil, May 29; Niagara-on-the-Lake, May 30; Queenston, May 31. **Welland.**—Stamford, June 2; Willoughby, June 3; Bowen Road, June 4; Ridgeway, June 5; Crowland, June 6; Chippawa, June 7.

DIVISION 2.

South Wentworth.—West Hamilton, May 20; Bartonville, May 21; Winona, May 22; Tapleytown, May 23. **North Brant.**—St. George, May 26; Glen Morris, May 27; Blue Lake, May 28; Paris, May 29; Moyle and Tranquillity, May 30; Tutela, June 2; Grandview, June 3; Alford and Park Road, June 4; Echo Place, June 5; Cainsville, June 6.

DIVISION 3.

Haldimand.—Caledonia, May 26; York, May 27; Canboro, May 28; Cayuga, May 29; Nelles' Corners, May 30; Selkirk, May 31; Jarvis, June 2; Hagersville, June 3; Springvale, June 4. **North Norfolk.**—Townsend, June 5; Waterford, June 6; Boston, June 7.

DIVISION 4.

South Essex.—Essex, May 19; Cottam, May 20; Leamington, May 21; Harrow, May 22; Malden, May 23. **West Elgin.**—Glachan, May 26. **East Kent.**—Bothwell, May 27; Croton, May 28; Wabash, May 29; Kent Bridge, May 30; Botany, May 31; Morpeth, June 2; Palmyra, June 3; Highgate, June 4. **West Elgin.**—Rodney, June 5; West Lorne, June 6; Wallacetown, June 7.

DIVISION 5.

West Kent.—Harwich East, May 26; Harwich Centre, May 27; Guilds, May 28; Cedar Springs, May 29; Sydenham River, May 30; Bear Line, May 31; Dover, June 2; Irwin, June 3; South Raleigh, June 4; Port Alma, June 5; Wheatley, June 6. **West Lambton.**—Pleasant Valley, June 7.

DIVISION 6.

West Middlesex.—Delaware, May 26; Mount Brydges, May 27; Glen Oak, May 28; Appin, May 29; Middlemiss, May 30; Wardsville, May 31; Newbury, June 2; Napier, June 3; Kerwood, June 4; Strathroy, June 5. **East Middlesex.**—Salem, June 6; Dorchester, June 7.

DIVISION 7.

South Wentworth.—Upper Hamilton, May 21; Ancaster, May 22; Stoney Creek, May 23. **Halton.**—Burlington, May 26; Trafalgar, May 27; Omagh, May 28; Palermo, May 29; Esquesing, May 30; Georgetown, May 31; Ballinafad, June 2; Burlington, June 3; Acton, June 4; Nassagaweya, June 5. **Centre Wellington.**—Ennotville, June 6; Speedside, June 7.

Division 8.

West York.—Lambton Mills, May 27; Islington, May 28; Richview, May 29; Thistletown, May 30; Woodbridge, June 2; Edgeley, June 3; Vellore, June 4; Maple, June 5; Kleinburg, June 6. **Peel.**—Port Credit, June 7.

DIVISION 9.

North Waterloo.—Winterbourne, May 27; West Montrose, May 28; Linwood, May 29; Wellesley, May 30. **South Waterloo.**—Galt, May 31; Avr, June 2; Haysville, June 3; New Dundee, June 4; Central Dumfries, June 5; Branchton, June 6. **South Brant.**—Mount Vernon, June 7.

DIVISION 10.

Union.—Clifford May 21; Drew, May 22; Teviotdale, May 23. **West Wellington.**—Drayton, May 27; Glen Allan, May 28; Moorefield, May 29; Rothsay, May 30; Palmerston, May 31. **South Grey.**—Ayton, June 2; Holstein, June 3; Dromore, June 4; Zion, June 5; Durham, June 6.

DIVISION 11.

Centre Bruce.—Kincardine, May 26. **West Bruce.**—Tiverton, May 27; Port Elgin, May 28; Arkwright, May 29; Tara, May 30; Allenford, May 31. **Centre Bruce.**—Williscroft, June 2; Paisley, June 3; Narva, June 4. **South Bruce.**—Walkerton, June 5; Belmore, June 6; Teeswater, June 7.

DIVISION 12.

Centre Grey.—Proton Station, May 27; Hopeville, May 28; Priceville, May 29; Ceylon, May 30; Badjeros, May 31; Eugenia, June 2; Vandeleur, June 3; Kimberley, June 4; Cherry Grove, June 5; Williamsford, June 6; Rocklyn, June 7.

DIVISION 13.

West Simcoe.—Avening, May 27; Creemore, May 28; Maple Valley, May 29; Singhampton, May 30; Duntroon, May 31; Batteau, June 2; Stayner, June 3; Sunnidale, June 4; New Lowell, June 5. **South Simcoe.**—Barrie, June 6; Ivy, June 7.

DIVISION 14.

South Simcoe.—Coulson's Hill, May 26; Churchill, May 27; Stroud, May 28. **Centre Simcoe.**—Dalston, May 29. **East Simcoe.**—Edgar, May 30; Mitchell Square, May 31; Guthrie, June 2; Oro Station, June 3; Crown Hill, June 4; Orillia, June 5; Harvie Settlement, June 6; Foxmead, June 7.

DIVISION 15.

East York.—Richmond Hill, May 20; Victoria Square, May 21; Thornhill, May 22; East Toronto, May 23; Scarboro Junction, May 26; Lakeview, May 27; West Hill, May 28; Highland Creek, May 29; Agincourt, May 30; Unionville, May 31; Markham, June 2; Stouffville, June 3. **South Ontario.**—Greenbank, June 4; Brougham, June 5; Claremont, June 6; Shirley, June 7.

DIVISION 16.

East Northumberland.—Brighton, May 27; Smithfield, May 28; Stockdale, May 29; Wooler, May 30; Codrington, May 31; Hilton, June 2; Dundonald, June 3; Castleton, June 4; Seymour West, June 5; Menie, June 6.

DIVISION 17.

West Victoria.—Lorneville, May 27; Woodville, May 28; Linden Valley, May 29; Cambray, May 30; Lindsay, May 31; West Ops, June 2; Little Britain, June 3; Janetville, June 4; Valentia, June 5; Manilla, June 7. **West Durham.**—Nestleton, June 6.

DIVISION 18.

Prince Edward.—Consecon, May 27; Hillier, May 28; Wellington, May 29; Meaford, May 30; Cherry Valley, May 31; East and West Lake, June 2; Bloomfield, June 3; Demorestville, June 4; Gilbert's Mills, June 5; Mountain View, June 6; Rednersville, June 7.

DIVISION 19.

East Hastings.—Thomasburg, May 27; Phillipstown, May 28; Bethany, May 29; Melrose, May 30; Shannonville, May 31. **Addington.**—Enterprise, June 2. **Lennox.**—Maple Leaf, June 3; Adolphustown, June 4; Conway, June 5; Collins' Bay, June 7. **Amherst Island.**—Stella, June 6.

DIVISION 20.

South Lanark.—Perth, May 27; Maberley, May 28; McDonald's Corners, May 29; Elphin, May 30; Lavant Station, May 31; Poland, June 2; Watson's Corners, June 3; Middleville, June 4; Lanark, June 5; Drummond Centre, June 6; Innisville, June 7.

DIVISION 21.

Stormont.—Cornwall, May 27; Berwick, May 28; Moose Creek, June 4. **Glengarry.**—Williamstown, May 29; Glen Brook, May 30; Martintown, May 31; Apple Hill, June 2; Maxville, June 3. **Carleton.**—Kars, June 5; Manotick, June 6; Stittsville, June 9.

DIVISION 22.

North Ontario.—Altona, May 27; Goodwood, May 28; Sandford, May 29; Sunderland, May 30; Gamebridge, May 31; Brechin, June 2. **Centre Muskoka.**—Ufford, June 3; Raymond, June 4; Port Sydney, June 5; Allansville, June 6; Silverdale, June 7.

DIVISION 23.

West Parry Sound.—Carling, June 2; Orrville, June 3. **North Parry Sound.**—Trout Creek, June 4; Golden Valley, June 6; Loring, June 7.

DIVISION 24.

East Manitoulin.—Little Current, May 26; Howland, May 27; Shequindah, May 28; Bass Creek, May 29; Green Bay, May 30; Tehkummah, June 2; South Baymouth, June 3; Big Lake June 4; Rockville, June 5; Mindemoya, June 6; Carnarvon, June 7.

DIVISION 25.

Thunder Bay.—Dorion, June 3; Port Arthur, June 4; Fort William, June 5; McIntyre, June 6; South Neebing, June 7.

Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.)

matters which you now understand better than you did this morning?"

"Matters—concerning—love."

He laughed: "Do you think you understand love?"

"A little better than I did."

"In what way? You are not in love, are you, Karen?"

"I think—a—little."

"With whom?"

No answer.

"Not with *me?*"

"Yes." She turned swiftly in the depths of her chair to confront him as he sprang to his feet.

"Wait!" she managed to say; and remained silent, one slim hand against her breast. And, after a moment: "Would you not come any nearer, please."

"Karen——"

"Not now, please. . . . Sit there where you were. . . . I can tell you better—all I know—about it."

SHE bent again over her needle, sewing half blindly, the hurrying pulses making her hand unsteady. And, after he was seated she turned her head partly around for a moment, looking at him with a fascinated and almost breathless curiosity.

"If I tell you will you come no nearer; will you?"

"No. Tell me."

She sewed for a while at random, not conscious what her fingers were doing, striving to think clearly in the menace of these new emotions, the power of which she was divining now, realizing more deeply every second.

"I'll try to tell you," she said: "I didn't know anything—about myself—this morning. What we had been to each other I considered friendship. Remember it was my first friendship with a man. And—I thought it *was* that."

After a silence: "Was it anything deeper?" he asked.

"Yes, deeper. . . . You frightened me at first. . . . I was hurt. . . . But not ashamed or angry. And I did not understand why. . . . Until you spoke and said—what you said."

"That I love you?"

"Yes. . . . After that things grew slowly clearer to me. I don't know what I said to you—half the things I said on my way back—only that I made you angry—and I continued, knowing that you were angry and that I—I was almost laughing—I don't know why—only that I needed time to try to think. . . . You can't understand, can you?"

"I think so."

She looked up, then bowed her head once more.

"That is all," she said under her breath.

"Nothing more, Karen?"

"Only that—after you had gone away this afternoon I began to be a little in love."

"Will it grow?"

"I think so."

"May I tell you that I love you?"

"Yes, please."

HIS clasped hands tightened on his knees; he said in a low unsteady voice: "All my heart is yours, Karen—all there is in me of love and loyalty, honour and devotion, is yours. Into my mind there is no thought that comes which is not devoted to you or influenced by my adoration of you. I love you—every word you utter, every breath you draw, every thought you think I love. The most wonderful thing in the world would be that you should love me; the greatest miracle that you might marry me. Dare I hope for you, Karen?"

"Yes—please."

"That you will grow to really love me?"

(To be continued.)

There is danger in tender gums



TO preserve healthy teeth the ordinary tooth-paste is futile. You must first care for the gums, on which tooth health depends.

How many people think of this? Yet four out of five people over forty suffer from gum-decay, or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease).

At first the gums become tender, though actual gum-shrinkage is imperceptible. But in time receding gums will surely loosen your teeth, and then only a dentist can save them. The tender, bleeding gums of Pyorrhea also act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's (For the Gums) prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. This means that it prevents gum-shrinkage, gum-tenderness, gum-bleeding. So, automatically, Forhan's prevents tooth loosening.

Brush your teeth with it. It scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean.

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FRECKLES

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Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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Cure for Burned Fingers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

proclaiming vitality and a tendency to welcome life eagerly, joyously.

They climbed up close to the grim Citadel walls, and there, while the moon sailed grandly over the broad St. Lawrence, Billy told her of his life—his hopes and his disappointments. He told her whimsically how he was nearly helpless without his thick-lensed glasses. A bitter note crept into his voice as he recounted his attempts to get into one branch after another of the service and how he had been scornfully refused by all on account of his myopic eyes.

"Poor boy," she whispered in quick sympathy.

They sat very still for a long time awed to silence by the glory of the summer night. When the crowd on the terrace below them began to melt away Hazel sprang up.

"It's time for good little girls to turn in," she said, slowly commencing the descent. "Come."

Reluctantly Billy rose and in silence they made their way down the sharp incline. They stopped for a moment on the Terrace, leaning on the railing and looking out along the gleaming moon-path on the water.

"It's going to be hard to lose you, little girl," said Billy huskily.

She caught her breath; then laughed gaily: "There's to-morrow."

"Yes, there's to-morrow," he repeated softly as she disappeared through the doorway.

The next day, however, turned out to be entirely unsatisfactory. On the train Hazel discovered a friend of her mother's who was also going to Metis. It naturally was impossible to ignore her, and poor Billy was rather left in the cold. It was not until they were nearing their destination that he had a few moments alone with her.

"How long are you going to stay at Metis?" he asked eagerly.

"Just overnight."

"What!"

Billy's dismay turned his exclamation into a veritable explosion. Hazel looked up into his crestfallen countenance and burst into a peal of laughter.

"I'm not going far," she said, little imps of mischief dancing in her eyes.

"But—but—I can't follow you round all over the country," wailed Billy.

"Who asked you to?" she asked succinctly.

"Well, whether I'm asked or not I'm going with you to-morrow. I simply won't lose you so soon. That's final."

"You'll have to travel on a stuffy local train."

"As though I cared about that," he cried, exulting in her tacit permission.

BILLY was so intensely interested in the fascinating present that he forgot the future during his brief stay at the beach. So it was not until he boarded the local train with Hazel the next afternoon at Little Metis Station that he found time to inquire regarding their next destination.

"I'm going to Campbellton for a few days to visit Cora Allison," she told him. "Then on to Halifax for a month or so—and then home." She looked at him quizzically for a moment. "And what are your plans?"

"Oh, Lord," he groaned. "I haven't any. I simply know what I'd like to do. You see, this is a business trip, and it was understood that I was not to take a holiday until I had secured an order from Mr. Stafford. He is a most elusive individual, and I can't seem to locate him."

He sat in glum silence for a few moments absent-mindedly tearing into little pieces some pink and crimson Pullman-car checks that he had found in his pockets. He was beginning to realize that it was going to be no joke to say good-bye to the girl beside him. Love had come quickly; but it was very real, very earnest. He continued to tear viciously at the little slips of paper until he had accumulated a large handful of bright-colored scraps. A sudden puff of wind through the open window opposite whirled them into the air. They fluttered about gaily and settled on the girl's hat, in her hair, on her blouse.

"Here comes the bride," hummed Billy.

"Oh, what fun," whispered Hazel excitedly. "I just dare you to convince this crowd that we're on our honeymoon. I'm some actress, remember."

"You're on," chuckled Billy. "I'm some actor myself."

HE glanced hastily at the other occupants of the car. They were mostly habitants who would probably ride for a few miles only and then would be replaced by others exactly like them. Seated across the aisle from him was an elderly gentleman, evidently someone of consequence, who, although he kept his eyes decorously on his newspaper, showed by his expression that he was interested in the young couple.

"Sure you're comfortable, dear?" asked Billy solicitously, leaning toward Hazel.

"Quite, dear," she answered with a bright little smile and a fleeting uplifting of the eyes as she snuggled her shoulder a bit closer to his.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70.)



You Will Appreciate *this* Pure Milk

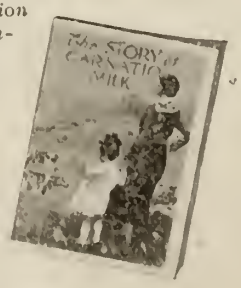
ONCE you have learned the convenience of Carnation Milk with its many uses, you will never go back to the ordinary milk supply. As cream for coffee, tea, cereals or whipping (chilled, of course). As pure, fresh, whole milk for drinking and other milk uses (add water). As thin milk for cooking (add more water).

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What a Playground Means to a Community

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58.)

particulars of the Y.W.C.A. course, as I wish to take it up.

BELLEVILLE.

I am sending you a pamphlet about the Y.W.C.A. course. It gives a list of the lectures, an account of the expenses and all the information you will wish.

I wish to keep a Belgian Orphan, could you tell me how to proceed?

R. A., GUELPH.

The department which looked after the interests of the Belgian orphans individually has been discontinued, and any money now given for that purpose should be sent to the Belgian Consul-General, Ottawa, Ont. You would not be able to keep one particular orphan now as heretofore. All work must now be done collectively.

My daughter wishes to take up the Social Service Work mentioned in one of your former journals. She has not had a high school education, do you think that would matter?

A. E. F., MYRTLE.

I should think she would find the work very difficult if she has not had any high school education, whatever, of course that is a matter which the Social Service Department itself must decide, I am sending you the address. Your daughter must be able to pay her own expenses while taking the course.

Could you please tell me who is responsible for the amount of pension issued to the soldier?—H. T., Galt.

The doctor who examines the soldier for discharge determines the amount of pension according to the man's disability.

How much are soldiers allowed who wish to go on farms?—A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

They are allowed $5,000 for the purchase of land. Soldiers are asked to pay 10% of purchase price of land. In cases of men who have had successful farming experience in Canada, 10% may be dispensed with and a grant up to $5,000 may be had. The interest on the amount owing is to be at 5% and all is to be repayable on an amortization plan by twenty-five annual instalments.

Two thousand dollars for implements and stock. Repayable in four annual instalments commencing in third year

One thousand dollars for permanent improvements, repayable on same terms as balance owing on land.

Sharing Dad With Judy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

and Nan heard her father say—"always undemonstrative child—shyday or two to wear off."

A great hot choking lump rose in her throat and she knew it would be impossible for her to swallow any food. So she swallowed her scruples and told a deliberate lie, to the effect that she had eaten her tea early in the afternoon and was not hungry. They did not urge her and presently she had to run far into the garden to escape the sounds of their happy laughter.

Determined to hate her step-mother, to find corroboration of her definitely-formed opinion, Nan, during the days which followed, twisted every word and deed until they seemed to prove the truth of her contentions. Take for example the matter of a peace offering. She had expected some costly trinket or dresses, at least, which could be exhibited to the village. But Judy brought her nothing! And she was rich, too! Nan was too young for deep self-analysis, and yet away down inside her she knew that had her father's wife come laden with conciliatory gifts they would have been accepted with more contempt than gratitude. At the same time, it was easy to construe this oversight into an act of stinginess which made hatred justifiable.

NAN did not know, of course, that her father had touched upon this very matter, and had suggested that friendly overtures might be more effective when supported by material assistance. But Judy with her keener insight had protested with an earnestness almost pathetic.

"But, Lawrence, dear," she cried, "I want to win the child's love, not buy it. Presents can come later."

So could kisses, apparently, and many other things. She never placed herself in a position which gave Nan the chance for a rebuff; she never asked for companionship nor forced her own company. She demanded no obedience and gave no favors. She was wholly hateful—hateful!

There were, however, a few compensations. Nan's importance in the community increased. It gave her immense satisfaction to realize that when she passed down the quiet, straggly street every neighbor made a point of being on the verandah or in the yard and none ever failed to make solicitous enquiries of her.

"Well, Nan," they would say, "and how's everything at your house?"

And she, taking refuge behind a delightfully mysterious borrowed phrase, would call:

"Oh, thank you, as well as can be expected."

RECEIVING many more invitations now than in Granny's day, the child took a wicked, melancholy pleasure in refusing them, for she loved to catch the expressions which said plainer than words, "Poor child, who but a step-mother could be responsible for such curtailment of innocent pleasure!" And as there was no tale of ill-treatment and unhappiness to tell, she naturally told none, thereby earning for herself the reputation of being a "loyal little soul, if there ever was one."

She displayed quite suddenly a passionate fondness for her oldest clothes, parading about the village in dresses dragged from bundles in the attic. At home, however, she never appeared in these. One day, her father catching her in the grotesque masquerade, gave her a severe scolding. But Judy interceded.

"It is evident, dear," she said, smiling, "that you do not understand the feminine heart, does he, Nan? We have our peacock moods, but we have others, when an old and faded frock is irresistible. Nan has a cupboard full of pretty dresses, and when she likes, no doubt she will become a peacock again and dazzle us. In the meantime, you must not be annoyed because she proves constant to the older ones. You will see me in many of mine."

As soon as their backs were turned, Nan stamped her foot with fury. She was robbed even of the satisfaction of feeling neglected; she was made to look ridiculous in the eyes of her father. Probably in some diabolically clever way, Judy would acquaint the whole village of the fact that like all imposters, her step-child had been imposing on no one but herself!

BUT the bitterest dose of all was the time when Judy actually shielded her from her own father. Such a thing was past human endurance—from a step-mother.

"You are starving me, good wife," laughed Johnson across the table heaped with good things. "How can I exist without any of those toothsome cookies which lend appetizing variety to angel cake, devil cake and all the intermediate stages of spiritual bakings?"

Judy blushed with pleasure. "Baby," she said. "One can't entertain neighbors and make cookies at the same time. The operation is delicate. However, I promise them for to-night, no matter what happens."

"Good!"

Dad smacked his lips like a greedy boy and commanded Nan to watch the preparations even if she could not render First Aid: "You must learn the trick, too, daughter," he said, "for I can keep two chefs busy where it comes to Judy's cookies."

He had gone to town and Nan into the kitchen, But she sat in a far corner and neither watched nor helped. She pretended to be absorbed in a book, Judy sang happily and ignored her.

The oven was full and savoury odors hung about the room. The cookies were just beginning to brown and the critical moment approached when they must be snatched like a hrand from the burning. Then the telephone rang. Judy frowned.

"Nan," she asked, "would you rather answer the phone—it may be your Dad—or watch the cookies?"

Nan chose the latter exultantly. She listened to Judy's hurried admonitions —"If I am more than two minutes, turn off the gas and open the door"—and watched her run from the kitchen. Then turning on the cock to its fullest extent, she went back to her corner and tho book.

PRESENTLY the character of the odors changed. A rift of smoke crept out of the oven door. It became denser. Nan turned off the gas and opened the door, just as Judy returned.

"I am afraid I waited too long," said the child, looking at a mass of charred dough frizzling in the pan.

Judy did not speak for a moment. Then she said very gently. "Yes, dear, I am afraid you have."

"But aren't you going to make some more?" asked Nan rather alarmed at seeing her put the things away. The intention behind her act had been to annoy Judy, not to deprive Dad.

"No, not to-day. Dad will have to do without his cookies. I never double my work if I can help it."

Nan spent a miserable afternoon, anticipating a scene at the tea table. But there was none as far as she was concerned. Dad asked for his cookies and Judy said, "I had an accident, Lawrence. They were burned. We will have some another time."

Dad was awfully disappointed and a little annoyed. He began to tease Judy about the sin of absent-mindedness. And when his words grew more caustic than he, perhaps, realized, she flushed painfully, but offered no explanation or excuse. Nan gulped her food in silence, her eyes on her plate. Judy had stood between her and a merited scolding, she had laid an obligation upon her; worse,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67.)



From the ages 6 to 20 watch your children's teeth closely; after age 20, teeth decay more slowly.

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Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste, all druggists.

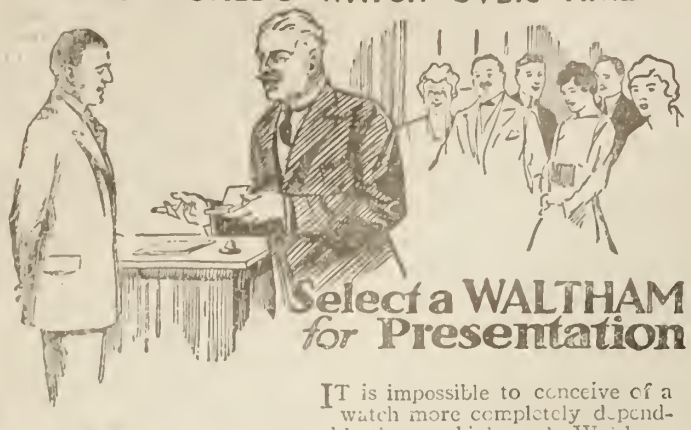
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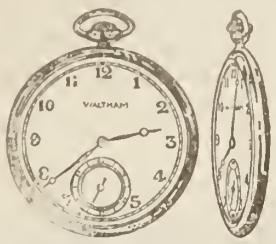
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Black and white illustration but faintly suggests the soft rich hues, the exquisite harmony of colors, and the silky texture of long fibre Australian yarns which make the new Monarch - Knit Sweater Coats so irresistible. Besides its wide variety, the new spring range is notable for its fresh and exclusive styles, as well as for certain refinements of finish and design hitherto lacking in garments of this kind. Such things really have to be seen to be appreciated.

The Monarch Knitting Company, Limited
Dunnville, Ontario, Canada
Also manufacturers of Monarch Floss and Monarch Down and Monarch-Knit Hosiery for Men, Women and Children

Do We Live After Death?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

tremendous noises, like someone beating a table with a stick. We had, of course, taken every precaution, and we could not explain the noises, but at the same time we could not swear that some ingenious practical joke had not been played upon us. There the matter ended for the time. Some years afterward, however, I met a member of the family who occupied the house, and he told me that after our visit the bones of a child, evidently long buried, had been dug up in the garden. One must admit that this was very remarkable. Haunted houses are rare, and houses with buried human beings in their gardens are also, we will hope, rare. That they should have both united in one house is surely some argument for the truth of the phenomena. It is interesting to remember that in the case of the Fox family there was also a record of human bones and evidence of murder being found in the cellar. I have little doubt that if the Wesley family could have got upon speaking terms with their persecutors, they would also have come upon some motive for the persecution. It almost seems as if a life cut suddenly and violently short had some store of unspent vitality which could still manifest itself in a strange, mischievous fashion.

FROM this period until the time of the war I continued in the leisure hours of a very busy life to devote attention to this subject. I had experience of one series of seances with very amazing results, including several materializations seen in dim light. As the medium was detected in trickery shortly afterward, I wiped these off entirely as evidence. At the same time, I think that the presumption is very clear, that in the case of some mediums, like Eusapia Palladino, they may be guilty of trickery when their powers fail them, and yet at other times have very genuine gifts. Eusapia was twice convicted of very clumsy and foolish fraud, whereas she several times sustained long examinations under every possible test condition at the hands of scientific committees which contained some of the best names of France, Italy and England. However, I personally prefer to cut my experience with a discredited medium out of my record, and I think that all physical phenomena produced in the dark must necessarily lose much of their value unless they are accompanied by evidential messages as well. It is the custom of our critics to assume that if you cut out the mediums who got into trouble you would have to cut out nearly all your evidence. That is not so at all. Up to the time of this incident I had never sat with a professional medium at all, and yet I had certainly accumulated some evidence. The greatest medium of all, Mr. D. D. Home, showed his phenomena in broad daylight, and was ready to submit to every test, and no charge of trickery was ever substantiated against him. So it was with many others. It is only fair to state in addition that when a public medium is a fair mark for notoriety hunters, for amateur detectives and for sensational reporters, and when he is dealing with obscure elusive phenomena and has to defend himself before juries and judges who, as a rule, know nothing about the conditions which influence the phenomena, it would be wonderful if a man could get through without an occasional scandal. At the same time, the whole system of paying by results, which is practically the present system, since if a medium never gets results he would soon get no payments, is a vicious one. It is only when the professional medium can be guaranteed an annuity which will be independent of results that we can eliminate the strong temptation to substitute pretended phenomena when the real ones are wanting.

I HAVE now traced my own process of conversion up to the time of the war. I hope the reader will admit that it was deliberate and showed no traces of that credulity with which our opponents charge us. But I was culpably slow, I think, in throwing any small influence I may possess into the scale of truth. I might have drifted on for my whole life as a psychical researcher, showing a sympathetic, but more or less dilettante attitude toward the whole subject, as if we were arguing about some impersonal thing, such as the existence of Atlantis or the Baconian controversy. But the war came, and when the war came it brought earnestness into all our souls and made us look more closely at our own beliefs and reassess their values. In the presence of an agonized world, hearing every day of the deaths of the flower of our race in the first promise of their unfulfilled youth, seeing around one the wives and mothers who had no clear conception whither their loved ones had gone, I seemed suddenly to see that this subject with which I had so long dallied was not merely a study of a force outside the rules of science, but that it was really something tremendous, a breaking down of the walls between two worlds, a direct undeniable message from beyond, a call of hope and of guidance to the human race at the time of its deepest affliction. The objective side of it ceased to interest me, for having made up my mind that it was true there was an end of the matter. The religious side of it I saw to be of infinitely greater importance, and it is of this which I will presently speak. The telephone bell is in itself a very childish affair, but it may be the signal for a very vital message. It seemed to me that all these phenomena, large and small, had been the telephone bells which said to the human race: "Rouse yourselves! Stand by! Be at attention! Here are signs for you. They will lead up to the message which God wishes to send." It was the message, not the signs which really counted. A new revelation seemed to me to be in course of delivery to the human race, though how far it is still in what I may call the John-the-Baptist stage, and how far some greater fulness and clearness may be expected hereafter, is more than I or any man can say. My point is, that the physical phenomena which have been proved up to the hilt for all who care to examine the evidence, are really of no account, and that their real value consists in the fact that they support and give objective reality to an immense body of teaching which must deeply modify our previous religious views, and must, when properly understood and digested, make religion a very real thing, no longer a matter of faith, but a matter of actual experience and fact. It is to this side of the question which I will now turn, merely adding to my previous remarks about personal experiences that since the war I have had some very exceptional opportunities of confirming all the views which I had already formed as to the truth of the general facts upon which spiritualism is founded. The movement must also gain great additional solidity from the wonderful literature which has sprung up around it during the last few years. If no other spiritual books were in existence than five which have appeared in the last year—I allude to Professor Lodge's "Raymond," Arthur Hill's "Psychical Investigations," Professor Crawford's "Reality of Psychical Phenomena," Professor Barrett's "Threshold of the Unseen," and Gerald Balfour's "Ear of Dionysius"—those five alone would, in my opinion, be sufficient to establish the facts for any reasonable inquirer.

BEFORE going into this question of a new religious revelation, how it is reached, and what it consists of, I would say a word upon one other subject. There have always been two lines of attack by our opponents. The one is that our facts are not true. This I have dealt with. The other is that we are upon forbidden ground and should come off it and leave it alone. As I started from a position of materialism, this objection has never had any meaning for me, but for those who seriously think that ancient texts should regulate our modern conduct, I would submit one or two considerations. The chief is that God has given us no power at all which is under no circumstances to be used. The fact that we possess it is in itself proof that it is our bounden duty to study and to develop it. It is true that this, like every other power, may be abused if we lose our general sense of proportion and of reason. But I repeat that its mere possession is a strong reason why it is lawful that it be used.

It must also be remembered that this cry of illicit knowledge, backed very often by more or less appropriate texts, has been used against every advance of human knowledge. It was used against the new astronomy, and Galileo had actually to recant. It was used

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63.)

Post Poison Proceedings

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

Stories like the foregoing and many with fatal endings could be told endlessly by physicians, all pointing the same lesson, viz: that the after treatment of any infectious disease should be as careful and thoughtful as that during its acute stage. More especially is this the case in such diseases as doctors draw the attention of their patients to, with instructions to stay in bed, and go easily, until such time as they are pronounced "well" by the doctor himself.

A good tonic, plenty of light, nutritious, and easily digested food, fresh air, sunshine, and careful attention to keeping free all the avenues of elimination will hasten recovery.

PEOPLE who in the face of all that has been taught, published, and suffered, to-day, in regard to such diseases as influenza, pneumonia, diphtheria, etc., deliberately close their ears to the warnings and instructions that they are given, are guilty of nothing short of crime. One says their sufferings are their own fault, and are deservedly borne. That may be so, but it is not a wise doctrine to hold, it is injurious to the holder. Besides no one suffers alone. Others both directly and indirectly are injured by the sickness of any one member of a community. And other people are assuredly inconvenienced.

Therefore it should be taught not only in the home but in the school and church that it is the simple duty of every person and every community to see to it that they do not add one iota to the sum total of illness in the world to-day. And if by ill chance sickness come upon them it is likewise their bounden duty to get rid of it as fast as possible, and to endeavour by every means in their power to prevent the spread of infection to others.

To do this is surely good business. On a somewhat higher plane it works for the good of the community, and therefore of the individuals comprising it. And on the highest plane of all it is but another reading of the Golden Rule, another demonstration of the "love that worketh no ill to his neighbor."

Literature and Journalism

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

Often I think we have to change our "plan." Work will divert from one channel to another. Many a man thinks he is a poet when he ought to be writing sermons. A woman thinks she is a reporter when she is really a preacher. Many novelists would better write melodrama for moving pictures than books intended for thinking people. But if the motive power lies behind in the conviction "This one thing I can do, and try it out I will," and if this resolve is aided and abetted by a practical education along the line of work chosen, then nothing can stop one.

INTO your "plan" must come an infinite patience. Even the practical education may seem impossible to obtain at first. Most successful writers have had to work at some other trade to obtain their education. Philip Gibbs says he "has had to come down a long ladder" to get where he wanted, to "a place among the people" where he could get to know real life and write about it. Do you think it has been easy?

The only thing that is easy is the actual doing of the work. The practice for the work, the placing of the work, these are the difficulties. And if the difficulties did not exist there would be no artists in any line. The rapture is in the doing of the thing as well as ever we can. Not as well as we honestly believe we can, but as well as the rules of the game, the technique of the work—whatever it is, a story, a song, a poem, a picture—declare to be the case.

I know it is hard to "get in"—especially in magazine work. But don't blame editors if your work is rejected, blame yourself for not getting the standpoint of the editor and his or her magazine. Study the magazine with which you hope to succeed, and from the trend of its publications learn the sort of thing it is likely to want. Then spare yourself the discouragement of refusal if your work is dissimilar. Somewhere there is another magazine whose ideas are more sympathetic with your own.

But this has to do with merchandising, and that is another story.

Do We Live After Death?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

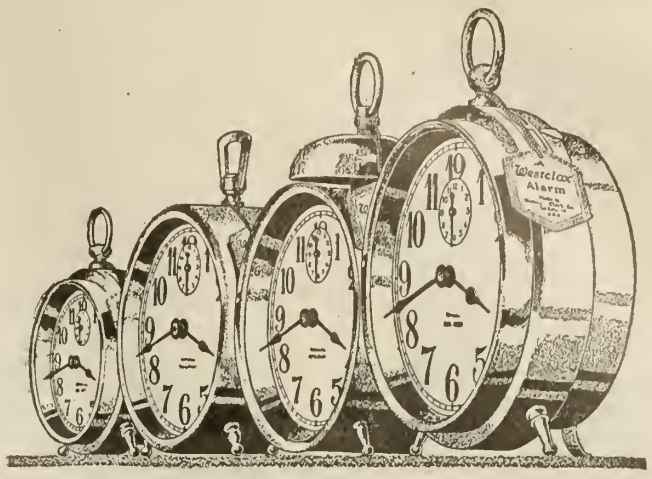
against Galvani and electricity. It was used against Darwin, who would certainly have been burned had he lived a few centuries before. It was even used against Simpson's use of chloroform in child-birth on the ground that the Bible declared "in pain shall ye bring them forth." Surely a plea which has been made so often, and so often abandoned, cannot be regarded very seriously.

To these, however, to whom the theological aspect is still a stumbling block I would recommend the reading of two short books, each of them by a clergyman. The one is the Rev. Fielding Ould's "Is Spiritualism of the Devil?" purchasable for twopence; the other is the Rev. Arthur Chambers' "Our Self After Death." If, after reading these two books, their objections are still alive, I should recommend them not to touch the subject at all, for there is no particular reason why they should. I may add that when I first began to make public my views, one of the first letters of congratulation which I received was from the late Archdeacon Wilberforce, who told me that he had long recognized the truth of all that I asserted.

I can now turn with some relief to a more impersonal view of this great subject. I have spoken of a body of fresh doctrine. Whence does this come? It comes in the main through automatic writing where the hand of the human medium is controlled, either by an alleged dead human being, as in the case of Miss Julia Ames, or by an alleged angel, as in the case of Mr. Stainton Moses. These written communications are supplemented by a vast number of trance utterances, and by the verbal messages of spirits, given through the lips of mediums. Sometimes it has even come by direct voices, as in the numerous cases detailed by Admiral Usborne Moore in his book, "The Voices." Occasionally, it has come through the family circle and table-tilting, as, for example, in the two cases I have previously detailed within my own experience. Sometimes, as in a case recorded by Mrs. de Morgan, it has come through the hand of a child.

OF course, we are at once confronted with the obvious objection—how do we know that these messages are really from beyond? How do we know that the medium is not consciously writing or if that be improbable, that he or she is unconsciously writing them by his or her own higher self? This is a perfectly just criticism, and it is one which we must rigorously apply in every case, since if the whole world is to become full of minor prophets, each of them stating his own views of the religious state with no proof save his own assertion, we should, indeed, be back in the dark ages of implicit faith. The answer must be that we require signs which we can test before we accept assertions which we cannot test. In old days they demanded a sign from a prophet, and it was a perfectly reasonable request and still holds good. If a person comes to me with an account of life in some further world, and has no credentials save his own assertion, I would rather have it in my waste-paper-basket than on my study table. Life is too short to weigh the merits of such productions. But

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64.)



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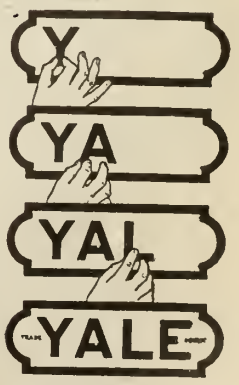


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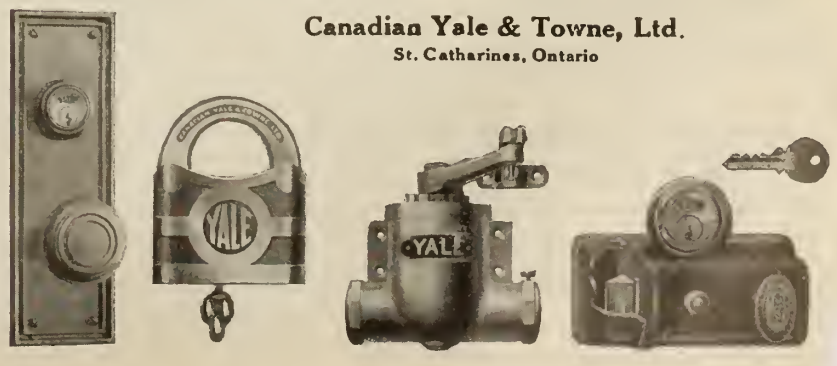
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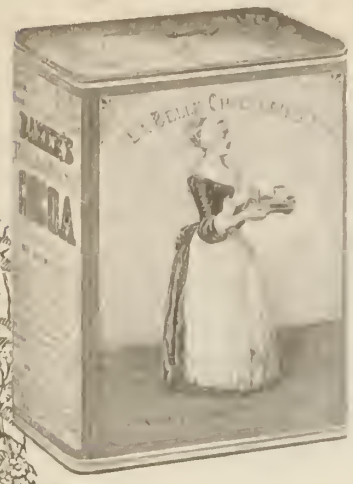
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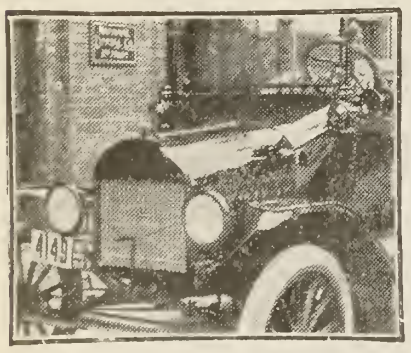
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The June Photogravure Section will contain a page of pictures of the popular star Douglas Fairbanks.

Do We Live After Death?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63)

if, as in the case of Stainton Moses, with his "Spirit Teachings," the doctrines which are said to come from beyond are accompanied with a great number of abnormal gifts—and Stainton Moses was one of the greatest mediums in all ways that England has ever produced—then I look upon the matter in a more serious light. Again, if Miss Julia Ames can tell Mr. Stead things in her own earth life of which he could not have cognizance, and if those things are shown, when tested to be true, then one is more inclined to think that those things which cannot be tested are true also. Or once again, if Raymond can tell us of a photograph no copy of which had reached England, and which proved to be exactly as he described it, and if he can give us, through the lips of strangers, all sorts of details of his home life, which his own relatives had to verify before they found them to be true, is it unreasonable to suppose that he is fairly accurate in his description of his own experiences and state of life at the very moment at which he is communicating? Or when Mr. Arthur Hill receives messages from folk of whom he never heard, and afterwards verifies that they are true in every detail, is it not a fair inference that they are speaking truths also when they give any light upon their present condition? The cases are manifold, and I mention only a few of them, but my point is, that the whole system from the lowest physical phenomenon of a table-rap, up to the most inspired utterance of a prophet, is one complete whole, each link attached to the next one, and that when the humbler end of that chain was placed in the hand of humanity, it was in order that they might by diligence and reason, feel their way up it until they reached the revelation which waited in the end. Do not sneer at the humble beginnings, the heaving table or the flying tambourine, however much such phenomena may have been abused or simulated, but remember that a falling apple taught us gravity, a boiling kettle brought us the steam engine, and the twitching leg of a frog opened up the train of thought and experiment which gave us electricity. So the lowly manifestations of Hydesville have ripened into results which have engaged the finest group of intellects in this country during the last twenty years, and which are destined, in my opinion, to bring about by far the greatest development of human experience which the world has ever seen.

IT has been asserted by men for whose opinion I have a deep regard—notably by Sir William Barratt—that Psychical Research is quite distinct from religion. Certainly it is so, in the sense that a man might be a very good psychical researcher, but a very bad man. But the results of psychical research, the deductions which we may draw, and the lessons we may learn, teach us of the continued life of the soul, of the nature of that life, and of how it is influenced by our conduct here. If this is distinct from religion, I must confess that I do not understand the distinction. To me it is religion—the very essence of it. The question which faces us then, is how does this religion bear upon the older organized religions and philosophies which have influenced the actions of men.

The answer is, that to only one of these religions or philosophies is this new revelation absolutely fatal. That is to my own old creed of Materialism. I do not say this in any spirit of hostility to Materialists, who so far as they are an organized body, are, I think, as earnest and moral as any other class. But the fact is manifest that if spirit can live without matter, then the foundation of Materialism is gone, and the whole bleak and barren erection crashes to the ground.

As to other creeds, it must be admitted that an acceptance of the teaching brought to us from beyond would deeply modify conventional Christianity. But these modifications would be rather in the direction of explanation and development than of contradiction. It would set right grave misunderstandings which have always offended the reason of every thoughtful man, but it would also confirm many vital dogmas. Most vital of all, it would confirm and make absolutely certain the fact of life after death, the base of all religion. It would confirm the unhappy results of sin, though it would show that those results are never permanent. It would confirm the existence of higher beings, whom we have called angels, and of an ever-ascending hierarchy above us, in which the Christ spirit finds its place, culminating in heights of the infinite with which we associate the idea of all-power or of God. It would confirm the idea of heaven and of a temporary penal state which corresponds to purgatory, rather than to hell. Thus this new revelation, on some of the most vital points, is not destructive of the old beliefs, and it should be hailed by really earnest men of all creeds as a most powerful ally rather than as a dangerous devil-begotten enemy.

I have stated, however, that our increased knowledge drawn from psychic research must, in my opinion, deeply modify Christianity. How will it do this, and in what direction?

First of all I would say this, which must be obvious to many, however much they deplore it. Christianity must change or must perish. That is the law of life—that things must adapt themselves or perish. Christianity has deferred the change very long, she has deferred it until her churches are half empty, until women are her chief supporters, and until both the learned part of the community on one side, and the poorest class on the other, both in town and country, are largely alienated from her. Let us try and trace the reason for this. It is apparent in all sects, and comes, therefore, from some deep common cause.

TOO much seemed to be made of Christ's death. It is no uncommon thing to die for an idea. Every religion has equally had its martyrs. Men die continually for their convictions. Thousands of our lads have done it in France. Therefore the death of Christ, beautiful as it is in the Gospel narrative, has seemed to assume an undue importance, as though it were an isolated phenomenon for a man to die in pursuit of a reform. In my opinion, far too much stress has been laid upon Christ's death, and far too little upon his life. That was where the true grandeur and the true lesson lay. It was a life which even in those mangled records shows us no trait which is not beautiful—a life full of easy tolerance for others, of kindly charity, of broad-minded moderation, of gentle courage, always progressive and open to new ideas, and yet never bitter to those ideas which he was really supplanting. Especially one loves his readiness to get at the spirit of religion, sweeping aside the texts and the forms. Never had anyone such a robust common sense, or such a sympathy for weakness. It was this most wonderful and uncommon life, and not His death, which is the true centre of the Christian religion.

Now, let us look at the light which we get from the spirit guides upon this question of Christianity. Opinion is not absolutely uniform over yonder, any more than it is here; but reading a number of messages upon this subject they amount to this. There are many higher spirits with our departed. They vary in degree. Call them "angels," and you are in touch with old religious thought. High above all these is the greatest spirit of whom they have cognizance—not God, since God is so infinite that he is not within their ken—but one who is nearer God and to that extent represents God. This is the Christ Spirit. His special care is the earth. He came down upon it at a time of great earthly depravity—a time when the world was almost as wicked as it is now, in order to give the people the example and teaching of an ideal life. Then He returned to His own high station, having left an example which is still occasionally followed. That is the story of Christ as spirits have described it. I see nothing here of Atonement or Redemption. But I see a perfectly feasible and reasonable scheme, which I, for one, could readily believe. But if a high spirit came once may it not come again? Why not? Did all God's dealings with man end in Palestine two thousand years ago? We could do with a high spirit in London now. But would his fate be very different from the old one? There would be no crucifixions, since we live in a softer age; but I am sure that some Pontius Pilate in a police-court would be sorely puzzled as to whether he should be indicted under the Blasphemy Act, as unsettling the old religion, or should be imprisoned under the Vagrancy Act as a prophet and a medium.

If such a view of Christianity were generally accepted and if it were enforced by assurance and demonstration from the New Revelation which is, as I believe, coming to us from the other side, then I think we should have a creed which might unite the churches, which might be reconciled to Science, which might defy all attacks, and which might carry the Christian Faith on for an indefinite period. Reason and Faith would at last be reconciled, a nightmare would be lifted from our minds, and spiritual peace would prevail. I confess that I do not see such results coming as a sudden conquest or a violent revolution. Rather will it come as a peaceful penetration as some crude ideas such as the Eternal Hell idea, have already gently faded away within our own lifetime. It is, however, when the human soul is ploughed and harrowed by suffering that the seeds of truth may be planted, and so some future spiritual harvest will surely rise from the days in which we live.

NOW, leaving this large and possibly contentious subject of the modifications which such new revelations would produce in Christianity, let us try to follow what occurs to man after death. The evidence on this point is fairly full and consistent. Messages from the dead have been received in many lands at various times, mixed up with a good deal about this world, which we could verify. When messages come thus, it is only fair, I think, to suppose that if what we can test is true then what we cannot test is true also. When in addition we find a very great uniformity in the messages and an agreement as to details which are not at all in accordance with any pre-existing scheme of thought, then I think the presumption of truth is very strong. It is difficult to think that some fifteen or twenty messages of which I have personal notes, all agree, and yet are all wrong, nor is it easy to suppose that spirits can tell the truth about our world but untruth about their own.

The message upon these points seems to me to be infinitely reassuring, whether we regard our own fate or that of our friends. The departed all agree that passing is usually both easy and painless, and followed by an enormous reaction of peace and ease. The individual finds himself in a spirit body, which is the exact counterpart of his old one, save that all disease, weakness, or deformity has passed from it. This body is standing or floating beside the old body, and conscious both of it and of the surrounding people. At this moment the dead man is nearer to matter than he will ever be again, and hence it is that at that moment the greater part of those cases occur where his thoughts having turned to someone in the distance, the spirit body went with the thoughts and was manifest to the person. Out of some two hundred and fifty cases carefully examined by Mr. Gurney, I think that one hundred and thirty-four of such apparitions were actually at this moment of dissolution, when one could imagine that the new spirit body was possibly so far material as to be more visible to a sympathetic human eye than it would later become.

These cases, however, are very rare in comparison with the total number of deaths. In most cases I imagine that the dead man is much too preoccupied with his own amazing experience to have much thought for others. He soon finds, to his surprise, that though he endeavors to communicate with those whom he sees, his ethereal voice and his ethereal touch are equally unable to make any impression upon those human organs which are only attuned to coarser stimuli. It is a fair subject for speculation, whether a fuller knowledge of those sight rays which we know to exist on either side of the spectrum, or of those sounds which we can prove by the vibrations of a diaphragm to exist although they are too high for mortal ear, may not bring us some further psychical knowledge. Setting that

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Hand in Hand with the Centuries

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In passing, an interesting point in connection with Hudson's Bay is that round about the year 1746, it was known in Great Britain as the "Southern Ocean of America."

The various attempts to discover a "North-west Passage" into the Pacific marks many an epoch in this history. The first failure alone laid the foundation for the establishment of a rival company.

One of these searches for the "Passage" resulted in the finding of the North Magnetic Pole, on the west side of Boothia Peninsula, by Capt. John Ross, who went in by Baffin Bay and through Lancaster Sound, thence by Prince Regent's Inlet into an open sea called after the patron of this expedition, Gulf of Boothia. He spent four winters in the Arctic regions.

It was during his second winter (1831) that he determined to be the discoverer of the point where the magnetic needle stands vertically, as showing the centre of terrestrial magnetism for the Northern Hemisphere. To quote the words of the explorer:—

"The land at this place is very low near the coast, but it rises into ridges of fifty or sixty feet high about a mile inland. We could have wished that a place so important had possessed more of mark or note. . . . But Nature had here erected no monument to denote the spot which she had chosen as the centre of one of her great and dark powers; and where we could do little ourselves toward this end, it was our business to submit and be content in noting mathematical numbers and signs, as with things of far more importance in the terrestrial system, what we could ill distinguish in any other manner.

"The necessary observations were immediately commenced, and they were continued throughout this (June 1st) and the greater part of the following day. . . . The amount of dip, as indicated by my dipping needle, was 89° 59', being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or, rather, total inaction, of several horizontal needles then in my possession. . . . There was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed.

"AS soon as I had satisfied my own mind on this subject, I made known to the party this gratifying result of all our joint labors; and it was then that, amidst mutual congratulations, we fixed the British flag on the spot and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole and its adjoining territory in the name of Great Britain and King William the Fourth.

"We had abundance of material for building in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach; and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a cannister containing a record of the interesting fact. . . . Had it been a pyramid as large as that of Cheops, I am not quite sure that it would have done more to satisfy our ambition under the feelings of that exciting day."

This pole, as a matter of fact, is almost directly north of Winnipeg, and within less than twenty degrees of it.

For thirty-eight years the North-West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company fought for supremacy in Canada. The history of all these miniature, yet deadly-in-earnest battles, would fill many books teeming with romantic adventure, all of which would be true, and not the concoction of some man's fertile brain.

When, in 1821, the two great companies united, their histories merged, and as a consequence brought in the marvellous adventures of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, whose name rings through Canadian history as well.

When one thinks of this man, who over a century ago won through to the Pacific Ocean by sheer determination and in spite of all odds, one's hat is surely off to him. His voyages, as they are called, are full of thrills and fill entire books in their telling. Canadians in general know all too little about him. He it was who finally made the North-west Passage, but by land. The story of this voyage is thrilling. To begin with, as one writer says: "The trip proposed was so difficult that the bravest shrank from it."

He left Fort Chipewyan on May 9th, 1793, for his notable voyage, and in spite of discontent among his men, kept on his way. The breaking of canoes and building of new ones, running rapids, reascending streams, running the gauntlet among amazed tribes of Indians, urging on his often discouraged and sometimes mutinous men, seemed to make no impression upon Mackenzie, who with his Highland blood up, was determined to accomplish his purpose and see the Pacific Ocean.

AT last, when the broad waters of the earth's largest ocean lay before him, he mixed up some vermilion in melted grease, and on the south-east face of a huge rock upon which they had spent the night, painted in bold letters: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the 22nd of July, 1793."

Following Mackenzie were the other two wonder-men, Simon Fraser and David Thompson, who, braving all hardships and in many instances bitter discouragements, fought their way through and reached the Pacific slope.

Fort William and the Kaministiquia River are historical partners. Had the latter not been placed where it is, the former would probably not have happened. As it is, Fort William dates back to 1797, when Roderick Mackenzie, a cousin of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, hearing of the river, took an Indian with him and went in search of its possibilities. The North-West Company built a fort there in 1800, and gave it its name in honor of Hon. William McGillivray.

The old and the new North-West Company, the X. Y. Company, Astor Fur Company, South-West Company, Pacific Fur Company and Russian Fur Company are some of the rivals that are woven in and out of the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. Most of them fought vigorously, but in the end they all came under the one name, that of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1821.

George Simpson, for forty years governor for the company in Canada, also helped to weave its history in with that of Canada. During the time of the rebellion the entire staff of the company was very loyal to Britain, and the then young Queen, Victoria, in 1839, bestowed a knighthood upon the leader of the fur traders, and made him Sir George Simpson.

In his day, it was posts like Fort Victoria, on the Pacific Coast; Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River; Fort Garry, in the Red River settlement, and York Factory, on Hudson Bay, which kept taut the strong bonds of the Hudson's Bay Company, a sentiment which in itself was a wonderful thing.

It was then that splendid newsy letters were written telling of all the happenings of the various posts and supplying the lack of newspapers, since printer's ink had not been spilt over that country as yet.

An interesting point in the combined histories of Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company is that the North-West Company, which became part of the original company, introduced a small canal half a mile long at Sault Ste. Marie, and on which was built a lock. Built at the beginning of the nineteenth century, this waterway, such a valuable asset to the furthering of the fur trading business, was a splendid proof of the skill, energy and pluck of the men of those days.

To this company must be given a great deal of credit for the settling of large colonies of people in Canada, and perhaps more especially in the western part. From the very first, one of its policies was the bringing out of hardy, trusty, pioneer-hearted people, and getting them to settle in the wonderful new country. Very often special inducements were offered. Every governor that the company had, seemed to make it a matter of conscience to endeavor to get colonies of people settled, and a lively time some of them had keeping everybody happy and contented.

LABRADOR, the country of which we know so little, and apparently care less, probably because of its forbidding aspect, has also figured largely in the history of this company. McLean, in the company's employ, in giving an account of his being sent to Labrador in 1837, states that many Eskimos visited him at Ungava, they having crossed the Hudson's Strait on a raft apparently made out of pieces of driftwood which must have been picked up along the shore. This, he further stated,

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Gardening Discretion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

thrive well on either walls or rockeries, and also form an excellent edging for beds and borders, and especially so when interspersed with Lobelia, Alyssum, For-get-me-nots, Thrift, and Pansies. All varieties of the Arabis can readily be increased from cuttings, which should be inserted after the plants have flowered; the shoots which should be about 2 inches long, may be dibbled into shallow boxes of light sandy soil, or inserted in open ground in a shaded position, and covered with a hand light. They should be kept very moist.

The Auricula thrives well in either town or country gardens. Plants can be raised from seed or propagated by means of offsets. Seeds may be sown as soon as ripe or in spring, whilst offsets should be removed from the parent plant after the flowering season is over. If possible offsets should be obtained with a few roots attached at the base, and planted in pots or boxes of sandy soil placed in a frame until the young plants are well established. Polyanthuses are time-honored occupants of our gardens and one of the easiest spring flowers to grow, although the more general method of propagation is from seed, very special sorts which are required to be quite true to the parent plant, are best increased by division. Many beautiful varieties can be obtained by sowing a packet of seed of a really good strain in early spring. Polyanthus divisions should be planted rather deeply, and must be kept shaded and well watered until the roots have taken hold of the new soil.

The Vegetable Garden

DO not let your "War Garden" subside into a "Peace Desert," but start in now, commencing with the perennial vegetables, Rhubarb and Asparagus, which should be supplying you bountifully. In return give the Asparagus bed two dressings of salt, about 12 lbs. to 20 square feet, in the Fall; after the third year for Rhubarb, dig the roots up, part them with a spade, put in a layer of good manure, 6 inches at least, put the roots back in position, covering them over with the soil you took out, tramping it in well around the roots.

Begin cultivating as soon as you have anything in the ground—not deeply, but just a surface scratching, to eradicate the first crop of weeds, which will save you a lot of hard work later on. Begin sowing outside the first week in May; take a chance on a few hills of early Golden Bantam Corn, to be followed two weeks later with more Bantam, and Stowell's Evergreen, and then another sowing of the same, with the addition of Country Gentleman, also Black Mexican, if you are not particular as to color in what you eat. Get the hills ready for the Cucumbers, Squash, and Pumpkins, incorporating lots of manure and sowing seeds about May 20th. These may be located between rows or hills of corn. It is a good plan to mix Radish seed, Carrot and Parsnip seed when sowing; this plan saves time in thinning and ensures a good catch crop of Radishes off the same ground; the Radish being the first to come up, breaks the soil for the more fragile Carrots and Parsnips to force themselves through, it also marks out the row quicker so that you can get the hoe going sooner.

The Cabbage is too well known to need description. Forms of the cabbage family, such as Cauliflower, Broccoli, Kale, etc., supply the epicures of all countries with some of their greatest delicacies. I hope that this article will suggest some idea that may prove of practical value. As there are upwards of five hundred kinds of cabbages, it would be difficult to go into details, so we will confine our remarks to the varieties most suitable for an ordinary garden.

The seed, is the first question of importance. Everyone is aware that to get good results you must procure the best. I have found from several years' experience that our seedsmen are reliable, although years ago you could not rely upon them. I do not recommend sowing seed for the very early cabbages, as very few people have the facilities, but the plants can be bought at a reasonable price. For the late or main crop, by all means sow your own seed about the end or middle of May, either in a frame or in the open, providing you have a warm corner. Sow seeds thinly, about half an inch deep, in rows 4 inches apart; thin out the seedlings in the rows to 4 inches apart. After they have formed the second pair of leaves plant them into their allotted place. It is a well known fact that cabbage, if properly attended to, will grow on almost any kind of soil, but the best is a rich clay-loam. A stiff clay, which is frequently found in the gardens of new houses, where the clay from the cellars is incorporated with mortar, brick rubbish, and building material of all descriptions, is certainly not an ideal place for cabbages.

THE soil should be cleared at once of all rubbish, and some manure, and sand if possible, must be dug in. No matter how good the soil is, large quantities of rotten manure are very beneficial. In the event of being unable to procure manure, the next best thing to do is to get about fifty pounds of fertilizer (suitable for vegetables) from your seedsman, who has it bagged up ready for delivery. Fifty pounds is sufficient for a garden 25 feet wide by 60 feet long. Throw this on broadcast, after the soil has been dug, then comb it in with a rake before planting, giving each plant at least 18 inches of space each way. There are two insects which infest the cabbage most, and they are the cut-worm in the young plants, and the green caterpillar when plants get bigger. At the stage when the plants are just recovering from the shock of being torn from the seed-bed or box in which they were bought, growth is necessarily slow. This is when the cut-worm gets in his fine work by gnawing the stem through or partly so, causing the plant to wilt and die. A dusting of air-slaked lime mixed with equal parts of powdered sulphur, is a good remedy. Dust it on and around the plant. This also prevents attack from the cabbage maggot, which eats the roots. Half a pound of Pyrethrum powder, mixed with 2 pounds of common flour, and scattered on in the same manner, is also good. These two remedies are also excellent later on, when the cabbage has formed its head and the green caterpillar begins to get busy. A light dusting of either once a week will keep them in check.

Keep the seedlings moist, but not sodden, until they are transferred to the garden. Then use the hoe as frequently as possible, when ground is not wet. Give a good soaking once a week during dry weather, removing weeds, and stirring the soil until the cabbages have spread themselves out so that you cannot get the hoe in between them. Henderson's Summer Early is one of the best all-round cabbages for early, mid-season or late. I had splendid success last year with Glory for mid-season, and Danish Ball-head for late variety. Drumhead is a good Savoy. If you have space and desire to grow Cauliflowers and Brussels Sprouts—Snowball for the former and Sutton's Dwarf for the latter are best for gardens surrounded by unsightly board fences.

Have your celery bed prepared with lots of well-rotted manure, leaving it till May 15th, then put your young plants in 8 inches apart, and rows 18 inches apart, dibble the holes large enough for the rootlets to be in a downward position; make them comfortable on the start, feeding with liquid manure, using a tablespoonful of Nitrate of Soda to 2½ gallons of the liquid; as the plants grow, earth them up, taking care not to let any earth in between the stalks.

You who are fortunate enough to have a small greenhouse in which to raise the seedlings, do not let it remain idle all summer, but while the

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Sharing Dad With Judy

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she was in possession of knowledge which gave her the whip hand. Could anybody be more hateful? And yet because it gave her keen satisfaction to know that Dad was mildly annoyed with Judy, Nan strangled the impulse to confess. Anyway, it was not really *all* her fault!

AS usual, she was invited to drive with them after tea, and as usual she refused on the plea of spending the evening with Amy. They could pick her up on their way home. She saw them start off in the smart little motor which by the way, belonged to Judy. she saw them stop and discuss some sort of attachment to prevent the gate from swinging to, and then in a sunlit whirl of dust they disappeared down the horse-shoe hill and out of view.

Nan followed slowly along the flower-bordered drive. At the gate she also paused. A soft breeze swayed it gently. Suppose the wind should blow hard enough to close it? Shutting her eyes to the probable damage this would inflict on the occupants of the car, or her father, at least, she forced herself to consider only the damage to the gate and motor. Owing to the sharp turn of the hill, it would be impossible for Judy to see her danger until too late to prevent a collision. The car would be smashed, the gate smashed, and perhaps Dad would not trust her to drive again. Oh, it would be humiliating!

She pushed the gate ever so lightly with her foot. The breeze finished what she had begun. The two springs clicked and the entrance to the drive was closed. "It was *really* the wind," said Nan as she ran quickly out of the back garden and into the road.

She had thought that her hate would have kept her from being frightened, but she was mistaken, so she sang loudly, shrilly. Hate, she observed was a peculiar thing. It never came to one when one needed it most. It had not drowned, stark dead, a teeny-weeny feeling of remorse over the matter of the cookies. It was not at all satisfactory in keeping her mind from the recollection of that closed gate. But, of course, this sentimentalism displayed weakness. It was right to hate all step-mothers. "Look at Snow White's," thought Nan in the midst of her song.

THE horn of a motor sounded. She climbed up the side of the road and waited for it to pass. But it stopped and her father called:

"Why, little daughter, you can't be wandering about the roads at night. I thought you were going to see Amy. Here, hop in!"

Nan demurred but her father was insistent. She climbed into the front seat and muttered a sullen good evening to Mrs. Cowan who sat in the back with Judy. She felt limp and very sick. Eveything was wrong—her father at the wheel, she beside him, the gate—The future yawned grim and terrible.

It was easy to guess what had happened. They had evidently met Mrs. Cowan and had invited her, on the spot, to drive. Judy, of course, was to blame. Her father would never have bothered, Nan knew. He wanted Judy all to himself.

It was easy to guess what would happen, when Dad, tearing up the steep incline, would crash into that locked gate, and she, Nan, would be the victim of her own handiwork. Shivering with fear she crouched lower in her seat and was glad, for once, to be ignored.

She tried to think of some way to give them a hint without committing herself. There was none, Better far to be injured, to be killed than to live forever, a despicable creature in Dad's eyes, in Granny's—even Judy's! She clenched her hands and her teeth, and resolved not to speak.

Twilight deepened and the trees blurred against the purply sky. Nan's faint hope that they might reach home before dark was lost in the coming night. It was quite dark when they turned back and only a matter of seconds, seemingly, before they stopped at Mrs. Cowan's gate. A few big drops of rain fell.

"Let's get home before the storm, Lawrence," said Judy. "Nan has no coat and must not get wet."

So they flew through the quiet village and commenced to climb the steep hill which would end in Death.

THE curve—she could see it dimly by the glare of the lamps—only a few yards more and then—

They were turning—only a second—

"Stop!" shrieked the child. "The gate——"

Something struck her across the head. Something beat the breath from her body. There was a frightful noise, and there were hot lashes over her arms. Then silence.

The voice was Granny's. Nan recognized it before she tried to peep through the wad of bandages which covered her face. With consciousness came vivid remembrance. She had no need to ask why Granny was there, or the nurse.

She lay very still and presently Granny left the room. Then in trying to move, something horrible stabbed her and she cried out. The big breath sent another torturing knife into her side. Immediately, the nurse bent over her. "You must not move," she said.

"Are—they—was anybody—killed?" Nan gasped.

"No, no, dearie. Don't worry. Your father was cut a little, but your step-mother was hardly injured at all."

Nan began to cry softly. Each sob cost her supreme torture but she could not stop. The nurse unable to soothe her said she would send Granny but Nan cried the harder.

"I DON'T want Granny," she managed to say. "I want my—mother. Tell her I want her to come here—alone."

Judy received the message in silence. Then after a moment she questioned: "Are you sure she said exactly that?" The nurse was quite sure.

Judy smiled perhaps a little tremulously, but still one could recognize a smile. She took something from her bureau drawer and went softly into Nan's room.

"You sent for me, Nan?"

"Judy," whispered the child, extending painfully stiff arms, ".I have to tell you something. Come close and listen—maybe I will die before you forgive me——"

"Hush," said Judy very tenderly. "You are not going to die. You will be well before you know it and we are going to be very happy—especially you and I, sharing Dad."

But Nan refused to spare herself. Her aching little body pillowed against the woman's heart and enwrapped

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68.)

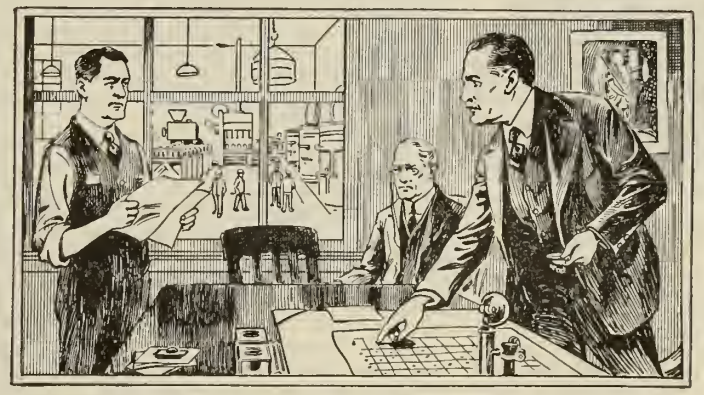
Cats Keep Rats and Mice Away.

From Theodora Bailey, an inspector of the Women's Municipal League, Boston, whose duties take her "behind the scenes" in grocery stores and markets, to report upon the presence of rats and mice, and whether if a cat is kept on the premises it is allowed to walk over the foods, counters, etc., comes this testimony regarding the value of cats in stores:

"I find that most groceries and markets of the better class in the district I have been covering have cats, and it is gratifying to note the care that is given some of them. They are regularly fed in their own dishes, so there is apparently no temptation to be a nuisance by begging or stealing.

"It is an interesting fact to find that in places where the cats are well cared for there is no trouble from rats and mice. Whether the owners have abandoned the old exploded theory that to make a cat a good hunter it must be starved, or whether they never entertained it, I don't know, but however that may be, they use their own good sense and reason in practice, with a motive humane as well as economic."

Elgin—"The Spirit of Reconstruction"



A War Lesson



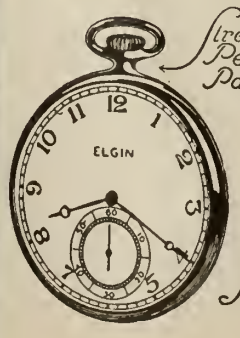
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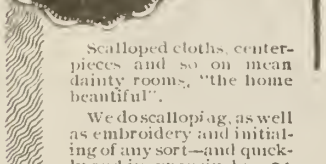
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Hand in Hand with the Centuries

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65.)

clearly upheld the idea that America's original population came from Asia by the Behring's Strait route.

Writing in January of 1842, McLean says: "At this period, I have neither seen, read nor heard of any locality under heaven that can offer a more cheerless abode to civilized man than Ungava."

A further idea of what life means to the Hudson's Bay employee in the far-off posts may be gathered from the description of Mr. George Bryce, M.A., LL.D.:

"Life on the shores of Hudson Bay is as unchangeable as the shores and scenery of the coast are monotonous. The swampy, treeless flats that surround the Bay simply change from the frozen, snow-clad expanse which stretches as far as the eye can see in winter, to the summer green of the unending grey willows and stunted shrubs that cover the swampy shores. For a few open months the green prevails, and then Nature for eight months assumes her winding sheet of icy snow.

"For two hundred and fifty years life has been unvarying on these wastes. . . . No log shanties give way in a generation to the settler's house, and then to the comfortable, well-built stone or brick dwelling. . . . The accounts of McLean, Rae, Ryerson and Ballantyne, of the middle of the nineteenth century are precisely those of Robson, Ellis or Hearne of the eighteenth century, or, indeed, practically those of the early years of the company in the seventeenth century.

"The ships sail from Gravesend, on the Thames, with the same ceremonies, with the visit and dinner of the committee of the directors, the 'great guns,' as the sailors call them, as they have done for two centuries and a quarter, from the days of Zachariah Gillam and Pierre Esprit Radisson. No more settlement is now seen on Hudson Bay than in the early time, unless it be in the dwellings of the Christianized and civilized swampy Crees and in the mission houses around which the Indians have gathered.

"IN Winter," Ballantyne says, speaking of his stay at York Factory, "days, if not weeks, passed without the arrival of a visitor, unless it were a post from the interior, or some Cree trader of the neighborhood, or some hungry Indian seeking food. The cold was the chief feature of remark and consideration. At times the spirit thermometer indicated 65 degrees below zero, and the uselessness of the mercury thermometer was then shown by a pot of quicksilver being made into bullets and remaining solid. Every precaution was taken to erect strong buildings, which had double doors, and yet in the very severe weather water contained in a vessel has been known to freeze in a room where a stove red hot was doing its best. It is worthy of note, however, that even in Arctic regions, a week or ten days is as long as such severe weather continues, and mild intervals come regularly.

"On the Bay the coming of spring is looked for with great expectation, and when it does come, about the middle of May, it sets in with a 'rush'; the sap rises in the shrubs and bushes, the buds burst out, the rivers are freed from ice, and, indeed, so rapid and complete is the change that it may be said there are only two seasons—summer and winter—in these latitudes.

"As summer progresses the fare of dried geese, thousands of which are stored away for winter use, of dried fish and the white ptarmigan and wood partridge that linger about the bushes and are shot for food, is superseded by the arrival of myriads of ducks and geese and the use of the fresh fish of the Bay. In many of the posts the food throughout the whole year is tirely flesh diet, and not a pound of farinaceous food is obtainable."

Lake Athabasca, the Mackenzie River, the Yukon, the Peace, Great Slave Lake and the Laird River, vast stretches of inland water, have always been the chief means of communication throughout the great West for the Hudson's Bay Company. Without them there could not have been much fur trading, as they proved to be the swiftest means of transportation.

Indeed, even with their aid, the distances to be covered are bewildering. One writer relates of having seen Bishop Bompas, who had left Fort Yukon to go to England. He had then been nine months on the journey to Winnipeg, which he had reached by York boat, dog train, snowshoe and wagon.

The company built its first steamer on these lonely northern waters at Fort Chipewyan in 1882, and named it the "Graham." Three years later, at Fort Smith, on the Slave River, a screw propeller was built. Later at Athabasca Landing the stern-wheeler "Athabasca" was launched for use on the Upper Athabasca River.

To this company must also be given much credit for the promotion of a great deal of the religious life of Canada. The French priests were the first to reach Rupert's Land, and accompanied Verendrye, though from all accounts they made no settlements in the territory. The first clergyman to arrive was Father Bourke, in 1811. The Scotch Church commenced its mission in 1820, under Rev. John West. The Church of England began its work in the Red River Settlement two years later, with Rev. William Cochrane. Under the Methodist Church, work was commenced by James Evans in 1840. Each of these churches was under deep obligations to the Hudson's Bay Company for assistance, protection and sympathy.

THE management of the company with the Indians has always been specially successful. For instance, there has never been an Indian war in Rupert's Land or the Indian territories—nothing beyond an occasional outbreak. In scores of forts and posts trade has been carried on with perfect confidence, and that when the nearest British garrison or soldier was thousands of miles away.

Considering the amazing amount of power given to this company, the marvel is that it ruled in such a successful manner so vast a territory. The wide distances, the hundred and one difficulties to be overcome, are almost impossible to realize to the mind of to-day. But through it all the hard-headed, clear-sighted, earnest men whom the company seemed particularly fortunate in securing, brought everything to a successful whole, and to-day its record stands as one of the very pillars of Canadian history.

With this wonderful past to its credit, the Hudson's Bay Company's operations are even more vast to-day than ever. It is the greatest mercantile enterprise of that greater Canada which is found west of Lake Superior. It is a strong land company, is still keeping up its traditions and conducting an enormous trade in furs. It owns vessels, and has a wonderful transportation system of its own. It exercises a fatherly care over almost all Indian tribes in Canada, and is the helper and assistant of the vast missionary movements which are scattered over the northern part of the Dominion. As said before, it is bound up part and parcel with Canada, and can indeed be called the first-born of its kind in the Western world.

Sharing Dad With Judy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67.)

more comfortably by love than by bandages, she poured out her miserable confession, her genuine contrition.

"And the gate—" she moaned as she tried to take a breath.

"I guessed," said Judy. "And about the cookies; but I understood, dear little girl."

"How?" the child demanded.

A shadow which Nan did not see, passed across Judy's face.

"Because," she answered, "I had a step-mother, too. I did not love her—indeed, I learned to hate her for she was pretty much the kind of step-mother that Snow White had. Have you read about her?"

Nan moved her head a little and there was a long silence broken only by the child's painful breathing. Judy held her close. Then her arms loosened and stole around her neck.

"What are you putting on me?" asked Nan from behind her gauze and cotton.

"A little gold locket. Inside there is a picture of my mother—my own mother, you understand. It was taken away from me for punishment by—er—the other one, you know. For years I hated her too much to ask for it, and she hated me too much to give it to me. Somehow, I thought I would like you to have it, and to wear it whenever you feel you—love me."

"Judy," whispered the little girl, "I will wear it all my life. I never hated you, Judy, I only tried to. It was because I couldn't that made me do those awful things. Could you find a place where there isn't any bandage and kiss me, Judy?"

THE END.

Gardening Discretion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.)

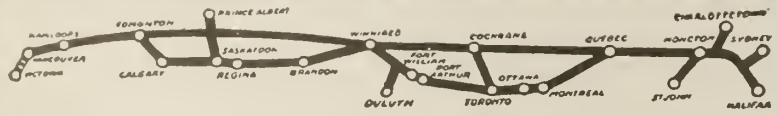
seedlings for the garden are being raised, also raise about half a dozen plants of the long "Telegraph" Cucumber, and about the same number of tomato plants, planting the Cucumbers on the south side, and the tomatoes opposite, tying them to wires which are strung along, about 6 or 8 inches from the glass, and when the tomatoes have reached the peak, pinch out the tops, so as to encourage more side growth. Train the tomatoes to four shoots or laterals, also pinching when they reach the peak. In watering, spray the foliage of cucumbers twice or three times a day during bright weather, but water the tomatoes at the roots only; keep soil stirred same as in garden.

Onions need lots of attention to bring them to exhibition size; remember you cannot stir the soil too often. Salt, soot and lime are good ingredients to mix into the soil between the rows, and use the liquid manure as often as you do for the celery trench, the salt, soot, and lime are not only a plant food, but an insecticide, driving onion maggots and other insects away.

It is important to protect cherries from birds, as soon as they show the least sign of commencing to color, or they will soon be eaten, so place a light cheese-cloth over the tree, and to keep them from attack of black-fly use a solution of Quassia chips.

Do not forget that strawberries, as well as anything else, require occasional waterings during very hot weather, and especially when they are growing in light, porous soil.

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Do We Live After Death?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.)

aside, however, let us follow the fortunes of the departing spirit. He is presently aware that there are others in the room besides those who were there in life, and among these others, who seem to him as substantial as the living, there appear familiar faces, and he finds his hand grasped or his lips kissed by those whom he had loved and lost. Then in their company, and with the help and guidance of some more radiant being who has stood by and waited for the newcomer, he passes to his own surprise through all solid obstacles and out upon his new life.

THIS is a definite statement, and this is the story told by one after the other with a consistency which impels belief. You will observe that it is already very different from any old theology. The spirit is not a glorified angel or a goblin damned, but it is simply the person himself, containing all his strength and weakness, his wisdom and his folly, exactly as he has retained his personal appearance. We can well believe that the most frivolous and foolish would be awed into decency by so tremendous an experience, but impressions soon become blinded, the old nature may reassert itself in new surroundings, and the frivolous still survive as our seance rooms can testify.

And now, before entering upon his new life, the new spirit has a period of sleep which varies in its length, sometimes hardly existing at all, at others extending for weeks or months. Raymond said that his lasted for six days. That was the period also in a case of which I had some personal evidence. Mr. Myers, on the other hand, said that he had a very prolonged period of unconsciousness. I could imagine that the length is regulated by the amount of trouble or mental preoccupation of this life, the longer rest giving the better means of wiping this out. Probably the little child would need no such interval at all. This, of course, is pure speculation, but there is a considerable consensus of opinion as to the existence of a period of oblivion after the first impression of the new life and before entering upon its duties.

Having wakened from this sleep, the spirit is weak, as the child is weak after earth birth. Soon, however, strength returns and the new life begins. This seems to be the point where we may discuss heaven and hell. Hell, I may say, drops out altogether, as it has long dropped out of the thoughts of every reasonable man. This odious conception, so blasphemous in its view of the Creator, arose from the exaggerations of Oriental phrases, and may perhaps have been of service in a coarse age where men were frightened by fires, as wild beasts are scared by the travellers. Hell as a permanent place does not exist. But the idea of punishment, of purifying chastisement, in fact of Purgatory, is justified by the reports from the other side. Such punishment does not consist of gross bodily pain—there is no pain beyond—but it consists in the fact that the grossest souls are in lower spheres with a knowledge that their own deeds have placed them there, but also with the hope that expiation and the help of those above them will educate them and bring them level with the others. In this saving process the higher spirits find part of their employment. Miss Julia Ames in her beautiful posthumous book says in memorable words: "The greatest joy of Heaven is emptying Hell." Such a sentiment as that is certainly an advance in morality since the days when Gregory, a Father of the Church, and called a Saint, said that one of the joys of the Blessed was watching the torments of the damned.

SETTING aside those probationary spheres, which should perhaps rather be looked upon as a hospital for weakly souls than as a penal community, the reports from the other world are all agreed as to the pleasant conditions of life in the beyond. They agree that like goes to like, that all who love or who have interests in common are united, that life is full of interest and of occupation, and that they would by no means desire to return. All of this is surely tidings of great joy, and I repeat that it is not a vague faith or hope, but that it is supported by all the laws of evidence which agree that where many independent witnesses give a similar account, that account has a claim to be considered a true one. If it were an account of glorified souls purged instantly from all human weakness and of a constant ecstasy of adoration round the Throne of the All Powerful, it might well be suspected as being the mere reflection of that popular theology which all the mediums had equally received in their youth. It is, however, very different to any pre-existing system. It is also supported, as I have already pointed out, not merely by the consistency of the accounts, but by the fact that the accounts are the ultimate product of a long series of phenomena all of which have been attested as true by those who have carefully examined them.

We cannot look upon this coming world as a tidy Dutch garden of a place which is so exact that it can easily be described. It is probable that those messengers who come back to us are all more or less in one state of development and represent the same wave of life as it recedes from our shores. Communications usually come from those who have not long passed over, and tend to grow fainter, as one would expect. It is instructive in this respect to notice that Christ's reappearances to His disciples or to Paul, are said to have been within a very few years of his death, and that there is no claim among the early Christians to have seen Him later. Our seance rooms are, no doubt, only too full of Julius Caesars and Shakespeares; but the cases of spirits who give good proof of authenticity and yet have passed some time are not common. There is, in Mr. Dawson Roger's life, a very good case of a spirit who called himself Manton, and claimed to have been born at Lawrence Lydiard and buried at Stoke Newington in 1677. It was clearly shown afterward that there was such a man, and that he was Oliver Cromwell's chaplain. So far as my own reading goes, this is the oldest spirit who is on record as returning, and generally they are quite recent. One gets all one's views from the one generation, and we cannot take them as final, but only as partial. How spirits may see things in a different light as they progress in the other world is shown by Miss Julia Ames, who was deeply impressed at first by the necessity of forming a bureau of communication, but admitted after fifteen years that not one spirit in a million among the main body upon the farther side ever wanted to communicate with us at all since their own loved ones had come over. She had been misled by the fact that when she first passed over everyone she met was newly arrived like herself.

Thus the account we get may be partial, but still such as it is, it is very consistent and of extraordinary interest since it refers to our own destiny and that of those we love. All agree that life beyond is for a limited period, after which they pass on to yet other phases, but apparently there is more communication between these phases than there is between us and Spiritland. The lower cannot ascend, but the higher can descend at will. The life has a close analogy to that of this world at its best. It is pre-eminently a life of the mind, as this is of the body. Preoccupations of food, money, pain, etc., are of the body and are gone. Music, the arts, intellectual and spiritual knowledge and progress have increased. The people are clothed, as one would expect, since there is no reason why modesty should disappear with our new forms. These new forms are the absolute reproduction of the old ones at their best, the young growing up and the old reverting until all come to the normal. People live in communities, as one would expect if like attracts like, and the male spirit still finds his true mate. Since connections still endure, and those in the same state of development keep abreast, one would expect that nations are still roughly divided, though language is no longer a bar, since thought has become a medium of conversation.

These, roughly speaking, are the lines of the life beyond. All are agreed that no religion upon earth has any advantage over another, but that character and refinement are everything. At the same time all are also in agreement that all religions which inculcate prayer and an upward glance rather than eyes forever on the level, are good. In this sense, and in no other—as a help to spiritual life—every form may have a purpose for somebody. If to twirl a brass cylinder forces the Thibetan to admit that there is something higher than his mountains, and more precious than his yaks and his sour milk, then to that extent it is good. We must not be censorious in such matters.

There are many who protest that this world which is described to us is too material for their liking. It is not as they would desire it. Well, there are many things in this world which seem different to what we desire, but they exist none the less. But when we come to examine this charge of materialism and to try to construct some sort of system which would satisfy the idealists, it becomes a very difficult task. Are we to be mere wisps of gaseous happiness floating about in the empyrean? That seems to be the idea. But if there is no body like our own, and if there is no character like our own, then say what you will, we have become extinct. What is it to a mother if some impersonal glorified entity is shown to her? She will say, "That is not the son I lost; I want his yellow hair, his quick smile, his little moods that I know so well." That is what she wants; that, I believe, is what she will have; but she will not have them by any system which cuts us away from all that reminds us of matter and takes us to a vague region of floating emotions.



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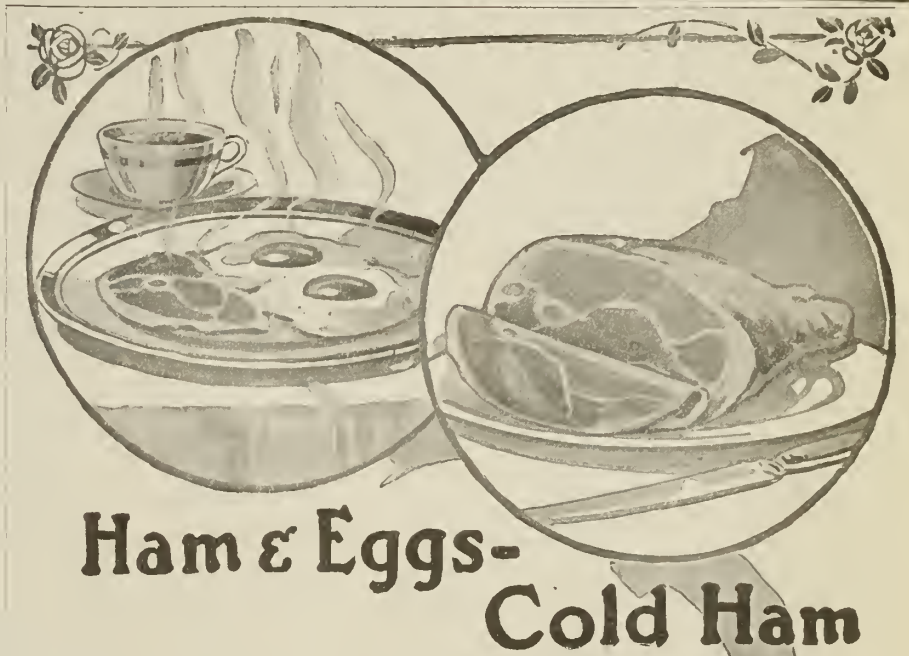
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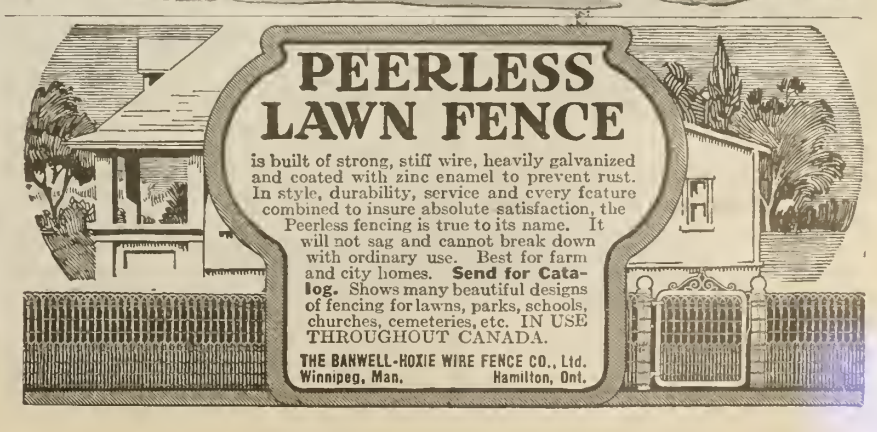
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Photographs of the daughters of the Cavendish household will be reproduced in the June number, with an article by Jean Graham.

Cure for Burned Fingers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60.)

Billy thrilled and winced at the same time. It was suddenly borne in upon him that he had been playing with fire and that it was already too late to guard against burned fingers. His expression changed and he sat staring straight ahead, gloomily thinking of to-morrow.

Hazel nudged him viciously. "For goodness sake, cheer up," she admonished in a whisper. "This is supposed to be a wedding-trip—not a funeral."

He laughed uncertainly and shook himself together. Hazel chattered gaily to cover the hiatus. She suddenly turned to him and said in her high, clear voice that had wonderful carrying powers:

"Oh, Billy, wasn't Uncle Henry a *perfect* dear? And it was *so* unexpected. It made everything just perfect."

"Yes," agreed Billy enthusiastically; "Uncle Henry's certainly a corker!" Then in a quick whisper: "By the way, what did he do?"

"How should I know?" whispered Hazel. "It sounds well, though. Look."

Billy glanced covertly at the old gentleman across the aisle. He had given over the pretense of reading and was frankly enjoying the boy and girl, a tender, reminiscent glow in his keen old eyes.

At Amqui the train stopped long enough to allow the passengers to get supper. Hazel tripped across the road to the hotel, her hand resting confidently on Billy's arm and the eager, joyous look in her eyes more than ever in evidence. As they sat down their elderly friend took his place directly across from them at the long table. The close proximity was slightly disconcerting, but Billy was enjoying the opportunity of adding a few artistic touches.

"Cream, dear?" he asked casually.

"Billy!" protested Hazel with an adorable pout. "You should know by *this* time that I don't take it."

Their auditor smiled quite openly.

"Do you know," said Billy reflectively, "I don't think I'll let you stay in Campbellton. You'd better come back to Quebec with me. I'd be too infernally lonely without you. It's too soon, sweetheart."

IT was the most audacious remark that he had made. Hazel gasped. Then the warm, rich color flowed up over throat and cheeks and brow. She stood it bravely for a long moment before covering her burning face with her hands. Her shoulders shook with suppressed laughter. The old gentleman was vastly appreciative; he fairly beamed at the blushing bride. Billy sat back in his chair grinning in diabolical enjoyment of her confusion.

"I—I think we'll have to hurry," said Hazel finally. Billy, still grinning, helped her to her feet, and together they hurried back to the waiting train.

"You were outrageous," protested Hazel. "I have to admit that I was absolutely and completely fussed."

"Yes," said Billy judicially; "you might as well admit it as the fact was quite self-evident."

"You're horrid!"

"Want to quit?" he jeered.

"Never! We've got to go on to the bitter end now—the bitter end being Campbellton where we can lose our patient watcher and I can revert to the peace and joys of spinsterhood."

"I'll hand it to you—you're some actress."

"And you're some actor," she reciprocated.

They stood on the rear platform of the train as it rushed down through the beautiful Matapedia Valley in the gathering twilight. Unconsciously they abandoned their play-acting and a silent mood took possession of them. They leaned over the tail-gate and watched the white mile-posts flash past and vanish in the distance. Billy put his arm about the girl's shoulders protectingly and drew her close.

"I know you are going to be busy to-night—but isn't there some way that I can see you to—to say good-bye?" he asked.

"I'll try to manage it," she said in a meek little voice.

The door behind them opened and their ubiquitous elderly friend came out of the car with an interested, benign smile on his face. In the restricted space of the small platform an extra person had the same effect as a whole roomful; conversation became impossible.

Cora Allison with three or four other girls was at the station in Campbellton to meet Hazel. Billy's heart sank as he saw his chances of being alone with her dwindling.

"Cora," said Hazel, with the utmost self-possession, after the introductions were over, "Mr. Brayling is coming up to call on us to-night."

Miss Allison gave him a very gracious welcome, and Billy went up to the house with the party. Later, when the good-byes were being said, he drew Hazel aside for a moment.

"I might as well stick around to-morrow," he said wistfully.

For once she did not laugh at him. "We are going on a picnic to-morrow morning," she informed him. "Just girls—unfortunately. When we get back I'll telephone you."

WITH this grain of comfort Billy went to his hotel to dream of journeys that had no abrupt endings. The next morning he came down into the office and was idly glancing over the register when an entry caught his eye. Immediately over his name was that John K. Stafford of Montreal.

"Where is Mr. Stafford?" he asked the clerk. "I must see him as soon as possible."

"He is just coming out of the dining-room," whispered the clerk. "There he is right behind you."

Billy turned, and for the moment his self-possession forsook him entirely. Standing directly before him with an amused, kindly smile on his ruddy face was the man whom he had last seen on the rear platform of the train the previous evening. With a desperate effort Billy regained his nerve. A winning smile—his invaluable ally—cleared the way for him.

"Mr. Stafford," he said, extending his hand, "this is very fortunate. I've been chasing you for the last three days. My name is Brayling—of National Machine Company. Will you give me a little time this morning?"

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Horace Brayling," said Mr. Stafford. "Your father?"

"My uncle," replied Billy. "And now—can I talk business with you?"

"So you have been mixing business with pleasure the last few days?" said Mr. Stafford, his eyes twinkling merrily.

"Yes sir; I have," said Billy unblushingly.

"I can give you half an hour. At ten I have a conference with some men from whom I am buying lumber for one of my industries, and at noon I must leave for Quebec."

There followed a half-hour of intense application—a poring over blueprints and quoting of figures—and ending in a triumphant moment as the new customer signed on the dotted line. When the business was concluded, Mr. Stafford rose and shook hands with the young man.

"Where is your charming wife, Mr. Brayling?" he asked genially.

Billy's face took on the hues of an impressionistic sunset. He writhed as his inquisitor chuckled good-naturedly. At last he stammered something to the effect that she was visiting an old school friend in town.

"The next time you're in Montreal bring her to see us," said the old gentleman kindly. "Mrs. Stafford will be delighted to welcome you both."

"Thank you, sir," gasped Billy. "We—we—that is—I—I shall certainly do so."

AS soon as Mr. Stafford had left, Billy dashed for the telegraph office and wired the house details of the most important contract of the season. It was with a sigh of relief that he appended the words: "am commencing holiday indefinite duration."

Hazel, true to her promise, telephoned him late in the afternoon.

"We are motoring out to Dalhousie to-night," she said. "There's a dance at the Inch Arran—and you're invited. Do you want to come?"

"Do I want to come!" shouted Billy in such stentorian tones that an appreciative "central" tittered audibly.

It was a wonderful night. The stars hung like jewels in the soft blue-black velvet of the sky. The moon rose in majesty and turned the waters of the bay to a mystery-laden silver flood. Billy and Hazel stepped through a low window onto the broad verandah and gasped in sheer delight at the beauty of the out-of-doors. They found a secluded corner and sat with eyes turned toward the brightening glory of sea and sky.

"I was in an exultant mood this afternoon," said Billy; "but it has passed now. The end is too near."

Hazel nodded and sat very still, her hands clasped.

"I was looking forward to telling you the sequel to our yesterday's trip," he continued. "It doesn't seem amusing now—somehow."

"AH, the sequel," she cried eagerly. "Tell me."

"It's merely that the old gentleman on the train proved to be Mr. Stafford, whom I have been seeking all week." Billy's voice sounded very flat—lifeless. "He gave me the contract that I was after—perhaps the personal element had something to do with it—his interest in me—in us. And he asked me to bring my charming wife to see Mrs. Stafford—and—and—well, I'm sorry, that's all!"

"It *is* rather dreadful," said Hazel. She sat staring straight before her. "It was such fun while it lasted. And now—it has all turned to ashes! we were actually dishonest; weren't we?" she asked, raising troubled eyes to his.

"Oh, it's not that!" he disclaimed hastily. "We were merely amusing ourselves with no ulterior motive. But—but——" his voice trailed off to silence.

For a long time they sat very quiet in the melancholy engendered by the perfect beauty round about them. The boy's thoughts dwelt on the incidents of the last few days. Although the girl at his side had burst into his life suddenly and their intimacy had been a rapid growth she had become inexpressibly dear to him—so dear, in fact, that it would be like losing a part of himself to leave her.

"I played with fire," he said huskily; "and my fingers got burned, little girl—very badly burned."

Hazel's eyes glistened with the hint of tears. She touched his arm with a swift, caressing little motion. She could not mistake the poignant anguish in his voice.

"Time is a cure for burned fingers," she whispered.

"Oh, time!" Billy rejected the thought impatiently.

From behind them came the crash of the orchestra as it ended a popular dance tune. There followed a scattered hand-clapping in a last appeal for an encore. It was growing late.

"Time!" said Billy bitterly. "A poor remedy for youth to apply!" He took her hands in his and held them tightly clasped. "There's only one cure and I'm afraid that's impossible. If the dreams of the last few days would only come true. If we could make them real." A sudden light of hope sprang into his eyes. He drew her closer. "Hazel, dear," he whispered; "is it possible? Will you make the dreams come true? Will you make it real, little girl?"

Slowly she drew her hands away and for a brief moment let him look deep into the glory of her shining eyes.

"I was wondering if you were going to think of that way," she said impishly as her slender arms crept about his neck.

THE END.



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JUNE

Nineteen-Nineteen

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The Canadian Home Journal

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How would you feel if you heard your family circle was to be broken by the entrance of a stranger—someone whom you thought was not just in your "social position"? Would you be apt to take strenuous measures and shatter someone else's "castles in the air"? Perhaps you would—perhaps you wouldn't. Read

"THE BOAST OF HERALDRY"

in the July issue and find out how Cameron Nelles Wilson skilfully meets the situation.

The Time to Improve Your School is in the Summer Holidays.

Dr. MacKenzie-Smith has prepared an article telling how your school should be equipped to most successfully meet the physical needs of the child. She will tell you how to place the windows, the best color for the blinds, the shade the walls should be, and a score of other valuable facts. Dr. MacKenzie-Smith has examined hundreds of rural schools. She knows whereof she speaks, for she has seen the results of improperly equipped schools in the impaired health of the children.

George Baldwin, F.R.H.S., will write under the heading, **"Are Your Children Proud of Their School Grounds?"** in the July issue, and will tell of many ways to beautify ugly school grounds. Photographs will illustrate this page.

"The Best Schoolroom of All—the Out-of-Doors."

Photographs of open-air schools, showing the small people studying, sleeping and eating, with the blue sky overhead, the grass for a floor and beautiful trees for walls. The strides some cities are taking in the care of their little helpless, tubercular children are truly remarkable, a subject in which every Canadian should be interested.

Many Canadian schools are an absolute disgrace, doing positive injury to the health of the children they are supposed to benefit.

In the Photogravure Section in July there will be reproduced a large portrait of Maior-General Mewburn, painted by Wyly Grier, continuing the series of masterpieces of Canadian art.

Who holds the Canadian tennis championship? Her picture is in this section; also the golf champion and those "at the top" in swimming and diving, and one of Canada's most famous lady riders.



"IN THE PARK" is the title of the July cover, painted for Canadian Home Journal by Carton Moorepark.

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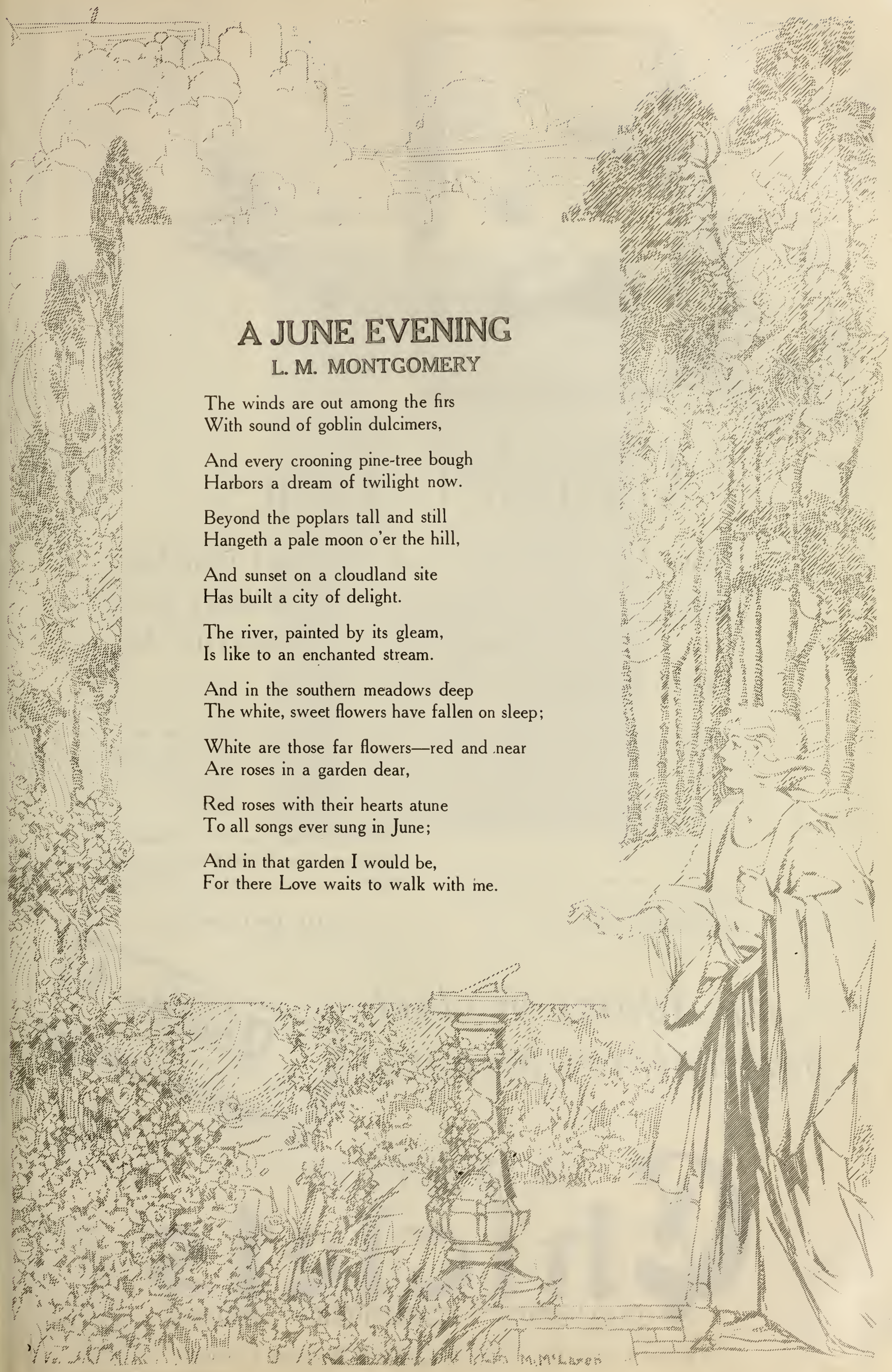
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A JUNE EVENING

L. M. MONTGOMERY

The winds are out among the firs
With sound of goblin dulcimers,

And every crooning pine-tree bough
Harbors a dream of twilight now.

Beyond the poplars tall and still
Hangeth a pale moon o'er the hill,

And sunset on a cloudland site
Has built a city of delight.

The river, painted by its gleam,
Is like to an enchanted stream.

And in the southern meadows deep
The white, sweet flowers have fallen on sleep;

White are those far flowers—red and near
Are roses in a garden dear,

Red roses with their hearts atune
To all songs ever sung in June;

And in that garden I would be,
For there Love waits to walk with me.



Chiclet Time

You can't separate holidays and Chiclets. Chiclets are as necessary to a holiday as is sunshine. A dozen times during the day you'll be glad you have Chiclets.

A holiday is a wonderful appetiser, and the picnic basket captures your heart. But it is, perhaps, a little too tempting. You'll feel more comfortable if you chew a Chiclet after the lunch.

If the road to the boat or station is long and dusty you'll find that a Chiclet helps there, too.

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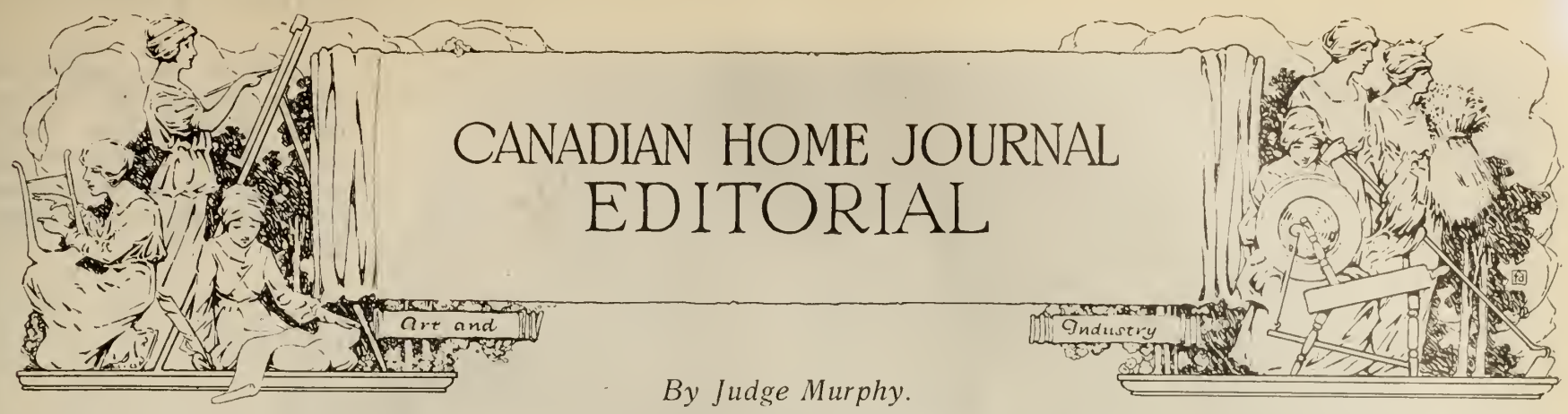
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL EDITORIAL

By Judge Murphy.

THE QUESTION OF WHO SHALL VOTE At the present moment a movement is hot-afoot in Canada to have the educational test applied to the franchise and the movement seems to gain ground in many quarters. Even the women who have just been enfranchised themselves, have "turned Turk" and are doing their utmost to disqualify thousands of male persons who have always had the right to vote, and many of whom actually assisted the women in the suffrage campaign.

In spite of the ancient principle that the rights of franchise are inalienable except to criminals and idiots, it is astonishing what an appeal this campaign for the application of the educational test makes to some of us. It sounds so well in theory, and makes so potent a plea to our sense of the proprieties that even the fairest-minded of us are apt to be ensnared by its fallaciousness.

In a vague undefined way most of us have an idea that the polling booth, like Elysium itself, is a place to which access should only be had by a sort of superior person who carries a linen handkerchief in one pocket and a copy of the "Atlantic Monthly" in the other; in a word, a place for the gentry and for fair ladies—preferably those who wear white spats and lorgnettes.



Judge Murphy, of Edmonton, Alta., President of the Federated Women's Institutes.

Why, surely, the vote is safe with us ("us" must here be considered as heavily underscored) but always we are mightily suspicious of the other fellow. "The Man with the Hoe" and the woman stitching on the shirt may have their places in the anthology of poetry, but seeing the hoe and the needle cut short their acquaintance with the pen and the primer, these can have no place at the polling booth. We'll disqualify every mother's son of them.

A washerwoman, who has bought and paid for her little house and garden out of her earnings has no right to say how it shall be taxed, or who shall tax it. Oh no! This is a privilege only for the woman who inherits her home, or holds it against her husband's creditors.

It is true that child-labor, food prices, and coal prices fall more heavily on the home of the washerwoman, but if she wants to vote then, for any sake, let her stop washing and go to school. The thing is plain as print.

Besides, the washerwoman doesn't know (how could she?) that when the nobles wrested the Magna Charta from John of England, hardly a one of them could write. Indeed, John was not in a position, himself, where he could say over-much about the educational test, so wisely held his tongue.

Ah yes! and we had almost forgotten to say it—only ladies with "charm" should vote. Mrs. Louise McKinney, Member of Parliament for Claresholm, Alberta, said the other day that it was strange how quickly the suffrage arguments had become obsolete. Our forgetting the charm argument amply verifies her statement.

As far as the country woman is concerned, there were her duties at home or her distance from school which, as a child, kept her from acquiring the education the Intellectuals would insist on her possessing.

When she came home from the Minneapolis Suffrage Convention, a while ago, my friend, Mrs. Nellie McClung, told me how one of the speakers had said a cow has been known to keep a woman at home all her life. Not the same cow, mind you, but the same woman.

Only the other day, in the Police Court at Edmonton, a girl of eighteen who had been born in Alberta, and who had always lived in an isolated district, told under oath that, until three months previously, when she was brought in to the Beulah Mission to give birth to her illegitimate child, she had not known anything concerning the Deity, had never seen a Bible, said a prayer, or been in a church or school.

Yes, I am sure she ought to vote. Someone would have to explain the ballot to her and what the names thereon stood for. Maybe, after all, the wrong and soul-hurt we have wrought upon our fellows is to be healed outside of the churches and schools, and even outside what is generally known as "polite society."

This disfranchising men because they didn't get their due chance as lads, isn't playing the game squarely. Besides, as a mere argument it is wholly lacking in humor and imagination. Let us say, rather, that the laboring men should be disfranchised because they are lacking in physical stamina. More male children die than females; there are statistics to prove it.

Neither have they the requisite moral stamina. Why the prisons are full of men, and the gambling resorts are full of them, to say nothing of the livery barns where illicit liquor is sold. Indeed, in the words of Mr. H. Lauder, a Scotsman of highly convivial tendencies, they are "a' fu'," with something in the bottle for the morning.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52.)

OUR AIM

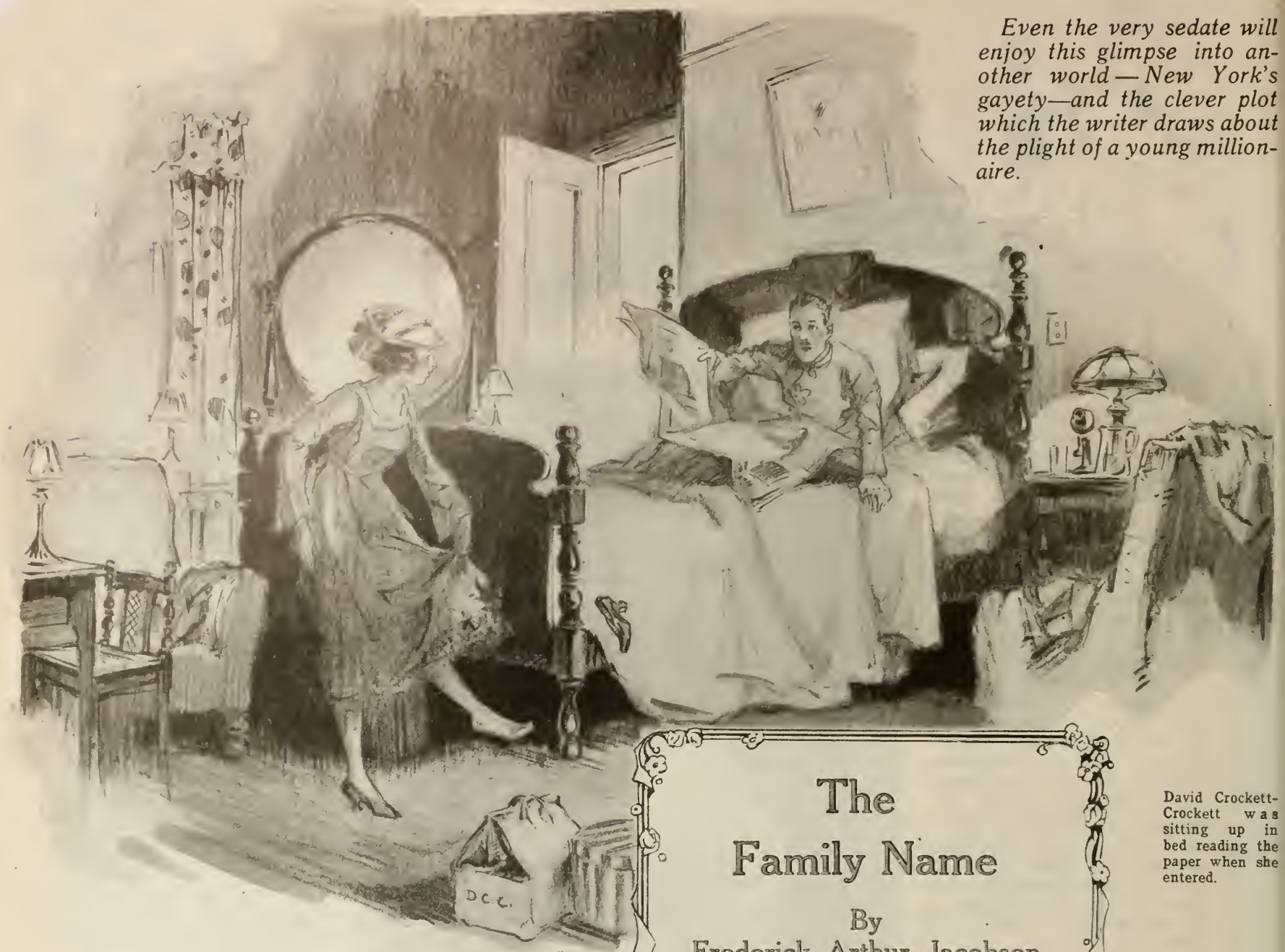
To publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome and truthful.

To be a leader in thought, and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To, as far as possible, publish and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature, and their own country, with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.

Even the very sedate will enjoy this glimpse into another world — New York's gayety—and the clever plot which the writer draws about the plight of a young millionaire.



David Crockett-Crockett was sitting up in bed reading the paper when she entered.

The Family Name

By Frederick Arthur Jacobson

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

A LUXURIOUS suite in a very ornate New York hotel.

Silken window curtains swayed gently in a soft summer breeze. The velours furniture was covered by white linen slips and the heavy carpet had been replaced by cool matting. A white-tiled bath-room with glittering shower showed through a partly open door.

The latch clicked and a bell-boy in white duck and brass buttons entered carrying two immense kit-bags embellished with the initials D. C. C.

Behind him came a neatly, but very plainly dressed young woman of about eighteen. She was extremely pretty—what one might call a "small town girl," if it were not for the make-up, so professionally applied as to be practically invisible.

Close behind her came one who, from his resemblance to the kit-bags, might be "D. C. C." He was very English in appearance. Twenty-one or thereabout, but a budding moustache added several years to the general effect, which was pleasing.

He was extremely well-dressed. His straw hat was tilted back at the exact angle prescribed by Mr. Asquith, and his low shoes were plainly marked Eighteen Dollars.

In spite of the heat, he wore a high-cut waistcoat, with a thin platinum chain strung between the upper pockets. The waistcoat alone at this season would have proclaimed him a gentleman.

The bell-hop dropped the bags, laid the door key on the table, straightened two chairs which were a little out of alignment, and stood at attention.

"D. C. C."—or, to be exact, David Crockett-Crockett—took a leisurely survey of the room, swinging his stick on one finger, and finally arrived at the boy.

"That will be all," he said shortly.

The cold-eyed youth smiled maddeningly and shifted the bags a trifle to one side.

"No, wait a moment," continued "D. C. C.," turning to the girl and twisting his moustache nervously. "Will you have a drink of something cold?"

She shook her head.

"Well, get me a pitcher of ice-water."

"Yes, sir," and the boy vanished, beaming.

The girl, who had been standing at the window, turned as the door closed behind him and sank into one of the cool chairs with a sigh of content.

"D. C. C." laid his hat and stick on the bed and paced feverishly up and down the room.

"What next?" queried the girl, after a few moments pause.

"Have you got a quarter left?"

She fished in a diminutive purse, and produced a quarter and a fifty cent piece. He seized the quarter.

"Seventy-five cents, Dave. I——"

A knock at the door interrupted her, and the boy appeared with a tray of frosty, clinking glassware.

"D. C. C." hastily signed the cheque, slipped the quarter to the boy, and pushed him out of the room. "Now, we can talk until some other burglar needs a tip," he remarked, as he rambled around the room. He was a good-looking youth, with a pronounced "only son" expression.

"I wish you hadn't let me get myself into this mess, Dickie," he resumed.

She smiled and patted his hand as he passed her in his walk.

"Let's hear his letter again?"

AFTER some searching through pockets, David produced a folded letter-sheet, and read aloud, waving his glass for emphasis:

David Crockett-Crockett, Esq.,
——— University.

Sir,—For I can no longer call you son after what has occurred—(gee! the dad must have been boiling), this affair is a fitting culmination of your career of brainless escapades.

You have besmirched the name of Crockett-Crockett—(the girl in the chair giggled convulsively and David smiled)—by this insane marriage. I forbid you to enter my presence again, and any letters that you send will be returned unopened.

You are of age, and you have chosen your own road.

J. Randolph Crockett-Crockett.

"Well, that seems to settle it," she remarked, as he put the letter away again. "I gave up my career for you. What are you going to do?"

"Get a job, like a regular married man."

"At what?"

"Oh, anything. Give me a chance to think. Dickie. We'll get on all right. I know a lot of people."

"Well, this is a fine start. This hotel will only charge about nine dollars a second. I thought you had some money when we came down. Can't you make a touch somewhere?"

"Touch!" David shuddered slightly. "I'm borrowed up to the hilt. If dad had only been loose enough to slip me a hundred or so. He moved so fast I didn't have time to pack a trunk. 'Out you go,' he said, 'and out you stay. Never another penny from me.' "

THE girl laughed. "Well, Davy, we are both stung. I thought I was marrying some money, and I don't know what you thought."

David sat down heavily on the edge of the bed.

"What on earth did you come to the St. Gorgeous for?"

"Because I haven't any money, and the only place in the world where you can stay without money is a very swell hotel."

"What about your mother?"

"Mother? She's worse on the family bug than dad is. He *will* mix a little sometimes, but mother! Honest to goodness, she never saw *anyone* below the neck. She wouldn't bow to me now if we met on the street. If I can stall along a little while on the tips here, I can dig up a job *somewhere*. Where is your trunk?"

The girl twirled her new wedding ring for a moment before she answered: "It's in hock with the company. Stein let me draw a week in advance last Saturday, and when I left he held my trunk. I couldn't do anything. They jumped to Scranton last night. I might be able to get another job, but it's doubtful in the summer."

David held up his hand in protest. "Not if I can help it," he said. "I thought dad would give me a chance to introduce you, but the minute he heard the word 'actress' he blew clean out the window. Something will turn up; something always turns up."

She made a weird sign with her fingers crossed.

"Yes it does—not. Do you realize, dear boy, that I haven't a stitch of clothing except this suit I wore from the theatre? I haven't even a toothbrush. I have seen some funny sights, but this is new and original—a busted millionaire!"

The busted millionaire sprang to his feet, grabbed his hat and started for the door.

"You take a bath and get fixed up as well as you can," he said. "I'll be back in a little while."

AT the door he stopped suddenly and came back to her side. He bent over and kissed her. "You're a good scout, Dickie. Stick around a while and we will work it out all right. I'm going to hock my watch and buy an Ingersoll. I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 85.)

The Whole Outdoors For A Stage

Rural Canada Needs More Play





A lesson from Mister Cupid, from the pageant "Diana" dance, with an outdoor stage.





Scenes from "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Much Ado About Nothing."



Every Canadian town and village can boast its woods or some specially attractive grounds, so let us "get up" a Shakespeare play from which we will profit educationally and the entire community will be united in a social way.

Forget Dull Care and Read This Humorous Summer Story.

Forty Love

By Leslie Horner

Illustrated by
E. J. Dinsmore



But for once Dorine paid no attention to him. She had eyes only for me.

SEATED at my desk I was engrossed in my morning's mail when I heard a furtive tap at the door.

Much annoyed, I called rather sharply, "Who's there?"

The door opened and Mrs. Kornigan's round red face appeared in the doorway. Mrs. Kornigan, I might remark, is my housekeeper and has special orders to leave me entirely alone during the important hour when I attend to my correspondence.

Another reason why I did not care to see her so soon after breakfast was that she was both awkward and ugly, and as I am exceedingly sensitive to ugliness in any form, the sight of her this time really interfered with my digestion.

I was therefore doubly annoyed to see her now. She probably perceived this for she took a step backward, laying her hand irresolutely on the door handle. If there is anything I cannot stand it is indecision, so I said very shortly:

"Speak up, Mrs. Kornigan; you know you are keeping me waiting."

Thus enjoined, Mrs. Kornigan cleared her throat.

"I'm sorry, Sir," she began, "but this is important. I have a friend who needs me—in fact who cannot do without me any longer, so I have come to give you a week's notice."

To say that this announcement startled me is to put it very mildly. I sprang from my seat.

"Good Heavens, Mrs. Kornigan!" I gasped, "if you go away what's going to become of me?"

She hesitated a moment, getting very red in the face, then, twisting a corner of her apron in an embarrassed sort of way, she began:

"Well, Sir, if you'll excuse the liberty, I was just going to make a suggestion."

She hesitated, still twisting the apron, but I remained silent watching her with knitted brows. I could form no idea as to her "suggestion."

"What I was going to say, Sir, was, why don't you get married? What you need" she added, encouraged by my silence, "is a wife to look after you—one who understands all your little needs just as I do."

For a moment I stood looking at her in perplexity

"Mrs. Kornigan," I said at last, "if you will stay I will double your salary. As for your friend, she cannot need you half as badly as I do."

But the woman only shook her head.

"Thank you, Sir, but I can't do it," she replied, "I have given my word and I can't go back on it."

HELPLESSLY I sank into my chair. I was faced now by a very real calamity.

Although having reached my fortieth year, I was not, as you would suppose, in the prime of manly vigor. I was indeed a martyr to dyspepsia, and suffered in many ways quite incomprehensible to the ordinary thick-skinned individual.

This was, of course, the chief reason why I needed a thoroughly dependable housekeeper like Mrs. Kornigan. And now Mrs. Kornigan would soon be a thing of the past. Well—why not take her advice and seek a wife? The more I considered this, the more I liked the idea. My mail remained neglected as I sat musing on my future.

Truly a clever, thoughtful, attentive wife would add greatly to my comfort. In many ways, such as cooking my meals, airing my bedding and mending my clothes she could be of great use to me—greater in some respects even than Mrs. Kornigan, for she could write my letters and take dictation. And while I am on this subject I might as well mention that I am a literary man and write for many hours a day on health by right living and kindred subjects. But writing tires me; I felt I should be glad to hand it over to someone else. A typewriter, too, would be very convenient, but I could not stand the sound of the clicking; I am so highly organized that a noise of the kind is most distressing. My wife could, however, use the typewriter in her own room.

Yes; there were indeed many ways in which a wife would be most acceptable to me. But then the question arose: whom would I choose? I did not expect nor did I wish, to find an intellectual equal, even if such a thing were possible. The type of woman who is forever usurping a man's place in any branch of life has always been most distasteful to me. I may be old fashioned, but my wife must be gentle, docile and sympathetic. She must make it the object of her life to minister to my wants and contribute to my comfort in ways which only a woman understands.

SHE must also have means, for I have not enough for two—conveniently—and most emphatically she must be good looking; my artistic eye could never bear the constant sight of a homely face or dumpy figure. In Mrs. Kornigan's case this is the one fly in the amber, but then, of course, a housekeeper is very different from a wife. For myself, I am undoubtedly good looking and my worst enemy could not call me dumpy.

I am indeed very tall and slender, as you can imagine when I say that, although measuring over six feet in height, I weigh only a hundred and thirty four pounds. Of course, this is not enough for health, but, as against that, bulk of any kind is so gross, material and commonplace that I cannot wish I weighed more.

My head is small and slants upward from the brow to the crown in what I consider quite a remarkable way. A disagreeable person told me once that this was the sign of the born egotist. Such absurdity! But I shall leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. My complexion is dark and, I must confess not very good, but that is, of course, a matter of health.

My nose is large which gives much character, and, (contrast is always desirable,) my chin tapers off to a very small and slender point. No large, aggressive, bulky chin could belong to a person of my hypersensitive temperament.

My eyes are large and prominent. This displays a very highly developed literary faculty. More than one jealous person has called them goggle eyes, but we all know the little saying about sour grapes.

I consider the way one stands and sits as great evidence of one's artistic qualities, or lack of them. For myself, I know I am always graceful. Being so tall and slender, this special quality is possible to me, whereas in the case of a short, podgy person it would be hopeless.

I am very fond of standing—at the same time leaning nonchalantly against the wall with an air of absolute relaxation and abandonment—one leg twined round the other, my hands usually behind my head. I know this attitude is very effective for I have frequently caught people watching me closely—even vulgarly staring.

BUT I must get on with my story. Now that you know something of my appearance and mental characteristics, you will realize that I would make a very desirable husband. Still I knew in this matter of choosing a wife I must be careful. It would be a terrible tragedy were I to select the wrong one.

To be sure that I was not leaving any out—to be sure, in fact, that I was giving each one an equal chance, I wrote down the names of all the young ladies of my acquaintance and then speedily began to weed them out. Most of them were impossible. They were too frivolous, too extravagant, and many of them too homely in appearance.

At last my list was narrowed down to two; I hesitated over these for several minutes. They both seemed equally desirable until I remembered that one was in somewhat poor circumstances; that of necessity debarred her at once.

I now had no alternative. The remaining young lady, Miss Dorine Crabtree, was a daughter of Simon Crabtree, who was a member of the same research society as myself. He was also manager of the Perfecto Whole Wheat Food Company, a position gained entirely through my influence, for I am a silent partner in the concern.

Dorine was, I thought, about twenty-five, and physically was certainly well favored. I knew she cooked well for I had tasted samples of her culinary art—judiciously—for I am very wary of any other cookery than Mrs. Kornigan's. She was also an excellent housekeeper.

NOW that I had made my choice, the question arose, when and how should I begin? There was certainly nothing to be gained by waiting. My best plan would probably be to ring up Miss Crabtree and ask if I could call. Knowing her father so well, this would be a very natural thing to do; also I had met Miss Crabtree several times. Anyway that is what the youth of the present day are accustomed to do, and if they could do it, why not I?

It was already half past seven so I went at once to the telephone. Her father answered my ring. He spoke very pleasantly, telling me that Dorine expected to be at home that evening and would be delighted to see me. So far, so good. Hanging up the receiver I started for the house.

As I drew near the gate I heard a shout of laughter and a girl's voice, which I correctly inferred to be Dorine's.

"Forty, love!" she called, "look out, Nick, or I'll beat you."

Entering the grounds I saw Dorine and a moon-faced youth busily engaged in a game of tennis. I have always thought tennis a very foolish game—so much work for so little result. But then, when we come to consider the class of brain possessed by the average young person, it is not surprising that they should seek diversion in these foolish ways.

Purposely I did not look in Dorine's direction, but walked straight up to the door. I was not

going to run the chance of being called out to sit on the damp grass to watch them knocking a silly ball from one to the other. No; when I do Dorine the honor of calling upon her, she must show her appreciation by entertaining me in the drawing room in a manner due to my age and dignity.

I had been waiting only a few minutes when Mr. Crabtree entered the room. He greeted me effusively.

"What! Waiting for Dorine?" he enquired. "she's out on the lawn, I'll tell her to come at once."

HE left the room hurriedly, and a moment later Dorine entered alone, swinging a tennis racket and with a very becoming flush on her cheeks.

"I heard you calling 'forty love' as I came in. May I ask what was your object in coupling together the words 'forty' and 'love'?"

As I said this I gave her a pleasant smile. I wanted her to find me a very agreeable companion.

"Oh, that," answered Dorine. "It's a term in tennis; it means forty to nothing."

"Nothing!" I exclaimed in surprise, "what a strange word to choose for expressing nothing. I hope that is not your interpretation of the word 'love.'"

Dorine laughed slightly.

"Oh, I don't know," she said indifferently. "I haven't thought about it."

She rose and walked to the other end of the room where she laid down her tennis racket. A queer thing to do. Did she always keep it in the drawing room? I wondered.

As she came back she said:

"I hear you are distinguishing yourself as an author, Mr. Morgan. Father was telling me you have been writing some articles for that health magazine he takes."

Much gratified I answered in the affirmative. We were just beginning what promised to be a very interesting conversation, dealing as it did with different aspects of modern hygiene, when I heard a most horrible sound close to the door.

INSTINCTIVELY I sprang to my feet and, with the quick forethought of a trained mind, I glanced at the open window, noting that, if necessary, I could leap from it to the ground outside. And it was just as well I looked, for, in another moment the door was pushed open and there entered the most horrible specimen of a dog that my eyes ever lighted upon.

A huge hound with slavering jaws and bloodshot eyes, it would have been enough to strike terror into the heart of a real warrior, and I lay claim to no war-like qualities.

Dorine, however, was quite unperturbed. She called the brute to her, stroked his horrible head and called him pet names. I meantime remained standing at a safe distance and close to the window.

On seeing my very natural distrust of the beast Dorine only laughed.

"Come and sit down. Mr. Morgan," she said, "Ponto is quite harmless—it is only his appearance that is against him."

Encouraged by these words and not wishing Dorine to think me afraid, I came back to my seat, and was preparing to sink gracefully into it, when Ponto, evidently seeing my dislike and resenting it, uttered a low growl, which I can compare to nothing else than a distant peal of thunder. He also opened his horrible dripping mouth and licked his chops—in anticipation of my life blood. I knew. This decided me. Life was sweet and I would take no more chances. With as much dignity as I could command under the circumstances. I extended my hand.

"I fear I must be going, Miss Dorine," I said firmly, "I have some letters to write."

"Oh, must you go? I'm so sorry," she said sweetly, but here she was interrupted by her father who entered dressed for the street.

"Make yourself at home, Mr. Morgan," he said hospitably. "Sorry I can't stay, but no doubt Dorine will entertain you better than I. What! Going already?" for I was slowly making my way toward the door, "Nonsense man! Why you've only just come. Wait till I get back and we'll have a chat over that new book of Mott's. Come, Ponto!"

THE dog, who had been fawning at his master's side, leaped after him with a bound and they both disappeared.

With a sigh of relief I sank back upon the cushions. Now that that unholy beast was gone I could stay awhile—and stay I certainly must if I would succeed in my plan.

After this we had a decidedly interesting evening. I talked to Dorine for nearly two hours telling her all about my hobby, the importance of right eating and living, and she listened with great attention.

When supper time came, she told me that she was not going to insult my intelligence by offering me such foolish and indigestible things as lobster salad, but that she had ordered the maid to bring me a bowl of hot bread and milk, which she was sure I would appreciate both for its healthful and its soporific qualities.

DORINE, I could see, was a thoroughly intelligent girl, and I soon began to flatter myself on my good judgment in selecting her from all the other girls of the town.

I felt that, short as our acquaintance had been, the time was ripe for a formal avowal, and now that this time had really come I must own I felt a little nervous.

My mind was contantly occupied with the thought, where should I do it? What would be the most suitable time and place? The first thing was to get her alone, where we would be free from interruption, and where, after she had accepted me, we would be free to—well—to do what is usually considered the proper thing at such a time.

After some consideration I decided to ask her to spend an afternoon with me in the country. Here we could find many secluded nooks where we could talk, or—yes, I must say it—*kiss* to our hearts' content.

I made this proposal to her over the telephone (naturally I did not mention the kissing) and she accepted. In very good spirits I returned to my desk, secure in the knowledge that in a few hours everything would be settled.

The next day I arrived at Dorine's punctually. While waiting in the drawing room I heard the deep baying of a hound—that brute, Ponto, of course. Springing to my feet, I seized a marble statuette off the table. If he flew at me I should at least fight for my life. But he did not come and presently I heard Dorine's light step on the stairs.

When she entered the room I had put back the statuette and, leaning gracefully against the mantelpiece, had assumed an air of easy nonchalance. I was not going to let her think that I feared anything—least of all her dog. Once we were married, however, that dog should promptly be done away with.

I was afraid, though, that she might want to take the beast with her to-day, but there was no sign of him, and presently I again heard his deep baying behind a closed door.

"Poor Ponto wants to come so much," she said smiling, "but I told him that he must wait a while until you come to know him better. Some day you will love him just as I do."

Yes, I would; when he was dead.

After a walk of half a block we took the street car. I had not ordered a taxi for I don't approve of motors. They go too fast and bump me about in a way that is most upsetting to my digestion; besides I consider them very extravagant.

After an hour's ride, including two transfers, we reached our destination, a very pretty spot at the foot of a hill.

As it was a little early for tea, we decided to take a walk. We talked on very interesting topics—chiefly regarding the edible brands of fungus, commonly called mushrooms, and the proper way in which to serve these very palatable articles of diet.

Regarding the main object of this trip I kept silent. I had decided to wait until after tea as I have heard that a meal is apt to put people in a better frame of mind—always providing, of course, that they are not, like myself, subject to indigestion.

Dorine was very anxious to light a fire and make some coffee, the materials for which she had brought with her. Although decidedly against this, for I don't drink coffee myself, I nevertheless did not like to cross her—at least not just now—too much hung in the balance.

It was not that I had any doubt of her accepting me; of course, she would never get such a chance again. But I was pretty sure she did not know the pearl of great price she was being offered, and, in ignorance of its real value, she *might* cast it aside in mistake for a common bead.

OUR fire being now ready to light, the next thing to do was to get water. A short distance back I had noticed a little stream, and I volunteered to go and get a pailful while Dorine picked some wild raspberries which grew on the brow of the hill close by. These, she said would be nice for dessert.

Of course, all this was a great nuisance; I had not calculated on it. But I had always heard that, during courtship girls must be humored; things would, of course, be very different afterward.

I had just got the water and was on my way back when behind me I heard a horribly familiar sound — the deep baying of a dog. It was Ponto. He had seen me, too, and was making for me in great leaps and bounds. I knew it was Ponto's desire in life to feel my leg between his teeth, and I cannot be blamed for wishing to keep my leg to myself.

There was not a moment to be lost. With a cry of horror I dropped the pail and dashed toward Dorine.

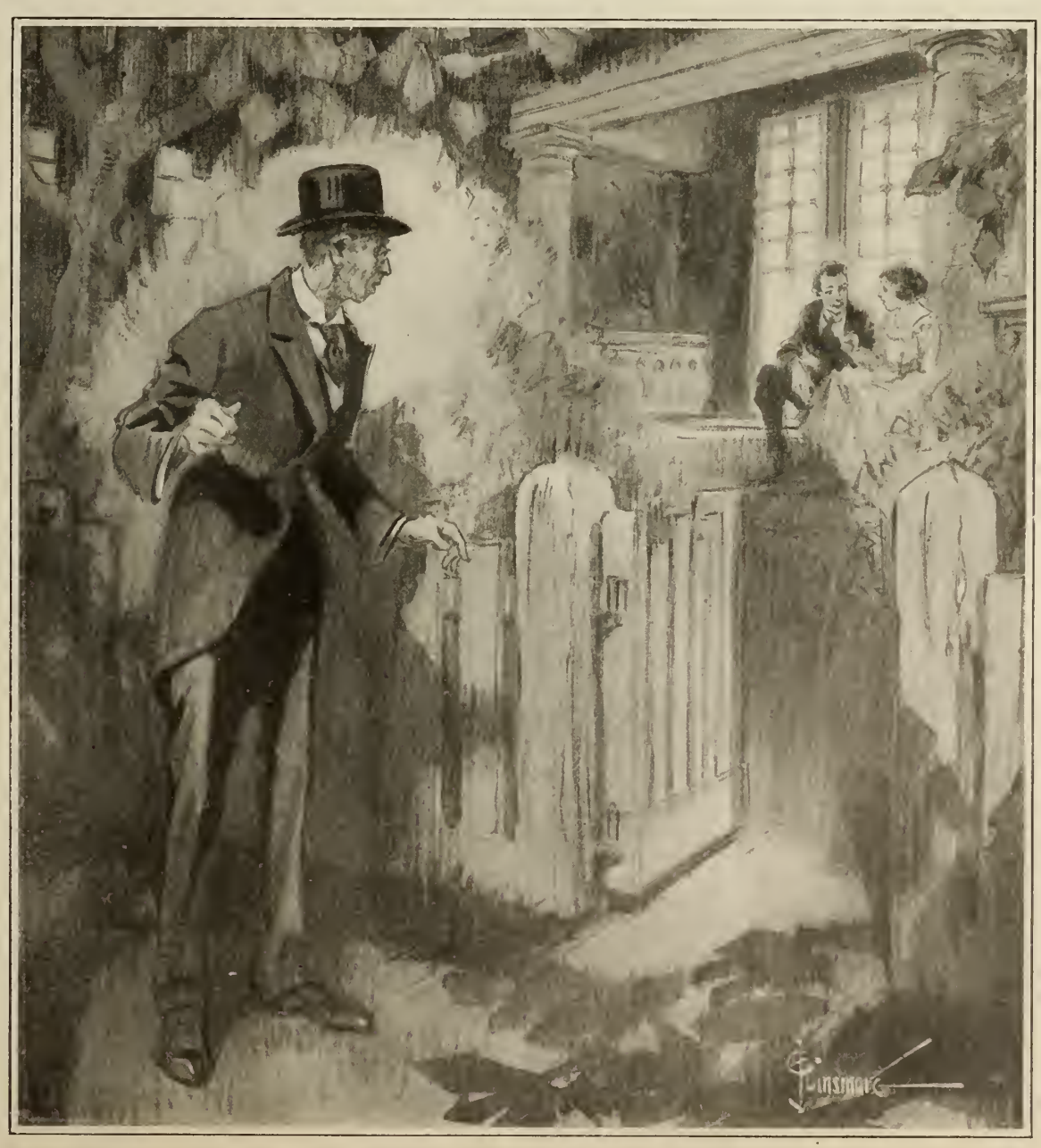
How this dreadful race would have ended, I cannot say, for just at that moment came a scream from Dorine's direction. Good Heavens! Was there a dog after her too?

For an instant I stopped and swerved. Was I going to find myself between two fires? But this was no time for hesitation. Ponto gained on me instantly and I saw his black muzzle almost touching my leg.

In dire extremities we are given superhuman powers, and I ran as I never ran before and never will again, for Ponto is dead now. My one chance of rescue lay with Dorine.

"Dorine! Dorine!" I gasped between my panting breaths. Then, looking up, I saw her. She was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 81.)



In the light of the street lamp I distinctly saw the moon-faced youth.

Amateur Nimrods Amuck in Temagami

By Harold C. Lowrey

ILLUSTRATED BY P. C. SHEPPARD

A fishing yarn for which we can vouch



THE only way to tell this story is to start at the beginning, for in reality the genesis of this fishing trip lies in the contemptuous grunt of a well-known figure on the docks at Queenston. It happened some years ago, just what year is of no consequence, that the writer and his pal betook themselves to Queenston in quest of fish. Our conversation on the way turned on the delicate shading of brown that was necessary before a fish was properly fried. By the time we got to the river our mouths were watering for "fried fish" and our pride in our judgment was just a little bit piqued. The only way to settle the score was to catch some fish and fry them. We went determinedly up to the "boat-house" where all the faithful were supplied with "poles and minnies," only to be met with the stern declaration: "No use yuh fishing, you couldn't catch a cold; hain't bin no fish bitin' fer a month." The wise boatman of the Niagara River had said there were no fish to be caught, but we had to have a fish, and would not be turned aside by such an observation—at least, not until we had made a try. So we demanded our required "poles and minnies," and proceeded to a likely looking spot, followed by our outfitter.

As we passed along the dock, a crony chirped out "Goin' fishin'!" and our adviser, thinking himself addressed and jealous of his own reputation as a fisherman, contemptuously replied: "Nuh! I ain't. I'm jest sellin' bait to 'em what thinks they's fishermen"—and then, in a stage whisper, he added, "there ain't no fish runnin'; let's kid 'em!"

Did they "kid" us? They did not, for we had no more than dropped in our lines than we had fish—nice, big, fat ones. In half an hour we had caught over three dozen nice perch, and were so jostled by our erstwhile "kidders" that we departed to prove our judgment as to the proper shade of brown. In justice, I must tell you that our boatman was kind enough to forget about the rental, though he did not offer to share his profits on the business we had created for him. We had fish and he had business, so we left, everybody satisfied. That was the beginning.

It was there that we became infected with that contagious fever peculiarly rampant in the balmy days of spring, known as "fishing fever." In the seasons that followed we fell more and more under its spell till we were annually searching railroad folders for the luring tales entitled "Where Fishing Abounds," etc., etc. It was mostly, etc., etc., for us for some time, except perhaps that the abbreviation should have read s$s., s$s.—there are so many pretty catalogues, doncherknow. Last year was no different than those previous up till the time of this particular narrative. Our ears began to long for the drone of a spinning reel and our fingers to itch for the "pull" of a "spinner" just as soon as the sun began to shine on both sides of the fence.

SO when the boss said we might have a couple of weeks off we rushed for the railway folders. We looked through them all, but there were no new ones. It mattered little; we had fished most of the places "Where Fish Abound" and our luck had been the same. This time we thought we'd try a new trick; we'd just go to the place where they "talked biggest." We had a good vacation reading all those descriptions again, but, finally Temagami won the last heat from Nipigon (Nipigon took too much cold iron, boys), and we were off to "Temagami—the unspoiled country." "Well, we will have the trip, anyway," was our comment as we turned the key in the door, gathered up our rods, tackle boxes, bags and suitcases, and hopped into the taxi.

We hit the iron trail for the North, and before we were awake the glistening blue of the northern lakes called to us from behind the fleeing trees. We made camp at noon. The twenty-mile ride in the motor launch up the "North-east Arm" from Temagami Station was indeed a wonderful trip. Islands, green to the very water's edge, sprinkled the lake so thickly only those familiar with the course could have piloted us in. Well, so far Temagami was better than the guide book chap had pictured it. We felt good over that till someone said he guessed the feller who wrote the folder hadn't been up there, or else he'd been writing war news and had used up all his adjectives. Anyway, we had an appetite. That first meal, by the way, is a sort of test; the proprietor of the camp sticks around handy, sizing up the eating powers of the new victims so that he can fix a rate for board that will show him a profit. We got off easy because a party were going out fishing and had to be given the right kind of send-off. It was tough to have to eat when fish were waiting to be caught—at least that is the way the folder read. The dinner over, a boat was secured, tackle unpacked, worms petted up to a furry fineness, and away we went in search of the big fish that were "just teeming in Temagami." I rowed while my pal operated a brand new copper wire reel (we were told it was the correct thing to use in Temagami). It was a dandy reel, all nickel and shiny, had a brake on it that worked all right when you remembered to work it, and when you didn't you worked to straighten out a "backlashed" (that's a real angler's expression) line. We were proud of that reel, with its four hundred feet of "23" copper wire; it would catch a lot of big fish. The spinner to be used was a difficult matter to decide; would it be an "otter tail," a "brass spoon," a "wiggler," a "wobbler," or a fancy "pork rind"? At last my pal (she's my wife, you know) says: "Seein' you only brought out a 'pearl wobbler,' we'll have to use that; but I know it won't be as good as an 'otter tail.'" It was no use, a "pearl wobbler" it had to be. Unfortunately, the line was nearly all reeled out before my pal remembered that she had forgotten to christen it for luck, but "it didn't matter, anyway, a pearl wobbler wouldn't catch anything."

We rowed around a pretty little island and struck out for the blue streak where the water was deep; we were after "big" fish, the kind that can't navigate in shallow places. I was just getting warmed up to my job when a shout came from the rear seat. "I just knew something would go wrong. Back up! I'm caught on bottom. That's your old wobbler for you!" Obediently I acquiesced. My pal reeled and reeled and reeled till I got tired of being idle, and commenced to row once more. The line straightened out at a delightful angle. It trembled. It quivered. It acted peculiar. I didn't say anything, but just put a little more muscle into my strokes. The way that line wiggled fascinated me, but I knew better than to hope—I'd thought that thought too many times in the years previous, only to be fooled by a water-soaked twig. It wasn't long before my pal got hep to the tango that wire was doing. Her inexperienced eye watched it for a second; her finger slid down the wire, pulling it taut across the end to get "the feel." It was enough. With a glad shout, "Hurrah! We've got a fish," my pal spun that reel so fast that when the fish's head cut water he shot straight into the boat. It was a trout—a beautiful silver salmon trout—our first Temagami trout!

THAT settled it. The fellow who wrote the folder knew what he was talking about. Hadn't we caught a fish—a big trout—as soon as our line was down? We were in the fisherman's paradise, all right. Well, we were an hour late for supper that night, but our one fish was big enough to draw an admiring crowd when we got in. (Most of the bunch arrived when we did, and hadn't gone fishing as yet.) We put it over all right for nearly an hour, till a Hamilton lady came in with a few. They were in a canoe, and had a guide. To be polite, we all asked "How many did you get, Tom?" "Only five," was the calm answer, tinctured liberally with the suggestive inflection which told quicker than words that "five" was a very poor catch "for Temagami." But, oh! what fish! When we saw the first one come slipping over the gunnel our little fish disappeared very mysteriously and suddenly. We had plenty of time to slide it around the cookhouse door while the gang were getting out the scales to "weigh in"—(by the way, this is one ordeal you cannot avoid)—the new fish. That first fish tipped an even sixteen pounds. Now, do you wonder why the cook had mine cleaned for breakfast? The other four went twelve, ten, eight and six, just to prove conclusively for the guide's sake, that you can sort out the sizes you want. If you want a bigger one than you bring in, slip the guide something; he can tell them nifty, and always gets away with it, too. That's what puzzles me.

We had a great night that first night under canvas. The fish we caught were all over "sixteen pounds," in fact, we had such good luck that it was a real relief to wake up and find it was Sunday; but, of course, there was the other side, it gave us plenty of time to tell the camp about our catch. We always had the Hamiltonians worsted until they, with ill-concealed pride (they should

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80.)



"Stay with me," said Isobel, when she would have moved away.

The Bride of Chilkoot Landing

By Ethel Kirk Grayson

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

Who Found that There was Much Knowledge to be Gained Outside of Books

WHERE the Hootalinkwa slips in tranquil ease to join the gray-blue waters of the Yukon, and the hills rise frowningly above the mighty valleys, there, on a curving foreland studded with willow and satiny birch, deep in the shadow of the loftier cedars and the Sitka spruce, nestled the little mining-camp of Chilkoot Landing, a motley gathering of men—a few of them independent prospectors, others in the employ of a company. The actual dredging operations were carried on at some distance from the camp itself, one or two miles away, and in a southerly direction; nor were they upon an extensive scale. Nevertheless, it was a bit of territory that merited watching, the learned geologists had said, and so the heads of a great corporation had seen fit to place its servitors there, including a camp "boss," a skilled engineer, and a doctor in an official capacity.

Then, on a certain memorable afternoon, a tremor of excitement prevailed. The "Princess Mary" en route to Dawson City, had left two notable passengers at Antler Creek, from which point they had journeyed up the Hootalinkwa to Chilkoot, creating that friendly stir of interest among the inhabitants of the camp. It was Irving, the young physician, just returned from a trip to the "outside," bringing back with him, to the extreme delight of everybody it would seem, the newest edition in brides. After the first keen glance the engineer and the boss had unanimously decided that she was an "edition de luxe." She was wearing a dark blue taffeta suit, with a skirt short enough to display the fine silk web of the stocking that matched it in color, and decidedly Parisian boots. Her hat was broad and black, with a classic simplicity of line and a minimum of trimming. Her chin had an upward tilt, and against the faint pink in her cheeks long jet ear-rings were dangling coquettishly.

"Some girl!" the boss had ejaculated, "but she's shod for the city pavement, not for the gravel."

"She's probably got a heavier pair in her trunk," volunteered the other.

"Trunk, man! Why, she's got five trunks, and a packing-box and club bag into the bargain."

"Well, she'll need them. You can't bring too much stuff into a place like this. Anything to divert the mind."

"I suppose you're right. I'd hate awfully to run the risk of bringing a woman into these parts myself. It's different with Nettie Jackson, now—but a girl accustomed to society is apt to constitute a tougher proposition."

"I quite agree with you."

MEANWHILE, in the little brown cabin that peeped so artfully from a cluster of sombre green woods, crowning a pretty knoll as if in pardonable pride, and retreating daintily from the lower levels of sand and underbrush, Isobel Irving was becoming rapidly acquainted with her new home.

"Oh, Grant," she exclaimed with a laugh which bore a perilous resemblance to a sigh, "you should have told me, dear. Whatever am I to do with all those flimsy dresses? That, lovely mauve and white striped voile! And the stacks and stacks of French embroidery!"

"Now don't lose heart already," said the man. His tone was jesting, but there was an ill-concealed anxiety in his face. "Have you noticed the beautiful flowers I've been growing for you? Did you ever see such dahlias in your life? They will reach the top of the window in another couple of weeks."

"Yes, they are really very pretty. I believe I'll just pick those two crimson beauties and put them in that quaint blue jar Aunt Edna gave us. It's in the bottom of the largest trunk. Do you mind awfully, Grant?"

"Why, of course not. Haven't we been planning to unpack immediately?"

He took off his coat and set to work with energy. His wife took a critical survey of her surroundings, her brows knitted delicately, her lips very firmly closed. "There's not very much to work on," she murmured, "only one room—of course, I have those chintz curtains to divide it off—a stove and a bed, three chairs and a table. Help!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.)

Montreal A City of Domes and Dreams

By Katherine Hale



MONTREAL is a city of domes. its form in space, the "astral" body of it, is circular. Some cities seem to run on a straight, bright line. Toronto is a place like that, and so is Winnipeg. The city architects may say that I am quite wrong and that Toronto and Winnipeg are altogether on the square. But that is not the feel of it. In either of these places you get the sensation of a runner making for a goal. Things are straight-line; streets, shops, parks, people—there are no unexpected places. The atmosphere is clear cut.

But Montreal is globular and prismatic, and vastly attractive. Her spirit is cloudy rather than glowing, and she wears purple best of any color, though she began in a blaze of light.

I never come up the river from the sea, or go down the river from Toronto and so approach Montreal, without the beauty and the prevalence of her cathedral domes coming to me like the sound of a bell. When the air is misty and a fog is rising from the river, the sound is faint and mysterious. If the sun glows you catch a golden note, and then another, and another, and in spite of myriads of roof-tops, and the unfolding of a great city laid terrace-like at the foot of Mount Royal, you know that Montreal is a Round.

Remember how she began in a blaze of light. Yellow was her natal color, and it was on a May morning, a little less than three hundred years ago that Maisonneuve and his band of religious enthusiasts landed and on the very spot where they tell, alas for romance, that the Customs now stands, the saintly Dumont planted the grain of mustard seed which it was his belief was "destined to overshadow the land." Born of the Church, sprung to life out of the purely spiritual zeal—a sword-like French zeal at that—no wonder that Montreal ascends dome-like, and that her passion is purple.



The Courtyard.

THE germ of the city came out of religion, but, as she grew, her commanding situation drew commerce towards her. And from first to last Trade has always meant fighting.

She was on the outer confines of civilization and at the door of the Iroquois country. Hence the fur trade, and with it the necessity for a military garrison. Indians, priests, military men, these in their garish or sombre dress held the streets of the town at first. In another hundred years though the priests and the soldiers were both to be seen, the Indians were beginning to disappear and the fur trader was less crafty and savage. After a while he too disappeared in



Old Towers.



"A great city laid terrace-like at the foot of Mount Royal."

the conventional ilfe of a modern city.

Then we must take into account the French element which cannot be ignored, and apart from religious, political and business relationships the immense influence of the French element, or almost any other foreign element, in the making of beautiful cities, is most important. It is a well known fact that there is no Canadian city, and only one other in America, that can compare in picturesqueness with Quebec, and no seaport on the continent of more dignity and beauty than Montreal. In both cases the attraction is largely composed of that dual element of stolidity and progression allied to tradition and romance which makes the English-French combination.

I have come in and gone out of Montreal by sea and land. In winter and in summer I have known her in those vivid glimpses by which one seems to get the soul of a place more keenly than in longer sojourns. If friendship is a growth, love is intuition. And it is love even more than friendship that I feel for this strong city that holds above her head the golden cross.

If she is beautiful as you come in by the river, and she flashes upon your sight for the first time, how much more beautiful as you enter by the sea-way after long months and perhaps years abroad. Think what that first returning glimpse means in this very summer month to the soldiers coming home again; they who have wandered and endured, who have drunk so deep of life's oldest alchemy which is Pain. This is the hour when to the new they seem to bring the eternity of the old; children of a great future, returning into To-day, past her whose domes are big with promise, whose spires are still symbols of upspringing life.

A whole book might be written on the subject of the various approaches to Montreal. One may come from sea by river, or from lakes by river, but perhaps the most historic interest lies in the route by land from Quebec to Montreal over any of several ways, across narrow fields facing on the river.



The La Salle House.

A WELL known southern writer, Peter J. Hamilton, has given a most unique and interesting comparison of those ancient cities, Montreal, Que., and Mobile, Ala. He says:

"Our old St. Louis tract and Mon Louis Island were incipient manors. The end of the French rule at Mobile prevented the development of the seigneurial aspects, although even the English and Spanish continued in the Orange Grove, Favre and other tracts, the property features of the system. Lower Montreal is French, the streets narrow and recalling all the saints; and from there Bienville brought some names to Mobile and New Orleans. Our St. Emanuel was St. Charles, like Montreal's, named for Bienville's father's patron saint. Dauphin is found here at Quebec.

"This father, Charles Le Moyne, prospered with priestly Montreal, and acquired a number of manors which he named from French places, and then named his children Iberville, Bienville and the like for his manors. The oldest son, Charles, lived across the river from Montreal, at Longueuil, which gave the name to his barony, and there the obliging Irish priest of a beautiful church showed me the records so like those of the Mobile Cathedral. They begin but a few years earlier than ours.

THERE are no more of these old manors, so common on the St. Lawrence and which Louis XIV introduced in Louisiana with that famous

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78.)

Lines and Sidelines of A Summer Course at the O.A.C. by one who survived

Illustrated by
MAUDE McLAREN



To identify bugs.



Were not the windows at the back low enough to crawl in?



FOUR hundred pedagogues gathered in from the four corners of the province and thrust into one big campus for one definite object —to learn all that was learnable in four weeks and three days of the vast, unlimited subject of Agriculture

Oh what a cram was theirs
Learned four hundred.

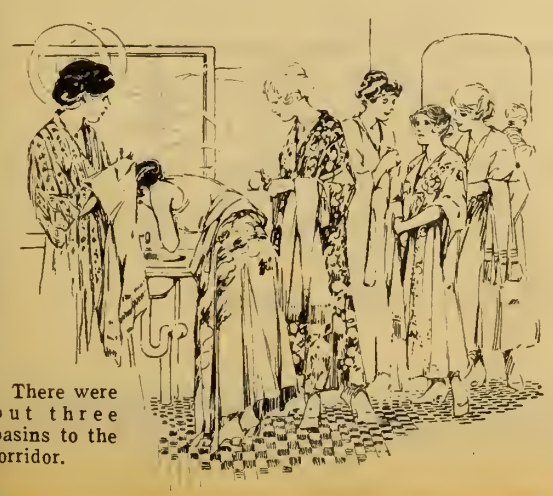
Some had been coaxed hither by their worthy inspectors who liked not that their counties should be poor in things agricultural; others had been enticed by the prospect of mercenary gain, a grant of fifty dollars forsooth; but the vast majority had sacrificed the best part of their hard-earned holidays in order that they might aid the nation



There are no restrictions in regard to bun feeds.

in its gigantic struggle for maximum food production, by passing on to the citizens-to-be knowledge gained by the sweat of the brow, the callus of the hand and the blister of the foot; knowledge treasured up for reference in the pages of a loose-leaf science note-book.

It was an army of "schoolmarms" with a few nuns (they were schoolmarms just like the rest of us, really, but imagine calling them that!)



There were but three basins to the corridor.

popped in here and there to give a religious atmosphere to it, and a stray man edged in at long intervals. It was an army to be billeted and right skilfully did the officer in charge of this department look after the welfare of their women.

The nuns found quiet shelter within the walls of the convent, while the men were quartered at the Y.M.C.A. and various boarding-houses in the city. The rest of us—the great rest of us—were domiciled in the two residences on the campus. Those who had had the foresight to enlist for the campaign as soon as recruits were asked for were the fortunate ones who found themselves billeted at Macdonald Hall. "Mac" Hall, as it was affectionately called. It was a beautiful residence with spacious halls, wide stairs, awe-inspiring drawing-rooms, cosy sitting-rooms and pleasant, well-lighted bedrooms. Bedrooms with actually two clothes-closets in each and a white bedspread on the single cots.

The residence with which the overflow of procrastinators had to be contented was bare and barren in comparison. It had never in the wide world been intended for the habitation of the dainty sex, and serviceability rather than beauty was its dominant feature. Long and narrow were the halls and so dimly lighted that the timid hesitated to venture into their unknown depths. The steep, winding stairs made one feel old and weary in the ascension thereof and giddy and reckless when taking the downward plunge. The bedrooms were devoid of even one clothes-closet, and thus the fair occupants were forced to expose their varied wardrobe to the speculative eye of the casual visitor. As for drawing and sitting-rooms, the very mention of these is enough to call down scorn and derision from the sex for whom the building was intended. One big gathering place with lots of chairs and a piano was all their simple wants required.

IT would naturally be expected that "the Residencers" would repent of their foolish virgin act which had shut them out of Paradise, but right loyally did they stand up for their abode. True, we at the Hall had cosy sitting-rooms to lounge in at leisure, but what better off were we for that?—they would taunt. In the time-table the Leisure Hour Period was from 10.30 p.m. to 6.30 a.m., when we were all supposed to go to dreamland. We might boast of our spacious corridors, but alas for their pretensions, they were mere, nameless halls, while Angel's Wing, Grub Alley and Lower Hunt were a few of the traditional names in which the streets of the Residence gloried.

To be sure we took pride in our grand entrance with its wide swinging doors and a white card in front, asking visitors to please ring. But should any maiden so far forget herself and time as to stray up to those same doors five minutes after the hour of ten had struck, lo! she found them locked and herself shut out in the night until her fearful ring was answered by the questioning matron. But if one belonged to the Residences, yes, to that shabby old Residence, the beauty of the moonlight evening could be enjoyed with a peaceful sense of security for ten whole minutes more.

And even if one did transgress over that time, why bother ringing and disturbing tired matrons? Were not the windows at the back low enough to crawl through? Verily, these blessings must not go unnumbered. In arguments like these, would the loyal dwellers in the Residence try to persuade the wise virgins in Mac Hall that after all they were the foolish ones.

In Residences packed to the brim with girls, certain rules must be enforced to have order maintained, even if those girls are sedate teachers ranging from the ages of nineteen to fifty-nine. Night-hawking was discouraged by the doors be-



It was a process similar to draining a well with a leaky pail.

ing locked sharp at ten. Should one wish to stay out beyond that hour, late leave must be asked of the matron. Imagine a teacher who has been having her orders obeyed for ten years or more going to the matron and meekly asking, "Please, may I have late-leave? I want to go to the picture show."



We had to find weeds in our leisure hours.

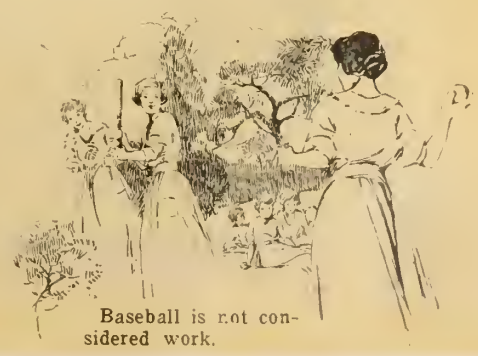
"Will you be back on the last car?"
"Please, yes, ma'am."
"Yes, you may have it."

One almost expects the pat on the head which is usually bestowed on a good child when a favor is granted it.

THE last car! In every car O.A.C.-bound teachers were in superior numbers, their identity being revealed by the grim determination with which they grasped the straps. But the last car crowded to the 'nth degree, was theirs wholly and unreservedly. And yet there wasn't one among them, for every one on that car with the exception of the conductor and motorman was a giggling schoolgirl of sweet sixteen, singing jolly College songs, or discussing Mary Pickford in her latest play.

As the last car would clang around the college grounds, a forbidding wall of blackness would loom up before the eyes of the late-comers. "Lights out," would be the dismayed exclamation, and it was so. At half-past ten to the second the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82.)



Baseball is not considered work.



The Country House Minus Waste Space

Designed By Clarence Thetford, Architect

"Here the architect did not
With curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch of prophecy,
But built a house for hospitality."

THE COUNTRY—unrestricted location, unlimited space, sunshine, trees, green grass and rolling hills. Nature is profligate with luxuries for the rural builder. Yet, peculiarly, here where one would expect to see the best homes in every detail designed to accentuate the beauty of their surroundings, one usually finds the most commonplace houses and grounds.

And the interior of a country house—the ordinary country house with which we are all familiar—what is the picture? At once one recalls large, poorly lighted, poorly heated and poorly ventilated rooms opening endlessly from long, dark, musty hallways. Doubtless the city builder is saved from a like condition because of the expense of every inch of land, and the added cost of maintaining and paying taxes on unused house space. Oddly the thing which he so much deplores may, in reality, be what causes him to build thoughtfully and with great care, making his home suit his immediate needs, rather than what he imagines they may be years hence. The farmer, however, is not so hampered, and he builds room after room to be closed up three-quarters of the year because of an inadequate heating system.

The remodelling of these huge, badly planned, country houses is a subject for several volumes in itself. This particular article is one of warning and advice to those who contemplate building now in the country.

The first consideration is the site for the house, and with several acres at one's hand, this should not prove a difficulty. The best situation is on the easy slope of a hill, facing south, and the nearer to the top the better, but not near enough to lose its shelter. The slope of the hill should not be an abrupt one, as this would add considerably to the expense of the foundation of the house and the formation of the garden.

The ideal site is one on the south side of a main road, fairly level up to the north side of proposed position of the house, then with a gradual slope onward and down to the south, with open country beyond and view of distant hills. On the north and northeast of the site there should be rising ground or belts of trees to protect the house from the north and northeast winds.

Unless it cannot be avoided, a house should never be placed due north and south. It is better to have a slight tilt toward the east, thus ensuring the north side of the house receiving the evening rays of the sun. In other words all sides of the house, during the greater part of the day have sunlight and every room at one period of the day receives the sun's rays. Sunshine is Nature's great cleanser—therefore house builders can ill afford to bar out this wonderful benefactor.

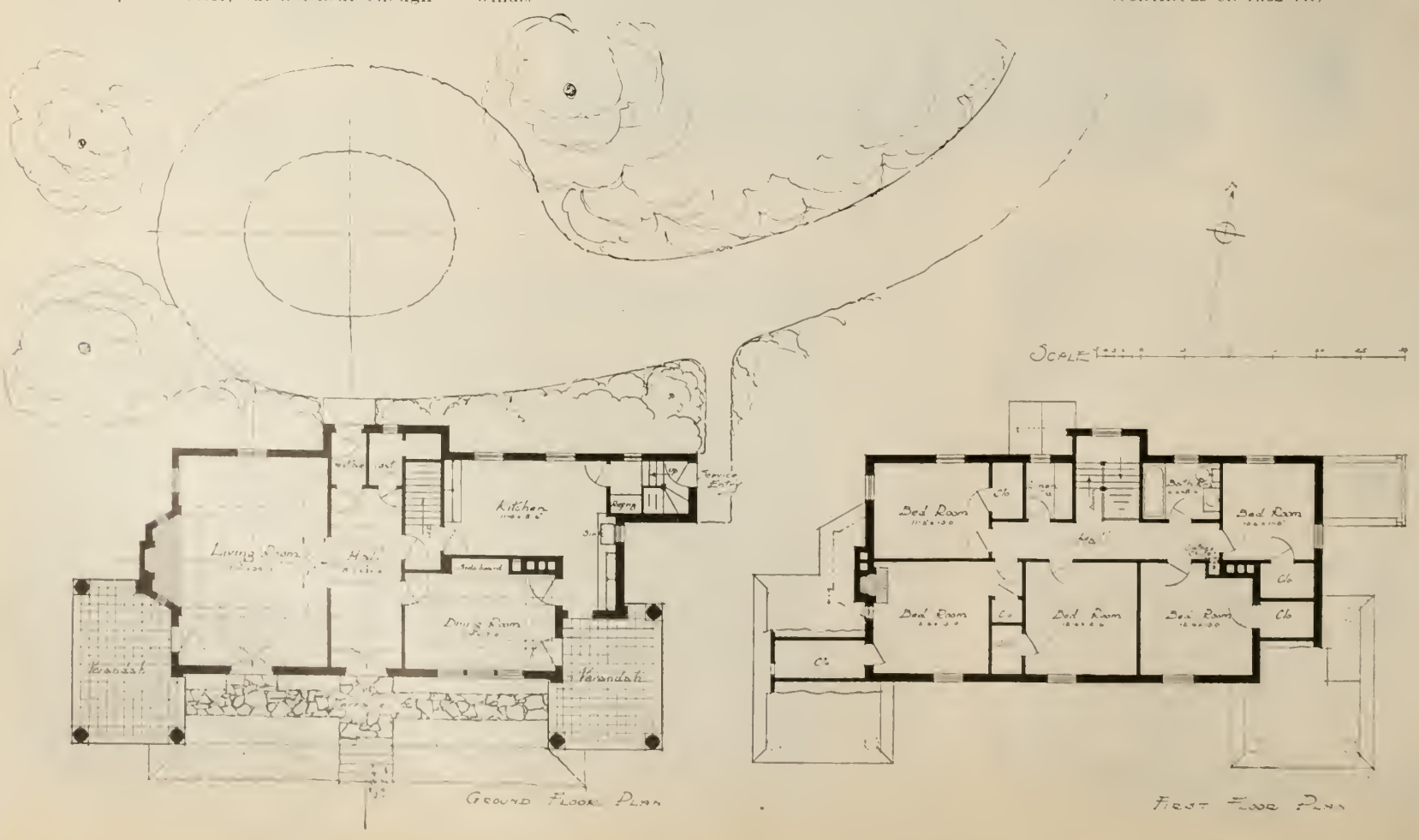
In moderate and large houses the entrance should be on the north side of the house, allowing the south side to be arranged for a garden. If the north entrance is impossible, east or west, preferably the latter, should be used. As drives are expensive to form, it is well to choose a site which is not too far distant from the road.

The levels of the ground and the views that may be obtained from the terrace and the house will decide the positions of the orchard and kitchen garden. Both of these should be on the slope to the south.

Well designed entrance gates add greatly to the appearance of the property, and can be obtained at reasonable prices from reliable manufacturers. Care should be taken to have the posts of substantial size and their foundations placed below the frost line.

In the design shown at the top of this page the drive, bordered with flowers, shrubs, and trees, is on the north and slightly east side of the house. A hall going directly across the house opens through French windows upon a stone terrace which has steps leading down to the garden. This spot, being secluded, is ideal for games, tea parties, etc.,—those important things which are so often omitted from country life. Two large

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77.)



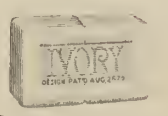


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THE woman who appreciates beautiful old china takes pride and pleasure in washing her treasured bowls and jugs and plates. Just as she values the china too highly to entrust its care to servants, so is she particular to use for its cleansing nothing but pure, mild Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap cannot injure either painted or gold decorations on china, because Ivory contains no free alkali nor any other injurious ingredient. Neither does Ivory contain unsaponified oil; its thick, cleansing suds rinse off easily and thoroughly, leaving no filmy streaks to cloud the polished surface.

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Without Fear

A Health Talk by Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand,
Who saith: 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!'"

RECENTLY one of my neighbors said to me after the morning greeting: "Did you hear about Mr. Macdougal? Last night he was quite well, had been out with my husband, and was taken with a stroke, and cannot move or speak." The gentle Scotch voice became even more troubled as she went on, "And my cousin on the other side of you there, has been so ill, after 'the Flu,' 'tis her heart you know, and we dare not let her know of this at all. Mrs. Macdougal is such a friend of hers, too, and she'll not know why she has stopped coming. . . . she has it, too," she continued distressedly, "*This Blood Pressure.*" and there was fear in her voice as she continued, "There's my own John, he canna sit still since Mr. Macdougal was taken, they were friends you know, and besides," and her voice broke piteously, "John has it, too."

The pathos of the thing has somehow fastened itself on me, and I have been wondering ever since how many middle aged people "have it too" and both they and their loved ones are living in a condition of dread and nameless fear continually.

To me it seems so much easier and simpler as Browning says to "trust God; *see all*, nor be afraid." And so for those who feel as I do in this matter I am going to try in this paper to explain to some extent what is meant by the words so glibly and unintelligently made use of to-day, "blood pressure."

WE have all seen water passing through a rubber tube. If that water is pumped and does not flow steadily as from a tap, we know that the tube is distended at that portion through which the water is passing. We know that if that tube were to taper out at the end into one or more much smaller tubes these smaller tubes would be affected the same way as the large one, and because of their lesser calibre would feel the fluctuations of the water stream even more than the large one. We know also that if the small tubes or the ends of the tubes were blocked the rubber sides would be more distended than if the flow were unimpeded.

Now in the above simple and familiar example we have the whole story of what is called blood pressure. That is the degree to which the water presses on the sides of the tube, or the blood on the sides of the vessels containing it.

The heart is the pump. The arteries are the elastic tubes, and the capillaries are the tiny branchings into which the main vessels divide at their termination, even like the twigs of a tree. The stream is the blood.

The walls of the blood vessels actually contain what is known as "elastic tissue," which provides for their expansion and contraction with the passage of the blood stream.

This elastic tissue may harden with age, and in some cases hardens because of disease, or of poison either produced by or introduced into the body. Again "some people's arteries," to quote Sir William Osler, "are not of very good material to start out with."

The walls of the blood vessels have another and very wonderful power, that of contraction of their inner coat. This contraction is presided over by the nerves of certain centres, and can only occur when bidden by these nerves. These nerves are not voluntary nerves, that is under our control, but our general nerve health it to a large extent under our control.

WE all know how a slight cut will presently stop bleeding of itself. That is because of two things, first the blood possesses the power of "clotting" immediately on exposure to the air, and second because the nerves of sensation in the skin telegraphed to the contracting centre in the brain that certain blood vessels had been wounded and should be closed at once, which the centre does accordingly. Cold will also carry a message to this centre and these vessels at the surface of the body, otherwise the capillaries will be contracted accordingly. This is shown by the blanching of the part.

Now we saw when we spoke of the water in the rubber tube that a closing or contraction of the end of the tube would cause the water to press more strongly against the sides of it. In just the same way a closure or contraction of the capillaries or end vessels of the arterial system will cause the blood to press more strongly on the sides of the vessels. A slight local contraction will be compensated for also locally by dilatation of some nearby capillaries, but any influence that will cause a contraction of the capillaries or arterioles as a whole must necessarily affect or dam back the blood as a whole, and distend all the system of arteries, and going back further still to the heart or pump, cause that organ to work harder to overcome the resistance. And now at last we have found out what the words "increased blood pressure" mean.

Many different influences affect these end, or peripheral or cutaneous vessels, causing them to contract and throw back the blood on the heart. Cold I have mentioned, fear is another, anger or other emotional excitement will do so also; diseased conditions of the blood itself, as anaemia, poisons in the system, as influenza, etc., all these and many others.

Now as long as the elastic tissue in the walls of the vessels remains in good condition no great harm is done. Things right themselves presently. But when for any reason the elastic tissue begins to harden, then also begins the danger.

So getting to our final analysis, we ask "What will cause the elastic tissue to harden?" Of all external causes as far as has been discovered, I think I am correct in saying, "worry" is the most potent. Emotional stress has the power of altering the constituents of the fluids of the body, and worry, anger, fear or similar unhappy emotions produce poisons therein. These particular poisons are the very ones that may cause hardening of the elastic tissue in the walls of the arteries. Certain diseases have the same effect, and paramount among these is syphilis, and this "even unto the third and fourth generation." Next comes unhygienic living, notably "living high." Lastly is heredity, and certain forms of strenuous labor, by which the heart is kept continually working overtime, as it were.

NOW if you will read this list carefully you will find that a number of these "causes" are under our own control. Worry, physical indulgence and sin, as well as careless eating, drinking, and general living are all within the control of our wills, and are avoidable.

Of all these causes syphilis is the most far reaching and terrible, because it will appear after years of quietness in this form of Arterio Sclerosis, and not only that but the curse will pass from one generation to another and another of innocent sufferers, showing itself in a score of ways too numerous to mention in detail. If the youth out for a night's ungoverned "frolic (?) with the boys" realized that he was sowing seeds for the possible harvesting of a hundred years, seeds of the pain and death of innocents, even the most thoughtless young man would pause and consider and turn back afraid.

The process of arterial hardening or Arterio Sclerosis only sometimes takes place through the whole arterial system at once. More generally it occurs in patches, which come, and then frequently clear up again, till, the disease continuing, the hardening takes place again. The heart works hard, and thereby becomes more or less enlarged to overcome the resistance of the contracted arteries.

The position of this patch of hardening determines the nature of the symptoms should any of the little end vessels rupture. For instance, the much dreaded paralysis is caused by the rupture of one or more of the tiny arteries of the brain, and the destruction temporary or permanent thereby, of a portion of the brain substance, wherein lie those nerves that control the motion of certain limbs or muscles of the patient. Such a condition is not by any means hopeless and frequently clears up completely.

Now that we have studied to a limited extent the unhappy possibilities of this all too common malady, let us look on the brighter side—for there is a brighter side.

In the first place a certain rise of blood pressure appears to be normal as the years increase, and may not cause any trouble at all.

SECONDLY, if the hardening of the arteries has already begun, but the condition is discovered in time the disease may be arrested by careful adherence to the physician's advice, and by that self-control which *will not* worry, and will therefore go forward "without fear." Here then is one of those places in which it is of such immense advantage to have become acquainted, as it were, with one's Creator in the days of one's youth, of having learned that His name was Justice and Love, of being able to look back on the days of old and see "how the Lord hath led us." Of being able to say very simply and truly:

"He hath been better than all my hopes, better than all my fears,
He hath made a bridge of my broken works, and a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my onward path but carried my Lord on their crest,
When I think of the days of my pilgrimage walk, I can trust His love for the rest."

To take the opposite course to this, that is to worry and fret about what may be before one, to sit around within doors, hindering the digestive processes, and retarding the already laboring heart action is to bring about surely and rapidly the very condition that is dreaded.

Therefore, as I said before, we can see that much lies within our own power in avoiding or at all events retarding the development of this condition. In this it is no different to fifty or nearer seventy per cent. of all illness we suffer from.

But I hear someone saying, and saying it with the same pitiful catch in their voice that my Scotch neighbor had, "Even so, granting all you have said, my physician told me very gently but without possibility of alteration that this process had begun, and that I would have to give up much that has been very pleasant, or seemed necessary to me in my daily living, that I must go quietly, *for the rest of the time*, if I wanted to prolong that time. And though I have tried to show a brave front, underneath it all it is bitterness and humiliation to my soul to have to acknowledge that I have to give in and take a back seat, when I have always managed things for myself."

So says one sturdy type of spirit while another somewhat different walks trembling every day with the continual dread upon them that something they may do or leave undone, or eat or forget to eat will precipitate the climax they so much dread.

To each of these I would say in the words of a dear saint that I loved in my girlhood's days, "He giveth meekness, and meteness."

And now come around with me and take another view altogether of the question. Looked at from a different angle this may not be nearly as dreadful as it seems.

In the first place there is no hurry. Such a condition as we have been considering may go on for years with little or no increase, providing the daily life is free from worry and undue strain of any sort. So suppose, having settled this matter, and mapped out to a limited extent the plan of life, according to the instructions given by the doctor, we proceed to forget the reason why and to find out the enjoyments in this stage of the journey.

AND so in the second place let us look around at the country we have come to. I hope in those dear days when we read and lived in all we read you travelled with Bunyan's Christian all along that wonderful journey that he made from the City of Destruction clear to Beulah Land just this side of the river. I hope you have stood with him on the mountain top there with the travelled road smiling behind you, its dangers and darknesses all mellowed now in the tender distance; its beauties enhanced by the slanting rays of the sun that has passed the zenith and shines with peculiar splendour, yet with a softened light and gentle warmth across the valley on the mountain tops of Beulah Land. Because you see this is the country you have reached in your real journey now, if you can only so recognize it.

Here you may dwell and encourage other travellers along life's way. You can from actual experience show that this danger is not as great as it seems, that that lion is most surely chained. Here, too, you may gather the children about your knee and give them jewels of thought in word and look that they will treasure in all the years to come, even though at the moment they cannot know their value. And here from this vantage point you may accustom your eyes to take long views across the sun-drenched valley to the greater heights beyond. Yes, there is a little dark river at the bottom of the valley, but it grows so narrow as one gets nearer to it that one becomes convinced that the crossing of it will take but a moment when we do reach it.

And so don't you think, that perhaps after all you are almost to be envied in having a little longer than some other folks to live in the glories of Beulah Land?

In closing I want to give you two gems of poetry, that I have greatly enjoyed, the one born out of the pain of these years of war by Theda Kenyon, the other has been my favorite since my girlhood, and is by one of our far too little appreciated Canadian poets, George Frederick Cameron.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76.)

How to Cook the Queen of the Kitchen Garden

By Marion Harris Neil

The Many Uses of Asparagus

ASPARAGUS now being plentiful and fairly reasonable, a few hints on the best means of preparing it for table may, it is hoped, prove helpful to our readers. In choosing asparagus it is well to remember that it must be fresh. Stale asparagus, no matter how cheap, is dear at any price. The freshness is best ascertained by the condition of the cut ends of the stalks as well as the tops. The former should not be dried up, but fresh looking, while the latter, the tops, should be firm, and not soft, as is the case when asparagus is stale.

Until within a few years ago, the only method of cooking asparagus in ordinary households was plainly boiled—very often over cooked.

The process of serving plainly boiled asparagus still prevails, and is unquestionably a sensible way of cooking it, provided it is properly treated. But where many housewives generally fail to make a success of this dish is with its accompaniment, that is, the sauce, which should be a delicately seasoned white sauce of a cream-like consistency, and should not be a thick paste consisting of uncooked flour, butter and milk. Besides white sauce, bechamel, hollandaise or mousselaine sauce are exceedingly nice to be served with asparagus.

Oiled butter, or vinaigrette, which is a mixture of oil, vinegar, chopped parsley, chopped gherkins, and the usual seasonings, goes well with hot or cold asparagus.

Asparagus is one of the few vegetables which form a course by themselves, for either luncheons or dinners, but it is more often served as the main vegetable which accompanies the meat course. With asparagus purée quite a number of dainty savories can be made, while as a salad it forms a delicious basis, and can be well recommended at this season.

Asparagus cream soup is not difficult to make, and costs little more than a potato purée, or cream soup, and it forms a welcome change as a dinner soup.

For breakfast, too, asparagus may be served, especially in the form of purée on buttered toast, or on round or oval pieces of fried bread.

Boiled Asparagus.—Select the asparagus of even size if possible, scrape or peel thinly each shoot from the tips downwards; cut the stem ends so that they are all of equal length, and put them into a bowl of cold water. Carefully wash and strain them, and tie into bundles of fifteen in a bundle. Boil in slightly salted boiling water, containing one teaspoonful of lemon juice, until the soft parts are tender. Then drain well. The saucepan in which asparagus is cooked must be large enough to hold it, and the water must be sufficient to well cover it. Asparagus usually takes from twenty-five to one-half hour to cook.

Asparagus should be served on a folded napkin or in an asparagus dish.

Iced Asparagus.—This is a very pleasant way of serving asparagus in hot weather. After cooking the asparagus arrange it neatly on an asparagus dish, sprinkle it with a few drops of vinegar and place it in the refrigerator, or on ice until required. Serve with good cream, also iced, or with iced hollandaise sauce.

Asparagus Sandwich.—Cook asparagus tips until very tender, drain and rub them through a sieve. Put the purée thus obtained in a bowl to cool. One cupful of the cooked tips will make sufficient for two dozen sandwiches. Make a good thick mayonnaise dressing, one cupful, and melt two teaspoonfuls of gelatine in a little boiling water. Mix the gelatine with asparagus purée, and when cold stir in the mayonnaise, four tablespoonfuls of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper; allow to chill when it will be like jelly. Cut one day old bread, butter lightly, spread with the asparagus mixture and cut into triangles or strips, trimming off the crusts. These sandwiches are very nice to serve with salad.

Another method:—Drain and rub asparagus through a sieve, there should be one cupful of the purée, when cool add one-half cupful of mayonnaise dressing and one-half cupful of aspic jelly; this should be liquid, but on no account warm; add one-half cupful of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, and salt and pepper to taste. Cut some thin slices of bread, butter them lightly and spread some of the asparagus mixture on each slice, then place them together as for ordinary sandwiches and cut into rounds or squares. Arrange them on a plate, fill up the centre with crisp lettuce, and, if desired, some slices of hard-cooked eggs.

Asparagus Molded.—Clean a large bunch of asparagus, peel the stalks lightly, and throw them into cold water. Then boil and drain. Prepare a vinaigrette sauce with oil, tarragon, chopped parsley, and incorporate this with aspic jelly. Place the asparagus, when cold, into a wet flat dish with alternate layers of the prepared aspic—the first and the last layers should be of aspic. Place the mold on ice for three hours. Turn out and serve garnished with parsley or lettuce leaves.

Stewed Asparagus.—Cut off the tops of twenty sticks of cleaned asparagus. Boil them in boiling salted water for twenty minutes, and drain. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add the tips, toss over the fire for a few minutes, add one tablespoonful of thick white sauce, one tablespoonful of cream, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a grate of nutmeg. Shake continually over the fire until very hot, and serve at once.

Cream of Asparagus.—Wash one bunch of asparagus, cut off about two inches of the tips and lay them aside. Cut the remainder into one inch pieces and put them into a saucepan with four cupfuls of cold water. Add one teaspoonful of salt, and let it cook until the asparagus is very tender. Drain, reserving the liquid. Rub the asparagus through a sieve, add this to the liquid, with one cupful of milk, one slice of onion, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one sprig of parsley, one tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika and cook for twenty minutes, then strain, reheat and just before serving add the asparagus tips and one beaten egg mixed with one-half cupful of the hot soup. Stir quickly and pour at once into a hot tureen. Serve with toasted bread.



·· ASPARAGUS A LA CREME ··



·· ASPARAGUS SALAD ··



·· ASPARAGUS AND SHRIMPS ··

Asparagus and Walnut Aspic—Dissolve one-half box of gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water, add one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water, one-half cupful of vinegar, one-fourth cupful of sugar, strained juice of one-half lemon, and one teaspoonful of salt. When the jelly begins to firm, add two bunches of cooked asparagus cut into small pieces and one-half cupful of chopped walnut meats. When firm turn out and serve with or without mayonnaise dressing.

Asparagus Croquettes—Cook two cupfuls of asparagus points in boiling salted water until tender, then drain. Put two tablespoonfuls of thick white sauce into a saucepan, add one-half cupful of milk, and allow to get thoroughly hot, then add two yolks of eggs, the asparagus points, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and a grate of nutmeg. Cook until thick, then spread on a plate and allow to cool. Shape into neat croquettes of even size, brush over with the beaten egg whites, toss in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat, or bake in a hot oven. Drain, dish and serve hot.

Baked Asparagus.—Cut one bunch of asparagus into one inch lengths and boil in boiling salted water until tender. Drain well and put a layer in a greased fireproof dish. Season with salt and white pepper; dot with bits of butter, sprinkle with bread crumbs and finely chopped hard-cooked eggs. Add more asparagus, and repeat in the order mentioned until the dish is filled. Have bread crumbs on the top and bake in the oven until brown. Serve hot.

Asparagus Salad.—Boil and drain asparagus tips. Divide into bundles, and bind with narrow strips of pimento or chili. Place them in nests of shredded lettuce leaves and chill. Pour over the following dressing and serve. To mayonnaise dressing add two tablespoonfuls of chopped gherkins, two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, one teaspoonful of mustard and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49.)

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Dainties for Birthday Parties

By Marion Harris Neil

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO COOK IN CASSEROLE DISHES."



Birthday Cake.—Into a saucepan pour one cupful of water, add one cupful each of seeded raisins, seedless raisins, and shredded candied lemon or lemon peel and cook slowly for ten minutes. Cream one-half cupful of butter substitute and one cupful of brown sugar together thoroughly, add two eggs, well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of maple syrup, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one-half cupful of sour milk or cream, two and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking soda, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered ginger and nutmeg, then add the fruit boiling hot. Mix well, turn into a square greased and floured cake tin and bake in a moderate oven for two hours. Cool, cover with pale yellow frosting and decorate with finely chopped nut meats and candles in tiny candlesticks.

Birthday Cake No. 2.—Beat one cupful of butter to a cream with one and three-fourths cupfuls of sugar, add the beaten yolks of four eggs, one cupful of strong, cold coffee, one cupful of grated chocolate or cocoa, two cupfuls of flour sifted with a pinch of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, then add one-half cupful of chopped cocoanut or chopped nut meats, and the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Mix carefully and bake in a moderate oven. Cover with frosting flavored with one teaspoonful of orange extract, and decorate with pink candles in red rose holders.

Jelly Cakes For Children's Parties.—Beat the yolks of two eggs with one cupful of sugar until very light, beat the whites of eggs and add them to the yolks and the sugar, then add one square of grated chocolate, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one-half cupful of cold water, sift in one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat for three minutes, pour the batter into two greased and floured cake tins and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Spread one cake with jelly, press the other over and when cold cut in squares, circles, diamonds, hearts, etc. Dip in white frosting and decorate with cut preserved cherries.

Fig Layer Cake.—Cream one-third cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar until very light, add three eggs without separating, beating for five minutes between adding the first two eggs and ten minutes after adding the last egg; add one-half cupful of milk and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Sift twice two cupfuls of flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add to the batter and beat until light and smooth. Divide into two greased and floured layer cake pans and bake in a quick oven for twenty-five minutes. When cool, put together with the following fig paste: Chop one pound of washed figs fine, add one cupful of boiling water, one-half cupful of grated maple sugar and the strained juice of one-half lemon; simmer until the mixture becomes a smooth paste. Cool before using.

Raisin Puffs.—Cream one-half cupful of butter with two cupfuls of sugar, add two well beaten eggs, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of orange extract, one cupful of chopped raisins, and two cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Divide into greased cups or molds and steam steadily for one-half hour. Turn out and serve hot with hot milk or any preferred sweet sauce.

Marguerites.—Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, add one cupful of sugar and beat again, then add one cupful of chopped nut meats or chopped cocoanut and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, stirring all together. Spread the mixture on fresh crackers, and brown in the oven. Sprinkle a few chopped nut meats on the top.

Peanut Wafers.—Peanut wafers are always welcome at parties. Make ready two quarts of peanuts, shelled, the skins rubbed off, and then chop or pound the nuts. Beat to a cream one cupful of sugar with one-half cupful of butter, add three-fourths of a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour sifted with one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, and add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Grease a tin sheet, or the outside of a dripping pan, and spread the dough over it in a thin layer, using a knife or a spatula. Sprinkle thickly with the prepared peanuts and bake. As soon as removed from the oven, cut in squares and take from the tin.

Iced Cookies.—Put one-half cupful of butter into a bowl, add six tablespoonfuls of sugar, beat them with a wooden spoon until creamy and light, then drop in the yolk of one egg, beating it well in, add four tablespoonfuls of milk, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and two cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Knead smooth on a baking board, then roll out thinly, cut with a cutter and lay on greased baking tins. Bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes or until yellow. Allow to cool and ice. To make the icing, sift six ounces of confectioners' sugar into the white of the egg, beat very well with a wooden spoon, then spread on the cookies. Sprinkle chopped cocoanut on the top of each.

Orange Rounds.—Beat four tablespoonfuls of butter with the grated rind of one orange until creamy, then add two-thirds cupful of sugar and beat again until light, then add the strained juice of the orange and two cupfuls of flour sifted with one-half teaspoonful of baking powder. Toss on a floured baking board, and roll to one-eighth inch in thickness. Cut out with a round cutter, first dipped in flour, put on a baking tin covered with a greased paper and bake in a moderate oven.

Fig Newtons.—Cream one-half cupful of butter with one cupful of brown sugar, add one beaten egg, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, three cupfuls of flour, sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Roll out on a floured baking board, cut in strips four inches wide and spread with the following mixture: Chop one cupful of figs, then put them into a saucepan with one cupful of hot water, add one-half cupful of grated maple sugar mixed with three tablespoonfuls of flour, and cook for eight minutes, then cool and use. Place another strip of the dough on the top, cut into finger shaped strips and bake in a hot oven.

Cream Puffs.—Put one-half cupful of butter into a saucepan, add one cupful of water, bring to boiling point, add quickly one cupful of flour, a pinch of salt and one-half teaspoonful of sugar, stir well with a wooden spoon until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan, remove from the fire, allow to cool, but not to become cold, add four eggs, beating each one well and thoroughly in. Then place in a cool place for one hour. Put the mixture into a forcing bag with a plain tube and force on to a baking tin in small rounds, brush over with beaten egg and bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes. The mixture may be divided into greased gem pans. When cold split them open on one side and fill them with whipped cream sweetened and flavored to taste, or whipped evaporated milk, or the following mixture: mix three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with one-half cupful of grated maple sugar, then add one beaten egg, one cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of butter and cook in a double boiler for one-half hour, stirring all the time. Cool and fill into the puffs.

Gingerbread.—Cream one-half cupful of grated maple sugar with one-fourth cupful of butter substitute, add two well beaten eggs, one-half cupful of sour milk or cream, one-half cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of baking soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of powdered ginger, and cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered mace and nutmeg, and one and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour. Bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes. Two squares of grated chocolate may be added if desired.

Another Method.—One cupful of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one egg, three cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of powdered cinnamon, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger, one-half teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, one and one-third cupfuls of buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls of baking soda, one-fourth cupful of hot water and one cupful of maple syrup. Cream the butter and the sugar together, then add the egg well beaten. Sift the flour with the spices and the soda then add alternately with the buttermilk and the hot water, and stir in the maple syrup. Bake in a flat paper lined baking tin in a fairly hot oven.



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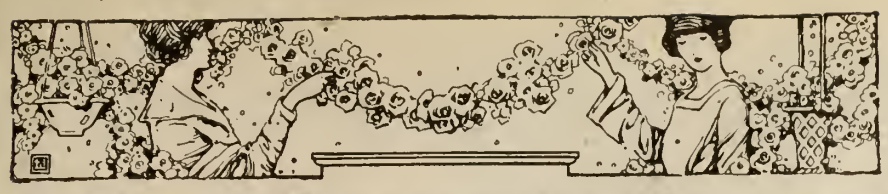
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Cold and Inexpensive Summer Dishes

By Marion Harris Neil

AUTHOR OF "SALADS, SANDWICHES AND CHAFING DISH RECIPES."

Preparing Foods that Tempt the Appetite is Important in Summer

At the approach of summer one's thoughts turn naturally to cold relish dishes, which, when of the right kind, may safely count on masculine appreciation. Also, by reason of the saving of time and labor immediately before the meal, are they doubly welcome to those responsible for their preparation. And it is surprising how attractive and appetizing many cold things may be made without the aid of the numerous expensive etceteras usually associated with them, provided a little ingenuity is exercised.

Fowl and Cream Sauce.—Put the liver, gizzard, scalded feet and wing pinions into cold water, and when boiling add one onion and one carrot in quarters, one thick slice of turnip, eight whole peppers, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Remove all the scum as it rises while cooking gently for one-half hour, then put in the bowl and cook gently for one hour, or until very tender. Strain and put the stock in a smaller pan, boil uncovered and rapidly until reduced to two and one-half cupfuls, then add one tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a little hot water, and pour it into a wet dish, in which it will form an inch deep layer. Pile the fowl, cut in neat pieces, on a dish, and pour over it a thick white sauce, well boiled, to make it glossy. Garnish with diamonds or other shapes of the jellied stock. Or, to produce a brilliant jelly, cool and skim the stock free from fat, add the whites of two eggs, and whisk until it boils. Allow it to stand for ten minutes, then strain through a hot, wet cloth. When the yolks of eggs are not required, add them to one tablespoonful of milk and seasoning of salt and pepper; cook until firm in a greased fireproof dish in a little hot water in a saucepan, then rub through a sieve, and sprinkle over the sauce coating the fowl.

Fish Gateau.—Mix two cupfuls of cold cooked chopped fish with four tablespoonfuls of mashed potatoes; add one onion which has been fried in one tablespoonful of hot drippings and chopped, and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Add the fish liquor, one beaten egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Pour into a greased mold, and bake in a moderately hot oven for one hour. When cool, turn out and serve with white or anchovy sauce. To make the anchovy sauce make one cupful of white sauce, season to taste, and add four teaspoonfuls of anchovy essence. Preserved anchovies may be used instead of the anchovy essence. Two will be required for the above quantity of sauce. Lift them out of the oil in which they are preserved, dip them for a minute or two in warm water; then scrape off the silver skin. Put them in a bowl with one teaspoonful of butter, and rub them through a sieve. Add this paste to the sauce just before serving and mix it well together.

A Savory Galantine.—Procure an extremely thin piece of pickled pork weighing about three pounds, and remove all the bones. Place it skin side down on a baking board, flatten it as much as possible with a rolling pin, and after seasoning well spread on one pound of sausage meat or chopped meat. Cover with thin slices of cooked tongue, or pickled beef, or raw veal; add more seasoning, and roll up compactly. Tie securely, and boil enclosed in a cloth for not less than three hours in water flavored with vegetables. When cooked tighten the cloth and leave under pressure until cold. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in a little hot, strong gravy, and when on the point of setting apply it to the galantine with a pastry brush. Cut in slices and garnish with cut lemon.

Boiled Salmon With Mayonnaise.—Boiled fresh salmon with mayonnaise sauce forms an appetizing change when fresh fish can be obtained. For the purpose select a thick, fleshy portion, wrap in a clean cloth and simmer in slightly salted, boiling water until thoroughly cooked, allowing twelve minutes to the pound. Then carefully drain out of the water, thoroughly chill, remove the cloth and cut the fish into large flakes or slices. Garnish with lemon and cress and serve with mayonnaise sauce.

For spiced salmon, place a large can of salmon in a pot of boiling water and boil hard for thirty minutes. Take out of the water, open and drain off the oil; turn the fish out on a platter, and remove the skin and the bones; then sprinkle the fish with salt and white pepper, cover with vinegar, add a few cloves and a few whole allspice, and set in a cold place for several hours. Then lift the fish out of the vinegar, flake it with a silver fork, and serve on crisp lettuce nests.

Parsley Cakes.—Mix one-half cupful of finely chopped cooked left-over meat with one cupful of mashed potatoes; add two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one slice of chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste, one beaten egg, and mix well together. Divide into small round cakes, and bake on a well-greased dripping tin until nicely browned, which will take about ten minutes. These cakes are particularly good served cold.

Ox Foot Brawn.—Chop one ox foot into four pieces, cover with cold water in a saucepan, and add four cloves, ten allspice, one bay leaf tied in a muslin bag. Boil for seven hours, until the meat is tender. Take out the bones and chop into small pieces. Put the meat back into the saucepan with the water in which it has been boiled. Add one-half cupful of vinegar, and salt and pepper to taste. Boil it again for one-half hour, then pour into two large molds which have been just rinsed out with cold water. Set aside to cool, turn out when required and cut in slices. If desired, the molds may first be decorated with some slices of hard-cooked egg.

Question.—Would you kindly give a recipe for a choice raisin pie in your next number? "N. M. O."

Choice Raisin Pie.—Into a bowl put two cupfuls of seeded raisins; add grated rinds of two lemons and one orange, also strained juices from lemons and orange, one and one-half cupfuls of hot water, one cupful of chopped nut meats and one cupful of sugar; mix and turn into a saucepan and bring slowly to boiling point. Then thicken with two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with a little cold water, and let cook for five minutes, then turn out and cool. Bake this mixture between two crusts, or a pie may be made with three crusts by first lining the pan with one crust, fill one-half full with raisin mixture, then add a very thin layer of crust, fill with balance of raisin mixture, add top crust, brush over with milk or beaten egg and bake in a moderate oven. One-half seedless raisins may be used.

Another Method.—Mix two cupfuls of seeded raisins with one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg. Bake with two crusts, or omit upper crust and cover with a meringue when cooked.

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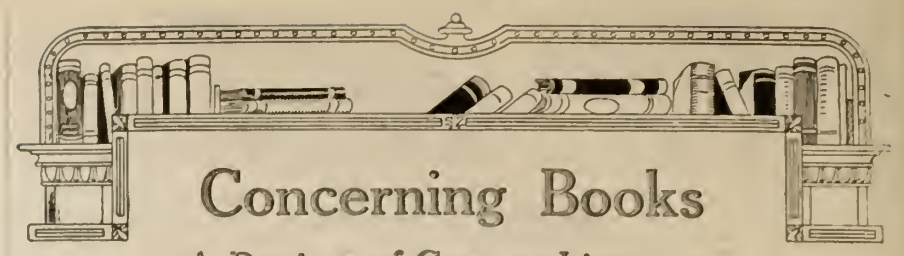


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Concerning Books

A Review of Current Literature

By Owen E. McGillicuddy

The Secret City, by Hugh Walpole. Published by McClelland & Stewart. Price, $1.60.

BY long odds the most important novel which has been issued since the first of the year is "The Secret City" by Hugh Walpole. Here the reader will find a realistic picture of Petrograd which will remain long after he has finished its pages.

This young novelist had the good luck to be in Petrograd during 1917, when the reign of terror was first inaugurated by the Bolsheviki. To a writer of less conscience the temptation to write "the" novel of the Russian revolution under such circumstances might easily have been too much. Mr. Walpole, however, seized on the opportunity in a quite different spirit. While he had his own views of the revolution, he still remains the kind of novelist who deals intensively with persons and places. As a result his story is not so much one of Russia and revolution, as it is a story of certain lives which are caught entangled in the whirling machinery of 1917 with all the problems which the circumstances afford. This is not to say that the revolution plays a small part, for it does not. Rather does the influence of the revolution come to these characters of his in Petrograd, English and Russian alike, and become interwoven with the life of the city itself. It was only to be expected that Mr. Walpole's intensive style would make of "The Secret City" the very vividly personal Petrograd which he has attempted in this volume.

Mr. Walpole is first of all a story teller, but he is much more than that —he is a sensitive, conscientious, interesting writer, who knows how to utilize what he observes going on about him. In "The Secret City" he shows a warmth of feeling which is seldom found in modern novels. His portrayal of the characters of Vera and Markovitch is masterly, although his feeling for Lenine is apt to make the reader think that his prejudice mars the portrayal of this Russian leader.

"The Secret City" marks a big advance in the work of the writer, who created such interesting tales as "Fortitude," "The Green Mirror," and "The Dark Forest."

The book is dedicated to Major James Annand of the 15th Battalion (48th Highlanders) C.E.F., who was formerly employed on the staff of "The Toronto Daily Star."

The Prestons, by Mary Heaton Vorse. Published by The Musson Book Co. Price, $1.50.

THIS is one of the most delightful books that have been issued during the present season, for it is one of those rare things—a successful study in humorous realism.

In "The Prestons" Miss Vorse depicts the life of an average family living in a small town, neither rich nor poor, yet owning their own house, respected by their neighbors, and performing their share of civic tasks. "The Prestons" are not particularly picturesque but they are democratic and exceedingly human. The boy, Jimmy, is constantly into mischief, while Edith, the older sister, who has not yet learned the virtues of patience and unselfish service, is portrayed in what the photographers would call "a talking likeness."

This novel is one of the big successes of the present time throughout the United States and the reason for its appeal is easy to find. The story is the best Miss Vorse has yet written because it is healthy, probable, and interesting. "Canadian Home Journal" readers can leave this book on the table without any danger of having young imaginations seriously inflamed.

Fairies and Fusiliers, by Robert Graves. Published by J. M. Dent & Sons. Price, $1.00.

THESE charming stanzas written by a Welsh soldier-poet are among the chief delights which recent books have afforded us. It was John Masefield who, in an interview in "The New York Evening Post," first brought the young poet to the attention of the American public.

"Graves was picked up for dead," said Masefield, "He heard them say he was dead, and he called out, 'I'm not dead,—I'm darned if I'll die', and he didn't. He wrote a poem about it. Graves is a gay, charming soul, buoyant and courageous. I am sure his poetry about the war will live."

The editor of this department of "The Canadian Home Journal", after perusing "Fairies and Fusiliers", is inclined to agree with Mr. Masefield that Robert Graves' poetry is of that class which will outlive the day.

The poem, "To an Ungentle Critic", will give a better understanding of his thought and style than any opinion which the reviewer might express:

The great sun sinks behind the town
Through a red mist of Volnay wine . . .
But what's the use of setting down
That glorious blaze behind the town?
You'll only skip the page, you'll look
For newer pictures in this book;
You've read of sunsets rich as mine.

A fresh wind fills the evening air
With horrid crying of night birds . . .
But what reads new or curious there
When cold winds fly across the air?
You'll only frown; you'll turn the page
But find no glimpse of your "New Age
Of Poetry" in my worn-out words.

Must winds that cut like blades of steel
And sunsets swimming in Volnay,
The holiest, cruellest pains I feel,
Die stillborn, because old men squeal
For something new: "Write something new:
We've read this poem—that one too,
And twelve more like 'em yesterday"?

No, no! my chicken, I shall scrawl
Just what I fancy as I strike it,
Fairies and Fusiliers, and all,
Old broken knock-kneed thought will crawl
Across my verse in the classic way.
And, sir, be careful what you say;
There are old-fashioned folk still like it.

The Duchess of Siona, by Ernest Goodwin. Published by Thomas Allen. Price, $1.60.

IT is a long time since the reviewer has had the pleasure of becoming interested in a historical novel, but "The Duchess of Siona" is written in such excellent English and with such a delightful medieval atmosphere that one confesses to no shame in surrendering to this work of Mr. Goodwin's imagination. The book is as different from other historical novels as chalk is from cheese and the only adequate comparison would be with Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay" or "The Forest Lovers."

The story is one of love, war and intrigue, during the Italian renaissance. In it one catches a glimpse of the Italy of the knightlier days when romance flourished and when the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)



Pale, sallow skins — *The new steam treatment for them*

A SOFT, lovely skin, radiant with color! This attraction you, too, can have. In a much shorter time than you would imagine, your skin will respond to the proper care and treatment by taking on a greater loveliness.

When your skin is colorless—"pasty"—it means that your pores are unable to throw off all the waste matter they should.

To correct this condition, try this new steam treatment. Steam penetrates the skin in a way water alone cannot do. It enables you to cleanse thoroughly the pores that have become clogged, to stimulate inactive blood vessels and give the skin new color.

To make your skin soft and colorful

One night a week fill your bowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. This opens the pores wide, stimulates the tiny blood vessels of the face and brings the blood to the surface.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin in an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. This closes the pores and makes the skin firm in texture.

The other six nights of the week, cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water.

Use this steam treatment weekly until your skin no longer requires it. After the very first treatment, your skin will show more color. Before long you will notice an improvement—a promise of the greater loveliness which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Get a cake of Woodbury's and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.



FIRST *the steam!* THEN *the lather! You will find the steam treatment in detail in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.*

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Booklet of famous skin treatments

You will find complete treatments, as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

CONTENTS.

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BATH—*How much it means.*
BLACKHEADS—*A confession.*
BLEMISHES—*How to get rid of them.*
CHILD OF FIVE—*How to preserve clear color of.*
CONSPICUOUS NOSE PORES—*How to reduce them.*
ENLARGED PORES—*How to make your skin fine.*
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SLUGGISH SKIN—*To rouse it.*
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Booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15c.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough to last for a week of any Woodbury treatment, together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch", giving the famous Woodbury skin treatments. Or for 15 cents we will send, in addition, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

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Bowling and basketball are excellent for rural teams.



More Play In The Country

Where it is most needed---but rarely found.

By Louise Richardson Rorke



Tennis may be enjoyed by girls as well as men.



The baseball team at Manilla which has worked wonders in rural sport.

DURING the last two decades our world has seen a wonderful revival and has listened, for the most part with ready ears, to a new gospel—the revival of recreation and the gospel of play. We are learning again to become as little children, to make friends with laughter and spontaneity and the waywardness of the breeze-blown thistledown. Play is recognized to have an intrinsic value—to be not merely a preparation for better work, but of itself a part of living and a thing of worth. Could our great-great-grandfathers witness the thronged enthusiasm of the bleachers, or count the number of movie theatres in our city streets, or see sober middle-aged business men engaged in the friendly rivalry of hand-ball in the Y.M.C.A. Gymnasium, and the wisest of our wise men holding council as to supervised playgrounds, they would certainly think the world sadly deteriorated since their day. Yet the world has not deteriorated. Men work much harder and accomplish much more. They crowd more of experience, of labor, of achievement, into a lifetime than our fore-fathers ever dreamed. And the best workers and those of greatest accomplishment are the men and women who have learned to play.

For play is not only recreation, it is *re*-creation. All work and no play—even too much work and too little play—has always resulted in the proverbial dullness or worse. Isolation and monotony are deadening in their results. Lack of variety and routine unrelieved end in nerve-strain as surely as does the stress of the hurried and over-busied life.

Why the City Boy Knows Better How To Play Than the Country Boy.

IN this last particular it has been the rural populations which have suffered the most. The very nature of their employment prevents any plenitude of neighboring. There are few playmates and those that may be so styled must gather through long distances and from all points of the compass. The boy on the farm is not tempted to play by the sight of his fellows at play as is his prototype in town. He must walk a mile or more before he can join in the ball-games—until the last few years of easy telephone communication he might quite possibly walk his mile or more and find nobody else ready to play. And not only is it hard to find playfellows, but farm work in itself is exacting. There are times when it seems to require all the daylight hours, and days when it demands all the energy the farmer has at his command. There is no idle Sunday for the man with stock to feed and cows to milk, and no holiday Saturday for the farm worker, man or woman. Even if there were, too often there is nothing to do.

The city has its score of social centres, parks, theatres, clubs, churches, streets; too often the rural community has not one source of social or intellectual stimulus. Hundreds of rural families in Canada live lives of almost complete social isolation.

AND not only lack of social opportunities but the very nature of the work in which the farmer is engaged makes play a necessary part of life. This not only because the worker is for much of his time alone and is engaged in work which, no matter how interesting, must often grow monotonous in its repetition, but because, though his surroundings when rightly understood furnish scope for interest and imagination, they seldom act as a motive force—they are not consciously related to the life and actions of the individual. For example, the town boy watching a game of base-ball in imagination places himself in the heroic position of pitcher, batter or third-base man at every exciting moment of the game. In imagination he is the fireman standing on the tottering wall, the engineer with his hand on the throttle, the orator swaying vast audiences, the millionaire making and spending fortunes in a day. When life throws him into such a position—into almost any position—he has as it were rehearsed the part. He has his plan of action or at least his instinct of action ready formulated.

But the farm boy gets no such impetus from his surroundings. Growth and the marvellous carryings on of nature, sunrise and sunset, the sweep of winds and the fall of rain, the vast progression of the stars, all of these are far more sublime and wonder-working than any human intercourse—and for this very reason the wondering human atom makes no connection between these vast forces of God and his humble self. How should he? He learns of life lessons of wonder and reverence and humility, of steadfastness and perseverance and faith; but he misses the impetus to action, the imaginary rehearsal of life which comes from direct and interested intercourse with our fellow mortals. Where then is he to look for this? If his work does not offer it nor his daily environment, then it must come through play and by means of an environment with which he may at will surround himself during the hours of recreation. It is far more necessary that boys and girls and men and women meet often for social intercourse in the country than in towns and cities where their work and the closeness of habitation throws them continually together.

But to meet for social intercourse is merely a dry husk unless it possesses some vital stimulus, some reason for comradeship, some cause of common interest. "Now, you two, go to it. Talk to each other"—the victims are dumb, or for sake of courtesy speak inanely and with boredom. "You two people should enjoy each other, since you are both such enthusiastic gardeners." Here is a point of interest; conversation follows readily. So the vital stimulus of all social intercourse is play—play taken in its larger sense to mean that which we do, not because we must but for the pleasure which its doing brings.

Rural Districts Have Play Possibilities.

NOR are the rural districts so cut off from play-possibilities as at first glance we may suppose. It is the play-spirit rather than the play opportunity which is needed, and this, thank God, fills the heart of every child, and surely lives however deeply buried in the heart of every man and woman. It has come to be the recognized problem of all rural communities. How shall I keep my boys on the farm? What is there to interest our girls? Why are so many people renting their farms and moving to town? Why can't we have a really live community? What shall we do to be saved? What indeed! Too often a hasty and discouraged survey decides us that we are in the case of the ancient Israelites—we must set our hand to the making of bricks without straw. "Impossible!" we say and give up. But it's not so impossible as it looks, and there are people who don't know straw when they see it!

"I'm Crazy to Get Back to the Fun at Home."

BUT, there are also those who do. Manilla is a little Ontario village—it's barely a village indeed, having only some two hundred and fifty inhabitants—without any natural advantage of lake or river. It is the centre of a good farming district, and all is said. But Manilla has sent out its doctors, preachers and professors, its successful business men and its clever thinkers. Cities of Canada and the United States have heard the voice of this little Canadian village—nor is it unrepresented in the cross-starred Flanders Fields. But Manilla has reason to be proud not only of these sons and daughters who have gone out to fill positions in a larger world, but also of those who have come back from school or college to take their places in the life of the community. "I'll be so glad when I'm through school," says a Manilla girl at the Collegiate Institute in a nearby town. "I'm crazy to get back to the fun and the doings at home." She voices the feeling of most of the rising generation.

So far as I am aware no one in Manilla has entered into the study of rural sociology. If you ask other play-seeking districts as to the why of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76.)



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For breakfast, dinner or supper serve

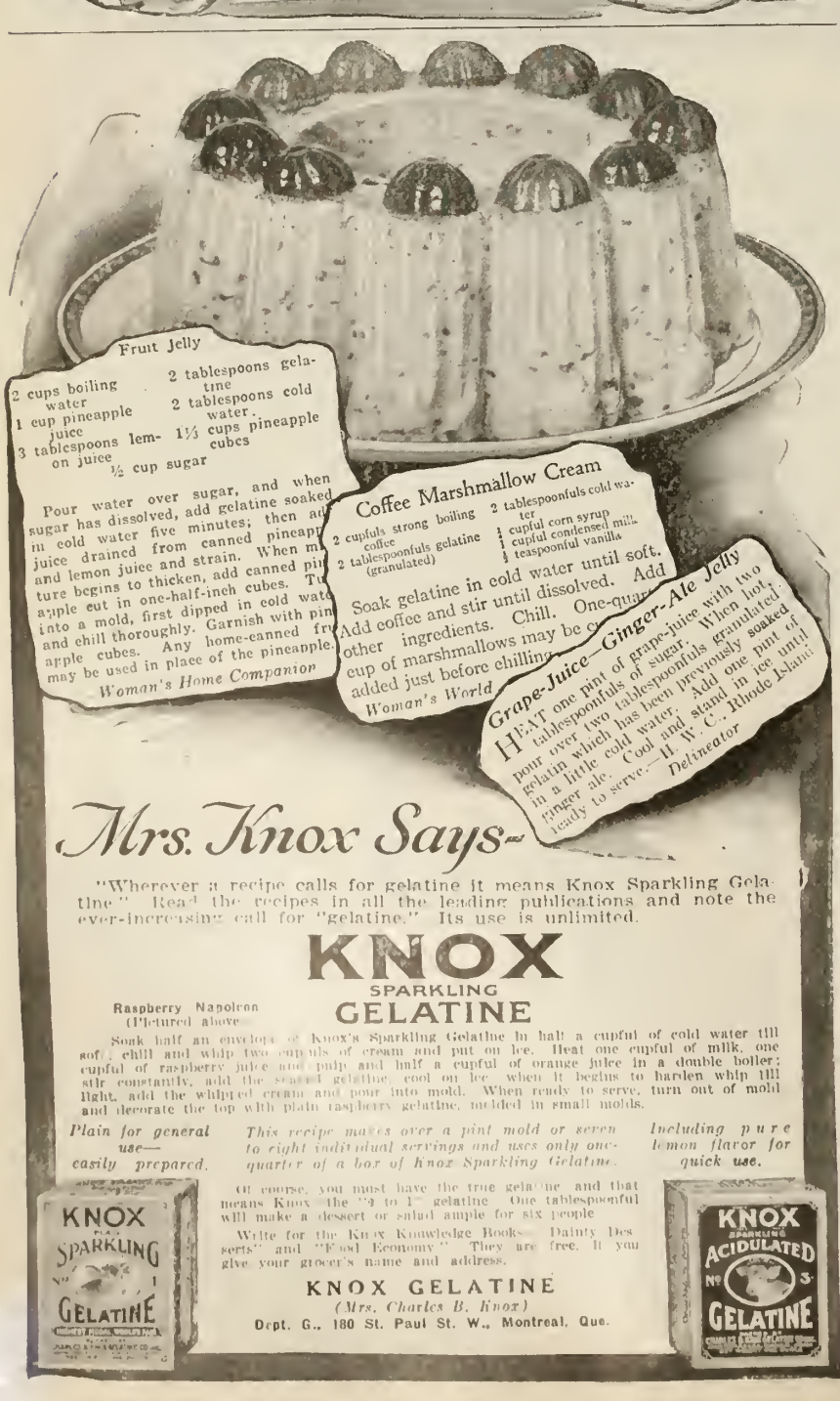
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KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Raspberry Napoleon
(Pictured above)

Soak half an envelope of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine in half a cupful of cold water till soft, chill and whip two cupfuls of cream and put on ice. Heat one cupful of milk, one cupful of raspberry juice and pulp and half a cupful of orange juice in a double boiler; stir constantly, add the soaked gelatine, cool on ice when it begins to harden whip till light, add the whipped cream and pour into mold. When ready to serve, turn out of mold and decorate the top with plain raspberry gelatine, molded in small molds.

Plain for general use—easily prepared.

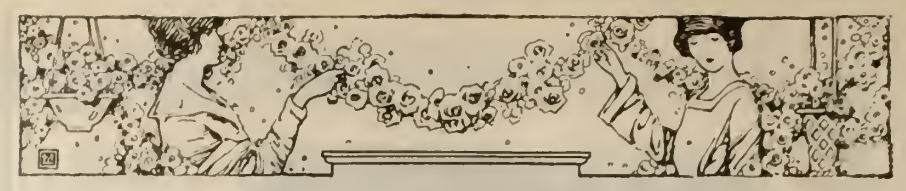
This recipe makes over a pint mold or seven to eight individual servings and uses only one-quarter of a box of Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

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Of course, you must have the true gelatine and that means Knox—the "2 to 1" gelatine. One tablespoonful will make a dessert or salad ample for six people.

Write for the Knox Knowledge Books—"Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." They are free. If you give your grocer's name and address.

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Daughters of the Devonshire Household

By Jean Graham

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THIS ARTICLE APPEAR IN THE PHOTOGRAVURE SECTION

NO other Vice-Regal household in Canada has given us such a group of daughters as that of their Excellencies, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Not since the days of the Minto regime, when three young girls gladdened Rideau Hall, has there been so large a proportion of the youthful element as the present Governor-General's domestic circle can show. The Duke of Devonshire, however, came to Canada in November, 1916, when the war cloud hung very heavily over the British Empire, and when even youthful spirits could not counteract its gloom. The heir of the household, the elder son, who bears the title Marquis of Hartington, has not been in Canada, as he was on military service during the early years of the war, being an officer in the Derbyshire Yeomanry. He married a daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury, and they have a little son. The younger son of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Charles Cavendish, came to Canada in 1916, and attended Ashbury College in Ottawa, leaving for England last autumn, where he is now at school near Brighton.

However, it is the daughters of the Devonshire household whom Canada has known, and who will remember their years in the Dominion, as, indeed, an eventful period. The eldest is Lady Maud Cavendish, whose marriage to Captain Angus Mackintosh took place in the Capital on November 3rd, 1917. The bridegroom, an officer of the Royal Horse Guards, had been in Britain's first fighting force in Flanders, and had been badly wounded in an early engagement. He was invalided home, and afterwards came to Canada as A.D.C. to the Governor-General, then the Duke of Connaught. Captain Mackintosh was the only child of The Mackintosh, of Moy Hall, Inverness-shire, Scotland, Chief of Clan Chattan. On September 24th, at "Elmwood," Cartierville, Quebec, a daughter was born to Captain and Lady Maud Mackintosh; but scarcely had felicitations on this event been received when the news came of the father's illness in Washington, where the gallant young officer passed away on Sunday, October 13th. The burial took place in the historic Arlington Cemetery, near Washington, and the bereaved young widow, with her little daughter, sailed for England before the close of the year with her Excellency, the Duchess of Devonshire. A visit was paid to Moy Hall, to the parents of Captain Mackintosh, who had really given their only son in the Empire's service. Thus, to Lady Maud the Dominion will always be linked with the days of her girlhood romance, her brief, happy married months, and the sudden tragedy which brought them to a close. Captain Mackintosh will be long remembered for his courteous and gallant bearing while a member of the vice-regal household and Canada will always be interested in the future of the wee girl who belongs by birth to the land where her mother was wooed and won.

LADY BLANCHE CAVENDISH who accompanied the Duchess of Devonshire on her recent journey to England, became betrothed during the winter to a gallant young officer, Captain Ivan Cobbold, son of Mr. J. H. Cobbold and Lady Evelyn Cobbold, the marriage taking place in London, England, on April thirtieth. The bridegroom belongs to an old Suffolk family, members of which have for many years been prominent in the public life of Ipswich. To the bride, Canada sent warmest wishes for her happiness and prosperity in her new home in one of the Old Land's most picturesque counties.

Lady Dorothy Cavendish has spent the past six months in England and has been enjoying such social life as is permitted to London's younger set. Lady Rachel and Lady Anne complete the group of five daughters, who, for two years, made Government House the scene of youthful hopefulness, in spite of the sombre shadow of war. In simplicity and courtesy they have afforded an example to young Canadians and are as wholesome and happy a band of sisters as can be seen. They have the fondness for outdoor sports and pastimes, characteristic of the English girl, and are up, bright and early, to enjoy a walk or a skate before the hours in the school-room. They are eminently girlish and simple in voice, manner and attire, with none of the precocity which the ultra-modern world considers "smart."

Both Lady Blanche and Lady Rachel are decidedly musical, and have pursued their vocal studies for the past two years in Ottawa. Lady Rachel is interested in art and is studying oil-painting in Mrs. Morse's class in Ottawa. Lady Anne is ambitious to paint in water colors and is instructed by her mother, the Duchess of Devonshire, who has always been devoted to this department of art.

LADY MAUD MACKINTOSH had an extended experience of nursing (V.A.D.) in His Excellency's Naval Convalescent Home at Chatsworth, up to November, 1916, when she accompanied her parents to Canada.

The four older sisters are good horsewomen and have ridden to hounds in Derbyshire, as well as in Ireland. Lady Anne has a Welsh pony which she rides and drives in a sleigh in winter. Lady Dorothy is a good golfer and tennis player, and Lady Rachel has become quite an expert skater during her three winters in Canada, having competed in The Minto Club "events" this year. All the sisters are devoted to needlework and knitting and were busy war workers in these troubled years.

Their Excellencies are evidently believers in "God's Own Out-doors," as their share in all healthy games testifies, and the younger members of the family take the liveliest interest in the new summer home which is being built for His Excellency at Blue Sea Lake.

The youngest member of the household, Lady Anne Cavendish, is fond of the garden and was allowed to become honorary president of a horticultural society. She is also interested in the dolls and candies at the bazaars, and His Excellency proves a docile parent in his expenditure on Made-in-Canada chocolates. The daughters of this household show the prevailing interest in the movies and are allowed to attend the best performances of the "silent drama." In fact, one of the most delightful features at a children's party at Government House during the Christmas holidays was a "moving picture" show.

The Daughters of the Devonshire Household have spent some of girlhood's brightest years in our Dominion—and may their memories be as pleasant and heartfelt as the wishes they will take from Canada.



THE JOURNAL JUNIORS' CLUB

Conducted By Ethel Bain



MY Dear HOME JOURNAL Children:

It is, indeed, a pleasure to greet so many new members this month—and such interesting letters, too.

How thoroughly you all understand the value of "swatting the fly." If only we had space enough to print all your letters, but we haven't; so you must be content with the extracts as they are.

Will all members please remember to write their full address on their letters. In view of winning a prize, we must have your correct and full address, for we don't want any prize money to go astray in the mail.

Certainly, Myrrl McLellan, you become a member as soon as you write to the club page. Won't you try for a prize?

Such a pity, Dorothy Raether, that your letter was too late for the March contest. Try again, won't you? Watch the page, for there will soon be another chance to write about the birds.

Your little poem was very good, Monica O'Connor, and I hope you will enter the poetry contests.

Welcome, Vivien Connolly. Won't you ask some of your school friends to join our club?

Your letter arrived safely, Vera Stonehouse. You will see the address of the Journal, after the rules, this month.

Your horses sound so interesting, Elden Stolz. What about a snapshot of Fan, Dobbin and Jock for the photograph contest?

So sorry your snapshot was out of focus, Ernest Deanitt. Try again, for Jury is worth it.

Your sincere friend,

ETHEL BAIN.

PRIZE LIST FOR APRIL CONTESTS.

1. Members up to 9 years of age. Awarded to Willard Krauter, age 8, Louise, Ont.

2. "Why we should swat the fly." Awarded to Vivien Connolly, age 15, 265 Cassells St., North Bay, Ont.

3. Photograph Contest. Awarded to Jessie Whittle, age 15, box 699, Petrolia, Ont.

4. Best essay on Spring. Awarded to Ivy Failes, age 15, Port Colborne, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Ernest Deanitt, Velma Sanderson, Edith Knetchel, Clotilde Dinner, Winifred Wannan, James Kyle, Roy W. Graham.

PRIZE LETTER.

"Spring."—By Ivy Failes, age 15, Port Colborne, Ont.

Spring, in Canada, is to me, the most glorious season of the whole year. Then, it is that plants begin to grow and bloom, birds return to their summer home and every thing is general seems full of life and vivacity. Old Mr. Sun smiling his broadest in the blue heavens above also seems to feel the effect of Mother Nature's magic wand.

The farmer, who has been anxiously awaiting the arrival of spring, now, triumphantly marches forth to the sugar-bush with pails and all the necessary apparatus.

In the woods Mother Nature has been hard at work and a great transformation has taken place, The ground is covered with budding flowers awaiting eager fingers. The trees are in bud and will soon spread their shady leaves everywhere. The little folk that inhabit the forests are busy, some having just awakened from their long winter's sleep. Most of them are building fresh homes for the summer. Here and there a saucy squirrel darts past, chattering, or scolding its neighbors. Above, the birds are twittering and singing joyously. Nearby, a brook is rippling happily over pebbles and stones, rejoicing that it is free once more after being ice-bound all winter. In yonder pond the frogs holding their evening concert complete the harmony.

But not only in the woods do we find all these wonderful signs of spring. Mother Nature's fingers have been busy in our gardens also. Here and there, crocuses, snow-drops and other spring flowers are peeping shyly up from under the ground, afraid lest they have awakened too early, and everywhere is spread the most wonderful green carpet.

Now, when you sum up all these beautiful symbols of spring, I am sure you will agree with me in saying that spring is one of the best and brightest seasons of the year.



Prize photograph, taken by Jessie Whittle, age 15, Petrolia, Ont.

PRIZE LETTER.

Contest No. 1.—By Willard Krauter, age 8 Louise, Ont.

One of the most common wild animals on our farm is the ground hog or woodchuck. It is a brown animal and has very short legs. Its head is pointed and its teeth are very sharp.

It makes its home by burrowing in the ground in a slanting direction; this home has two entrances, one opposite the other. It prefers dry, gravelly or sandy soil for its home.

In the fall it goes to sleep for the winter. In the summer it lives on the nice clover plants and feasts in the farmer's pea fields.

Men go out with guns in the spring and summer trying to shoot as many as they can because ground hogs destroy so much foodstuff. They often dig their homes out under the stone fences and once in a while come out and give a sharp whistle.

When our collie dog hears one he makes a race for the spot and I pull away the stones and give him a chance to get at it. The dog has to be careful and catch it by the back of the neck so it can't bite him with its sharp teeth. When he gets it by the neck he shakes it until it is dead.

Some people tan the skins for shoe laces and others use the oil.

PRIZE LETTER.

Why we should "Swat the Fly."—By Vivien Connolly, age 15, 265 Cassells Street, North Bay, Ont.

The most common breeding place of house flies is in refuse and garbage. Here the female fly lays about one hundred and twenty eggs, and in a few hours these eggs hatch into tiny, white grubs. These feed upon the garbage for five or six days, growing rapidly, and molting twice in that time. Then the larvae, for that is what they are called, change into a pupa. In another five or six days the adult fly comes out of the brown pupa case. This fly begins to lay its eggs at once, and in turn they change from the larva to the pupa stage, and then emerge adult flies.

The common house fly is a frequent cause of disease. Nearly the whole body of the fly is covered with fine hairs, especially the parts around the mouth and feet. Flies feed on filth and carry germs on their feet. When they come in to the house they often infect milk and other foods, causing much disease.

The fly causes so much danger of disease, that it is a constant source of trouble. Every means should be used to kill it. Since the fly has four broods in a season, and each fly lays about one hundred and twenty eggs, it has many descendants in a single year and therefore flies should be killed at the beginning of the season.

Windows should be screened to keep the flies from the food for we never know where they have been crawling and feeding. Then all refuse and garbage should be removed before the flies have a chance to lay their eggs on it. Thus, by taking a little precaution, and "swatting the fly" at every opportunity, much disease and inconvenience may be avoided.

HONORABLE MENTION.

"Spring."—By Edith Knetchel, age 10, Hanover, Ont.

Spring has come. Everybody will be glad because they will have no more of the dreary winter. The snow has been melted by the warm rays of the sun, which is gradually climbing, higher and higher, for on March twenty-first the sun crosses the equator and this is the first day of spring.

The weather of spring varies from the winter season. The winter weather is cold and stormy, but the spring weather is sometimes very wet, and sometimes warm and dry. April is the rainy month of spring, but we must have rain to take the frost out of the ground, so that the plants will commence to grow.

The season of spring brings growth. The grass that was brown and dry turns green. The trees get leaves for shade in the summer time, and the flowers and plants begin to grow.

Everybody can tell spring is coming by the early birds. The robin is the earliest, and we are cheered by his song in our work and play.

When spring comes the ice breaks up and is carried down the rivers in large blocks. Then the floods come and the rivers are swollen, and the waters overflow to the land, but this soon goes away and then the land is ready for tilling. and the grass springs up covering the earth like a green carpet.

Extracts from members' letters (April contest, No. 2) as to why we should swat the fly.

"My reason for why we should swat the fly is, because, although it is only a small insect, it is everybody's enemy, for the fly spreads germs all over our houses and yards."—Gladys Foster.

"Just think of the germs they carry. They simply must be destroyed."—Emily Stallwood, age 14.

"Much of the spread of disease throughout the country can be attributed either directly or indirectly to the house fly. The most effective means would be to destroy all the filth and unclean places where flies breed. The fly is a great menace to humanity and the slogan of the country should be 'Swat the fly'."—Eric Patterson, age 16.

"Nine cases out of ten, people refuse to swat the fly. Flies not only carry the germs of filth but also of contagious disease. Is it any wonder that the necessity of 'Swatting the fly' should be impressed upon mankind the world over?"—Thelma Fox, age 15.

"Flies, those seemingly harmless insects are the best of germ carriers. Everybody swat the fly, not only when you see him,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

JUNE CONTESTS

1. Boys and girls 12 to 16. Subject: "My Favorite Summer Sports." Not more than 500 words.
2. Photograph Contest, open to all members. Any subject.
3. Members up to 11 years of age. Subject: "My Garden." Not more than 300 words.

Name, age and address must be written on each contribution.

Write on one side of the paper only.

Members under 12 years, please write on ruled paper.

Closing date, the 26th of June.

Address all entries to Journal Juniors' Club, Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Canada.

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Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

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Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

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The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Douglas Fairbanks at Home

By Carl Wilmore

ILLUSTRATIONS APPEAR IN THE PHOTOGRAVURE SECTION

LEAVING Hollywood, the streets sped like a Mack Sennett chase. Of course, being Southern California, the road is boulevard all the way, perfectly kept up. Soon the hills grow steeper, and you are in the foothills. Beverly Hills is not a town, but a series of estates, each surrounded by vast grounds. Just where the mountains begin to rise—situated, in fact, on a hill that is the beginning of one of them—the writer spied a chateau-like mansion, formal and aristocratic-looking, gray and a little forbidding.

"There, that's it," said Fairbanks.

Another whizz, and we sped up a series of terraced roads, past gardens with everything—pines, firs, palms, roses, poinsettias, willows, bay trees, cacti—all blooming at once, and we had landed atop the small mountain and drove around to the Norman-like portico.

Out came Naka—his full name is Edward Tanaka—Doug's major domo and boss around the house. He ushered us into the gray and white enamel hall, with its black and white marble lozenge pavement, and with its French windows opening upon the portico; Western scenes by W. Herbert Dunton, a fifteenth century Italian marble chest, full of twentieth century golf sticks and tennis racquets, an early Italian enamel plaque—at once you knew that the man who lived in the house must be a connoisseur by instinct, if not by training.

Naka then took us into the comfortable living-room. Here were two Remingtons—one, Pere Marquette standing upright in a canoe. "I wonder if Frederic really knew what a difficult and dangerous feat it is to do that?" commented Doug. At one side French windows open upon a stone terrace. The writer went out upon it with Doug. It overlooked the entire fifteen acres of the estate. A magnificent vista below stretched out before us. One could just catch a glimpse of the Pacific in the west. At night it is a glittering band of diamonds, the lights of the Pacific beaches—Venice, Santa Monica, Redondo, Hermosa and Long Beach.

WE came back, and while Doug dashed upstairs—he seldom walks, just dashes—we looked around his house. Back into the hall—it is a tall chateau, Doug's house—and everywhere you find the high ceilings that alone give dignity to rooms; and at the right was the drawing-room, with its marble flooring, its brocade hangings, its gilt furniture of bygone days, its great gilt Italian candelabrum, with—can you beat it?—stuck right into the middle of the whole rich ensemble a moving picture machine, and a screen at the further end of the apartment! Here, when Doug gets lonesome, they run off his favorite picture, or new pictures, for him to enjoy or to work over.

Naka dragged me upstairs; showed me the cheval-glass wardrobes—one for his eighty suits, one for his three hundred neckties, one for his formal clothes and dress suits, one for his forty hats, one for shirts alone, one for his Chinese and Japanese house coats and pajamas, of which he is excessively fond, one for his innumerable pairs of shoes, slippers, riding and hunting boots, one for his overcoats alone—dozens of them. Well, it is some collection.

Then Naka took me into Doug's bedroom, in gray and rose, with rose bronze door and window knobs; with the high bedstead like King Charles the First's—only Doug won't sleep in it, but flops in a tiny little porch leading from the bedroom, with only a cot in it, and the elements all around it; then into Doug's white-tiled bathroom, with its Fairbanks scales, for Doug to keep up to snuff by; then into another little room, with an ancient inlaid bedstead—too fragile to sleep in, but part of a perfect room of about the thirteenth century; and then we went down into the model kitchen, where Mam'selle Englar, Doug's Swedish cook-maid, was preparing our luncheon. We came upon the rest of Doug's household here and there—Walter Tsukaguchi, the butler; "Cap" Mori (he is called "Cap" because he insists on wearing a cap at all times, and, besides, he's an officer in his Imperial Nipponese Majesty's army) and Doug's gardener; Nichida, "Cap's" assistant; James Mizoguchi and James Kawamura, all important personages in the house, under the honorable supervision of Tanaka. Doug's housekeeper-valet-dresses boss.

IT seems that Tanaka has a strange fascination for dogs. No matter where he goes, some pup or other just strays into his hand, so to speak, and Tanaka brings him home. "Found him," is his explanation. Doug called up, "Come out and see my dogs!"

There they were—and Tanaka gazed on them with pride. They yelped around him—Minnie, the St. Bernard; Togo, unearthed by Naka; Shibe, purchased for one dollar; Dutchy, a Dachshund, most unpopular at present, and Rex, an Alaskan dog, and Doug's favorite. When you ask Naka where he gets the dogs, he looks at you innocently. "They just come; that's all, sir."

We went in—the dinner bell had sounded, but Naka insisted that we first see Fairbanks' Japanese cabinet full of bathing suits; his many suits of Western duds—leather, hunting, hair and burnt leather chaps, holsters, belts, revolvers—one given him by the notorious Dick Crawford, with seven notches, silent witnesses; one from Sheriff Simpson, down on the Mexican border, with eleven notches, proof of the sheriff's mettle; Doug's camping outfits, his blankets, of all sizes, weights and colors; his spurs, and a pair of silver ones given him on his thirty-fourth birthday, "as a token of our love," from his company; his harness and saddlery room, with one, among others, given him by a famous Mexican general—one of those "generals," you know; another, the gift of his company. The dinner bell rang again, and we went into the baronial-looking dining hall, with its high dark wainscotting, its black furniture, its limestone walls and roof trees, and its white alabaster basin catching the sunlight in the windows.

"DOUG," I said—oh, we had agreed that it was to be "Doug," without any "misters" for either of us. "I noticed about a dozen bottles of perfume on your dressing table. I don't want to be personal, but —"

"That's all right," smiled Doug. "I have them because I am fond of perfume. They're all different. Some days I like one, some days I prefer another. Some people wonder about this; but will you tell me why in the world we should not love a variety of beautiful odors, just as we love beautiful sounds (music), beautiful sights (scenery), pictures, sculpture (faces), soft textures (velvet, silk, smooth skin), and agreeable tastes (candy, good foods); and why should we neglect this important sense? Why not train and develop it, like the others?"

This had never occurred to me. At once I received a new impression of Douglas Fairbanks.

Of course, as Doug always preaches "Get up from the table hungry," you'll want to know what he ate. Here it is:

Two little pork chops, a few peas, a salad, and coffee—Doug likes his coffee, and insisted that I have "a big cup, like mine," he said—and a little dessert.

We chatted about Doug's music-room, his collection of books; and, before we knew it, it was philosophy, art, literature, politics, and all the rest. Doug—unlike most actors—is as good a listener as a talker, and after a few moments of our line of conversation he said, "Oh, you're a high-brow, aren't you?"

THAT began another big discussion; but anyway, it brought out that Doug would like to do a "Three Musketeers" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," if he dared; that Doug thinks that comedy is more valuable to a people than tragedy; that Doug is certain that in the olden days people actually did converse with more dignity and grandeur, although some moderns would try to tell you that Cleopatra and Elizabeth talked about as we do to-day; and Doug cannot see anything reprehensible in an author having his "hack-work" done by others, and says it's possible to produce works of art in this way, and cited Herbert Spencer and Dumas as examples. Well, even if you didn't agree with Doug, you knew that he is a thinker and has a definite viewpoint.

Luncheon passed before we knew it, as all pleasant luncheons do. Doug showed us the steel part of a pickaxe which he had penetrated with his gun—once in a while he finds time to go shooting. We strolled down, hatless, to the tennis courts. We visited the stable, where Ed Burns takes care of the horses, especially of "Poncho," his brown Mexican mustang, and "Star," his famous picture horse, on whose back he made that fourteen-foot leap in "The Man From Painted Post." "Star" has been three years a movie horse, and Doug is going to retire the old white standby. "He's twelve years old; he's earned a rest. He's going out to pasture for the rest of his days," said Doug, patting the animal's neck.

Doug's eagle eyes happened to light upon a rope—it was all off, though the rope was too heavy. It meant just about forty-five minutes of demonstration of every sort of lassoing and rope-throwing; and Doug knows the cowboy's tricks from A to Z. He roped the horses, poor Bennie, the everlasting press agent, and the writer.

We went on, strolling through the estate. We came upon garden after garden, little hills, shady nooks, and fields and steep hillsides set with pines. The Japanese gardeners, with their customary attention to detail, kept everything in perfect order.

WE finally arrived at the big swimming pool, set in a little valley, with a pergola court about it, flowers blooming everywhere. The pool, of concrete, slopes gently to a depth of ten feet. One end—Doug calls it the "beach"—is of sand. It has its own power-house for pumping the water; its air-rafts, its diving-boards. You may remember the beautiful pool in "He Comes Up Smiling"—Doug used it in the pictures. Also, remember the garden party in Doug's picture? It took place at his house.

We spent an hour wandering. Fairbanks pointed out a tree. "All trees have characters," he said. "They have personality. Some have sex. That trim little pine is a nice old New England lady—very modest, quiet, prim and soft-spoken and quite conventional. This pine here I call Von Hindenburg. Isn't it perfectly natural for me to do it?" And he indicated a short, thick-set, square-top tree.

It was time to return to the house for a chat. Doug hated to get back to his career. He stopped here and there, showing us the sights. Everything in the house was in such perfect good taste; it wasn't a jumble of things. There was a repression and an eye for color, harmony of line, and a sense of propriety.

"Doug, you've got a beautiful house," I said. "Every detail of it shows your artistic hand. I bet you had a lot of fun designing it, arranging the little fine points."

For the next few minutes I waited while Doug ran in for his cap and jacket, anxious to return to work

An Honored Canadian

By JEAN GRAHAM

YEARS before the declaration of the Great War, the Canadian nurse had made for herself an enviable reputation in the largest city of the American Continent. When a prominent New York surgeon was interviewed by a "World" reporter, concerning the reason for the success of the Canadian girl as nurse, he stated that most Canadian girls in the nursing profession seemed to have led simpler lives as children than their American cousins, and consequently were less nervous and better fitted to stand a continuous strain. Also he declared that the Canadian girl seemed to understand more readily the value of obedience and was more amenable to discipline than the daughter of the Republic. The reporter, desirous, no doubt, of placing the women of the United States in the most favorable light, gave the surgeon's views, and then suggested that the Canadian nurse was stolid and unimaginative. Whatever the cause might be, of the rare blend in the Canadian nurse of the qualities of skill and sympathy, we know that years before the August of 1914, she was acknowledged as mistress of her art and ready to respond to any call.

It is interesting to note that among our most successful nurses, we find many daughters of physicians. The inheritance of men of unusual talent has often been traced to the mother's particular taste or aptitude. In the case of women who have a "career," may we not frequently find that a paternal taste or predilection has been inherited by the daughter? Among Canadian nurses with a war record, none has a more creditable showing, both in varied experience and continuous strain than Matron Elizabeth Russell, R.R.C. (First Class), daughter of the late Dr. Russell, of Hamilton, Ontario, who has served in three wars, with the happiest results for those under her charge and with honor to herself.



MATRON ELIZABETH RUSSELL, R.R.C.

This honored Canadian nurse, a native of Hamilton, Ontario, and a graduate of the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, has known distinguished service in three wars—the Spanish-American, the South African and the Great War. This portrait is by Mr. John Russell, her brother, one of Canada's most original and finished artists.

MISS RUSSELL was a nurse-in-training at the well-known Presbyterian Hospital, New York, and, on her graduation, she volunteered for service in the Spanish-American War of twenty years ago. She embarked as military nurse on a hospital ship; and made nine voyages between Cuba and American ports and one to the Philippines. This relief ship did a wonderful work in ministering to wounded soldiers; and thus, at the outset of her career, this young Canadian nurse proved herself equal to the sternest demands of her profession.

When hostilities broke out between Great Britain and the Transvaal, Miss Russell offered her services to the Canadian Government, with an anxiety to aid her own country in its share in the struggle. She was sent to South Africa and was near the scene of the conflict for fifteen months. The service there was severe, indeed, for there were several outbreaks of fever to cope with, as well as the conditions attendant upon the wounds of warfare. For her services in this war, Miss Russell was awarded a medal which was publicly presented to her at Exhibition Park, Toronto, in October, 1901, by the Duke of Cornwall and York—now known as His Majesty King George V. There was a tour made by the Duke and Duchess in the autumn following the death of Queen Victoria, and the most notable event of their visit to Toronto was the military review at Exhibition Park.

Then, fourteen years later, came the great call, when the war which rent a continent, broke out and humanity stood, ready and undismayed, to aid in an unparalleled struggle. As the months went by and the terrible extent of the need became apparent, every nurse who was equipped for such an emergency longed to be overseas in the service of those who were risking their lives at the front. Miss Russell, who had proved most successful in the pursuit of her profession, was then on the staff of the Presbyterian Hospital, and was anxious, once again, to serve the sufferers in the army. She sailed on the "Lusitania" (just before the ill-fated voyage of that ship of undying memory) to take charge of Mrs. Whitney's hospital at Juilly, France. After a year's service in France, she applied to be transferred to the Canadian service and crossed to England, where she found more than enough for skilful hands and willing hearts to accomplish.

The service of matron at Taplow Military Hospital on which Miss Russell then entered was a task which demanded the greatest executive ability, the utmost capacity for devoted work. The testimony of some of the most celebrated surgeons of the day and of many grateful patients proved how nobly this Canadian woman served the soldiers of her own land in the time of their greatest need.

THE Matron-in-Chief among the Canadian nurses, Miss Margaret Clothilde Macdonald, a Nova Scotian by birth, had also seen service in the Spanish-American and the South African Wars and has been on the Canadian permanent force since 1906. It must be remembered, with reference to our nurses, that the Canadian sisters were the only nurses who had the rank, pay and allowance of officers.

The Royal Red Cross was bestowed on several Canadian nurses and among these was Matron Elizabeth Russell, whose work at Taplow alone merited royal recognition. When the King was about to bestow this more recent honor, he noticed the earlier decoration and recalled the former occasion in Toronto, when the South African medal had been awarded. Much water had flowed beneath the bridges, and the lifeblood of an Empire had been shed since the sunshiny October day in the year, 1901; but the bond was stronger than ever, for it had known the strain of sternest sacrifice.

Next to our men who fought in the trenches, we should hold in honor the doctors and nurses who followed unflinchingly in the face of danger and gave their strength and, in many cases, their lives, in the service of their country.

The records of the Nursing Sisters during the war are second only to those of the fighting men; indeed, it is sometimes a harder task to minister to the wounded than to face the enemy. If the Canadian man and boy have proved their courage innumerable times during the war, the Canadian woman has also shown her fortitude in every land where warfare was waged. Sometimes the work to be done was of the most trying; but the girl who crossed the seas to "help out" was worthy of the boys who sprang so readily to arms in those first days of conflict.

JUST about a year ago the Dominion was thrilled with horror at the German attacks on hospitals, which meant the death of many wounded soldiers and the killing of several Canadian nurses who, at all hazards, remained at their posts and remembered the helpless soldiers in their charge. There had been so many barbarities in that terrible four years' struggle, that a weary world wondered if there was anything worse which the Hun could achieve. The hospital attacks and the sinking of the "Llandovery Castle" showed that, to the very last, the Hun was determined to prove utterly lacking in chivalry. Let us remember in these days the nurses who were victims to this ferocity—not that we may be vindictive, but that we may realize with whom we are dealing.

The month of May, 1915, in the sinking of the "Lusitania," saw the most colossal crime Germany had committed. The month of May, 1919, saw the most remarkable burial ever given an Englishwoman—the tribute in Westminster Abbey which marked the ceremony over the body of Nurse Edith Cavell, taken from the prison grave and finally laid to rest in her own beautiful homeland in Norwich.

After the South African War, Kipling paid a tribute to those nursing sisters who had given their lives in service:

"Wherefore we they ransomed, while
the breath is in our nostrils,
Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner
years go by,
Praise with love and worship many
honorable women,
Those that gave their lives for us when
we were like to die."

Canada will pay due honor to those heroic women in the nursing service who died on war duty or were the victims of Hun attacks on hospitals. But to the living, also, our homage should be paid—and for Matron Russell, who is typical of the Canadian nursing sisterhood, her native land has heartiest thanks and warmest good-will.

The Photogravure Section of the July Canadian Home Journal

will contain a reproduction of an excellent painting of Major General Mewburn by Wyly Grier, one of our own Canadian artists.

In addition to this there will be pictures of girls holding Canadian championships in golf, tennis, swimming and diving.

A page of Fashion's latest dictates in chic bathing suits.

A picture of Mary Pickford which has never before been published.

A page showing curious rock formations in Canada.

Midsummer Fashions and Fixings

Being a Resume of What's New and Useful for Warm Weather Wearing at Home or Abroad.

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY



The summer aptness of this white gabardine suit is enhanced by the band of open work around the bottom of the jacket.

WHEREwithal shall we be clothed this first summer and vacation time of restored peace? This is a vital question for those who are planning a vacation in Muskoka, down the St. Lawrence, somewhere among the mountains or at any of the numberless summer resorts with which our country abounds. It is even more vital for those who must stay at home, and feel that their clothes should, in a measure at least, compensate for the vacation that is denied them. For there is a compensation in clothes; the feeling of well-being that comes with the consciousness of being properly apparelled, is something that a well dressed woman cannot but appreciate, whether she stays at home or tours the world over.

Away back in those dark days of 1914-15 when we wrote and talked so voluminously and so dolorously about the "colorless age" and "fugitive dyes" and the possibility of having to go about clad in animal skins because we couldn't and *wouldn't* have German dyes any more, and couldn't get European textiles, we greatly underestimated the resoureefulness of textile manufacturers and dye companies in Great Britain and on this side of the Atlantic, who have performed almost miracles in the way of marvellous cloths and colorings. And the change in our attitude towards silk, brought about by the war, is almost as remarkable. It used to be that only the wealthy wore silk, but during the war the restrictions laid upon the use of wool and the abnormal price of cotton, fairly drove women of all classes and ages to silk, which, although higher priced than formerly, did not increase in the same ratio as wool and cotton. Besides, we were told it was patriotic to wear silk so as to conserve wool, and with such alluring weaves as the silk mills were producing, it was not hard to be patriotic in this respect.

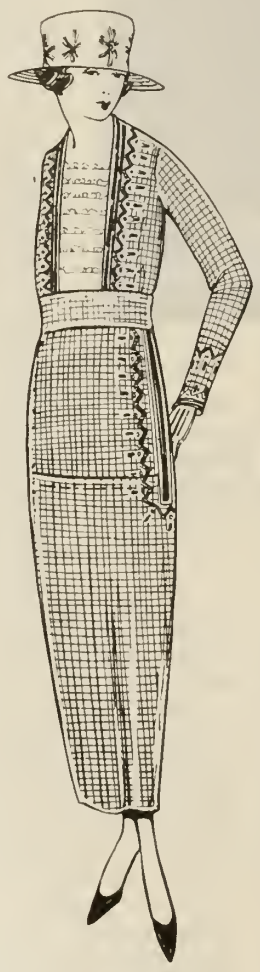
And before we stray away from the topic of textiles, it might be advisable to describe a few of the newer silk weaves, as we shall have occasion to refer to them farther on. One of the most wonderful of these many wonderful materials is like a piece of suede, the reverse side being plain. It is all silk and is known as dovedown. It is made in dress weight and is used for light weight summer suits and wraps as well

Fan-ta-si and kumsi-kumsa are two names we hear frequently this year. They designate silk weaves that are quite similar in appearance, usually in two-tones, with a rough surface achieved by an irregular raised thread in wavy effect. Dew-kist is another silk with a loose, raised thread, regular in its occurrence, having the appearance of a raised stripe. It also comes in shot effect, the warp being one color and the woof another.

SATIN SONATA is like a silk bedford cord and whip-poor-will is an enchanting fabric that you look at one way and call it a jersey and another and you see only a cord. Dream mist aptly describes a diaphanous weave with a crepy ripple at intervals. Baronette satin is less of a stranger because we have had it with us longer in handsome skirts and wraps. It is heavier than ordinary satin with a rather loosely woven satin surface. And tricolette this is one of the most popular of all silks for suitings and for dresses. It is a knitted fabric and has a host of near relatives that look just a little different and are known by other names. But one might go on indefinitely discussing these alluring fabrics before coming to ont staunch old friends, taffeta, pussy willow, foulard and Georgette crepe, which are none the less fascinating because they are not strangers.

But in introducing these new and old silks, we do not mean to give the impression that smartly dressed femininty will not wear cotton dresses this summer. On the contrary, there will be a more varied assortment of exquisite cotton materials, from which to select a vacation frock, than we have had for a long time, and you'll be immensely interested to know that calicoes are being used for the most voguish little frocks you could imagine. Unless you've seen them, you're picturing to yourself a fine calico with a silken sheen and Pomadour or foulard pattern. Nothing of the kind. They're more like the calicoes, Mademoiselle Sixteen, of which your grandmother used to make her morning wrappers, the left-overs of which you'll find in her patchwork quilts—navy blue ground with a queer little red figure, orange with a fixed little pattern in black, white with baby pink, or vice versa, buff with black and perhaps a little grey mixed in the pattern. They're "quaint as a sunbonnet," these little calico frocks with their elbow sleeves, organdy collar, cuffs and sashes, and mayhap crisp little organdy ruffles.

For vacation time, the printed voile will be a thing of beauty and a veritable joy the whole vacation through, if you select one with a moderately dark or neutral background well covered with the pattern, because all the renewing it will require will be an occasional pressing. Batiste or organdy collars and cuffs, if the sleeves are made for cuffs, a navy or black velvet ribbon girdle, and in one of these voile dresses the maid or matron is ready for almost any occasion, whether it rains or shines. That is the charm of a summer dress that is neither light nor dark — it's right for all weathers.



The surprising possibilities that lurk in gingham were not fathomed until the artist thought of red woolen yarn embroidery—and behold the result.

Then, there's colored organdy — lavender, canary, apple green, rose and turquoise made up with white organdy; also cotton foulard and gingham, and the very newest, and certainly the most unusual, trimming for gingham is wool embroidery. See the illustration and prepare to capitulate on sight.

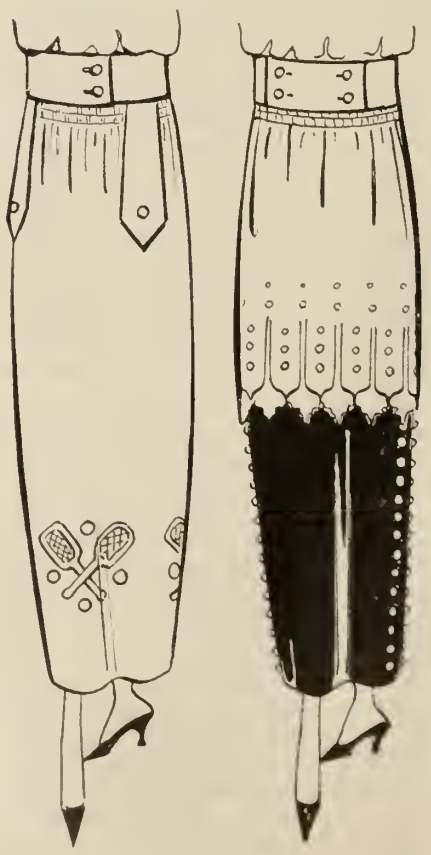
Deep U-shaped fronts filled in with modesty vests of organdy or net, berthas, fichus, elbow sleeves and tucked skirts, are all approved by Dame Fashion for cotton summer dresses. The large collar with the Valenciennes lace edging, shown on the yellow organdy dress illustrated, is considered very modish for this summer. Ribbon sashes, and particularly ribbon velvet, are very much in vogue for the ultra-modish dresses just now.

In passing from the subject of dresses, we might say that the softer silks, such as foulard, Georgette crepe and indestructible voile, lend themselves to draping, while taffeta is prettier made up on rather straight lines. On the latter cording is used a good deal, and also rufflings of pleated taffeta or ruching of frayed silk. Moire silk is trimmed in the same way. Wide sashes tied in the back, having long ends that reach almost to the bottom of the skirt, are rather attractive on silk dresses.

A NEW silhouette has been introduced which, if taken up, heralds a wider skirt for winter. But it is so unusual it will take us some time to become accustomed to it. This has a full upper section, gathered in to a narrow foundation that is ankle length. Then, there are Turkish trousers—at least, the skirt drapery, on a similar silhouette, is arranged in Turkish trouser effect.

Gabardines and linens in white are enticing for midsummer wear. We have seen some extremely good-looking ones made quite like the spring cloth suits, with trimmings of open-work embroidery, like the one sketched on this page. Raw silks will also have a vogue for midsummer.

But of all the exquisite raiment Dame Fashion has to offer for the warm weather there is nothing with a more powerful allure for her who likes dainty clothes than the sheer blouses and fancy silk skirts, the latter made of fan-ta-si, baronette, kumsi-kumsa, tricolette, Georgette crepe, etc. Georgette crepe, net and voile are the materials of which the blouses are made. Also, there are the bewitching transformation (transformation because they transform a skirt and blouse into a tunicked dress in a twinkling) blouse—or, as they call it in Paris, "*La Casaque*"—of Georgette crepe, embroidered with woollen yarn, crepe de chine, or even tricolette. And, by the way, both Paris and New York are embroidering everything with woollen yarn, grey and red being favorite shades, grey on navy and red on Victory blue. They are also crocheting corsage bouquets of colored woollen yarn. Sport skirts are made up plainly but ornamented with sports motifs, drawn work or embroidered with a conventional pattern in a contrasting color. Black embroidery is used on white material. For instance, a white skirt with upper section of baronette satin and Georgette crepe for the lower had the latter appliqued to the satin with black silk embroidery.



Here are two summer skirts that would a-sporting go. One carried a tennis racquet and the other arrived late, and was admitted at the tea hour.

White gabardine wash skirts are smartly pocketed, pearl button trimmed, pin tucked, and sometimes eyelet embroidered as a further decoration. Satinette in cream color makes a pretty and serviceable wash skirt. In these days of much motoring, whether it be by land or water, a motor coat of some sort will be indispensable. One of those trig looking military trench coats of summer weight might be suggested; or perhaps an English cloth coat, one of those swagger looking garments that never grow old, and consequently never go out of style; or perhaps your fancy might run to a Canadian tweed simulating a Donegal weave. Like the English coat, they have wonderful wearing qualities, and made with a Raglan sleeve, a large collar, and quite large enough to slip on over a summer suit, if necessary, they offer endless comfort and satisfaction.



As summer-like as a butterfly is this yellow organdy frock, which is adorned with one of the new rolling collars and a dainty tucked modesty vest.

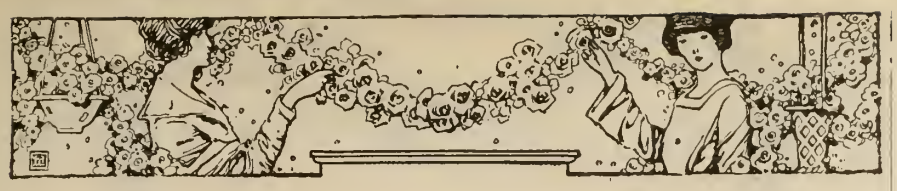
FOR dressier occasions a cape or wrap of some kind is almost a necessity. One of the newest summer capes is cut in three sections, the one overlapping the other in tiers, and has a huge collar. This was made of navy blue serge, with faille silk collar. Capes and wraps are having an immense popularity this summer. Victory red linings look well in navy gabardine or serge wraps. There's a new country club coat of covert cloth, with velvet collar and pin-tucked skirt, which has been considered worthy of a sketch for this article.

Never have hats had more individuality and becoming qualities than they have for this midsummer. They are bright without being loud; they are striking without being bizarre. They are both big and little. One of the striking contrasts is the fine and coarse straws. You may select either and still be in the mode. You may even select a chapeau composed of straw and fabric, and some of the smartest summer hats will be made entirely of Georgette crepe, in a light shade, of course. Sailors and other shapes have underfacings of some becoming shade of Georgette or taffeta. This is one of the reasons why this season's hats are becoming—so much depends upon the color next one's face. One can wear a trying shade if the underbrim is faced with exactly the right shade. There's a pretty new straw called Sebil, which is woven in basket pattern and may be used for dress or sports hats. They are gorgeously trimmed with bright colored flowers. Leghorns are always in vogue, and this season brings us beautiful big floppy ones, also flower trimmed. Here, again, we find velvet ribbon, which from time immemorial seems to have belonged to Leghorn.

One of the niftiest sailors we have seen this year was a fine notched straw with black brim and band topped with a white crown. White is to be used quite extensively on black and navy blue. White Milan straw is used for both dressy and useful hats.

Whether we vacation or not, a sweater coat will be most acceptable if we have not already provided ourselves with one—perhaps two—for these trig looking little pull-over or coat sweaters of yellow, turquoise, jade, rose, or orchid are a regular obsession, and for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



Midsummer Fashions and Fixings

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

those who prefer the other kind, there is the coat style. Knitted scarfs, either in wool or silk, will be found useful during the summer time, providing they are light weight and not too large.

THE matter of accessories for the summer toilet is such a comprehensive one that it can only be touched upon. Almost every spring and summer suit has been made to wear a gilet or some manner of vest with, and the diversity of styles in which we find this accessory would take a page by itself, but those made exclusively for summer wear are composed of fancy ribbon, Georgette crepe, organdy or net, prettily ruffled with narrow lace. They are usually in panel style, sometimes accompanied by collar to go across the back. Modesty vestees and little round organdy lace trimmed collars are procurable to fill in the low-cut bodice or to wear with the collarless dress when one wants a change.

Hosiery matches the shoes, as a rule, although in the case of a navy blue costume it is quite permissible to wear navy hose and tan shoes. Gloves match the costume. As low shoes are to be worn so generally this summer, it has been found advisable to provide some kind of a summer spat for cool days; therefore, we have the moire silk spat in black, white and grey, as chic as chic can be.

And the glorified sunshades! The glory of the sunshade has returned, with such decorative features as hand painting on silk, inserts of fancy ribbon, shirrings and tucks, hemstitching, etc. But what will be more to the point with most of us will be the two-purpose umbrella, that is a colored silk with a smart handle with a bracelet at the end to carry it by, that can be used in sunshine and storm alike.

Parasols with rings on the top instead of the handle are a fad of the season. The Nagasaki parasol is new, and as a rule has composition handles and bracelet rings. The parasol itself is flat, with many ribs, and Japanese in effect.



Velvet trimmings are coming into vogue again, and this little brown velvet collar chose a smart, pin-tucked covert Country Club coat to display its charms.

The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

but prevent flies from breeding, by keeping everything sanitary."—Madeleine Taylor, age 14.

"By taking the life of one fly you save the lives of several people."—Mary Lawson, age 14.

"Boys and girls, everybody, won't you put forth your energy and help all you can to swat the fly? Think of the disease germs and filth it carries and spreads around and don't hesitate to swat it at once."—Pauline Wilson, age 15.

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

Banks, Thelma, Smith's Falls, Ont.
Copeland, Lillie, Bradford, Ont.
Connolly, Vivien, North Bay, Ont.
Deanitt, Ernest, Aurora, Ont.
Deanitt, Roy. Aurora, Ont.
Foster, Gladys, Salmon Arm, B.C.
Failes, Ivy, Port Colborne, Ont.
Henry, Mildred, Thorton, Ont.
Jennings, Mae, West Hill, Ont.
Kyle, James, Montreal, Que.
Knetchel, Edith, Hanover, Ont.
Knetchel, Maurice, Hanover, Ont.
Krauter, Willard. Louise, Ont.
Legg. Pearl, Belmont, Ont.
Lawson, Mary, Chatsworth, Ont.
Lough, Percy, North Bay, Ont.
Mills, Elizabeth, Blythe, Ont.
Morgan, Grace, Milliken, Ont.
McLellan, A. Myrrl, Stratford, Ont.
McGeachie, Florence G., Queenston P.O., Ont.
Patterson, Eric, Paris, Ont.
Ranton, Marian, Niagara Falls, Ont.
Raether, Dorothy R., Point Anne, Ont.
Stonehouse, Vera, Unionville, Ont.
Stallwood, Emily, Port Robinson.
Sanderson, Velma, Peterborough, Ont.
Somers, Norman D., Halcomb P.O., N. B.
Stolz, Elden H., Auburn, Ont.
Thompson, Willa, Princeton, Ont.
Thomson, Chrissy, Weston, Ont.
Thomson, John, Weston, Ont.
Whittle, Jessie, Petrolia, Ont.
Wannan, Winifred, Orono, Ont.
White, Myrtle, Cedar Dale, Ont.
Wilson, Pauline, Cedar Dale, Ont.
Wyatt, Dorothy, Mt. Brydges, Ont.

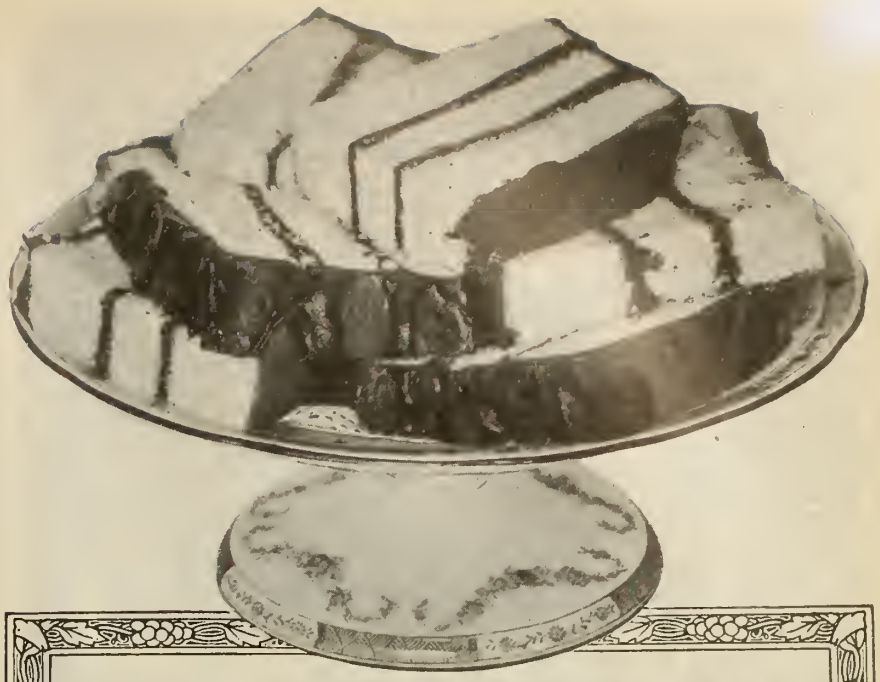
THE BEAST OF THE GOOD GOD.

BY ETHEL BAIN.

Really a Beetle—the Useful Ladybird is known in France as the Beast of the Good God.

THE blush rose raised her dew drenched head and greeted her companions of the flower garden. The sun had kissed the sleep from her eyes and now refreshed from her magic bath of dew she looked lovelier than ever. It was going to be another hot day, but she had gathered moisture enough to serve her until the evening. The columbines nodded their dainty heads. They were always dancing with wind fairies and the stately rose half envied them, for in her exalted position as Queen of the flowers, she could not play like the humbler blossoms, and so she sighed as they nodded and danced and bent and waved in the gentle breeze. The richly jewelled coat of a Ruby-throat flashed as he darted by on his way to the honeysuckle covered arbor, there to sip the sweet nectar from the horns of the fragrant flowers, whilst a Monarch butterfly poised over the rose for an instant,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74.)



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Baking Powder

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Chocolate Layer Cake

A delicious one-egg cake

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 cup milk
1¾ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg

Cream shortening; add sugar, gradually, beating well; add beaten egg, also one-half the milk and mix well. Add one-half the flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder, the rest of the milk, then the rest of the flour and add flavoring; beat between each addition. Bake in greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Chocolate Filling and Icing

3 cups confectioner's sugar
boiling water
1 teaspoonful vanilla
2 oz. unsweetened chocolate (2 squares)

To the sugar add a very little at a time enough boiling water to make a smooth paste. Add vanilla and melted chocolate and beat well. Spread between layers and on top of cake.

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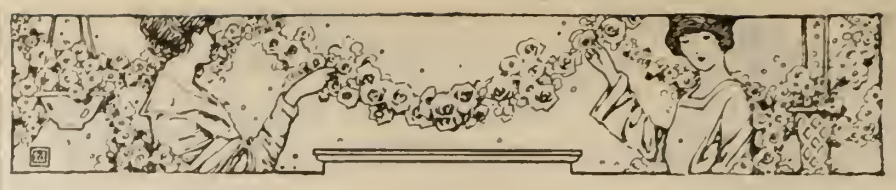
—the washer that not only washes the clothes mechanically, but does it better than they can be washed by hand. There's no "skimping" by the "Home" Washer—light or heavy articles are cleaned with equal thoroughness. There's no tearing of delicate fabrics, either And it does the work in half the time! No more long-drawn-out, backbreaking washdays anywhere there's a Maxwell "Home" Washer; Just put the clothes in, and the rest is hardly work at all—because the "Home" Washer is so light, noiseless, and easy-running. Enclosed gears make it absolutely safe: "springs" make cover lift easily. Made of best quality cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's.

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Are You Interested in Photography?

Turn to page 40 and read how you can turn your hobby into dollars by entering our open competition.

Who will send in the best collection?



Come to My Party

Helps for the June Hostess

A Musical Romance.

HAVE you ever searched in vain for a suitable contest to use at your party? The one following has never been used. So you may be the first to try it:

When the news was shouted (From the Housetops) that the world was to be plunged in war (All for a Scrap of Paper), the (Eyes of the World) turned toward France.

The day came all too soon when (The Major) said his last good-bye to (Anne of Green Gables). Her heart ached to see him go, but she knew (When a Man's a Man) he is ready to go when his country calls.

She, too, wanted to serve in the great struggle for liberty. She offered her services as a (Nurse), was accepted, and in a short time was on her way to (A Far Country).

In a hospital in France she bound up wounds and bathed the fevered brows of many of (The First Hundred Thousand). One day (Private Peat) was brought into the ward. He was just a young (Laddie), not much over (Seventeen), with a bright, boyish face, laughing eyes and little patches of (Freckles) on a nose that wrinkled up when he laughed. He had gone (Over the Top). (The Doctor) bound up his wounds, and soon had him writing letters to his (Mother) and (Dere Mable), of whom he was very fond. There was (A Minstrel in France) who used to visit the hospitals and sing for the boys. (The Sky Pilot), too, was there, and pointed the way to the brave lads who had to answer the last call. Days, weeks and months passed, then years, and no word came from her lost lover, (The Major) of Company "B." She hadn't much time to dream of (Their Yesterdays), and was thankful for the work that kept her from giving way to her fears. One day the glad news came that the war was over, and among the released prisoners was her dear, lost lover. He wasn't long in (Making Her His Wife). When she asked him to tell her of his sad experiences during their long separation, he replied: "(My Four Years in Germany) were too horrible to talk about, dear; I want you to help me to forget them."

[Leave blanks where the words are in parenthesis. Tell your guests the blanks are to be filled in with the names of popular books.]

MRS. R. W. LEADER,
Wheatley, Ont.

A Golden Wedding.

AN old-fashioned "high tea," served as a buffet supper, is likely to enable the hostess to ask all the friends of the honored couple. The whole idea is to reproduce as nearly as you can the atmosphere and customs of fifty years ago.

Lay a white tablecloth over the table, and in the middle form a square centrepiece of green moss. On the moss place an old-fashioned bride's bouquet of white camellias, or valley lilies, with a starched little frill of lace about it, tied with a big white satin bow. This, of course, is presented to grandmother at the close of the evening. Beside it are a pair of old-fashioned lace mitts, and a yellowed old lace handkerchief.

At one side are heaped tiny bags of golden brocaded silk, filled with dried rose leaves and tied with golden bows. (These bags can be made very easily by sewing two oblong strips of the silk together, ravelling the open end into fringe, and tying tightly with the ribbon.)

In one of these bags a gold ring is hidden among the sweet-smelling petals, and as each feminine guest is supposed to take a sachet home as a souvenir, one, of course, will find the luck-bringing ring in hers.

On the other side of the centrepiece are the souvenirs for the men, which take the form of dainty boxes of wedding cake. If it is possible, choose little square gilt boxes for this purpose; fill them with squares of the cake, and on the box cover paste a bundle of tiny doll-envelopes (which can be made with the aid of scissors and glue, or bought at any toy shop). These envelopes should be tied with faded blue ribbons to represent fifty-year-old love letters. Yellow wax candles in tall brass candlesticks stand at the corners of the mossy centrepiece, lighting the table in the old-time way.

At the four corners of the table small dolls (about ten inches high) stand, each dressed in the costume of fifty years past—little puffed hoop skirts of gold-colored tulle held out by crinoline, and tiny poke bonnets of leaf-green velvet lined with ruffled lace, and tied under the chin with big golden ribbons.

Twisted around each doll's arm is a narrow gold ribbon stretching to the next doll, where it is wrapped around her arm in the same manner. Swinging by this ribbon should be a chime of tiny brass bells so that there are fifty of them in all, forming a sort of ring about the table edge.

Over the doll's other arm is a small basket, as much like an old-fashioned garden basket as possible, and these baskets are filled with conserves—candied orange peel, violets and cherries.

The dishes should be all the good old-fashioned ones—cold roast ham, boned chicken, salads, hot biscuits and pies, with a big silver pot of steaming coffee.

At one end of the table there should be, of course, a huge bride-cake, with the names and dates written in orange icing; and the fifty-years bride must be the first to cut a slice for good luck.—Marguerite Aspinwall, in *Woman's Home Companion.*

The Bride's Garden.

THE room used was decorated to represent a garden. Potted plants, bay trees, ferns and palms were arranged as shrubbery, with paths between where the bride-to-be might walk and gather her "Flowers." From the chandelier hung a huge green watering-pot with many vari-colored ribbons "showering" from its nozzle to all parts of the garden and ending in their corresponding flowers—packages done up in the same color. If the packages were small enough the wrappings were so arranged as to represent flowers. If the packages were large they were decorated with paper flowers.

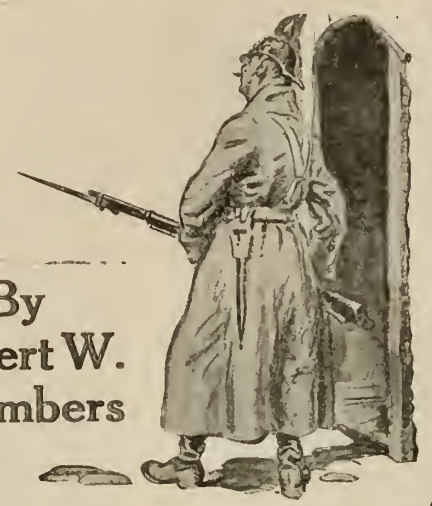
One huge kettle was wrapped in green tissue paper and made a realistic cabbage. Aluminum spoons were cleverly transformed into stems for huge red roses.

The Romance of a Shirtwaist.

HER lover had persuaded her to be his, and they were about to slip into the matrimonial (1). One day he reproached her for her coldness to him, and she replied: "I cannot always wear my heart on my (2)." and while her golden head rested on his (3) he forgave her and presented her with a pretty (4) for her dainty (5). Life is not always what it (6), for after he became a golfer he was on the (7) most of the time, and she began to fear that she could never win him (8) to his former devotion. Indeed, she often felt that she would like to (9) him, but she decided to (10) him instead; so she put on a bold (11), and told him she would break the (12). He began to (13) and haw, and invited her to go to a (14) concert. Then she knew that she could (15) him. Although there is much red (16) about such matters, one is apt to get the cold (17) instead of two loving arms about one's (18). They went to the concert, and came to the conclusion that their former promises were still good. Each had been on the (19), but now they are married and are (20) for life.

1 yoke	11 front
2 sleeve	12 knot
3 bosom	13 hem
4 collar	14 band
5 neck	15 bind
6 seams	16 tape
7 links	17 shoulder
8 back	18 waist
9 cuff	19 wrong side
10 cut	20 tied.

Who Goes There?



By Robert W. Chambers

CHAPTER XXI

DINNER was ended. Darrel lay on a lounge in the sitting-room, a victim against his will to romance. Beside him on a low footstool sat Valentine, reading aloud to him when she thought he ought to be read to, fussing with his pillows when she chose to fuss, taking his cigarette from his lips and inserting a thermometer at intervals, and always calmly indifferent to his protests or to her mother's laughter.

For she had heard somewhere that a wild boar's teeth poisoned like a lion's mauling; and the sudden revelation of a hero under the shattered shell of modesty and self-depreciation which so long obscured the romantic qualities in this young man determined her to make him continue to play a role which every girl adores—the role of the stricken brave.

Never again could Darrel explain to her how timidity, caution, and a native and unfeigned stupidity invariably characterized his behaviour at psychological moments.

For Guild had told her all about this young man's cool resourcefulness and almost nerveless courage during those hair-raising days in Sonora when the great Yo Espero ranch was besieged and every American prisoner taken was always reported "Shot in attempting to escape."

She had never even known that Darrel had been in Mexico until Guild told her about their joint mining enterprise and how, under a spineless Administration, disaster had wiped out their property, and had nearly done the same with them.

"Mother," said the girl, "I think I'll look at his shin again."

"Nonsense!" protested Darrel, struggling to sit up, and being checked by a soft but firm little hand flat against his chest.

"I don't want to have my shin looked at," he repeated helplessly.

"Mother, I am going to change the dressing. Will you help?"

"For the love of Mike——"

"Be quiet, Harry!"

"Then take Guild out of the room! He's laughing at me now!"

KAREN was laughing, too, and now she turned to Guild: "Come," she said, smilingly; "We are not welcome here. Also I do want you to see the rose garden by star-light." And to Mrs. Courland, naively: "May we please be excused to see your lovely garden?"

The pretty young matron smiled and nodded, busy with the box of first-aid bandages for which Valentine was now waiting.

So Karen and Guild went out together into the star-light, across the terrace and lawns and down along a dim avenue of beeches.

The night was aromatic with the clean sweet odour of the forest; a few leaves had fallen, merely a tracery of delicate burnt-gold under foot.

Karen turned to the right between tall clipped hedges.

Mossy steps of stone terminated the alley and led down into an old sunken garden with wall and pool and ghostly benches of stone, and its thousands of roses perfuming the still air.

They were all there, the heavenly company, dimly tinted in crimson, pink, and gold—Rose de Provence, Gloire de Dijon, Damask, Turkish, Cloth of Gold—exquisite ghosts of their ardent selves—immobile phantoms, mystic, celestial, under the high lustre of the stars.

Mirror-dark, the round pool's glass reflected a silvery inlay of the constellations; tall trees bordered the wall, solemn, unstirring, as though ranged there for some mid-night rite. The thin and throbbing repetition of hidden insects were the only sounds in that still and scented place.

They leaned upon the balustrade of stone and looked down into the garden for a while. She stirred first, turning a little way toward him. And together they descended the steps and walked to the pool's rim.

Once, while they stood there, she moved away from his side and strolled away among the roses, roaming at random, pausing here and there to bend and touch with her face some newly opened bud.

Slender and shadowy she lingered among the unclosing miracles of rose and gold, straying, loitering, wandering on, until again she found herself beside the pool of mirror black—and beside her lover.

"Your magic garden is all you promised," he said in a low voice—"very wonderful, very youthful in its ancient setting of trees and silvered stone. And now the young enchantress is here among her own; and the spell of her fills all the world."

"Do you mean me?"

"You, Karen, matchless enchantress, sorceress incomparable who has touched with her wand the old-familiar world and made of it a paradise."

"Because I said I loved you—a little—has it become a paradise? You know I only said '*a little.*'"

"I remember."

"Of course," she added with a slight sigh, "it has become more, now, since I first said that to you. I shouldn't call it 'a little,' now; I should call it——" She hesitated.

"Much?"

She seemed doubtful. "Yes, I think it is becoming 'much'—little by little."

"May I kiss—your hand?"

"Yes, please."

"And clasp your waist—very lightly—*this* way?"

"In sign of betrothal?"

"Yes."

She looked up at him out of the stillest, purest eyes he had ever beheld.

"You know best, Kervyn, what we may do."

"I know," he said, drawing her nearer.

After a moment she rested her cheek against his shoulder.

Standing so beside the pool, breathing the incense of the roses, she thought

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



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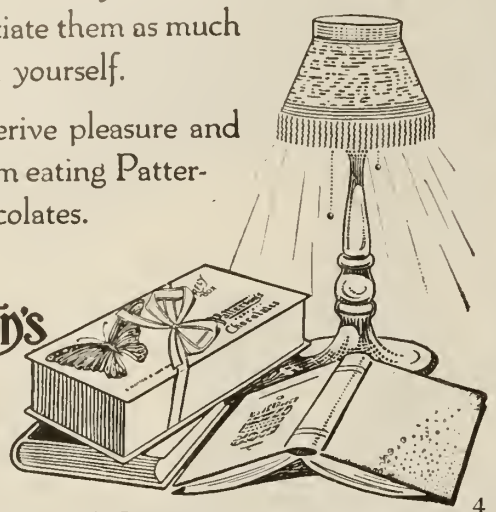
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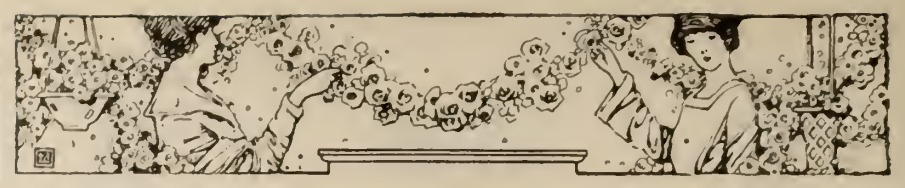
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Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

of the dream, and the gay challenge, "Who goes there?" She was beginning to suspect the answer, now. It was Love who had halted her on that flower-set frontier; the password, which she had not known then, was "Love." Love had laughed at her but had granted her right of way across that border into the Land of Dreams. And now, unchallenged save by her own heart, she had come once more to the borderland of flowers.

"Halt!" said her heart, alert; "who goes there?"

"It is I, Karen, wearing the strange, new name of Love——"

She lifted her head, drew one hand swiftly across her eyes as though to clear them, then stepped free from the arm that encircled her.

"Karen——"

"Yes, I—I do love you," she stammered—"with all—all my heart——"

"*Halt!*" rang out a voice like a pistol shot from the darkness.

The girl stood rigid; Guild sprang to her side. "Qui vive!" cried the voice.

"Belgium!" said Guild coolly.

"Then who goes there!—you!—below there in that garden?"

"Friends to Belgium," replied Guild in a quiet and very grave voice. "Don't move, dearest," he whispered.

"What is happening?"

"I don't know, yet."

Presently, nearer the balustrade above them, the voice came again: "Is it Monsieur Guild?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Pardon. Will Monsieur come up to the terrace? I am watching the wall beyond the pool."

They ascended the stone steps; Karen moving lightly beside him. In the shadow of the clipped yews a dark form stirred.

"Pardon. I did not recognize Monsieur Guild or Mademoiselle. There is trouble."

It was Schultz the herdsman; his rifle was in his hand and he wore two cartridge-belts crossed over his smock en bandoulière.

He touched his hat to Karen, but turned immediately toward the star-lit sky-line where the dark coping of the wall cut it.

"What is the trouble?" asked Guild with a sinking heart.

"God knows how it happened, Monsieur Guild—but there was bad blood to-night and hot heads full of it. Then, very far in the forest, a shot was fired."

"I heard it. What happened?"

"Listen, Monsieur! The Moresnet man and the boy, Jean Pascal, put their heads together. I don't know how it was, but even after what you said to us, and after Michaud told us to remain prudent and calm, somehow after we heard that shot we all, one, by one, took down our guns; and after a little while we found ourselves together in the carrefour.

"AND from there we went, without saying a word, to the Calvary on the hill pasture road. It was as though each of us understood without telling each other—without even hinting at a plan.

"And by and by we went down by the rivulet at the foot of the hill pastures, and there, as we expected, were two of the Yslemont refugees. They had their guns. And one of them had a *spiked helmet*."

"Go on," said Guild, compressing his lips.

"He had taken it near Trois Fontaines, not below the hill. We all examined it. We saw red, Monsieur. Then a calf which had escaped the Grey Wolves moved in the bushes near us. The Moresnet man caught it, and he and the shepherd, little Jean Pascal, took the dumb beast and tied it to a sapling near the road. On *our* side of the boundary! But we all knew what might happen."

There was a silence; then Schultz said in a low, hoarse voice: "It was fated to be. We took both sides of the road in the long grasses of the ditches. And the calf bawled for company.

"The company came after a while—two Grey Wolves. First we heard the clink-clink of their horses' feet; then we saw their lances against the sky.

"They came on, picking their way. And of a sudden the electric breast-torch on one of them breaks out like a blinding star, plays over the road, then lights up the calf which is terrified and backs into the hedge.

"He drives his lance-butt into the sod and gets out of his saddle. His comrade sits the other horse, pistol lifted, elbow on thigh. And there comes then another Uhlan, walking and leading his horse—three of the dirty brigands, Monsieur, across the border and on our side!"

"Go on."

"Eh bien—we bled them!"

"You killed them?"

"Yes, Monsieur—two there by the hedge in the grassy ditch; the other hung to his horse for a while—but came off sideways. One spur caught and his horse took him back that way—across the border."

"Go on."

"We took their schapskas. Jean Pascal wished to go across the border after more Wolves. He was crazy. And the blood made us all a little drunk. And then we found that the Moresnet man had gone. That chilled us."

HE wiped his face with his sleeve, never taking his eyes from the wall across the garden.

"After that," he said, "we lay very still, watching. And in a little while an Uhlan crossed the hill pasture walking his horse slowly against the stars. Then there were others moving across the sky up there, and we also heard others on the road. So we have been quietly falling back into the forest where, if they follow, they shall not go back, please God!"

"Where is Michaud?"

"He was very angry, but, since the affair has really begun, he is with us, of course."

"Where is he?"

"He went to the house to find you an hour ago."

Guild bit his lip in silence. The stupidity of what had been done, the utter hopelessness of the situation sickened him.

The slow, groping peasant mind, occupied always with the moment's problems only, solving it by impulse and instinct alone—what could be done with such a mind—what could be hoped from it except under patiently inculcated military discipline?

Loosened from that, and defending its property from actual or threatened aggression, it became a furtive, fierce and quickened mind, alternately cunning and patiently ferocious. But of reason, or of logic, it reckons nothing, knows nothing.

Trouble had begun—trouble was abroad already in the starlight—moving, menacing.

"What is your word?" he asked bluntly.

"Yslemont."

He turned to Karen, who stood quietly beside him: "The ladies must leave this house to-night. There is no time at all to waste. There is going to be real trouble here by morning. And I am going to ask you if you will give these American ladies shelter to-night at Quellenheim. Will you, Karen?"

"Of course."

"From there they can go to the city of Luxembourg to-morrow, and so into Holland. But they ought to go now."

"And you, Kervyn?"

"I shall be very busy," he said. "Come back to the house, now."

THEY walked away together, moving quickly along the beech-woods; she with that youthful buoyant step as lithe as a young boy's; he beside her with grave, preoccupied face and ears alert for the slightest sound.

"Kervyn?"

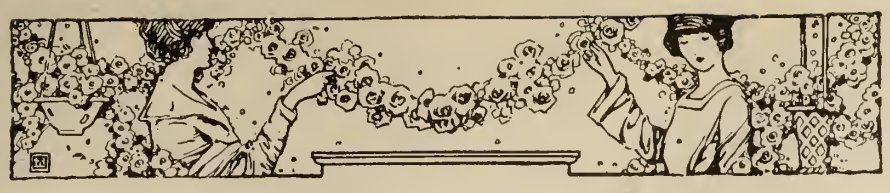
"Yes."

"Will you come back to Quellenheim, too?"

"I can't do that, dearest."

"May I ask you what you are going to do?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)



Who Goes There?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

"Dear, I don't know yet. I haven't formed any plan at all."

"Is it not very dangerous for you to remain here?"

"No, I think not. . . . That is—I shall see how this matter threatens to develop."

He felt her hand lightly on his arm, looked around, halted. She came to him, laid her cheek against his breast in silence.

"You must not be afraid for me, Karen."

"I shall try—to remember."

He lifted one of her hands. It was cold and delicately fragrant. He kissed it.

"The Bank at Diekirch is my address. I shall try to write you. I shall come back and marry you. Do you love me, Karen?"

"With all—all my—soul."

"And you will marry me?"

"Yes, Kervyn."

She looked up, her eyes brilliant as wet stars. And very gently, almost timidly, they exchanged their betrothal, lip to lip.

He drew her to him a little closer—held her so a moment scarcely in contact. Then they turned again to the grassy ride and moved swiftly forward toward the drive.

Every light in the house had been lit, apparently. The automobile stood before the door; three forest waggons with their big fine horses were in line behind; and servants were loading them with American trunks, suit-cases, and luggage of every description, under the active direction of Darrel.

WHEN he saw Guild and Karen coming he called out: "Your luggage is packed! Mrs. Courland and Valentine and their two maids are filling hampers with bed linen and knick-knacks. You've heard what's happened, of course?"

"Yes," said Guild. "I don't think you had better waste any more time packing. Let the ladies get into the car and start. Michaud and I can gather up what's left of their effects and send it to them in the last waggon! Where is Michaud?"

"Talking to Mrs. Courland inside. Here he is now!——"

The white-haired forester came out behind Mrs. Courland, caught sight of Guild, and made a slight gesture expressing infinite despair.

"I know," said Guild. "I'll talk it over with you after the household leaves." And to Mrs. Courland, who appeared calm but a trifle dazed: "Miss Girard offers Quellenheim for the night, and for longer if you desire."

"Please," said Karen, coming forward—"it would be very gracious of you to come. Will you, Mrs. Courland?"

"Thank you, dear—yes—it will be the greatest convenience. I don't know when we should arrive at Luxembourg if we started now." She took one of Karen's hands and turned to Guild: "What a terrible thing our people have done! Michaud came to tell us; Harry started everybody packing up. You will come with us, of course?"

"Perhaps later, thank you." He turned to Valentine who was coming out in hat and coat, followed by a pale-faced maid carrying both arms full of wraps.

"Please don't lose any time," said Guild, selecting wraps for Mrs. Courland and for Karen. "Are your servants ready?"

"Nobody is ready," said Valentine, "but everybody is here or in the hall, I think."

GUILD gave his arm to Mrs. Courland and helped that active young matron spring into the touring car. Karen went next. Valentine and two maids followed; Guild slammed the door.

"All right!" he said curtly to the chauffeur, then, hat in hand, he said gaily: "Au revoir! A happy re-union for us all!"

As the car rolled out into the shining path of its own lamps Karen turned and looked back at him. And as long as he could see her she was looking back.

After the car followed two of the forest waggons, one filled with servants, the other loaded with luggage. Darrel came out of the house with the last odds and ends of property belonging to the Courlands and flung it pell-mell into the last waggon.

"Come on," he said briskly to Guild.

"No, go ahead, Harry. I'm stopping to talk with Michaud——"

"Well how are you going to get to Quellenheim?"

"When I'm ready to go I'll get there."

"You're not coming?"

"Not now."

Darrel came over and said, dropping his voice: "After this murdering business it won't do for *you* to be caught here."

"I don't mean to be caught here. Don't worry—and get a move on!"

"What are you intending to do?"

"I don't know yet. Come, Harry, start that waggon!"

Darrel shrugged his shoulders, mounted the seat beside the driver, and the forest waggon rolled away into the darkness.

Guild was still looking after it, listening to Michaud's report of the sniping affair near Trois Fontaines, when he saw the figure of a man walking back from the direction the waggon had taken. The man walked with a visible limp.

"You idiot!" said Guild sharply as Darrel strolled up, his features blandly defiant.

"Go on with what you were saying to Michaud," insisted Darrel, unruffled by his reception.

"Come, Harry—this is downright foolishness. If you've let the waggon go on, you'll have to foot it to Quellenheim. You can't stay here!"

"Why?"

"Because, you infernal butter-in, you'll get mixed up in particularly nasty mess we're in, Michaud and I."

"Oh, bother!" said Darrel; "go on and talk, Michaud!"

"Are you going to poke your nose into this?" demanded Guild.

"It's in now."

"SEE here, Harry! Your sticking by me is gratuitously silly and it annoys me. You don't have to. This isn't any of your business, this mess."

Darrel lighted a cigarette and sat down on the terrace steps. Guild glared at him.

"Will you go?" he snapped out.

"No, I won't."

Michaud, perplexed, had remained silent.

"If things go wrong they'll make a clean sweep of us all, I tell you," said Guild. "Once more, Harry, will you mind your own business?"

"No," said Darrel, blandly.

Guild turned to Michaud: "What were you saying?"

The forester, controlling his anger and emotion, continued the story of the sniper near Trois Fontaines. Then he outlined the miserable affair of the hill pasture.

"There remains for us only two courses," he ended. "Either we turn franc-tireur and make our bivouac yonder in the forest, or we gather our people at The Pulpit, lie there to-night, and at daylight strike out for the Dutch frontier."

Guild nodded.

"There is a little hole in the rocks at The Pulpit—scarce large enough to be called a cave. Since the war came upon us, foreseeing necessity, my men have carried arms and provisions to The Pulpit—well hidden, Monsieur. I think, now, that it is a better refuge than this house."

The three men looked up at the house. Michaud made a hopeless gesture: "I suppose *they* will destroy it, now. God knows. But if Monsieur Paillard be truly dead as we now believe, and his poor body lies rotting under the the ruins of Wiltz-la-Vallée, then there is nobody to mourn this house excepting the old forester, Michaud. . . . And I think he has lived on earth too long."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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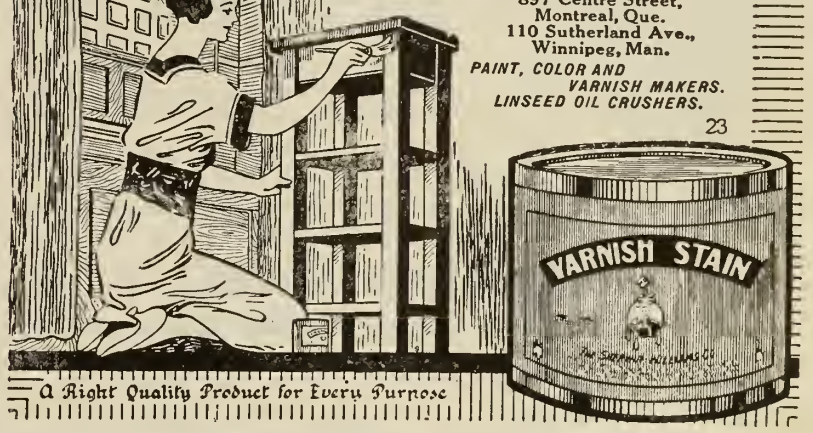
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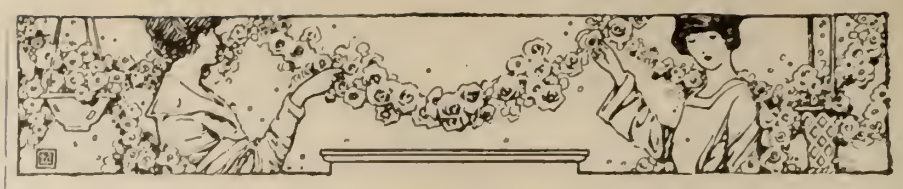
THE MEN SERVING ABROAD

ARE STILL BADLY IN NEED OF

SMOKES

The demand for cigarettes for the boys who are still "over there" is just as great at the present time as it was during hostilities. So keep the boys well supplied with their favorite cigarettes during the long months of waiting before they return to their homes.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES



The Puzzle for June

BY TOM WOOD.

There are six little pictures in each of the groups marked respectively (1) and (2). When each picture in No. 1 is correctly guessed and placed in proper order, the initials and finals spell the name of a pretty flowering shrub appropriate to June.

The initials and finals of the names of the pictures in No. 2, when placed in proper order, if correct, will disclose the names of two of the large rivers of British North America, one east and one west.

Can you give the correct botanical name of the well-known wild flower pictured in No. 3, which may be found in June throughout Canada?



Two prizes will be awarded:

First—One dollar and a half

Second—One dollar

for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy. All may compete.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF APRIL PUZZLE:

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Robin	Tulip	Maple
Eagle	Pansy	Cedar

First prize won by Miss Marion Daniels, 90 Westminster Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Second prize won by Miss Olive G. Weir, R. R. No. 5, Woodstock, Ont.

Address: Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.

My Best Idea



CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS

Address "My Best Idea," care of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

In this Department we will publish the best original items of general interest to housekeepers which are sent in by our readers. For each of the accepted items we shall pay the one sending it fifty cents.

If the description is not clear we would suggest that the contributor send a rough sketch, making the idea plain, which can be used as a guide to the artist who will illustrate this page.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL *cannot return the items submitted, therefore it is advisable to keep copies of matter sent for consideration.*

Dip Fruit Jar Tops in Wax.

When canning fruit of any kind after jar has cooled, melt white wax in a pail, and dip the top of jar four or five times in wax. Fruit in jars treated this way will keep for years.

MRS. A. E. OWEN, Allandale, Ont.

To Get the Greatest Flow of Gas.

By putting a thick quarter in the gas slot you will get gas to burn much longer than if a thin coin is used.

Perspiring Hands.

By bathing the hands in Alum water (a strong solution) the perspiration may be stopped if one wishes to do fancy work or something of the kind, in the very warm weather.

GRAYCE M. COLLINS, Winnipeg.

Fixing Bedding for Camp.

Get a strong piece of canvas, larger than any of your quilts, lay on floor first, then the quilts, sheets and any shawls or old wraps next, then the pillows and cushions, roll all neatly, —it takes two—tie well and you will find it takes less room and less work.

Weston, Ont.

Try This.

If your potatoes are the kind that cook on the edge, so to speak, leaving the heart cold and hard, try throwing a little cold water on them at the psychological moment, which is when they are partly cooked, and watch them immediately melt into tender deliciousness.

G. B.

Paint Your Carpet.

Our Axminster stair carpet having become badly worn, where the tread came, I moved it to change the tread but it still looked very shabby. I got some dye as near the general color as possible, mixed it with a little water and brushed over the worn places with the thick dye. The result has been most satisfactory, lengthening the usefulness of the carpet indefinitely.

MRS. C. A. C., Hamilton.

A Handkerchief in Every Pocket.

When ironing, iron the children's handkerchiefs and lay in a pile at the right of ironing board; then, as each blouse or pinafore is finished, place a folded handkerchief in the pocket. This insures the child's having a supply for school without running for it at the last minute. It has worked splendidly with my boys.

The Baby's Own Wardrobe.

We possessed a tall, golden oak bookcase with a large glass door, which we had discarded as out-of-taste with our modern furniture. When I began to look for a closet for baby's clothes, I decided this bookcase could be made to serve. We painted it white and enameled it. I then tacked a piece of cretonne of dainty pattern over the inside of the glass. It makes a very pretty as well as an extremely convenient wardrobe for baby.

For Cleaning Radiators.

Finding the brush sold for cleaning radiators rather too expensive for my pocketbook, I made a substitute which I find very satisfactory. It is merely a bag of outing flannel made to fit any carpet beater and finished on three sides with a narrow, full, double ruffle. It fastens with a draw string. This cleaner can be used lengthwise or crosswise between the sections of any kind of radiator.

If the Alarm-Clock is Too Loud.

If the alarm-clock rings too loudly for the peace of the household, slip an elastic band round the bell to diminish the noise; the wider the band, the stronger the suppression, and a few experiments will demonstrate just what width is most desirable. I being accustomed to rise at the same hour daily, find an inch band about right; the alarm is more in the nature of insurance against oversleeping than a necessity to early waking.

Save Old Newspapers.

Have the children on rainy days, roll the newspapers into fair sized footballs, then soak these in water and allow to dry. These mild days one does not need a fire in the reception room all the time, but if a few of these balls were kept ready, one could get a quick, sure and very not fire in a few moments.

MRS. W. G.

Remove Gloss from Seams.

To remove gloss from seams, rub the parts carefully with a soft piece of flannel which has been dipped in benzine. This is inexpensive and will not change the color.

FARMER'S GIRL.

When Cleaning Painted Walls.

Before cleaning the painted walls of my kitchen, I put a boiler of water on the stove and boiled it until the walls were covered with steam. I found the labor to be reduced one half as the dirt and grime wiped off very easily.

M. B.

When Preparing Pineapple.

In preparing a pineapple for the table or for preserving, cut both ends off, stand it flat on the table and in place of peeling and taking the eyes out, just scoop out the centre with a pointed tea spoon, or fork—it can be prepared in a few minutes, and is delicious.

FANNIE.

Ink Stains.

Once I was so unfortunate as to upset a bottle of ink on a good green Brussels carpet. At once I got a cloth and some sweet milk, and I washed and rubbed and scrubbed at it, getting fresh milk as often as it got black. I am glad to tell others that you cannot tell to-day where that ink was upset. I think milk will also remove the stain of shoe polish, should one be so unlucky as to upset it.

"OBSERVER."

Macaroons.

The art of having delicious, puffy macaroons is not so much in the recipe used, as in the manner of cooking them. How often you have tasted these dainties to find them pastry inside. This can be overcome in this way: Have a nice hot oven at first so that they will puff up nicely, when this is accomplished and you think they are set enough, open your oven door, and leave them to cook slowly. You will then have a light, puffy macaroon well-cooked.

"OBSERVER."

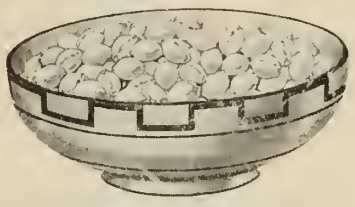


Keep This Dish Before You

When you order foods for children, keep Puffed Grains before you—these whole-grain toasted bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size.

Remember their attractions—how children's faces light up when they see them.

Remember their exquisite taste, which makes them food confections.



Think how these flavory toasted bubbles taste with cream and sugar.

And Also This

Remember, too, that Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains. They are rich in minerals, etc., which part-grain foods omit.

Whole grains excel flour foods for children, as every mother knows. And this form makes those whole-grain foods attractive.



Think what they add to fruit.

More than that, these grains are steam-exploded. Every food cell has been blasted so digestion is easy and complete.

The Puffed Grains, prepared by Prof. Anderson's process, are the best-cooked cereal foods in existence.



Think how hungry children like them crisped and lightly buttered.

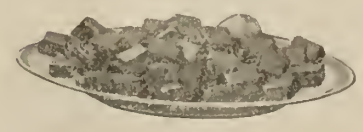
Consider all these things —how children love them, what perfect foods they are, and how fitted for digestion.

And there are two kinds, each with different flavor, which avoids monotony.

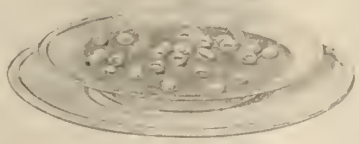
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Think what airy, toasted wafers for your soups.

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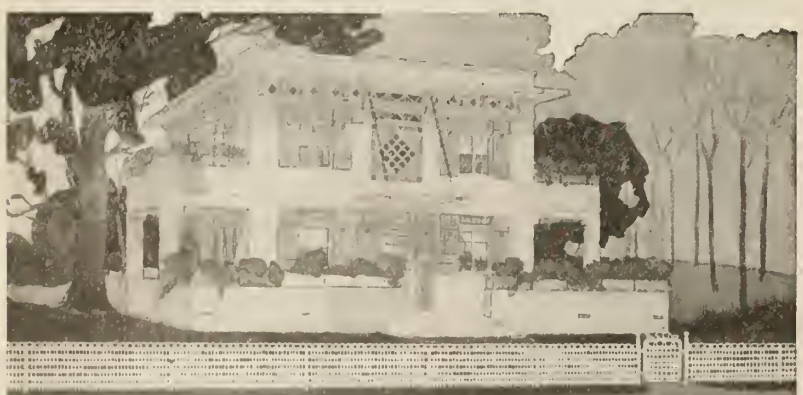
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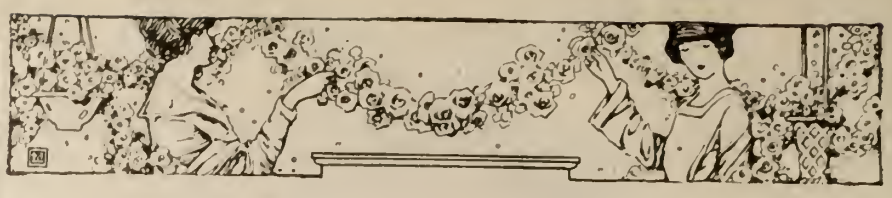
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Of Interest to the Motorist

BY F. H. SWEET

Keeping Up the Finish of a Car

MANY motorists are at a loss to understand the reason for quick deterioration of the brightly-varnished surfaces of a motor car body that has been in use for some time. The paint may be blistered or the finish spotted at various points. Bodies that were formerly black will assume a bluish tinge, and bright varnish will soon become dull. If the car is an expensive one, the motorist is justified in expecting a degree of finish that will endure, but those who purchase cheaper cars must expect to lose the bright finish after the car has been used for a time. Where cars are manufactured in large quantities the varnish is often applied before some of the under coats are thoroughly dried, and the result will be a series of blisters. Another result of hasty manufacture and of putting the car in service soon after painting is spotting. This is produced by dry mud, which extracts some of the oil or gum from the varnish, and may often be caused by actual chemical action of alkaline mud.

The mud of city streets, especially at points where there is a great deal of animal traffic, is highly charged with ammonia, and in certain clay or lime districts the mud is very destructive to the varnish lustre.

Even when a car has been properly varnished and finished, there are many conditions for which the motorist is directly or indirectly to blame, which will ruin even the highest grade of paint and varnish. For instance, when cars are cleaned at garages various soaps and washing compounds are usually used which contain alkaline materials to assist in removing dirt and oil, but which are very destructive to the highly-finished, varnished surfaces. Most of the soaps upon the market contain ingredients which have a chemical action on the oils of paint and cause it to deteriorate. There are soaps which do not damage painted surfaces, but these are usually more costly and require more care and labor to remove the dirt accumulation, so they are not apt to be generally used. The grades of soap that act the quickest in cutting grease are those that will more quickly dull the surfaces of the body.

SOME very good carriage painters go so far as advising that no soap be used on finely-varnished surfaces. Some painters advise against dusting off a car, and claim that accumulations of this substance should be removed from the surface by washing. It is contended that wiping off the dust will have the effect of scratching the varnished surfaces, and that the best method of removing either dust, mud or dirt is to flush the surfaces with water from a hose. After as much of the dirt has been removed by this method as possible, a sponge may be used, but great care should be taken that no grit is permitted to collect beneath the sponge, and that the stream of water from the hose be always kept at work ahead of the sponge.

If any grease is present on the running gear, it should be removed with gasoline or benzine, and while these substances may deaden the varnished surfaces temporarily, the blemish will not remain if the dull varnish is polished with a clean soft cloth wet with linseed oil. The finish of many automobiles is ruined by allowing accumulations of oil or asphalt from freshly tarred or oiled roads to remain on the body work. These substances should not be allowed to remain any longer than necessary, and if the oil or asphalt has become hardened, it may be dissolved by using naphtha, vaseline, or even butter. After the oily accumulations have been dissolved, the car should be very carefully washed to remove all traces of the oily mud or the solvents.

Of course, there are portions of the car where it is difficult to have the paint stay in good condition. The paint is often burned off that part of the hood on a gasoline machine adjacent the exhaust pipe or on those portions of the hood of a steam car which cover the boiler or burner. Any part of the hood subjected to considerable heat will become discolored after a time, and if the heat is intense the paint will burn and blister.

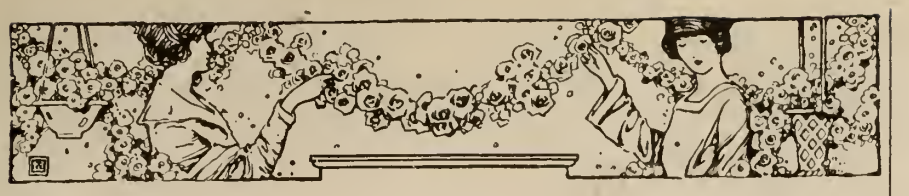
If care is taken to keep the body properly washed by using only the best grade of carriage soap obtainable and only clean water, sponges and chamois skins, the body finish will be preserved for a much longer time than if washing is neglected and all the mud or dirt allowed to dry on the varnished surfaces. The use of quick-acting soaps should be avoided as much as possible, and tar or oil accumulations should be removed as soon as conditions will permit.

IF a car is kept in a barn or shed housing horses or cattle, or adjacent to a stable, the fumes of ammonia will soon cause deterioration of the paint and varnish. One should never touch dusty surfaces with the hands or attempt to remove the dust by brushing off with a cloth. As a general rule, the automobile body will need to be gone over every season. The first year that the car is in use the paint should be in good condition, if proper attention has been paid to washing, so that a coat of varnish will suffice to restore the body to its pristine brilliancy. A car that has been used more than one season will need both painting and varnishing to make a good job.

The matter of cleaning and caring for tops and upholstery is also one that should be considered to some extent. Mohair tops are usually fitted to medium grade cars, leather to high-priced cars, and imitation leather or pantasote on the cheaper cars. In cleaning mohair tops, it is necessary to remove not only dust and dirt, but particles of grease or oily matter thrown up against it by the wheels from either the road surface or portions of the mechanism. Dust should be removed with a moist sponge, while grease or oil stains can be taken off by a sponge and a good soapsuds. Leather and imitation leather tops should be treated with some form of preservative. Some dressings may be purchased all ready mixed, and may be applied by the motorist himself. Others may be prepared at very little expense. Shabby leather may be made to look brighter by rubbing over the surface with either linseed oil or the well-beaten white of an egg mixed with a little black ink. Before applying any type of dressing it is advisable to go over the surface with neatsfoot oil until it has been properly softened, and often the oil treatment will be sufficient for all practical purposes.

The following recipe is given as a good preservative for leather. It is composed of six parts of spermaceti, eighteen parts of beeswax, five parts of asphalt varnish, five parts black vine twig, two parts Prussian blue, one part nitrobenzol, one part powdered borax, and sixty-six parts oil of turpentine. The wax is melted and the borax is added, after which the mixture is stirred until a jelly-like mass is formed. In another pan the spermaceti is melted; the varnish, which has been previously mixed with turpentine, is added, and the mass stirred well and added to the wax mixture in the other vessel. The color is the last ingredient added, this having been previously rubbed smooth with a little of the mixture. The material is applied with a brush about once a week, in small quantities, and is wiped well with a soft cloth to polish after application.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49.)



What Shall We Give Our June Graduates?

Suggestions for the Perplexed

JUNE is the one month of all the year on which hundreds of our students have their eyes fixed, because that month spells either success or failure to them. In other words, June spells graduation—or—well, we will not mention the harrowing side of the subject.

To the nurse who will go out into the world to combat sickness and death; to the young high school girl, just closing perhaps the most carefree days of her life, and to the college girl starting out into the world fired with hopes and ambitions, June spells both the end and the beginning of things.

It has long been the custom to mark this day of all days for the people who are to carry off the coveted diplomas and honors. This is the one great day in many of their lives, and, along with birthdays and such celebrated events, must not go unmarked. There are a variety of very suitable gifts which help make the day a happy one.

HOW pleased the nurse would be with a leather satchel fitted with all the queer but precious instruments which are so important in her profession? Any leather store, or any large city departmental store, will have them in stock for $15 to $35. Again, a watch is a most essential and acceptable gift. Not the wrist watch so commonly worn, because a nurse has to plunge her hands into water many times a day, and no watch could stand that treatment. But there is a splendid little gold one made especially for nurses which can be worn with a plain gold fob. Any jewellery store will keep them, and they can be bought for $18. A plain, but very good-looking, gold set of cuffs and apron studs are very acceptable, too. Most nurses go through their training with very ordinary pearl ones, and are very proud to know that their brand new white graduate's uniform will be securely fastened with gold studs. These may be bought from 75c to $5.00.

Now, what shall we give our high school graduate? There are many things we might present her with if she is going to university or college. How about a bookcase, to hold the many books which she will need there? It is always wise to buy a sectional one, which can have shelves added to it as necessity demands. Two or more sections may be bought as a start. Any large departmental store or furniture store will carry a full line of them. A fountain pen, too, will come in handy to copy lecture notes. A very nice one, self-filling, may be bought for about five dollars. How about a leather-bound, loose-leaf notebook, that will be one of her first needs at college? Nothing is more helpful to her in her study hours than an inexpensive reading lamp, with a cord attached so that it may be placed anywhere she desires. This will bring her untold comfort, and can be bought for about $7 in any store where electrical supplies are sold. Perhaps now that our girl is a full-fledged graduate she may own her first gold watch and be able to bequeath to her small sister that old gunmetal one. A very pretty little gold watch with extension bracelet may be bought for about $25 or $35, which will give splendid service.

THE university girl is our last care. She, like the nurse, is going out to find her place in the world and become a lifelong student in the school of experience. There are many beautiful and useful remembrances for her. Perhaps the most desired and likely to be forgotten is that magic degree hood. It is made of black corded silk and lined along the edges with rabbit skin. It can be bought for about $20, and the giver may rest assured that he or she has given the most coveted gift of all. The degree hood is a decided luxury, and most college girls have learned to do without such things. Next in importance is her college pin, a real good one to replace the inexpensive one she bought in her first year. If her college pin is already a good one, I am sure the proverbial blue bird of happiness will be appreciated. There are many inexpensive jewellery gifts, such as lingerie pins and odd little pieces of platinum jewellery. Then this year we have beads—beads everywhere—rivalling every color of the rainbow. There is not a girl who has not coveted, and secretly vowed to have, a string of those beads.

Someone has said that of the making of books there is no end, and the same quotation seems to apply with regard to a Varsity girl's desire for the procuring of books. Books have become a part of her nature. Full sets of books are splendid, and reference books on various subjects will be helpful, too. There is an edition of "The Encyclopaedia Britannica" which is handy for daily use, and the separate volumes are small enough to fit the ordinary bookcase. Any book publisher can get the edition for you.

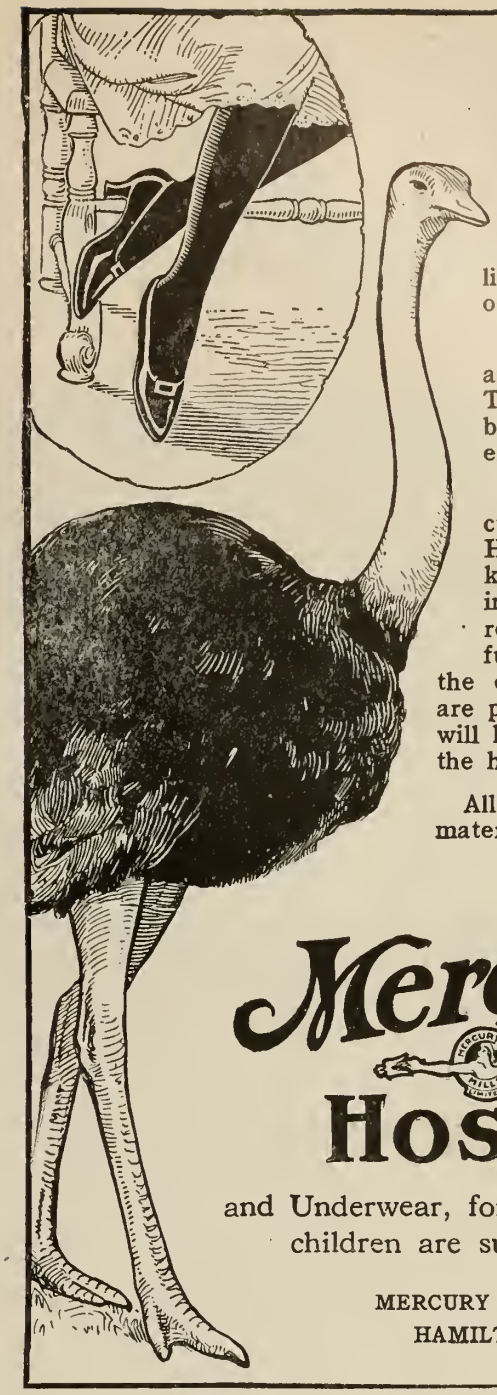
PROBABLY someone will think I am going to forget the daintiest and most useful of gifts—I refer to lingerie, in all its fussiness and beribboned glory. Do not buy those lovely camisoles and Italian silk "undies," but make them yourself. Your own originality will often result in much prettier designs than those of which our French stores boast, and things that are made by the giver have added charm for the receiver. Little "bits and bobs" of lace and ribbon are always dear to any girl's heart, and happy is the girl who has a plentiful supply of "fussiness" in her graduating trousseau.

Now for the most graceful gift of all. I refer to flowers. Sometimes these are allowed to be carried in a graduating procession, and then every girl loves to be almost converted into a veritable flower garden. She is a happy girl, indeed, if on that day of days she wakens up in the morning to find her dressing table covered with flowers. Can't you just picture the happy expression of delight on her face when she sees them for the first time? But, in spite of the fact that flowers are so beautiful, they fade so soon, and something that could be kept, from intimate friends at least, seems to us almost more appropriate.

LAST of all—the familiar and "all powerful" gift of "Dad" is his "personal cheque." During graduation week there is one round of social functions, luncheons, teas, dinner parties and dances, which make a serious hole in the finances of any college girl. Dad's cheque is, indeed, a most welcome sight; in fact, most of it is spent before it is really received.

Almost every girl has the desire to take post-graduate work in some university other than her alma mater, and it would be almost "too wonderful" if Dad included those college fees in that same "personal cheque." Probably our graduate does not intend doing post-graduate work, but instead has dreams of a trip abroad. In that case a vacation cheque would make those dreams a reality, and help considerably towards seeing our girl safely on her way to Europe.

These are only a few suggestions which have occurred to us. There are doubtless many more, but we hope these may be helpful to many of our readers.



EVERY woman knows how soft, silky and lustrous an ostrich plume is.

The quality of Mercury Hosiery has been likened to that of an ostrich plume.

The yarns used are soft and silky to the touch. They have a lustre and beauty that denotes their excellence.

More than that, Mercury Seamless Fashioned Hosiery for women is knitted, not stretched, into shape. The new narrow ankle, the shapely, full fashioned calf and the extra wide roomy top are permanent features that will last as long as you wear the hose.

All fashionable shades and materials.

Mercury

Hosiery

and Underwear, for men, women and children are sure to satisfy.

MERCURY MILLS, LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA

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Include Great Lakes Water Route



On Your Trip to the Pacific Coast

A trip which includes the marvelous

Canadian Pacific Rockies

Excellent accommodations—cool, restful, day-and-a-half's diversion on the

Canadian Pacific
GREAT LAKES
Steamship Service

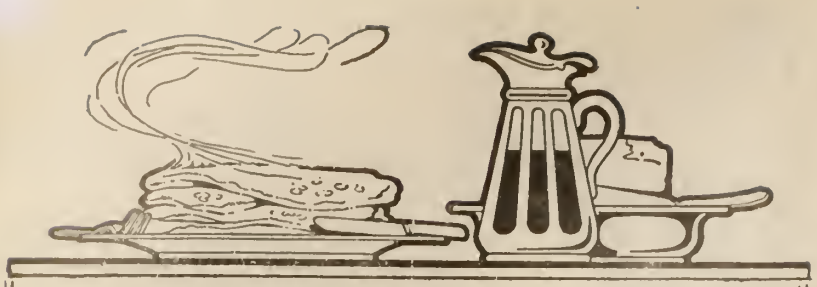
From Port McNicoll, via Toronto, on Georgian Bay through Lake Huron and Sault Ste. Marie to Fort William on Lake Superior.

LIBERAL STOP-OVER PRIVILEGES

Further particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents.

W. B. HOWARD,
District Passenger Agent,
Toronto.





HOT PANCAKES!

Yes, But-- What are pancakes worth without syrup? It is the syrup that gives the flavor; and there is no other syrup that tastes just as good as

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

For hot pancakes, hot biscuits and muffins and a dozen other Table and Kitchen uses, housewives with the widest experience use Crown Brand every time—the golden syrup with the cane flavor.

For Marmalade and other preserves, we recommend our LILY WHITE Corn Syrup.



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Sold by Grocers everywhere, in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

The Canada Starch Co., Limited, Montreal



$100 will be Awarded To Canadian Home Journal Readers

FOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Will you be one of the fortunate prize winners?

Now is an excellent time to photograph your pets. Try it and send us your pictures. They may be the finest received.

Canadian Home Journal will conduct Five Photograph Contests beginning June First and concluding November First, 1919.

These contests are open to all readers of this magazine.

Contest Number One.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF DOGS.

For the best photograph of a dog or group of dogs sent to us, we shall pay as follows:

First Prize $10.00
Second Prize $5.00

For all other photographs accepted we shall pay $1.00 each.
Photographs of dogs must be in our possession by June 30th.

Contest Number Two.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF CATS.

For the best photograph of a cat or a group of cats sent to us, we shall pay as follows:

First Prize $10.00
Second Prize $5.00

For all other photographs accepted we shall pay $1.00 each.
Photographs of cats must be in our possession by July 30th.

Contest Number Three.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF HORSES.

For the most interesting photograph of a horse or a group of horses we shall pay as follows:

First Prize $10.00
Second Prize $5.00

For all other photographs accepted we shall pay $1.00 each.
Photographs of horses must be in our possession by August 30th.

Contest Number Four.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PETS.

For the most interesting photograph of your pet or several pets, we shall pay as follows:

First Prize $10.00
Second Prize $5.00

For all other photographs accepted we shall pay $1.00 each.
Photographs of pets must be in our possession by September 30th

Contest Number Five.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF LANDSCAPES.

For the most interesting photograph of an unusual out-door scene in Canada; such as, a peculiar tree; a curious land formation; a beautiful waterfall; or anything unique in nature, we shall pay as follows:

First Prize $10.00
Second Prize $5.00

For all other photographs accepted we shall pay $1.00 each.
Photographs of landscapes must be in our possession by October 30th

Write full name and address on the back of each photograph.

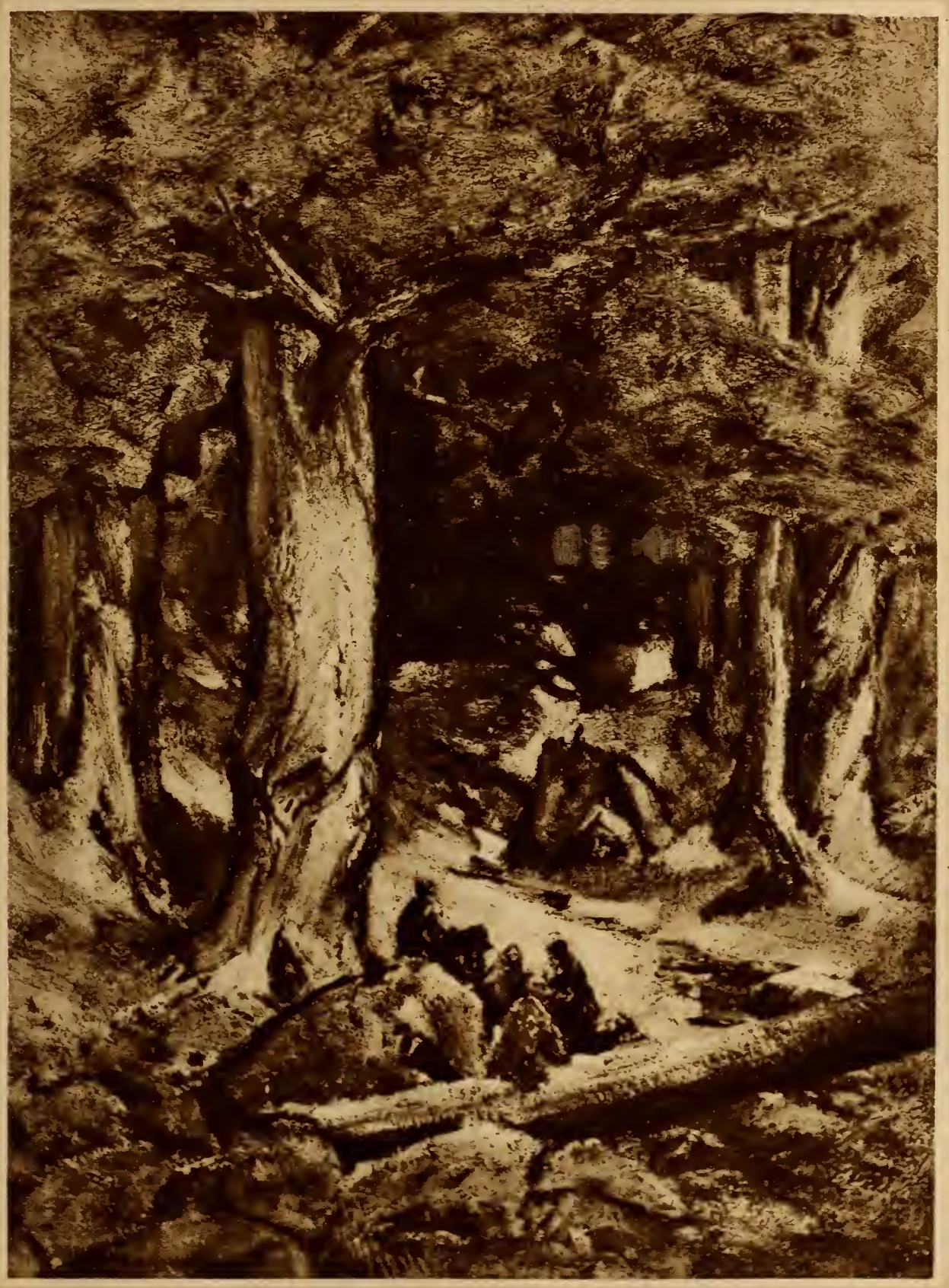
Unless return postage is enclosed with the photographs, we cannot promise to return them.

Address Editor Photo Contest,

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

71 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Masterpieces of Canadian Art





"THE TRUANTS"

BY HOMER WATSON, F.R.C.A.

Homer Watson is the most thoroughly Canadian of all our Canadian painters. He was born at Doon, Ont., in 1855, where his parents and grandparents were well known among the early pioneers of that district.

In 1887, at the age of 32, he made his first pilgrimage to Europe, where he spent several years, his main object being to see the Galleries and study the works of the Old Masters.

In Europe his work was well received, and from 1888 until about 1905 he was a frequent contributor to the following exhibitions in England: The Royal Academy, the New English Art Club, the Society of British Artists, and the Royal Institute, Glasgow.

This artist, whose works adorn the walls of many of the best homes in Canada, enjoys the distinction (accorded to but few Canadians) of being represented in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.

Mr. Watson was for some years a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, a founder member of the Royal Canadian Academy, and of the Canadian Art Club, becoming its first President. For some years he was Vice-President of the Academy, and in 1918 was elected President.

Can You Catch This Fairbanks Smile?





"Naka" with the Fairbanks dogs, large and small. At the right is the favorite "Rex," an Alaskan dog.



Pals.

Hurrah! for Canada
Douglas Fairbanks



The mother of Douglas Fairbanks, who passed away two years ago.



Fairbanks' birthplace, Denver, Colorado.





Where Douglas Fairbanks lives at Beverly Hill, California.



Mary Pickford and Charley Chaplin have their pictures taken in the old-fashioned way by Douglas Fairbanks.

Douglas at four with his brother Robert, who is now manager of production for his brother.

Description on page 28.

DAUGHTERS OF THE DEVONSHIRE HOUSEHOLD



LADY MAUD MACKINTOSH, eldest daughter of Their Excellencies, and widow of the late Captain Angus Mackintosh.



LADY DOROTHY CAVENDISH, third daughter of Their Excellencies.



LADY BLANCHE COBBOLD, second daughter of Their Excellencies, whose marriage to Captain Ivan Cobbold took place in England April 30th, 1919.



LADY ANNE CAVENDISH, fifth and youngest daughter of Their Excellencies.



LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH, fourth daughter of Their Excellencies.

Description on page 26 of this issue.

The photographs of Lady Blanche Cobbold, Lady Rachel and Lady Anne Cavendish are from the studio of Mr. Walter Mackenzie, Montreal. The photographs of Lady Maud Mackintosh and Lady Dorothy Cavendish are used by courtesy of the International Press, Limited, Toronto.

Our Prince of Wales from Babyhood to Manhood



At the Age of Ten, in 1904, the Prince is Shown in Naval Uniform.

In 1911 the Prince was Invested by the King with the Insignia of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

The Prince's Grandfather, the Late King Edward, when, as the Prince of Wales, He Visited America.







The Royal baby of the House of Windsor at Three Years.



The Prince Grown to Manhood.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood.



Drink

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

You can't think of "*delicious*" or "*refreshing*" without thinking of Coca-Cola.

You can't drink Coca-Cola without being delighted and refreshed.

Demand the genuine by full name — nicknames encourage substitution

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

TORONTO WINNIPEG

Columbia Grafonola

Take Music Wherever You Go

All the joys of vacation days are redoubled, when Music is one of your merry party.

Light and compact in its traveling kit, with plenty of space for records, the Columbia Vacation Grafonola can be tucked away safely in any corner of your automobile, motor-boat, or canoe. It is out of the way, except when you want it, and then any time, anywhere, you have all the latest successes of song land, the best of the newest music for dancing.

Ask any Columbia dealer to show you the Vacation Model in its handy traveling kit. Hear the rich tone of this remarkable little instrument. See how easy it is to select from Columbia Records just the music you want for happy vacation days.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, Toronto, Ontario



Columbia Grafonolas
Standard Models
$30 to $325
Period Designs
up to $2100

Columbia
Columbia Records
TRADE MARK
Grafonola

Which Will You Choose For Your Home

Keeping pace with the demand for the small bungalow, these designs are shown as suggestions for those who contemplate building artistic homes.





Larger type of house, with shingle roof laid to give a thatching appearance.



Two charming one-story bungalows built at moderate cost.



House of Dutch Colonial design, with spacious verandah across the entire front.



Bungalow showing Japanese features, with walls of field stone.





You can safely use Pond's Vanishing Cream just before going out. It vanishes immediately.

Pond's Cold Cream has exactly the consistency demanded by the best masseurs

Daily Exposure coarsens the texture of your skin

DAY after day of exposure to sun, wind and dust is what makes your skin fade, dry out and wrinkle. You will realize that this is true when you consider that the skin on your body, which is not exposed to these influences, does not become coarsened and wrinkled.

To counteract the damaging influences of everyday exposure, your skin needs the proper care and protection.

Learn how easily you can keep your skin soft and smooth throughout the trying summer weather.

Every skin needs two creams

To keep your skin supplied with just the softening property it needs to help it withstand the roughening effect of warm dusty weather, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream with the tips of your fingers over your face. Your skin takes it up as parched sand absorbs water. At once it vanishes—never to reappear in an embarrassing shine.

Then look closely at your face in a hand mirror and see what a difference *your first application* makes. You will find your complexion smoother, fresher, lovelier than ever in coloring.

During the day, especially before you go out of doors, protect your face by applying Pond's Vanishing Cream.

At night when your pores have plenty of time to absorb its healing, soothing properties, the use of a *cleansing* cream—a cream with an oily base—is of the utmost importance. Pond's Cold Cream is especially liked for its smooth, easy-to-work-in consistency. Its formula is such that this cream supplies just what the tiny cells of the skin require.

Faithfully use these two creams and you will find that instead of being afflicted with a rough, harsh skin, with redness and irritation, your skin will retain its softness and freshness throughout the most trying weather. Neither cream will cause the growth of hair or down.

Free sample tubes—send for them today

Tear out this coupon and mail it today for free sample tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream. Or send 10c and we will send you tubes of each cream large enough to last two weeks. Send for them today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 77 Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.





MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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77 Brock Ave., Toronto, Can.
Please send me, free, the items checked:
☐ *A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream* ☐ *Pond's Cold Cream*
Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount to cover postage, packing, etc.:
☐ *A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream* ☐ *5c sample Cold Cream*

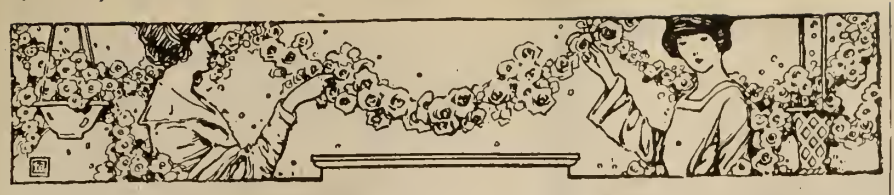
Name _____

Street _____

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MADE IN CANADA





How to Cook the Queen of the Kitchen Garden

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Another method:—Cut cold cooked asparagus in one inch pieces and arrange in nests of lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with chopped whites of hard-cooked eggs and the yolks of eggs rubbed through a sieve. Serve with the following salad dressing. Beat the yolks of four eggs for five minutes, add four tablespoonfuls of oil, gradually, beating constantly, then add four tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Cook in a double boiler, stirring until the mixture thickens, do not allow it to boil. Chill and add gradually, stirring all the time, four tablespoonfuls of oil, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and one teaspoonful of salt. Just before serving add two cupfuls of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

Asparagus with Shrimp.—Boil and drain two bunches of asparagus tips. Place the asparagus tips on a bed of lettuce leaves. Open and drain one can of shrimp and put in the center of the asparagus and pour over the following sauce. Mix two cupfuls of mayonnaise dressing with one-half cupful of thick cream, add two tablespoonfuls of tomato catchup, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste and three hard-cooked eggs, chopped. Serve cold. This makes an excellent luncheon or supper dish for warm days.

Asparagus a la Creme.—Take one bunch of nice fresh asparagus, cleanse it, and trim all the stalks evenly; then tie them up and put into boiling water with a little salt, and let it boil for ten minutes; take it up and put the asparagus into a saucepan with two cupfuls of milk, one chopped onion, one bunch of herbs, one washed lettuce, and a dust of paprika. Cook for twenty minutes, then skim out the asparagus. To the mixture in the saucepan add four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, eight tablespoonfuls of flour which have been blended together, stir until the mixture boils, then add one-half cupful of milk, three raw yolks of eggs and the strained juice of one lemon, stir this over the fire until the mixture thickens, but do not allow it to boil. Place the asparagus on a crouton of lightly fried bread or on a slice of buttered toast, and pour the prepared sauce all over it and serve at once. Garnish with stars of pickled beets.

Asparagus Ragout.—Clean four dozen sticks of asparagus, cut off the tops, and keep in cold water until required, then boil for twenty minutes, strain them and pour two tablespoonfus of melted butter over them. Take one lettuce and one head of endive, and let them remain in cold water until quite crisp, wash and dry them well by shaking them in a clean cloth, put them in a saucepan with four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, one bunch of herbs, one chopped onion, a dust of paprika, and the stalks of the asparagus. Cover the pan and cook slowly for twenty minutes, then add one-half cupful of cornstarch mixed with one cupful of tomato sauce and cook for twenty-five minutes, occasionally stirring it. Rub it through a sieve and put it into a saucepan to get hot. Serve hot garnished with poached eggs and the points of asparagus.

Of Interest to the Motorist

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

ANOTHER formula for giving new life to leather tops or upholstery is given as follows: Ground ruby shellac, 2.25 parts; dark resin, .91 parts; sandarac, .115 parts; gum resin, .115 parts; analine black (spirit soluble), .115 parts; lamp black, .115 parts; wood alcohol, 22.50 parts. The first step in preparing this mixture is to dissolve the sandarac, dark resin, gum resin and shellac in alcohol; next the analine black is added, and finally the lamp black, which has been ground to a paste with a little of the liquid, is mixed in. After the whole has been thoroughly mixed, it is filtered. This is applied to the top or upholstery with a brush, and is polished with a soft cloth or brush.

On genuine leather tops, upholstery and for the leather straps holding a top, a good grade of harness oil is often sufficient. The following will be found an effective mixture: Oil of turpentine, 2 ounces; lamp black, ½ ounce; neatsfoot oil, 10 ounces; vaseline, 4 ounces. The lamp black is mixed with the turpentine and the neatsfoot oil, and the vaseline is thinned by heating it, and the ingredients are mixed by shaking together. When the mixture cools it will be in the form of a grease or paste, which is rubbed well into the leather to be preserved or softened.

If the car has been used on a wet or stormy day, the top should be kept up until it is thoroughly dry, as if it is inserted in the top case, or folded while wet, the lining might mildew or rot. In folding tops, care should be taken to have the folds even and to have as few wrinkles as possible. The various bows comprising the framework of the top should be separated by small rubber pads, and the whole firmly strapped together by leather bands applied at each side of the folded top frame to prevent rattle.

Upholstery is usually preserved by slip covers of various grades of cloth applied to the cushions and to the backs of the seats. As most cushions and seat backs are upholstered with leather or the various fabrics imitating it, the same dressings that have been recommended for tops may be used to advantage in treating the cushions and seat backs. In some of the higher-priced cars, especially of the closed body forms, various grades of broadcloth, Bedford cord, or other textile fabrics are used. When these become dirty they must be treated very carefully and by an experienced cleaner, because ordinary methods of removing grease spots will cause unsightly discolorations of the fine fabrics. Where high-grade upholstering materials are used, slip covers are really necessary. These should be kept in place at all times that the passengers are in ordinary street or business dress, but may be removed and the clean upholstering used at such times that it is desirable not to dirty the clothing, as when evening clothes are worn. If the cushions or seat backs are torn, or otherwise damaged, restoration can only be made by an upholsterer or carriage trimmer. Whenever any of the preservative dressings are applied to the upholstery, it is well to wipe off all traces of the dressing very carefully in order that it will not soil the clothing.

Motorists—a Warning.

ATTENTION has more than once been directed to the real and comparatively little known danger arising from the unburned gases in the exhaust from an automobile engine. This time we hear of the death of a man who permitted his motor to run after the car had been driven into the garage. The weather was cold, and he closed the door for a few minutes. His body was found later.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64.)

BOVRIL

Canada Food Board, License No. 13-442.

MOIR'S
Chocolates

I'm so glad you came. I've such a treat for you. Moir's Chocolates—my favorites. There's nothing quite so delicious or just like Moir's in flavor.
Moir's Limited, Halifax

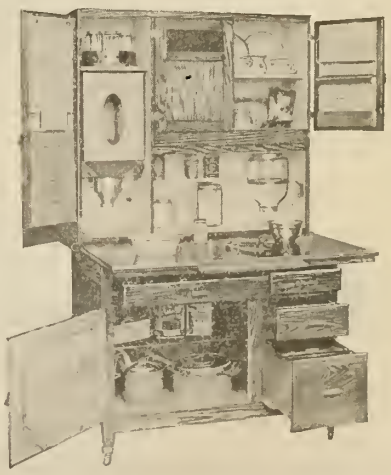


It is in the Kitchen

the bride must solve her first domestic problems. The preparation of the first meals will make or mar the first pleasures of domestic life.

Therefore, any wedding present that helps her solve this problem successfully is the present she will value most.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet is the most useful, most efficient wedding present you can give a bride. She will never forget your thoughtfulness. Kitchen drudgery will never be her lot. Her hours in the kitchen will be as pleasant as her hours elsewhere. For this reason the Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet is a most suitable kitchen equipment for all housewives and cooks. Indeed, it is indispensable.



You can learn more about the Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet by writing for our Booklet "C." The Cabinet is recommended by dealers in hundreds of cities and towns. You are interested why not write us now?

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Limited
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Trade Mark
KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET
Registered.

Chocolate-a food

IT is now universally admitted that chocolate is a food—a sustaining food.

During the war millions of tons of chocolate were sent to the Front.

Our Canadian soldiers early found that eating chocolate was not only pleasing to the taste, but restored vitality and gave renewed energy.

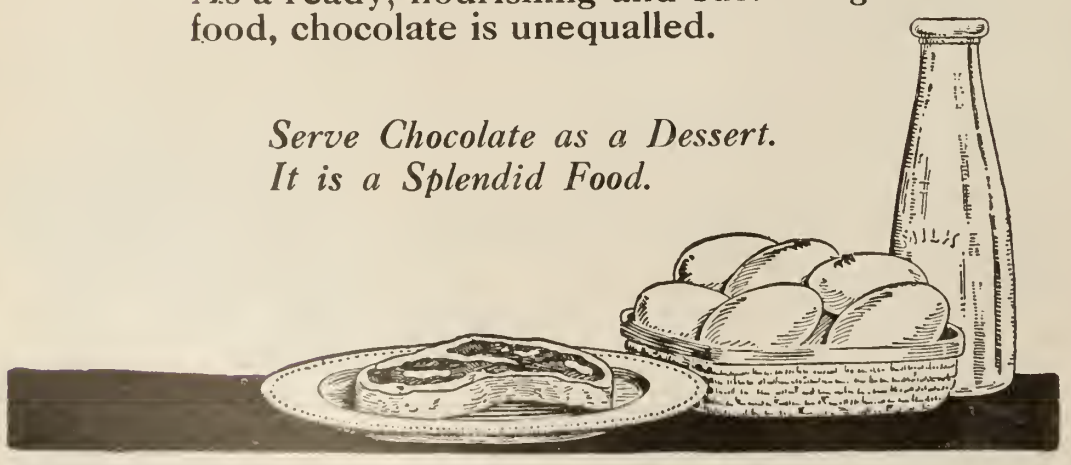
Brigadier-General L. W. Waller of the U.S. Marines, referring to the food value of chocolate, said—

"I never went into a campaign without chocolate. I always have a few cakes in my haversack when I go into action. Men fight like the devil on chocolate. Seasoned soldiers take it on the march with them."

It is a matter of actual scientific demonstration that one pound of chocolate produces the same amount of body-building nutriment as six eggs, a pint of milk and one pound of steak.

As a ready, nourishing and sustaining food, chocolate is unequalled.

Serve Chocolate as a Dessert.
It is a Splendid Food.



THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA

7

Canadian Home Journal for July

will contain another photogravure section which will be replete with pictures of unusual interest to readers from coast to coast

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.

Fashions

Describing Models on Page 67.

7729—Ladies' Sports Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch galatea

8016—Ladies' Dress (25 cents) Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch rose-color linen, 28½ yards braid.

8031—Ladies' Dress (25 cents) Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1¾ yard Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch plaid gingham, ⅜ yard 36-inch plain gingham.

8111—Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge of dress (closed) about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch white linen, 2¾ yards 36-inch blue linen for skirt.

11827—Blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents.

7946—Ladies' Dress (25 cents) Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen for overdress, 2⅜ yards 36-inch contrasting.

8097—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham, 2⅛ yards 32-inch plain gingham.

7395—Ladies' Military Waist (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch linen.

8153—Ladies' Dress (25 cents) Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch dark cotton poplin, 3 yards 36-inch pale gray poplin.

Describing Models on Page 68.

7801—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents) Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile, ½ yard 27-inch allover embroidery.

7815—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents) Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch crossbar dimity.

7840—Ladies' Dress (25 cents) Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch serge, ⅞ yard 36-inch black satin.

8141—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch serge.

8067—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents) Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

7688—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 44-inch tricotine, ½ yard 36-inch white satin.

8093—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard Size 36 requires 4½ yards 44-inch serge, ⅜ yard 36-inch dotted organdy

8102—Ladies' Dress (25 cents) Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch crepe de Chine.

12426—Blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents.

8152—Ladies' Tunic Blouse (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch tricolet.

12319—Blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents.

7797—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch tricolet.

8097—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 44-inch plain serge, 1⅞ yard 44-inch check worsted ⅜ yard 36-inch white satin.

Concerning Books

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

good knight and strong was finally rewarded with the heart and hand of his lady.

The story is a clean one and as there is considerable dialogue, would prove particularly adaptable to family reading; in fact, it is doubtful if many books of the season could equal it in this respect. The illustrations, which are by Mr. W. T. Benda, are beautifully executed and the whole volume is one which is heartily commended to the readers of "The Canadian Home Journal."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56.)



12187—Carriage Pillow Matching Robe 12188



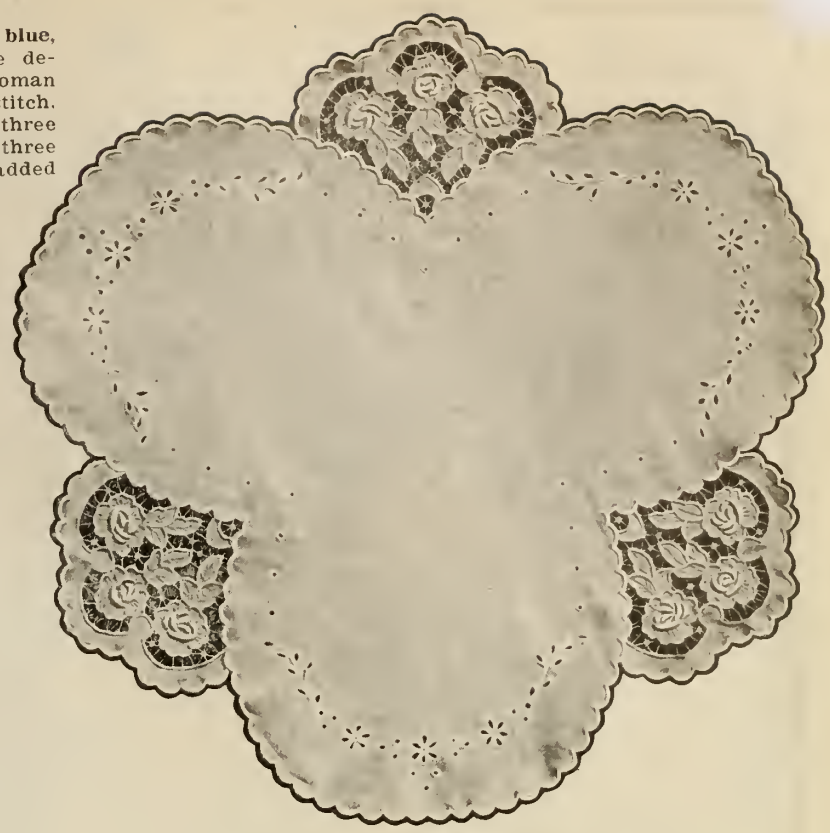
12188—Carriage Robe Matching Pillow 12187.

Transfer pattern 12187, blue, 15 cents. Embroidery design for pillow 16 by 19¾ inches corresponding with that on carriage robe **12188** shown above. This charming and simple baby pillow of linen lawn is unique. The square eyeleted scallop is quickly worked and the rose and leaf designs in raised satin stitch filled in with seeding are equally as easily carried out.

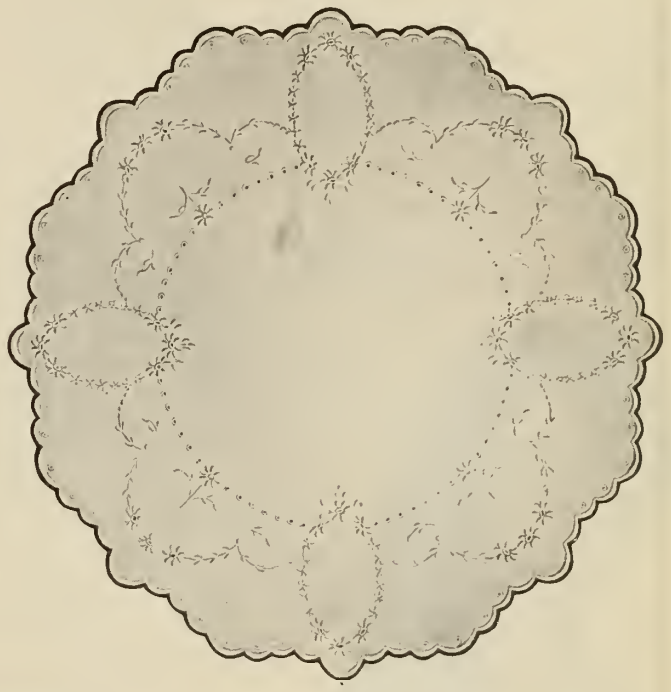
Transfer pattern 12188, blue, 20 cents. The square scallop on this set of pillow and robe is a change from the rounded ones so generally used. To distinguish the front from the back of the flowers in the spray the petals of the former are filled in with seed stitches. The outer edges are worked in raised satin stitch, stems in French stemming and scallops buttonhole stitched.

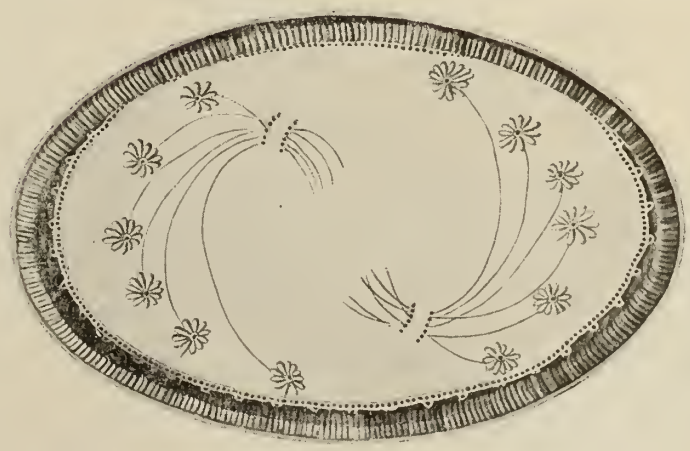
12252—Centrepiece 34 inches in diameter.

Transfer pattern 12252, blue, 30 cents. This handsome design is a combination of Roman cut-work and eyelet stitch. Each cut-work section has three full blown roses and three leaves worked in heavy padded satin stitch.



Work for the Odd Minutes at Holiday Time



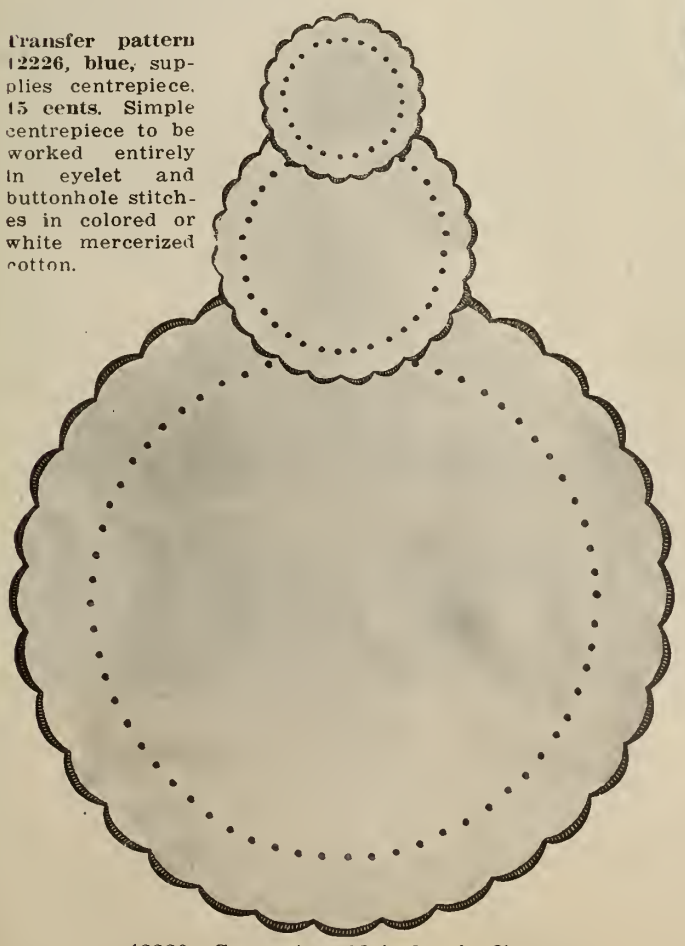


12157—Tray Doily 14¼ by 17¾ inches.

Transfer pattern, 12157, blue, 10 cents. This design charming as a doily for a tea tray, is 14¼ by 17¾ inches. The stems are worked in outline stitch, the flower petals are in raised satin stitch, while the centres of the flowers and the dots are in eyelet stitch. A pretty finish is a narrow edging of either tatting, crochet or Cluny lace

Transfer pattern 12196, blue, 30 cents. A design of wreaths and garlands of daisies to be worked in eyelet and raised satin stitches.

Transfer pattern 12226, blue, supplies centrepiece. **15 cents.** Simple centrepiece to be worked entirely in eyelet and buttonhole stitches in colored or white mercerized cotton.



12226—Centrepiece 22 inches in diameter
12227—Plate and Tumbler Doilies 6 and 10 inches in diameter.

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Company, 263 Adelaide St., W., Toronto.



12214—Four Huckaback Hand Towels

Transfer pattern 12214, blue, 20 cents. Designs for four towels, 15 inches wide, are given in this pattern with scalloping for both ends though the design is at one end only, also color diagram for the cross-stitch rose design. Two of these towels are for cross-stitch worked with colors, while the other two are for white work. The latter are in raised satin and eyelet stitches. With the wreath design an initial 2 inches high may be used and with the other, two or three letters are pretty but they can't be more than 1 inch high



CONNOR
"CANADA FIRST"

Just think of being forever rid of Wash-day drudgery and doing the big washing in a few hours which formerly took all day. The Connor "Canada First" Washing Machine runs so smoothly and easily that wash-day is now wash hour, and the hard work has vanished.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate this machine to you. It will surely solve your wash-day problems. Beautifully illustrated booklet on request.

J. H. CONNOR & SON, LIMITED
Ottawa, - - - - - Ont.

Girls! Lots of Beautiful Hair

35 cent bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair

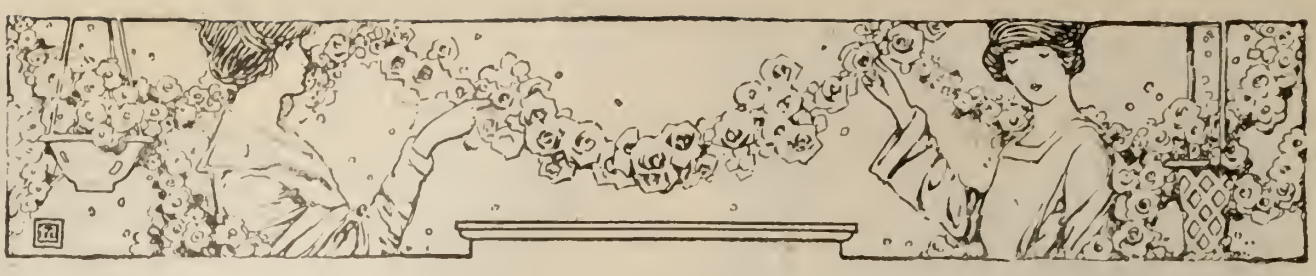


To be possessed of a head of heavy beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 35 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness, and an incomparable gloss and luster, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits every one who tries this.

Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.



Courage in the Dark

By Josephine Story

IF you are a tender mother—and tenderness and motherhood are indissolubly connected in the average mind—you have sympathetically comforted and argued and explained away the bogies the dark has conjured in the minds of your children. Perhaps you have laughed at them. "What! A great big boy like you afraid of the dark?"

Well, that's all quite as it should be, but how about yourself? Oh, of course, you aren't afraid of the darkness of night or a room, but the dictionary supplies another definition of the word dark: "Dark—obscure, not easily perceived or understood." Perhaps that is the sort of darkness you are afraid of. Afraid to make decisions because the results are hidden in the shadowy future; afraid of what the next day may bring; afraid of what others may say; afraid of making friends. All that is being afraid of the dark, because before you take your next step you want the spotlight of consequences to illuminate it.

SUPPOSE the next time you are tempted to fear your own judgment, to vacillate, you square your shoulders and say to yourself: "What! A grown-up like you afraid of the dark?" It may help you to step serenely forward into uncertainty. The very effort will crystallize your indecision into determination. Suppose you do make a mistake? Some of the world's greatest discoveries have been born of mistakes. The very fact that you have had the courage to fare forth on your little adventure in self-confidence will prove a tonic. Your head will be a bit higher; your backbone will stiffen and lose the jellyfish consistency that has kept you wobbly, and the next time it's up to you to make a decision you won't regard the necessity as a tragedy, but as an opportunity.

Courage! What a word that is. And there are so many kinds. There is the common or garden variety, of which we take no notice; the courage which keeps men cheery and hopeful at home when business anxieties are gnawing at their vitals. There is the courage that keeps a woman carrying on at her household tasks, comforting and inspiring the family, when inside she is consumed with desire to pitch every cooking utensil out of the window.

COURAGE! Think what it accomplished in the great war. When you are afraid to step forward, think of the men who have seized upon an infinitesimal chance to escape from prison, to rescue a fallen comrade, to silence a gun, to bring comfort to the dying! Think of them, and how nine times out of ten they won out. There's no truer saying than "Fortune favors the brave."

Then, there's moral courage, and it takes heaps of it in this world if you mean to make good, to stand for what you know to be right. But what pleasure or gain can there be in the life of the person with no individuality; and to have individuality one must have the courage to refuse to be stampeded along with the multitude.

Take a chance! Suppose Demosthenes, with his defective speech, had slunk at the relentless heels of the giant "I Can't"! We would never have known him as the greatest orator of his time. How he fought his infirmity! Think of W. H. Prescott, almost blind, working, enduring, achieving, until he became one of our foremost historians! Think of the courage of the man who could write "Pilgrim's Progress" in a prison!

IF you feel that you are handicapped spiritually, mentally, physically or financially, simply refuse to remain so—that's easy. If you have courage to persevere you are almost certain to accomplish anything upon which you are determined—any good thing. We have just had a world-shaking illustration of the strength of Right to conquer. Set out deliberately to cultivate resourcefulness, knowledge, kindliness, a sense of humor and vision—oh, by all means, vision—for that will illuminate the shadowy places which seem to menace.

When you feel afraid to go on, grip your courage tight and remember how you have comforted and reassured your children until they have laughed and run forward into the dark with you. Remember also that One is saying to you softly:

"O, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Why Not a Time Budget?

By Josephine Story

"WE live each day as though it were a thousand years," wrote someone, and might have added: "And the universal wail is, 'If I only had time!'"

You have all the time there is. Your friends may have bigger incomes, but they are no richer in time than you are; you have just as much of that commodity to spend as they. Sixty minutes in each hour, twenty-four hours in each day, seven days in each week, fifty-two weeks in each year, and presumably any number of years. What wealth! What a challenge to make every moment of it count!

IF you are an up-to-date person you have worked out a budget for your finances; now get busy on one for time expenditure—that's really the more important of the two. If you waste time, you waste money in these vital times. Suppose you are just the common or garden variety of home-maker, try setting down a time budget in black and white. It will bring you to a realization of what you are doing with that precious twenty-four hours, if it does nothing else. Doubtless the other members of the family will jeer at you, but if you make good you will find them surreptitiously studying your time-table.

Allow a certain amount of time for the preparation of "eats," for the care of the house, for mending and needle work, for social service, for incidentals—you always find a column devoted to those foundlings in an expense book; for recreation, and, above all, for refreshing and stimulating heart-to-hearts with the members of the family. You'll have to experiment to determine the amount of time to be devoted to each item, but when you've decided on it, stick to it. Resist the temptation to overrun your cooking appropriation to make an extra dish for dinner, let a room remain undusted rather than rob your recreation period, and comfort yourself with the thought that a writer once called dust the bloom of time. If you have been spending three afternoons a week on cards and complaining that you had no time for reading or lectures, cut the cards down to one afternoon, and take one for lectures and one for reading, and don't be swerved from your determination because someone will be "hurt" if you don't accept her invitation. If you respect your time budget your friends will. Just remember that the home-maker, more than anyone else, must develop a sense of values.

AFTER you have made your budget tackle your duties promptly. Don't hesitate; don't vacillate. Hesitation and vacillation are gourmands; they fairly gobble up time. If you expect to achieve results, you can't wait till you feel like doing a certain thing; you must begin doing, and keep on till you feel like it. Get things behind you. There is nothing so stimulating and inspiring as the consciousness of work accomplished and the prospect of uncrowded hours ahead. If you follow this plan you will push your duties; they can never get behind and push you.

Planning one's time assures one of an untired mind with which to do constructive thinking. Try the time budget. You will find that you have time for everything you want to do. Perhaps, to your amazement, you will discover that you have left no time, no, even a moment, for "blindness of heart, for pride, vain-glory and hypocrisy, for hatred, malice and all uncharitableness."

The Question of Who Shall Vote

(CONTINUED FROM EDITORIAL PAGE.)

If they want to vote, advise men to acquire "stamina" and "domestic virtues," and, above all, they must acquire "charm."

But here I am forgetting that this is an editorial, and that it is out of order to say "I" at all. "We" is the proper pronoun editorially. It's use is intended to convey to the people that the editor does not speak as a lone, unsupported person, but that he or she has the backing of the editorial staff, if not of the whole Government itself.

Having, therefore, assumed this attitude, let us forget our frivol on the franchise, and ask the intellectuals—male and female—to consider whether the time and effort spent in disqualifying our unlettered citizens would not be infinitely better expended in educating them and imbuing them with our most cherished national ideals.

Make no mistake about it, we shall pay a heavy price if we alienate, segregate, or kick under any very considerable proportion of our population as unfit for the franchise. We may think they are only a body of death, but we shall find they still possess qualities that are remarkably lifelike in nature.

In our national life, it must inevitably happen that we "march to fate abreast"—that is, we must, unless we wish to emulate Russia and other countries who tried out this scurvy game of keeping the peasantry under.

The Canadian coat-of-arms may have many colors but it must be a seamless garment. Or, if you would put it differently, Canada is a theme, or a song, and it must be sung together. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 63.)



BAUER & BLACK, Limited, *Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products*
Chicago, Toronto, New York



He Couldn't Play Because he might spoil his clothes---

Boys' clothes are expensive these days—but isn't it a shame that any boy should be deprived of healthy enjoyment because "he might spoil his clothes"? The problem is solved for boys whose mothers dress them in knickers and

BALLANTYNE BOYS' JERSEYS

Guaranteed All-Wool.

They can play to their hearts' content. These jerseys are made to withstand the hardest wear—at school or at play—and they always look well. The name "Ballantyne" guarantees that the materials used and the workmanship are of the highest quality. Buy a jersey for your boy, and ask for Ballantyne's.

At your Dealers
Pullover and fasten-on-shoulder styles.

R. M. Ballantyne, Limited
STRATFORD, ONT.



The Bride of Chilkoot Landing

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

She sank in a dejected heap upon her steamer trunk. Outside she could hear the doctor energetically wielding a hammer. "It's terrible," she said to herself, "it's the most desolate, hopelessly down-at-the-heels place I could ever have imagined. Of course Grant was very frank about everything. Still—I didn't know—I didn't just realize—" A tear splashed upon her cheek.

"HOW'S it going, girlie?" called the cheery voice of her husband through the doorway. "I'm coming in to make biscuits for supper presently. Wait till you taste them."

She laughed back uncertainly, "Oh, very well, do hurry. I'm dying to sample one. And, Grant—I'm just planning where to put things. The bookcase over there, with that brown copy of the 'Song of the Lark' just above, or do you think it is too dark? And that lovely little water-color of the fishing-boats on this wall. But oh dear! So many things will be utterly impossible. The cut-glass salad bowl and the Crown Derby cups, and the pearl handled fruit knives—could you imagine anything more ridiculous, Grant? I don't believe we'll take them out of their wrappings at all."

"Yes, we will," said the doctor decidedly, "though I'll confess they don't exactly harmonize with company supplies of beans and bacon and cornmeal and syrup. Still, it is just the bits of superfluous luxury that will keep you from missing too much everything else you've left behind."

"And the books!" she exclaimed with a touch of rapture, "and they have promised to send ever so many magazines from home. Thank heaven we know how to read, Grant!"

"But you must learn how to live, Isobel. You can't shut yourself up like a hermit, child."

"I hope you don't want me to cultivate the society of that awful girl, Grant." She feigned a shudder. "I had built up all sorts of illusions concerning her. I had imagined an elfish creature clad in deerskin, all fringed and beaded, with wonderful blue-black hair and liquid dark eyes, the sort of thing that always occurs in stories. And when I saw her down at the wharf—Shades of Broadway!"

"I think your whole viewpoint is wrong," he answered slowly, "I've told you something of Nettie before. She is the only child of an old miner, a diamond in the rough if ever there was one. She is shy, silent, intense, filled with dreams and desires. I fancy that she is as sensitive as a white moth. As for her clothes, she has practically never known a woman. She has only had blind instinct to guide her."

"You seem to have found her an interesting study," remarked Isobel with a touch of hauteur, "she would no doubt make an ideal experiment in psychology. But her hair, Grant! And that awful cream serge skirt (I'll venture to say it has been washed twenty times and there isn't any hang left to it one way or the other) and that pink silk waist with the cheap Valenciennes, and the tawdry, glittering stuff she thinks is jewellery! What on earth could I ever have in common with her?"

"I don't suppose she ever read Browning's 'Guardian Angel,' and has probably never been initiated into the mysteries of afternoon tea or golf or bridge or the need of social reform. But don't forget that she has been burning up to hear of all these things, Isobel, and has probably thought of you as the very person who would teach her."

"Oh, I'll be polite to her, of course," said Isobel easily, "but you can scarcely expect me to rave over our mutual tastes and sympathies, can you?"

"You might learn a very great deal from her. I doubt if there is a single fact of wood-lore that has escaped her. If you could see her swim or dive or hunt—well, she might appeal to you more strongly. And if you won't make the most of this chance of companionship, dear, there are apt to be some terribly lonely hours."

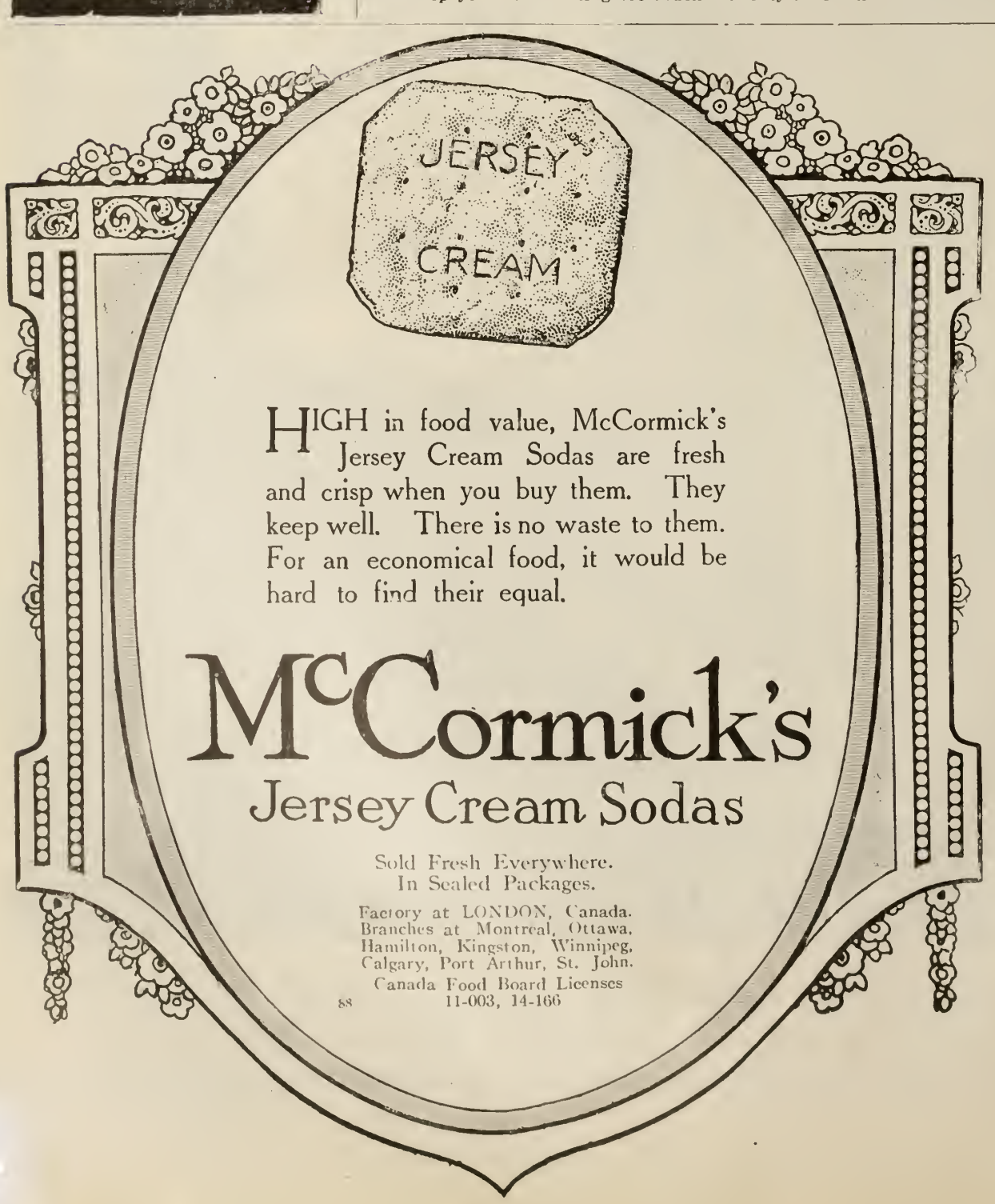
"I should be less bored with a novel," she answered loftily, "and there is always sewing and my housework. I'm really quite a self-sufficient young person, Grant. Where do you think we should put that Jacobean cabinet? It's going to be somewhat of a nuisance, I'm afraid."

HE followed her movements with a glance that was puzzled, meagrely hopeful, infinitely caressing. After all, he meditated, this attitude was only natural. She had been the indulged and joyous daughter of the physician with whom he had practised in the year following his graduation. A vision of the sleepy, provincial old town rose before him, with its elm-shaded streets, its murmuring river, the gray facade of its one sternly denominational college, and all the narrowness and conservatism that it had engendered. He recalled her pleasantly eventful life, the boating and tennis, the dances at the exclusive Country Club, the visit every other Friday to the nearest large city. In the latter metropolis she had done a great deal of shopping, with luncheon in the Palm Gardens, followed by a matinee at the "Bohemia." Or, in a more serious mood, she would visit a settlement house or an Old Ladies' Home, "that she might get in touch with the problems of the day," or she would attend a lecture on Ibsen, or a violin recital by an erratic looking Polish gentleman in whose name the letter "z" occurred with almost alarming frequency.

He was musing upon these days as they strolled out into the gloaming after the evening meal—"one could scarcely call it dinner," she had remarked a little ruefully. The tall pines received them like a legion of dusky green warriors; through the perfumed spaces they gazed down into the darkling valley, with the cabins whence issued tiny spear-points of light, and the reticent waters bearing a dull cornelian glow upon their surface. And while they watched, silently, she within the circle of his arm, the houses became one soft blot upon the gathering night, etched round with pointed firs. The girl looked up at the mountains looming vastly behind them. Serrated crag and jutting peak faded insensibly to a black, velvety shadow. Stars flashed out in crystal flame, as if kindled by some invisible lamplighter.

"I never knew the coming of the dark could be so beautiful," said the girl in an awed voice, "memories of other nights seem suddenly trivial. Not a single bird to break the quiet! Oh, Grant, surely the first man and the first woman knew something of this feeling, this splendid awe and terror that is here with us, when the first night enfolded the first day!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55.)

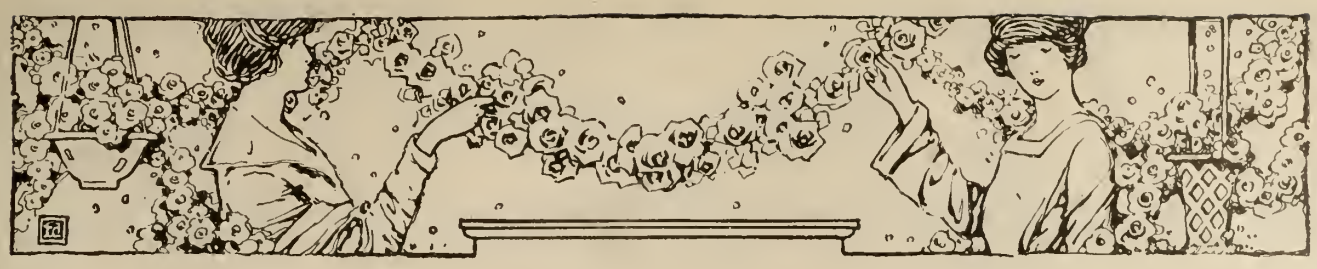


HIGH in food value, McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas are fresh and crisp when you buy them. They keep well. There is no waste to them. For an economical food, it would be hard to find their equal.

McCormick's
Jersey Cream Sodas

Sold Fresh Everywhere.
In Sealed Packages.

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Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John.
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The Bride of Chilkoot Landing

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

The man's spirit leaped in gladness. This was that deeper heart of her speaking, which he had first learned to love. Yes, the north would teach her out of the abundant stores of its wisdom. It was already whispering earnestly, casting upon the woman who was his, the spell of its Herculean primal loneliness, hinting, with bated breath, of the human secrets that it cherished. He drew her closer to him. Momentarily, every trace of doubt or distrustfulness had vanished.

The next morning, pausing in their work to take appreciative survey of young Mrs. Irving, old "Dutch" Gleason and Bill Brownleigh held a fragmentary conversation. Said the former: "There she goes on a tower of inspection, Bill. I ain't seen anything prettier in an age."

"Oh, I don't know 'bout that," answered Bill. He was prone to be deliberate. "Reckon Nettie Jackson wouldn't show up so badly if she had half a chance. Same with an actress. You can't never tell just how good a looker she is on account of the scenery and footlights."

"Mebbe. Wouldn't strike me she cared over much for our little town though."

"Or us highly respected citizens," amended Bill with a chuckle.

"And I don't fancy she takes to Net."

"That so? Well, well! I've heard say as how them Chinese fellers have a real smart symbol for discord. It's two women, Dutch, just that. And by cracky! I believe they've got it to a science, old man."

"Law, but she sure is graceful-like!"

DUTCH followed her retreating figure with a whole mine of admiration in his round blue eyes. Isobel, heedless of praise or blame, was walking in leisurely fashion up the mountain-side. She had come out from her cabin with a sudden new delight in that regal gold and emerald morning. There were a million tiny flowers between the chinks of the little log-house, and as she boldly followed the ascending path cry after cry of ecstasy rose to her lips. Never had she dreamed of such vivid, spongy depths of green, such intricate play of frond and leaf and tassel, with rich brown cones in profusion, the gleam of placid water, the beckoning tall trees, the half-hidden velvety recesses. Great rocks appeared in her path, mantled with moss or mottled with orange and garnet lichens. Salmon-berries glowed rosily from the interlacing verdure, raspberry and huckleberry bushes bowed to the ground with their luscious spoils—that glancing silver far below her meant the leap of a grayling, that rustling sound could only be a wood partridge.

"Mrs. Irving," called a peremptory voice.

Isobel turned in surprise. "Did you wish to speak to me?" she asked coldly.

"Not to any extent," came the half flippant, wholly defiant reply, "but I don't mind warning you not to go any farther. You ain't got a gun handy y' see, so it would be just as well to keep within bounds."

"What am I apt to meet with?"

"Most anything"

THE two women regarded each other for an instant, one tall, erect, patrician, with an innate disdain and a supercilious good breeding struggling for mastery; the other small, supple, somewhat pitiful in her threadbare skirt and soiled white middy, with a red cotton handkerchief, like a flag of arrogance, knotted in the semblance of a tie. Yet there was something of command in her face, and an undeniable power in her challenging grey eyes. Isobel Irving did a foolish thing. "Thank you, Miss Jackson," she said haughtily, "I think I shall go on."

"All right. Don't say I didn't warn you, that's all."

She had disappeared in an instant. Isobel stood still a moment, a little angry, very much ashamed indeed, though she would not readily have acknowledged it. "I couldn't possibly go back now. She would surely see me and imagine she had won." So with her head a trifle higher, though not without compunction for her own weakness, she followed the path a long distance, plunging more deeply into the gloom and solitude of the forest. The upward grade wearied her, too, and she was on the verge of retracing her steps when a sudden opening revealed another unimagined beauty, and she stood lost in wonderment.

She was standing upon the brow of an overhanging rock. Just beneath her gaze, the rugged mountains clasping it like giant agates, blue as that sky which some great glacier holds imprisoned, with never a ripple upon its surface or the shadow of a hovering wing above it, lay a beautiful tarn, solitary, pellucid, eternal. Then she was conscious of a stealthy tread behind her, an awful sensation of chill, and the sharp crack of a revolver.

"You ain't hurt," said Nettie Jackson, "only scared a little. I decided when you'd left I'd better follow after all. Just as well, I guess."

A long shudder came over the other girl. There, prostrate in the bright sedges lay a tawny, feline creature, dead.

"What is it?" she asked tremblingly.

"Only a lynx. Usually harmless, only I didn't like the way it was coming up. You mustn't forget you're out o' civilization here, and if you want to do much promenadin' you'd better learn to handle a revolver." She turned away abruptly.

"Wait!" called Isobel.

"Well," said Nettie in a non-committal manner.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64.)



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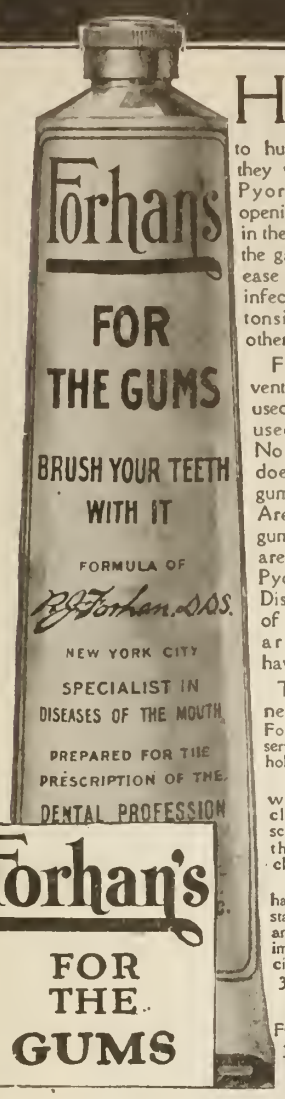
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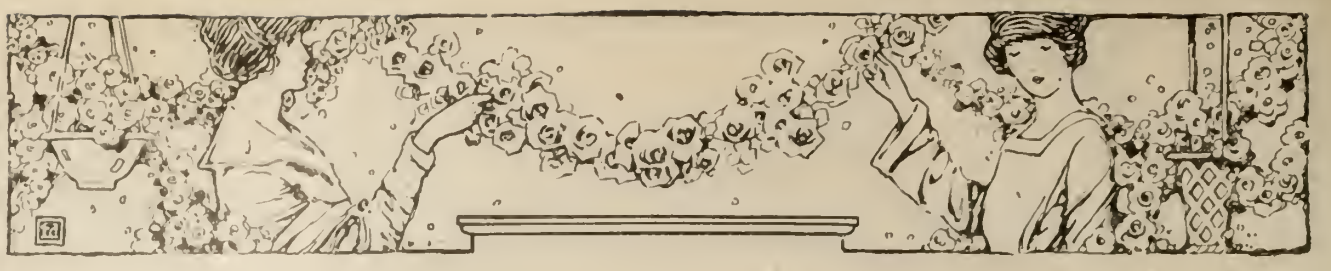
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Concerning Books

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.)

Beyond Life, by James Branch Cabell. Published by J. M. Dent & Sons. Price, $1.50.

THIS is a book which is meant distinctly for mature literary minds. To others the book will not receive its fullest appreciation because of Mr. Cabell's style of writing. It is really a series of essays on different themes as related by a novelist, one John Charteris. Mr. Cabell has Charteris discourse on "Authors at Their Best," on "Witch Women of Old and Modern Times," on "The Values of a Candie," on "Contemporary Writers," and on "The Arbiters of Present Fashions and Morals in Literature."

Mr. Cabell is one of the cleverest of living stylists, although time and again in his recent book he is little else than paradoxical. Speaking of the contemporary writer he puts in Charteris' mouth the following:

"All in all, there is really no disputing that these two great optimists succeeded in writing delightfully about their contemporaries by the simple device of not telling the truth . . . Probably few men of striking literary talent have ever been so constituted as to be capable of actually noticing what contemporary life was like. The absent-mindedness of gifted writers is, indeed, notorious: and it would seem to be this habit of not closely observing their fellow creatures which enables men of genius to write about them so charmingly. At all events, once the writing is adopted as a profession, the author has definitely cut adrift from normal life; and before long will forget its ordinary course so completely that he may very well come to misrepresent it in a masterpiece. . . . Balzac, who was more profoundly painstaking than most of us, adopted the plan of sleeping by day, and writing throughout the night hours, and of thus living for considerable periods without seeing anyone save the domestic, who fetched the sustaining coffee: and Balzac's masterworks remain to prove this an excellent way of writing really profound studies of contemporary life. It secures, to begin with, an abnormal viewpoint, concerning the need of which I have spoken at sufficient length. And besides, it is undeniable that a person who steadily persisted in this ordering of his existence, as Balzac did through some twenty odd years, will not be creatively wind-bound by his knowledge of actualities and human nature as displayed therein: nor need I point out that the later volumes of the "Comedie Humaine" are concededly the best, improving as they did in ratio to Balzac's increasing forgetfulness of the truth about his subject. . . . Given the requisite genius anyone of us may do well to follow his example. But the programme is arduous, and, first of all, you must be quite sure about the genius."

For all those who have a liking for chaste literary workmanship, Mr. Cabell's new book—whether one agrees with him or not in many of his opinions—will prove to be one of the delights of the present season. He is an original writer who merits a better appreciation than has so far been accorded him.

Nights in Town, by Thomas Burke. Published by J. M. Dent & Sons. Price, $1.35.

THESE essays on the city of old London are decidedly the best of their kind which have been written in recent years, and Mr. Burke is to be congratulated on the way in which he has managed to extract the flavor of various sections of the great metropolis, for whether he be writing of Clapham Common, Whitechapel, Hoxton, Stepney, Chelsea, Blackwell, or Clerkenwell, he depicts these communities in words of such color that one almost fancies a London near at hand.

Mr. Burke is, in the opinion of the editor of this column, a far better essayist and abler descriptive writer, than a novelist. His novels savor too much of unhealthy appetites and corrosive morals, but "Nights in Town" are full of relish, color, and warm humanity, that deep beauty and mystery which has for years lingered round the city on the Thames.

The Avalanche, by Gertrude Atherton. Published by McClelland & Stewart. Price, $1.35.

IN all her novels Mrs. Atherton manages to keep a high literary quality and this new tale of hers is another demonstration of how well she can weave a story and expound a problem in good English.

"The Avalanche" is a story of San Francisco immediately after the earthquake and is a plea for fuller confidence between wife and husband. The plot is one which is common enough to all society plots—that of a young wife with nothing to do and doing it poorly—but in the hands of Mrs. Atherton it achieves a novelty of form and expression which becomes intensely interesting.

Possibly one might criticize Mrs. Atherton for handling without gloves some characters and localities of San Francisco which are more often discussed in men's clubs than in the open pages of a widely circulated book. Nevertheless, while this book is one which may only pique the curiosity of immature minds, it does demonstrate that idleness and too much money only lead to all kinds of trouble and confusion.

It seems somewhat unjust to classify "The Avalanche" as a detective story, and yet as in "Mrs. Balfame," her previous book, Mrs. Atherton features in her new novel a professional detective as one of the unfolding figures in the scheme of the well constructed plot. The book will prove an interesting and instructive one, whether travelling on a train or resting in a hammock.

The Vision for Which We Fought, by A. M. Simons. Published by The Macmillan Co., of Canada, Limited. Price, $1.25.

THIS volume can be whole heartedly recommended to all readers of THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL as one of the best books of social inspiration that have been published in any country since the armistice was signed. In a brief preface Prof. Simons states that the book was written because he believed the problems of peace called for a greater crusade than the one that rallied millions to the battlefield to crush autocracy. "In so far as they are suitable," he writes, "all the enthusiasm, institutions, material, and persons mobilized to win the war should now be mobilized to fight ignorance, poverty, disease, and social injustice.

"This book does not so much advocate the programme as postulate problems which the war has created and indicate the means involved during the war for their solution. The writer's social theories have been kept in the background and only those changes have been suggested that grow naturally out of the methods of fighting the war."

Prof. Simons has performed a very real service in giving this volume to the public for there is no doubt that the processes of war have wrought a social transformation. This has been brought about because of the methods of fighting the war which caused a deep social solidarity and formed the instruments by which to apply social force to the accomplishment of common ends. Such a development forecasts great democratic advances which are even now making this manifest in the planning of an industrial partnership between capital and labor. This little volume calls attention to the unity in this development. Its theme is that in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63.)

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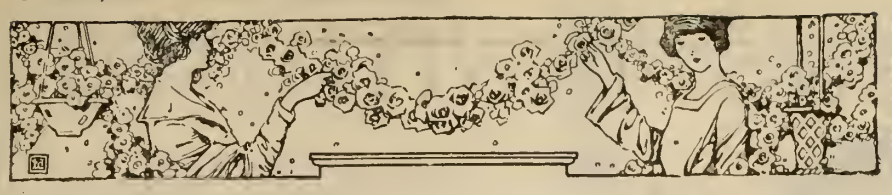
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The Church Orchestra

A Suggestion That Might Stimulate Musical and Religious Interest

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IN a recent article dealing with the importance of music in connection with public school education, I made a casual mention of the fact that in certain parts of the United States orchestras had been developed in High Schools with fine results. I believe that in certain large British centres like London, Birmingham and Glasgow, there are certain large schools which have bands and orchestras. Moreover "The Choir," a London (Eng.) publication devoted chiefly to church music, stated recently that a movement was on foot for the establishment, or rather revival, (for the system is by no means new) of church orchestras. Such schemes are a sign of the times,—an indication that the impulse for the diffusion of music in the community at large is taking practical form. Singularly enough the only large school I know of in the province of Ontario which makes a serious attempt to develop individual musical effort is the Mimico Industrial School for incorrigible lads who have been convicted of crime. This institution has for years possessed a very good band, and it seems to me that if such abilities can be utilized among boys, who in many instances are defective mentally, it ought to be equally possible and excellent for normal well-behaved young people, in schools and churches.

THE subject I had chiefly in mind in commencing this article, however, was the church orchestra, which is almost unknown in this country, yet which seems to me a very excellent idea not only for cities and large towns, but for rural communities. I am satisfied that it might prove a solution of a problem of which we annually hear much in the month of June, when the various religious bodies are holding their annual parliament—the falling off in church attendance. It would assuredly help to make the church service more interesting, if intelligently applied, and would, of course, stimulate interest in music, the purest and most devotional of arts.

There may be some who think that the use of flutes, horns and violins in connection with religious services would produce a worldly atmosphere; but really there is nothing more fleshly in the tones of these instruments than in those of the organ. In fact, certain Anglican and Roman Catholic churches in Toronto, and I believe in other cities, enlist the orchestral talent of members of their congregations at Christmas and Easter. The question naturally arises whether there is enough talent in most parishes or church districts to make the effort possible. It is, of course, the hope of those of us who are interested in securing a wider diffusion of musical education, that in a few years time there will be plenty of youthful talent available to furnish orchestras from the congregations of most churches. But I am also convinced that there is enough floating musical ability in most of our communities to make a beginning now. My calling as a newspaper writer has taken me to a good many odd corners of this country; and I have been quite astonished to discover that in some of what might be called the "wilder" districts, the violin is even more in use than the piano. Like begets like, and in certain townships one will find that the ability of a single family to play the various instruments of an orchestra has produced a host of imitators.

"THE CHOIR," the English paper that I have mentioned in alluding to the movement, says it is not confined to the established church but to the "chapels" as the non-conformist places of worship are called in the motherland—where the word "Church" has political significance. It points out that the change that is taking place in public opinion as to what is seemly in church worship points to a certain demand that the chief features in the ritual shall be shared by as many people as may be consistent with the dignity of worship. Thus we may discern an affinity between the agitation for church orchestras and the theory of democracy which is now on everybody's lips. Such institutions will bring more individuals into a position of actual responsibility for the conduct of the services, and thus tend to stimulate interest.

Those who have read Thomas Hardy's delightful little novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree," will have learned that in the middle of the nineteenth century parish orchestras were common in the remote villages of the West counties of England. But it is said that they have died out and in the opinion of some have gone forever. "The Choir" while admitting that institutions under the old regime described by Hardy, have permanently disappeared, holds that there is no reason why a new order of things, embracing music, should not be evolved. It adds: "There are to be found in nearly every centre where men do congregate enthusiasts who are proficient on at least one musical instrument, and who would be ready to become members of a church orchestra—small or large—which might form an attractive feature in church services. We have moved a long way in these matters since the disbandment of the musicians as told by Hardy in "Under the Greenwood Tree" and a new race of instrumentalists has sprung up, from whose ranks combinations might be formed that would make a striking contrast to the village band of sixty or seventy years ago."

IT might be argued that what is true of, Great Britain is not true of Canada, where we lack the traditional and well established village life that has existed for centuries; but as I have already intimated the amount of scattered musical talent in our own rural districts is greater than most people, especially those who live in cities, are aware. The main point for those who are pressing the movement both in episcopal and non-conformist circles in the motherland is the stimulation of interest. It is argued that if people who can play orchestral instruments are given active work in connection with the church and made to feel that they are serving a useful

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74.)

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Health Work in Public Schools

By MISS E. HARCOURT, R. N.

THE "follow up" in the health development work with our school children is one well worth serious consideration, for few parents or teachers fully realize the interdependence of body, mind and spirit, and the interaction of one upon the other. For a child with one or more defects is handicapped, both bodily and mentally and is deteriorating rather than advancing in growth.

The following will illustrate the condition of many a child in our schools to-day:

This child entered our school from another city about the middle of the spring term. He was found to have adenoids and the teacher reported his mentality as poor, conduct as poor, and power of concentration as poor. The home was visited and the nurse found both parents working and the home being cared for by a maid, who, the mother had been realizing, was not competent.

The obstruction and resultant malnutrition of body and mind were explained; the child received the necessary treatment; diet was improved; hours of sleep increased; more air given at night and here is the school record for the following terms:

1st term in school (before operation performed)

Mentality	Conduct	Effort
poor	poor	poor

2nd term (1st after operation)

Mentality	Conduct	Effort
medium	medium	medium

3rd term

Mentality	Conduct	Effort
good	good.	good

It took over one year to reach the highest credit, that of Good, and the increase in weight and height ran parallel.

These conditions many times may cause a normal child to become incorrigible or immoral. The home environment and care can cause incorrigibility, such as a drunken father, or a scolding, nagging mother, combined with insufficient food, sleep and oxygen.

I know of boys made truants and backward in studies as a result of home environment.

The nurse needs knowledge of:

The many physical defects found, and their influence upon the child life; knowledge of the changes in the physical growth from babyhood up and the relative care necessary, so as to be able to give instruction in school, and to be able to guide the mother in her daily efforts for her children's future.

The relation of mind and body and methods of handling mentally backward children.

She should know her reasons for the hygienic principles of digestion, elimination, breathing of fresh air, sleep, play, exercise and correct posture in the care of the skin, teeth, feet, dress and its effects upon nutrition and morals—moral questions are constantly being put up to the nurse for solution. Also she needs sound knowledge in:

Food values, cleanliness, sanitation, ventilation, heating, lighting, seating, plumbing and even in architecture.

She must be capable of detecting the early symptoms of disease.

Many times the mother is ill-nourished, overworked, discouraged and under such conditions must be aided, and "held up" by infinite tact until physical and mental strength is restored and through these she gains a courage and spirit capable of doing for her children. This all takes courage on the part of the nurse and a love of work, with a desire to aid mankind.

To "Follow-up" the condition of each child successfully, the nurse requires an educational spirit, executive ability, initiative and resourcefulness.

A doctor in England says "A school nurse should be mature in years, ripe in experience, and possessing tact and patience, and be in love with her work. If endowed with these qualities she will find her profession to be one from which she derives the greatest satisfaction, but if not so endowed, she would better choose some other avenue of work."

The work could be summed up thus:

1. Knowledge of physical condition of the child, as found by examination of either physician or herself, and of being capable of interpretating same to parents, and to "hold on" until the desired results are obtained.

2. To give health instruction in school.

3. Gain co-operation:

(a) Between home and school,

(b) Between home, Boards of Health and public clinics, out patient departments, doctors capable and willing to do necessary operations or give treatments, specialists of all kinds,

(c) Between home and school and dentists.

(d) To obtain financial assistance from individuals or benevolent organizations whenever necessary.

4. To utilize opportunities for health instruction in the home.

5. To teach the child the principle of the rights of others, from standpoint of contagious diseases, sanitation, etc.

6. To so impress all laws of health that they are carried out in the daily life of every child, thus to build up a defence against the invasion of disease, through corrective and constructive health education, and resulting in an improved physical, mental, and moral citizenship.



MRS. ALFRED WATT, M.B.E., M.A.

Mrs. Watt has conducted for the Board of Agriculture, Schools of Instruction for training Women's Institute organizers for England. The demand for trained organizers has been constant, and it was found necessary to train more women for this work.

Schools have been held in Sussex, Bangor University (North Wales), London and Winchester, and in the near future further schools are being arranged and planned for at Wye Agricultural College (Kent), Cambridge University (Essex), and in West Sussex. Mrs. Watt, the originator of these schools, has herself arranged the curriculums, has taken the chair at each school and given most of the lessons herself in Women's Institute work and methods.

CLINICS.

Following Medical Inspection of Schools and Under the Auspices of Ontario Women's Institutes.

A most gratifying result of medical inspection in a number of sections is the holding of clinics. During the month of April, clinics were held as follows:

Dryden	64	operations.
Kenora	130	"
Waubaushene	53	"
Mount Hamilton	28	"
Bartonville	19	"
Total	294	"

Fairfield and Mount Hope, in Wentworth county, are also planning to hold clinics in the very near future.

At these clinics, the operations have been performed by most capable specialists, and the charge to indivlduals has been from $7.00 to $12.00. The results have been most gratifying indeed, especially in the northern sections of the province.

MY VISIT TO A ROYAL VILLAGE.

By MRS. ALFRED WATT, M.B.E., M.A.

THERE is surely no Canadian girl who has not dreamed of the day she should "go to London to see the Queen," and if her dreams were of glittering courts, of gracious majesty, of beauty and splendour, of the pomp and ceremony of kings—and the girl herself moving with wonderful calm and beautifully apparelled through the greatest court in the world—what else would her vision be? No girl ever dreamed more than I, and the years thank God, have made no difference. It was still the dream of all dreams, altering with the march of time but always alluring.

How could one think that the dream would suddenly come true and in so changed a guise?

The command of Her Majesty to speak on Women's Institutes at Sandringham, England, was as unexpected as welcome, to the Women's Institute Department at the Board of Agriculture. But when it was decided I should go, my first thought was sorrow for the cherished and vanished dream. Whatever the experience might be, the glory of pageantry would never now be realized. I knew that at Sandringham there was a mother Queen mourning her little son, a quiet village sharing her grief, and that alas, whatever else I might take there, although perhaps of deeper significance, would be tinged with the sadness of the war years and undertaken with the sense of responsibility very different from that "fine careless rapture" of the girls with the dreams.

The drive from the gay little station of Wolverton, the King's own, was wonderful,—heath and pines, salt stretches and salt breezes, and a nip in the air to make even a Canadian sit up and take notice. But even there the war shadow fell as a sad little cortege passed, an ambulance taking a terribly hurt young airman whose machine has crashed within the royal precincts, but a few moments before.

My kindly hosts at the Estate House, Mr. and Mrs. Beck, soon heartened me up. They warmed me and fed me with equal enthusiasm and in any other surroundings, I should have become soporific. But it was all too thrilling for that. Within a stone's throw was York Cottage and through the trees I saw the storied pile of old Sandringham Church. I fear I stood shivering long after I should have been asleep, at my bedroom window looking out on the beautiful park, wondering if the Royal children fished in the slow winding river and scouted in the woods darkly outlined on the night sky, thinking of the famous house parties and of the statesmen from all the chancelleries of Europe, who must have walked along these pleasant footpaths with that wise old King, Edward the Peacemaker, and at last hoping that I might be led to give the right message to the women in the little village beyond, and at the very last with a sleepy laugh all to myself, at the queer turn of fate which brought a Canadian from a far outpost of Empire to its very heart, to tell a Queen what should be done for the village of her home.

THE next morning I was taken over the Estate by the Agent, who spared no pains to show me everything to best advantage. I had expressed a wish to see the King's famous South Downs as my sheep in British Columbia came originally from the Sandringham flock, so we chased up these sheep through enclosures and fields and woods, by motor, by trap and on foot. All the pure-bred stock was fine, especially Queen Alexandra's jerseys, but I suppose the majority of people would have found the greatest interest in the beautiful race-horses, and it was certainly a revelation to see their well planned stables and the care bestowed upon them—fortunate beings, they have no housing problems!

The whole morning jaunt was all like a moving picture. There flashed into view stately Sandringham, "The House," as it is affectionately called on the Estate, the huge wood yard with its steam saws, the electric plant, the water supply, buildings of all sorts, trim well-kept enclosures, the great iron Norwich gates, dear little cottages with neat gardens and all with a charming background of wood and heath and parkland.

We went to the dairy, famous not only for its products but for the family tearoom with its wonderful array of china and its very long-tail

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)

Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58.)

bird, and then to the beautiful kitchen gardens, where one especially admired the pruning of the espalier and wall fruit. I could only guess at the glory of the greenhouses as evidently only needs of the war had been considered, but I got glimpses of brilliant scarlet poinsettias with mauve salvias in a riot of color, and in another house there was still a wonderful arched roof of rich rose begonias reflected enchantingly through many mirrors, a rare delight on a grey day.

Across the way was the little old grey church with its pure silver altar, the gift of the Philadelphia Wanamaker, in memory of King Edward, in admiration of his work for the peace of the world, and next it Queen Alexandra's cross in memory of those from Sandringham who had fallen in the great war—what irony of fate! And out in the little church-yard the wreaths still fresh on the grave of poor little Prince John, a community of mother grief.

YORK COTTAGE, the simple country house of the First Gentleman of Europe, might have been any house in any county in England, unpretentious, typically English, pleasantly set in a scene of homely beauty, in the foreground smooth lawns bordered with golden osiers and white Canadian birches and the red of the dogwood, and moving in and out the gentle dappled deer—a living picture of great charm. Even the policemen stationed at the gates looked as if they were in no way necessary but obliging "supers" in the panorama.

One heard that the King was spending the day shooting as is usual when he is at Sandringham, and that the Queen and Princess Mary were usually walking, quite unattended, through the woods and heath beyond. Later in the day one of the gentleman told me that the King, who as the world knows is a wonderful shot, had taken as he stood beside His Majesty, five most difficult shots in a very few minutes.

The meeting was in the village hall. Every village on the Estate has its hall, pretty and suitable for social gatherings.

We were all to be in place when Her Majesty should arrive, but the saying on our Women's Institute programmes, "Punctuality is the politeness of Kings," was never better exemplified. We were ready but only just. Her Majesty came at once to me and shook hands, saying, "We have met at the Exhibition. Do you remember?" Princess Mary also remembered meeting me and was very civil about my recent illness. Lady Mary Trefusis was in attendance. I was introduced and with what I can only trust was a satisfactory courtesy, began to speak.

My chairwoman was panic stricken over her speech and there was a general air of suppressed anxiety about the meeting, and I was told a good many things I could not say or do. But it was a simple, pleasant little meeting, nevertheless. The Queen and Princess Mary were delightfully interested and I was determined that it should all be simple and natural and exactly like any other village meeting even to my most homely little stories. I am frequently asked what I said in my speech, but it was in no way different from usual. I spoke of the simplicity and democracy and friendliness of our movement, of the independence of our Women's Institutes, their being self governing and self supporting, and of the sense of responsibility of every member to the Institute, of how it has to do with the little homely things of the every day life.

I saw only two faces in the audience. The dear little responsive face of Princess Mary, who saw a joke coming and was ready to greet it with the prettiest little laugh, and that of a poor little woman whose lusty boy baby was entering vigorous protest. What did he care for majesty or the right of a speaker to be heard? Nothing. bless him!

MEMBERS of Women's Institutes will want to know what Institutes I talked about. So far as I can remember I read parts of programmes from Malling, Moreton, Epping, Branston, Llanbedr, Scaynes Hill and Balcombe, and extracts

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60.)

Overland
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Oh Boy!

The owner of an Overland owns all out of doors. To him even more important than *where* he drives is *how* he rides. In his model 90 he goes in comfort, and with an enjoyment possible only because of the high quality and fine appearance of his car. He probably was first attracted to it by the praise of owners. Now he makes new friends for Overland by his own enthusiasm over the exceptional economy and the faithful performance of his car. This kind of appreciation among the thousands of Overland owners is a safer buying guide for you than specifications. It explains why so many people are buying Model 90 right now.

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Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59.)

from reports of Madron, Minstead, Ipsden, and of Chilliwack and Nelson in British Columbia. As is usual also I told some absurd little stories against myself which never fail to please, and made some fun of antiquated notions of house-work.

After my address which seemed to be enjoyed, the Queen asked me to come back and talk about the exhibits and the meeting became quite informal, everyone crowding about the exhibits and discussing them. I had taken with me to the meeting an exhibition of soft toys and needle work from Sussex, and the Queen had sent the articles she purchased at the Women's Institute Exhibition. There were dried marigold petals from Denton, canned fruit from Cooksbridge, bottled gooseberries, potato starch by Mrs. Clowes' recipe, dried vegetables, "cuthberts" from Burgess Hill, a French doll from Lindfield, ducks and kittens from Wivelsfield, rabbit skin mitts from Northaw, a Canadian rug made from odd bits of wool and a kettle-holder from a bit of cloth, and a parson made from a merry-thought!

Her Majesty remained for over an hour after her carriage was ordered, then the lady-in-waiting suggested departure, but it was some time again before the Queen and Princess Mary obviously reluctantly betook themselves away. While they remained, they talked and asked questions and I think learned a good deal of our work.

Owing to Her Majesty's interest and the informal way in which she moved about among us all and the many questions she asked me, I was able to make points I thought would particularly appeal to her concerning our movement. The last point I made, which was the impression I thought might remain with her was that to have a Women's Institute at Sandringham would make an enormous difference to the Institutes of the Empire. To have Her Majesty as a Women's Institute member of an Institute in one of her own villages would strike the imagination of every Women's Institute member in the most remote district. Her Majesty seemed greatly impressed with this aspect of the matter.

From Scotland comes the following Report of Women's Institute Work.

In 1912 a report to the English Board of Education urged that country women should organize themselves into Institutes to increase the comfort and prosperity of the home and to stem the tide of rural depopulation. Such Institutes have been organized and carried on with great success by Canadian women since 1897, and in the past three years, English women, in co-operation with Canadian, have initiated a movement which has resulted up to the present time in the formation of between 600 and 700 Institutes in England. Owing to the outbreak of war and the pressure of urgent work, no action in regard to organization in Scotland was taken till the Spring of 1917, when Mrs. Blair, Hoprig Mains, Gladsmuir, and Mrs. Gooch, Torcastle, Banavie, approached the Board of Agriculture for Scotland, independently of one another, to inquire whether they would give favorable consideration to the formation of Women's Institutes. Moreover, in April, 1917, the Scottish Council of Agriculture passed a resolution:—

"That the Council, realizing the importance of social life in the development of agriculture and other rural industries, and the importance of home life in rural economy, recommend the Board of Agriculture to support the establishment of Women's Institutes throughout Scotland on the lines of those already existing in Canada, Belgium, and elsewhere."

The Directors of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland informed the Board that they had considered and unanimously approved of this resolution on the part of the Council of Agriculture.

A deputation to the Secretary for Scotland met with a favorable hearing. Mrs. Watt, O.B.E., Chief English Organizer, was invited to visit Scotland. An inaugural meeting, organized by the country women and representative of all Scottish organizations, was held in Edinburgh in June, 1917. The Chairman of the Board of Agriculture for Scotland presided, and resolutions to the effect that Women's Rural Institutes should be formed and an Advisory Committee to the Board appointed were unanimously agreed to. A meeting was also held at Fort William.

Several Institutes were organized by voluntary effort prior to the appointment of an official organizer. In June, 1918, a Conference was convened by the Board of Agriculture for Scotland, and the Constitution for 1918-1919 determined on.

There are now thirty-five Institutes in Scotland, and it is interesting to notice how variously they have begun. In several cases, members of Women's County Agricultural Committees have undertaken to get together a meeting of the women in their district; in others, members of the Farm Servants' Union or Smallholders' Organization have taken the initial steps; again war work parties have widened the scope of their activity and decided to form an Institute. The organizer has been written to, and has gone down sometimes to meet five or six women and girls, sometimes to find a well-organized meeting who knew about Institutes beforehand, and were eager to begin. In some places, the newly-formed Institute has been strong from the outset, because they have learned to pull together already, and, in the words of one secretary: "We are used to doing things." In other districts, even the war has not yet brought home the knowledge that unity is strength, but, as one member expressed it: "*What's an Institute for if it's not to teach you to work wi' those ye dinna like?*"

One condition has been insisted upon in the formation of an Institute, viz., that the meeting at which it is formed should be thoroughly representative, so that the Committee elected at that meeting should include a fair proportion of all sections of the community.

Already Women's Institutes are counting for something in rural Scotland. They have brought to the notice of the Board cases where orders in connection with food control would press heavily upon their members, and in each case the Board have thus been enabled to make representations in the right quarter. Their help is being asked in the many activities which absorb us just now, and in the solution of the problems which will face us in the future. The response which they are making is best shown by their reports. Hundreds of pounds have been raised for war funds, fruit has been saved, sphagnum moss gathered and picked, knitting competitions held, children have been encouraged by prizes offered to them for the best grown vegetables, and interest in food conservation has been fostered by shows and exhibits. In addition to valuable practical work for the moment, the Institutes have included in their programmes questions which must loom large in the work of reconstruction, and there have been lectures and discussions on such subjects as child welfare, education, and housing.

The Report of the Agricultural Policy Sub-Committee urges the formation of Institutes, and quotes Canadian precedent: "The experience of Canada is very suggestive. There, as we were informed, the Women's Institutes have made the whole difference to agricultural and domestic education. When the instructor comes to a village, where there is a Women's Institute, he is no longer met with coolness or indifference; he finds a receptive audience and an organization which carries on his work after he has gone away. The Women's Institutes are regarded as an essential link between the instruments and the objects of rural economic instruction and between the different departments of government and the country folk."

For the student of rural economics, however, the greatest value in this movement consists in the fact that it brings all women and girls in the district to meet together in that fellowship which is at the root of social well-being. "What will it dae for us?" asked a woman lately of an Association her husband had recently joined, and the answer came promptly, "It will do just what you make it do."

The following reports show the close connection between the work done by the Scottish Institutes and Canadian.

In December, 1917, Miss Campbell came to Arisaig, and enrolled forty-five members for the Institute. The Committee consists of twelve members, and four hostesses each month arrange for tea. Since 22nd January, the monthly meetings have been held regularly. There have been talks on "Jerusalem and Venice," on "Gardening and Bee-keeping," demonstrations on Fruit Bottling and War Cookery, exhibits of needlework, the best patched garments, and a model hive. In June the Institute arranged for a visit from the Child Welfare Exhibition. The Exhibition was open for three days, from 3 to 8 p.m., and in spite of wet weather was well attended and much appreciated.

This Institute held its first regular meeting in December, when Miss Campbell spoke on "Woman's Part in the War." The district is a very scattered one, some members coming five or six miles to the meeting. There have been Cookery demonstrations, including a very interesting one on "What to do with Scraps," talks on "What to do in the Garden," exhibits of Comforts for the Soldiers, Roll Calls, and Competitions; a Fruit Bottling, Jam and Jelly Exhibition, a visit from "the Pudding Lady," and a talk on "The School and the Home."

The Institute was formed in December, 1917, and meets on the last Saturday afternoon of the month. As we have no hall at present we are obliged to use the schoolhouse. Our membership has steadily increased from forty to sixty-four. At each meeting we have had a demonstration and a short lecture or address with an interval for music and tea—a china shower provided the cups—and members act as hostesses in turns in groups of three or four. Upon occasion we have introduced a roll-call or competition by way of variety. For a start the members were rather shy of taking part, but are now more ready to compete. Our demonstrations have been War-time Cookery, Blanket-making, Rug-making, Potato Cookery, How to take out Stains, Butter-making and salting.

Then we have had addresses on "Salonika," "Women in Agriculture," "Work in Canteens in France," "Russia," "How the War Stands now," "The Church's Duty to Returning Soldiers," "Beekeeping," and "The Red Cross." All the demonstrations have been given by members of the Institute, but we have had to go farther afield for the addresses. Every meeting has been thoroughly enjoyable and has been much appreciated, as is shown by the rising membership.

Miss Guest, Assistant Organizer of Women's Institutes in England, Women's Branch, Food Production Department, spoke at the First Convention as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members of the Women's Institutes—It is a very great pleasure to me to be here to-day, coming from both England and Canada as a guest at this your first Conference of the Women's Institutes of Scotland. I come in particular with England's greetings—with the greetings and good wishes of the 557 Institutes of England and Wales, and if my own Canadian people knew this, I should be bearing also a little sheaf of cablegrams with birthday greetings and good wishes from eight different provinces across the Atlantic.

Canadians have a special little leaning towards Scotland. For one thing it is comforting to know there is at least one other nation as dour as we are ourselves! Secondly, we greatly admire your intellectual ability and deep religious feeling.

I have been an immensely interested listener to-day. Coming early, I stayed closely to hear just what idea you were forming of Women's Institutes. Already it is clear you have an amazingly thorough grasp of their scope and meaning. It has been delightful to find that you have done more than we thought even Scotswomen would do in the short time you have been at work.

It has just been said that this is an historical occasion. It is indeed. Our motto, as you know, is, "For Home and Country," but which of us could have foreseen, when it was chosen, that "For Country" would ever come to mean to us what it has for the last four years? Our dreams were all of upbuilding, of constructive nation-building, through good home-making, not of destruction, and the awful waste of war. We have found ourselves to be part of our country's great second line of defence, however, the food and supply line, and now we must face also our share of the reconstruction of our nation, on what we hope and intend shall be a better and happier basis.

The first Women's Institute began in a very simple, natural way as a sister society of the Farmers' Institutes. In these by co-operation with each other, the colleges, and the Department of Agriculture, the men of rural Canada were able to search the world over for the best seed, best stock, best ideas, and best methods in farming; to begin, in short, to attain to the high standard of scientific agriculture which was their aim. So do not, in your planning, entirely leave out the men, but arrange at least one meeting a year at which they shall be your guests and fellow-workers for community uplift.

A little Canadian woman one day voiced the unspoken thought of many other home-makers when in a casual conversation she put the question to her husband: "Is the product of the country home of as much value as that of the farm and the field?"

Her astonished husband's emphatic reply came: "Why, of course it is. That is what everything else on the farm exists for. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you see, I was just thinking," she said. "We women don't find our problems of managing our homes and bringing up our children a bit more easy than you men find yours, but we have no Institutes nor college professors nor Government to help us as you do."

"Why don't you women get together then and see about it?" he laughingly rejoined.

The little idea took root, and grew. The get-together habit was formed, with the result we see to-day co-operation of the most effective kind between home-makers, colleges, and Government.

In recent years the movement is becoming not only provincial but national, not only national, but international. We see that the home is the unit of the State—that while home-building we are also empire-building.

What then do we mean, exactly, when we talk of home-building in this sense? Summed up briefly, our aims are—better homes, better people, a better community, a better and happier social life, and a better and more prosperous agriculture. Where do we begin? What is the first essential in home-making? You married women will tell us quickly. I see by the twinkle in your eye you can tell us very quickly! It begins with that mysterious illogical process we call "falling in love!"

Very puzzling indeed it often is to our bewildered friends.

Do you ever hear in Scotland such remarks as this made: "What could he ever have seen in her?"

Or, "Why did she throw herself away on him?"

You laugh. But old Mother Nature knows what she is about. She is securing the finest kind of co-operation, for it is on this beautiful basis of love, admiration, and trust that the foundations of the new home are laid The success of the home depends on the perfect understanding and co-operation of the man and the woman, hence it demands the strong fibre of character and ability interwoven with the welding power of love.

When the first little child arrives in the home, it means a new and diviner kind of co-operation—co-operation between the man, the woman, and God.

Has it occurred to you that all the united power of those gigantic warring forces across the Channel is not great enough to create one of the millions of lives it is destroying?

A few years ago men thought they had achieved the miraculous at last—it produced an egg chemically exactly just like the one the hen lays. But when it came to be tested, it would not hatch! There was one little detail omitted—the germ of life. There is no new life created without the touch of the finger of God. The finer the man and the woman who

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Canadian Women's Institutes

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have set up the new home are, the more deeply they realize this in looking at their first-born child.

The child brings the home, too, into a larger co-operation with other homes. Is this a healthful neighborhood? Is the water supply, the drainage, good? Will epidemics, dangerous to this precious little one, break out? Are the other children well-brought up, good companions for it?

Is the school a good one, properly heated and lighted? Have we the most skilled men and women of the nation in it to teach and develop our little ones? To bring our own child to the highest, we must help to bring all children to their highest too. The best schools are a result of this co-operation of homes.

Home-building falls roughly into two divisions—first, the material requirements of human beings, secondly, their mental and spiritual needs.

Under the first division comes the house, its furnishings, food, clothes, heating, and cleaning.

Under the second, literature, art, music, social life, education, religion.

We are thinking much of housing to-day, and indeed we need to! A Women's Institute lecturer says: "If Julius Caesar were to come back to earth to-day, he would have to undergo a long and severe training before he could resume his place as General, such enormous advances have been made in modern methods of making war. But if Mrs. Julius Caesar were to come back with him, she could step into the kitchen, tie on an apron, and proceed to get the dinner almost without asking a question, so little have we advanced in our domestic arrangements."

Our housing must be different. It must be planned for the family, because this is a very essential detail in nation-building. No longer must it be possible for a woman to say, as was said at an Institute meeting in England: "I brought up six children in a two-roomed house."

Then there is the question of food. Ever since the day when Eve gave Adam that apple to eat, we women have had trouble with the food question. Americans say you can feed a man to be anything you want! What an opportunity!

The scientific study of foods and feeding is most important, and as yet almost untouched here. People of different ages and occupation should not be fed the same. It is our duty as homemakers to do this as efficiently as we can. And this is one of the many places where the value of co-operation comes in. I avail myself of your experience, you of mine. Working together in our Institutes and with our Government, we can both avail ourselves of that of the greatest experts in the nation.

Furnishing also requires reconsideration. I used to be hard on jerry-built houses. Now I am not so sure that a house should not fall to pieces or burn down every fifty years. It has acquired a quite large enough stock of disease germs and household idols in the shape of heirlooms in that time. After the first shock of our loss was over, we should be just as happy, probably happier. Clear out things that are not necessary, and which only make work taking care of them.

All the material side of life needs to be carefully studied to get efficiency and comfort for the human being, not to clog and to impede the mind and soul, but to clear the way for the freest and highest living, for better people, for a better and happier social life.

Out of these inevitably arises a better community, but it too requires co-operative and careful consideration. As rural home-makers, we naturally aim at a better and more prosperous agriculture, and where necessary and desirable the development of local village industries.

Home-makers in co-operation can forge ahead and achieve great results for themselves, their homes and the country, that no other combination can. Do not be afraid either to spend money. I mean the Government's money!

Never forget that solemn inaugural fact of creation, "Eve became the mother of all living."

Eve's granddaughters have left too much of the national housekeeping to Adam. And he never was much of a housekeeper! Take your share in the whole grand work of homemaking—as an individual homemaker, in the community, and in the Empire. Has it ever struck you that the British Empire is like a hand—Britain, the palm of the hand, and the thumb and fingers the Overseas Dominions—all starting off from the palm to go their own way, working out their own destiny — until danger strikes some part of that hand? Then, presto! swift as thought, it shuts in on itself, and strikes, a clenched fist, at a common foe.

There is something more than the Navy that holds this Empire together, something against which the submarine is helpless—it is the family feeling, strong and deep. While the Motherland is true to her own highest ideals, the unity is impregnable. Does the solemnity of your responsibility in the Women's Institutes overwhelm you?

Then listen to what our chief of Women's Institutes in England writes to-day: "I think the movement in Scotland may be an even finer thing than in England. Their love of education and deep religious character make a good bed-rock for a nation." And then this: "I had an interesting talk yesterday with a late official in the Russian Government, who declares Women's Institutes would be one of the best forces to aid in the reconstruction of Russia."

My sisters, are we great enough women for the national and international opportunities and responsibilities opening up before us?

SUMMER SERIES OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEETINGS IN ONTARIO.

In the May issue we gave a list of Women's Institute meetings to be held from May 19 to June 7, inclusive.

The following list covers meetings announced for June 9 to end of series:

DIVISION 1.

Welland.—Bethel, June 9; Fenwick, June 10; Winger, June 11; Humberstone, June 12; Stevensville, June 13; Quaker Road, June 14; Fonthill, June 16.

Haldimand.—Attercliffe Station (afternoon) June 17; Diltz and Moulton, (evening) June 17; Canfield, June 18; Grand River, June 19; Dunnville, June 20; Rainham Centre, June 21; Nanticoke, June 23; Varency, June 24; Cheapside, June 25; Clanbrassil, June 26; Erie, June 27; Sandusk, June 28.

DIVISION 2.

North Brant.—Langford, June 9; Middleport, June 10; Onondaga, June 11. **South Wentworth.**—Carluke, June 12; Glanford, June 13; Mount Hamilton, June 16; Binbrook, June 17; Blackheath, June 18. **Lincoln.**—Abingdon, June 19; Caistorville, June 20; Wellandport, June 21; Rosedene, June 23; Smithville, June 24; Crassie, June 25; Grimsby, June 26; Beamsville, June 27.

DIVISION 3.

North Norfolk.—Bealton, June 9; Windham Centre, June 10; Kelvin, June 11; Simcoe, June 12; Goshen, June 20; Delhi, June 21. **South Norfolk.**—Woodhouse, June 13; Port Dover, June 14; Walsh, June 16; Forestville, June 17; St. Williams, June 18; Port Rowan, June 19; Lynedoch, June 23; Carholme, June 24; Langton, June 25; Fairgrove, June 26. **North Wentworth.**—Freelton, June 27; Waterdown, June 28.

DIVISION 4.

West Elgin.—Iona, June 9; Shedden, June 10; Fingal, June 11; Middlemarch, June 12. **East Elgin.**—Kingsmill and Mapleton, June 13; Lyons, June 14; Springfield, June 16; Aylmer, June 17; Bayham, June 18; Straffordville, June 19. **South Oxford.** — Tillsonburg, June 20; Maple Park, June 23; Mount Elgin, June 24; Springford, June 25; Norwich, June 26; Beaconsfield, June 27; Burgessville, June 28; Otterville, July 2; Rosanna, July 3.

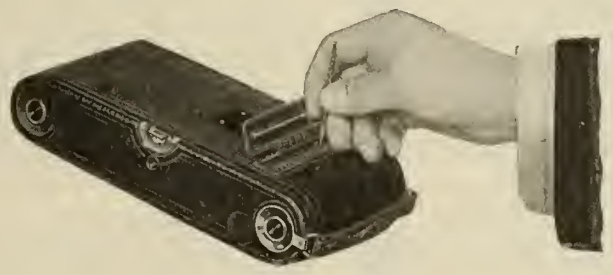
DIVISION 5.

West Lambton. — Becher, June 9; Wilkesport, June 10; Sombra, June 11; Corunna, June 12; Colinsville, June 13; Lucasville, June 14; Blackwell, June 16; Union, June 17; Maple Leaf, June 18; Providence, June 19; Bentpath, June 20. **East Lambton.**—Florence, June 21; Shetland, June 23; Aughrim, June 24; Alvinston, June 25; Uttoxeter, June 26; Watford, June 27; Warwick, June 28; Brooke, June 30; Thedford, July 2; Jericho, July 3.

DIVISION 6.

East Middlesex.—Harrietsville, June 9; Belmont, June 10. **North Middlesex.**—Lobo, June 11; Komoka, June 12; Coldstream, June 13; Beechwood, June 14; Keyser, June 16; Sylvan, June 17; Park-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62.)



The date on the Film

In just a few years you will ask:

This picture of John, was it made before or after the war? And this of little Mary taking her first toddling steps—how old was she then?

How those snap-shots, made on our trip to the Yellowstone, bring it all back to us, except the date,—when *did* we go?

Grandmother before the fireplace with her knitting, growing old gently and gracefully—how old was she? It is so annoying not to remember.

Time plays the mischief with memory—but with the *date on the film* you may laugh at his tricks. All folding Kodaks and folding Brownies are now *autographic* and, with autographic film, provide the means for dating and titling each negative as you make it. It is all done in a few seconds, is as simple as "pressing the button" and though it may not seem so at the moment, *a date is always worth while.*

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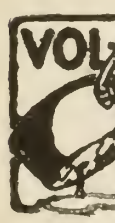
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Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61.)

hill, June 18; Ailsa Craig, June 19, Lucan, June 20; Clandeboye, June 21. Birr, June 23; Granton, June 24. **South Huron.** Exeter, June 25; Farquhar, June 26, Hurondale, June 27; Zurich, June 28; Blake, June 30; Crediton, July 2

DIVISION 7.

Centre Wellington.—Ospringe, June 9; Conningsby, June 10; Erin, June 11; Brisbane, June 12, Hillsburg, June 13, Minnosa, June 14; Marsville, June 16, Bethany, June 27. **South Wellington.**—Rockwood, June 17; Arkell, June 18, Riverside, June 19, Paisley, June 20; West End, June 21; Everton, June 28. **East Wellington.**—Damascus, June 23, Conn, June 24; Cedarville, June 25; Mount Forest, June 26.

DIVISION 8.

Peel.—Clarkson, June 9, Erindale, June 10, Cooksville, June 12; Streetsville, June 13, Meadowvale, June 14; Snelgrove, June 16, Cheltenham, June 17; Inglewood, June 18; Bellountain, June 19; Alton, June 20; Caledon, June 21; Mono Mills, June 23; Palgrave, June 24, Sandhill, June 25; Castlemore, June 26; Malton, June 27; Brampton, June 28.

DIVISION 9.

South Brant.—Cathcart, June 9; Tansley, June 10; Burford, June 11; Princeton, June 12; Mount Pleasant, June 13; Scotland, June 14; Oakland, June 16; Oakhill, June 17; Falkland, June 18. **North Perth.**—Shakespeare, June 19; Milverton, June 20, Millbank, June 21; Listowel East, June 23; Listowel West, June 24; Hampstead, July 2. **South Perth.**—Sebringville, June 25; Mitchell, June 26; Fullarton, June 27; Staffa, June 28.

DIVISION 10.

South Grey.—Hanover, June 9; Lamlash, June 10; Elmwood, June 11; Louise, June 12; Dornoch, June 13. **North Grey.**—Chatsworth, June 16; Kilsyth, June 17; Salem, June 18; Owen Sound, June 19; Shallow Lake, June 20; Clavering, June 21; Kemble, June 23; Annan, June 24; Bognor, June 25; Meaford, June 26; St. Vincent, June 27. **Centre Grey.**—Thornbury, June 28.

DIVISION 11.

South Bruce.—Holyrood, June 9; Lucknow, June 10. **West Huron.**—Kintail, June 11; St. Helen's, June 12; St. Augustine, June 13; Dungannon, June 14; Goderich, June 16; Clinton, June 17; Londesboro, June 18; Blyth, June 19; Wingham, June 21; Auburn, June 28. **East Huron.**—Belgrave, June 20; Bluevale, June 23; Brussels, June 24; Walton, June 25; Ethel, June 26; Molesworth, June 27.

DIVISION 12.

Centre Grey.—Strathaven, June 9; Walter's Falls, June 10. **North Bruce.**—Parkhead, June 11; Hepworth, June 12; Wiarton, June 13; Mar, June 14; Oliphant, June 15; Colpoy's Bay, June 17; Hope Bay, June 18; Lion's Head, June 19; Spry, June 20; Dyer's Bay, June 21. **South Perth.**—Kirkton, June 25; St. Marys, June 26; St. Paul's, June 27; Tavistock, June 28.

DIVISION 13.

South Simcoe. — Thornton, June 9; Cookstown, June 10; Newton Robinson, June 11; James' Mills, June 12. **Dufferin.**—Honeywood, June 13; Orangeville, June 16; Laurel, June 17; Shelburne, June 18; Blount, June 19; Maples, June 20; Corbetton, June 23; Bowling Green, June 24; Grand Valley, June 25; Colbeck, June 26; Horning's Mills, June 27.

DIVISION 14.

East Simcoe.—Jarratt, June 9; Uhthoff, June 10; Price's Corners, June 11; Rania, June 12; Severn Bridge, June 13; Ardtrea, June 14; Eady, June 16; North River, June 17; Waubaushene, June 18; Shanty Bay, July 10. **Centre Simcoe.**—Penetanguishene, June 19; Wyebridge, June 20; Elmvale, June 21; Silver Maples, June 23; Allenwood, June 24; Crossland, June 25; New Flos, June 26; Edenvale, June 27; Minesing, June 28.

DIVISION 15.

South Ontario.—Utica, June 9; Brooklin, June 10; Whitby, June 11; Pickering, June 12. **North York.**—Vandorf, June 13; Pine Orchard, June 14; Mount Albert, June 16; Keswick, June 17; Queensville, June 18; Newmarket, June 19; Aurora, June 20; Kettleby, June 21; Schomberg, June 23; King East, June 24; Laskay, June 25; Nobleton, June 26. **East York.**—Richmond Hill, June 27.

DIVISION 16.

East Durham.—North Monaghan (afternoon) June 9; Fairmont, (evening) June 9; Mount Pleasant, June 10; Millbrook, June 11; Bailieboro, June 12; Bethany, June 13; Manvers, June 14; Garden Hill, June 16; Elizabethville, June 17. **West Northumberland.**—Cobourg, June 18; Elmview, June 19; Coldsprings, June 20; Harwood, June 23; Centreton, June 24; Wicklow, June 25. **North Oxford.**—Drumbo, June 27; Braemar, June 28; Embro, June 30.

DIVISION 17.

West Durham.—Blackstock, June 9; Solina, June 10; Tyrone, June 11; Orono, (afternoon) June 12; Newtonville, (evening) June 12; Starkville, June 13. **West Victoria.**—Reaboro, June 14. **East Victoria.**—Omemee, June 16; Cameron, June 17, Pleasant Valley, June 18; Powell's Corners, June 19; Coboconk, June 20; Bobcaygeon, June 21; Fenelon Falls, June 23, Burnt River, June 24; Kinmount, June 28. **Haliburton.**—Irondale, June 25; Minden, June 26; Haliburton, June 27.

DIVISION 18.

West Hastings. — Bayside, June 9; Frankford, June 10; River Valley, June 11. **North Hastings.**—Minton, June 12; Springbrook, June 13; Wellman's Corners, June 14; Marmora, June 16; Ivanhoe, June 17; Madoc, June 18; Stirling, June 19 Fort Stewart, June 20; Bancroft, June 21; Maynooth, June 23, Mount Julian, June 28 **East Peterboro**—Preyeneau, June 25; Norwood, June 26; Warsaw, June 27.

DIVISION 19.

Frontenac.—Westbrook, June 9. **South Leeds.**—Lansdowne, June 10; Lyndhurst, June 17; Seeley's Bay, June 18; Morton, June 19; Elgin, June 20; Phillipsville, June 21; Delta, June 23; Westport, June 24; Newboro, June 25; Crosby, June 26; Portland, June 27. **South Grenville.**—Spencerville, June 11; Maynard, June 12; Algonquin, June 13. **Brockville.**—Lyn, June 14; Athens, June 16.

DIVISION 20.

North Lanark.—Carleton Place, June 9; Almonte, June 10; Clayton, June 11. **South Renfrew.**—Pinegrove, June 12; Clay Bank, June 13; White Lake, June 14; Glasgow Station, June 16; Burnstown, June 17; Goshen, June 18; North Horton, June 19; South Horton, June 20; Bonnechere Valley, June 21; Castleford, June 23. **North Renfrew.**—Lakeview, June 24; Forrester's Falls, June 25; Beachburg, June 26; Westmeath, June 27.

DIVISION 21.

Carleton.—Carp, June 9; Antrim, June 10; Galetta, June 11; Torbolton, June 12. Dunrobin, June 13. **North Leeds and Grenville.**—Easton's Corners, June 14; Merrickville, June 16; Burritt's Rapids, June 17; Oxford Mills, June 18; Bishop's Mills, June 19. **Centre Frontenac.**—Zealand, June 20; Godfrey, June 23. **Frontenac.**—Mountain Grove, June 21; Inverary, June 24.

DIVISION 22.

North Muskoka.—Aspdin, June 9; Ashworth, June 10; Ravensclife, June 11; North Huntsville, June 12; Brunel, June 13; Dwight, June 14; Birkenhead, June 16; Dorset, June 17. **South Muskoka.**—Baysvile, June 18; Macaulay South, June 19; Muskoka Falls, June 20; Reay, June 21; Monck, June 23; Port Carling, June 24. **South Parry Sound.**—Burk's Falls, June 25; Doe Lake, June 26; Magnetawan, June 27; Dunchurch, June 28; Sundridge, June 30; South River, July 2; Mecunoma, July 3.

DIVISION 23.

North Parry Sound.—Arnstein, June 9; Restoule, June 10; Hotham, June 11; Powassan, June 12; Calvin, June 14. **East Nipissing.**—Mattawa, June 13. **West Nipissing.**—Feronia, June 16. **Centre Algoma.**—West Korah, June 17; Goulais Bay, June 18; Tarentorus, June 19; Base Line, June 20; South Prince, June 21; East Korah, June 23. **East Algoma**—Johnston's, June 24; Bruce Station, June 25; Cloudslee, June 26; Iron Bridge, June 27; Walford, June 28; Lee Valley, June 30.

DIVISION 24.

West Manitoulin.—Grimesthorpe, June 9; Billings, June 10; Kagawong, June 11; Ice Lake, June 12; Barrie Island, June 13; Gordon, June 14; Poplar, June 16; Elizabeth Bay, June 17; Silver Watch, June 18; Sheshegwaning, June 19. **St. Joseph Island.**—Carterton, June 21; Kentvale, June 23; Richard's Landing, June 24; "A" Line, June 25. **North Shore, Algoma.**—Plummer, June 26; Desbarats, June 27; McLennan, June 28; Gordon Lake, June 30; Echo Bay, July 2; Sylvan Valley, July 3.

DIVISION 25.

Thunder Bay.—Dorion, June 16; Port Arthur, June 17; Fort William, June 18; McIntyre, June 19; South Neebing, June 20; Slate River, June 21; Carter's School House, June 23; Murillo, June 24; Conmee, June 25; O'Connor, June 26; Hymers, June 27; South Gillies, June 28.

DIVISION 26.

Kenora.—Dryden, July 3; Barclay, July 4; Oxdrift, July 5; Kenora, July 7. **Rainy River.**—Sleeman, July 9; Pinewood, July 10; Stratton, July 11; Shenston, July 12; Barwick, July 14; Emo, July 15; Matherford, July 16; Kingsford East, July 17; Barnhart, July 18; Big Fork, July 19; Devlin, July 21; La Vallee, July 22; Burriss, July 23; Crozier, July 24; McIrvine, July 25.

DIVISION 27.

Temiskaming.—Meetings will be arranged and announced later in the season.

SENTENCE REPORTS OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

The members of the Rodney Institute, through the secretary, have sent a letter of appreciation to each returning man. They recently forwarded a bale of clothing for the Belgian refugees, records for the convalescent men at London, and twenty dollars to Serbian relief. This society is interested in local improvements, and is already planning for the fall fair. The president is Mrs. Bisnett.

Mrs. L. Watson, president of Bartonville Institute, states that this Institute is interested in child welfare. Medical inspection of the school took place in March, under the supervision of Dr. Mary McKenzie-Smith. Two months later a most successful clinic was held, when nineteen children were operated on. This Institute is at present sewing for the military hospitals.

The secretary of Port Elgin Institute writes that a very successful sewing class, conducted by Miss E. McKay was held, during the progress of which about thirty gowns were completed. The Institute contemplates having a similar class later on in the year.

The Dunehurch Institute, under the leadership of the president, Mrs. W. J. Markham, has supplied clothing to motherless children who had lost all by fire, a donation of ten dollars was given to a sick woman, and prizes promised for women and girls at the fall fair. Taking an idea from the Institute page of the February Journal, folders have been given out for collection of money for patriotic purposes. This Institute wishes to thank other Institutes, notably River Valley, Camilla, Drayton and Rutland, for particulars given in the February issue.

The report of the Priceville Institute for 1918 shows the total receipts for that year to be $1,013.70; the total number of pairs of socks sent overseas was 238; also 16 sweaters, 271 towels, 90 vermin suits and 238 boxes to the soldiers. Mrs. D. Campbell is the president.

The West Ops Institute, with Mrs. G. W. Darke as president, is interested in relief work. A class of ninety-seven women and girls was gotten up by this branch, in conjunction with the Lindsay Institute, who took advantage of a course in home nursing, which proved highly satisfactory. The teacher, Dr. Grey, at the close was presented with a gold-headed umbrella. The West Ops Institute also furnished a room in the Isolation Hospital, Lindsay, which was much appreciated by the Board of Health.

As well as caring for the returned men, the Clachan Institute shipped a box of clothing to the value of $185 for the relief of the Serbians. This Institute also looks after medical inspection for the rural school. Mrs J. L Wright is the president.

The members of Ravensclife Institute, with Mrs. James Richards as president, are endeavoring to secure a rest room in Huntsville, their town. At the same time, they are still doing patriotic work, and sewing and mending for orphan children.

The McIntyre Institute, with Mrs. R. Hyndman as president, is working for the betterment of home and family. Parcels and necessaries have been sent to the soldiers by the members who also are taking up child welfare, rural school inspection, first aid and domestic science.

The members of the Wyndham Centre Institute are helping the poor in the school, but on account of local sickness have not made as much headway as they desired. The president is Mrs. B. Gray.

"A hearty welcome is being given each returning soldier to the village and community," reports Mrs. W. H. Page, president of Horning's Mills Institute. The members are still working at relief work and finishing up Red Cross work. This Institute is organizing to do its part in carrying out the work planned in the report of the Women's Institute Convention.

The members of the Warsaw Institute, with Mrs. David Miller as president, are looking forward to having a splendid school fair this fall. They are also much interested in the young girl problem.

The best means of organizing for work is occupying the attention of the members of Seymour West Institute, the president of which is Mrs. C. Macoun. This society is seeking the betterment of schools and playgrounds. Schools have been visited, and pictures, buttons and flags given as prizes to children obtaining the highest standing. The teachers and pupils entertained the Institute members, and mutual good feeling and interest were aroused.

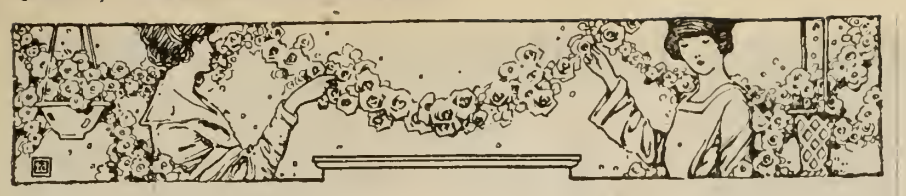
The Alford Park, Governor's Road Institute, since last sending in a report, has sent to the refugees goods to the value of $275; 61 pairs of socks to Belgium, 57 pairs to the Serbians, and 40 pounds of yarn and knitting needles. The socks and yarn were not included in the bale of goods valued at $275. At the February meeting $75 was voted the Belgian, Serbian and French relief societies, $25 to each. Mrs. Warren Turnbull is the president.

The members of Ripley Institute, with Mrs. Bowers as president, are helping the children, and are assisting the Council to enlarge the Township Hall. They are trying to have women as well as men trustees on the School Board.

Mrs. A. Cooke, president of the Devlin Institute, reports that the members have succeeded in having school inspection adopted.

Mrs. G. Potts, president of the Haliburton Institute, reports that her society had a very successful social and dance, at which songs, readings and recitations were given. Refreshments were served at a trifling cost, and $52.20 was realized. This money is to be used for the purpose of giving a general picnic or a banquet in the early summer for the entertainment of returned soldiers, their wives and families. Mrs. Potts states that they find this the best way of making money, if every member helps in the work.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77.)



The Question of Who Shall Vote

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.)

That the intellectuals, at this enormously tragic crisis of the world's history, when as never before the unlettered laborer has sensed the grievous wrongs inflicted upon him by society generally, and has further sensed the power that is his for the taking, should lightly consider the process of disfranchising him, is a thing almost beyond comprehension. It must have been something like this the philosopher meant when he said "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Marie Antoinette of France, writing to her friend, the Queen of Russia, said that sovereigns should pursue their way undisturbed by the rude mouthings of the uneducated populace in the same manner that the moon passes on her peaceful course, undeterred by the howlings of dogs. This was a fearless statement, and well-expressed, but one day the uneducated populace of France edited it to their entire satisfaction by cutting her head off.

The uneducated man has come to find out that he is uneducated because he has been neglected and exploited from his birth, and that the intellectuals and capitalists would now be rid of the results of their neglect by taking his vote away. It has taken him a long time to find this out, but he is seeing it now with a clarity and a celerity concerning which there can be no mistake whatsoever.

Yes, this would be as good a conclusion as any. You will remember, it occurs on the pedestals of Pompeii: "Cave Canem—Beware, the dog!"

* * *

IT is spring on the prairie! Never a need to look at the calendar; look to the earth, listen the sky. It may be we'll be catching a troll, you and I, from the birds and from the flowers.

Spring has a baton of wizard green. He is the concert-master who halts the feathered migrants on their way from wintry skies. With a gentle stroke he loosens the wing of the homing wavey so that she rests on the air and waits to preen her feathers. Watch how he sends the keen-winged hawk loud whistling through the air like an upshot arrow! See the dip and dart of the martins; have an ear to the barking crows, and the clip of their wings. The crow is not really a thief—he is only an egotist.

You'd think to watch these blackbirds step sedately across the ploughlands they were Daniels come to judgment. See the black-blue of their throats, and how they primp about to show their scarlet epaulettes. Roving bachelors every one, but hesitating—hesitating.

Lilt of meadow-thrush, honk of geese, call of prairie pullet, and hark you to the mellow gong of the robin. He wasn't killed at all. It is very demurely spoken that the fly who saw him die was bonused by the lark. He is the uniformed scout of spring, this swashbuckling fellow, with his scarlet surcoat, and would make believe to be lordlier than his fellows.

Spring on the prairie, with soft grass for the early w[illegible]nlings! Spring on the prairie, and the herbage quivers into flowers! Some day a young-hearted boy who has been playing among the stars will come a-near and fill a book about the plains. It will be a large, large book—there is so much to write about.

Maybe he will see the prairie as sleepy and satisfied. Maybe he will notice the roll of the land that seems to be activity in immobility. Maybe it will be a parchment that God has unrolled to his reading. But, mind you, boy, to tell the homely things. How a man on the prairie is lonely for the boughs of trees and for the sound of falling waters; how he draws sap from the primal soil as the willows draw sap from slough mires, and that he is a guiltless pagan, bowing to the moon and singing to the sun instead of Christ, our Lord, who lives in the blue of the skies.

* * *

Permanent Peace.

WILL the League of Nations now being formed in Europe ensure a permanent peace? The question is uppermost in every mind. He is a dullard who does not think now.

Men who write books about the treaties of Europe say that in thirty centuries the balance of power has been put level eight thousand times, and that its average poise is for two years.

If a soldier die, shall he live? Everyone knows the answer. Our soldier-sons can only live again when the permanent peace for which they died has been accomplished, otherwise we have betrayed them with a lie.

Whether this permanent peace shall come from more armament, or none at all, we cannot tell, in that the latter method is yet untried. That the establishment of an arbitral court, and of a world police, should, after eight thousand failures in treaties, be given a fair and proper test can hardly be gainsaid. It should be tested for a century or so. It seems a pity that the human race should have to go on being crucified on the same cross and in the same way forever. We ought, at least, to try some other shape of a cross.

Yes, we should reconsider our methods, for it is plainly evident that, in allowing each nation to be the plaintiff, judge and executioner in its own case, the result must be injustice, and a consequent violence to the conscience of men. Among the many evils of warfare, this is the greatest.

It is not reasonable to expect that the litigants, being interested parties, can pass judgment upon their own cause. Indeed, they make no attempt to judge it on merits. It is determined by the greatest destruction of life and wealth. This is why we sometimes tell the truth with inadvertence and speak of the result as "the fortune of war," meaning thereby that a force which is sightless conquers.

Only this we can say about the master-men in the League of Nations—they seem to have grasped the inutility of the old methods as no master-men have ever done before.

Concerning Books

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56.)

mobilizing and organizing society for war, social force and institutions were given a common direction and that action consciously in agreement with that trend renders great progress possible with a minimum of friction. The facts upon which Prof. Simons bases his conclusions are drawn almost exclusively from official reports of war activities in the countries involved. This was supplemented by extensive personal consultations with the leaders of war activities in England, France, Belgium, and Italy. "The Vision for Which We Fought" is a book excellently written and is one which should be read by all those who have faith in humanity to make still further progress toward the goal of common brotherhood.

Industry and Humanity, by W. L. Mackenzie King. Published By Thomas Allen. Price, $2.00.

ONCE in a long while the reviewer receives a book for which he feels the space at his disposal forbids adequate treatment. Such a book is "Industry and Humanity" by Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, in which the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64.)



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The Bride of Chilkoot Landing

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.)

"I can't let you go like that. You — perhaps you saved my life."

"Oh don't mention it. I'd do a little thing like that for most anybody." She plunged into the underbrush and was gone. Mrs. Irving stood irresolute, a deep flush upon her face. The girl had scored valiantly, of that she was painfully conscious.

"But the audacity of her! To speak as if I counted for nothing! Oh, how I am going to hate this place!" She sped homewards, making no effort to control the indignant tears.

"By the bye, little girl," said the doctor on his return from the camp, "I forgot to warn you about wandering off alone. Quite a few wild animals in the vicinity. What did you do with yourself this morning?"

"Oh—busy," she returned vaguely.

She decided that the conduct of Nettie, subsequent to her act of bravery, had so completely eliminated its virtue as to render it quite unworthy of repetition. Hence, though still with that shamed feeling of unrest she did not mention the escapade.

From that day she held herself proudly, delicately aloof. The miners shrugged occasionally, and intimated that it was a great pity young Irving had married a woman so lacking in congeniality. Nettie Jackson professed utter indifference. The brief, gorgeously colored summer vanished.

"ARE you beginning to like it, Isobel?"

It was an afternoon in late autumn, and the young wife sat sewing in the cabin doorway. "I never imagined anything so lovely in my life," she returned with enthusiasm; "the trees are literally on fire. Look at the river, Grant. It is like melted topaz. I think there must be miles and miles of that purplish pink flower. Oh, if I were a goddess of this far country, how I would resent the onward march of civilization, and the disturbance of my calm and serenity!"

"You should have been one," he returned half laughing, half serious, "you are so utterly detached from the hum-drum facts of life. I could scarcely have imagined that you would ever be so sublimely satisfied."

"Oh, you are still worrying because I have never evinced any fondness for Nettie Jackson, I suppose. What an unearthly quiet there is in the air today!"

"It probably heralds the first snow. Would you like to go for a tramp?"

"No, thanks. I'm crazy to finish this towel."

"Cross-stitched in Delft-blue, for the benefit of the first grimy miner who happens along in search of our hospitality," he answered gaily; "well then I believe I'll go off myself for an hour. You won't mind me leaving you that long, will you?"

"Oh, no. Don't forget the gun, though."

"Just possible I may bring you a couple of ducks for Sunday dinner," he returned.

Left alone, she continued to ply her needle busily, though once or twice the work slipped to the ground, and she lost herself in a spell of dreamy contemplation. Soon would the winter bring its own white glory. The hour passed—a second hour. From within the house the little clock chimed musically. Then she awoke from her long reverie with a start, and became sensible of that tang of chill in the air, and the level rays of the sinking sun.

"Grant not back yet!" she exclaimed with a thrill of fear.

She stood up, looking anxiously around her. He was not accustomed to stay away like this, and yet—why should she be alarmed? It would distract her mind to get the supper ready, and he would undoubtedly be home by the time that task was completed. Acting upon the resolve, she set resolutely to work, but for some inexplicable reason her usually practical attitude of mind had entirely deserted her. "If anything should have happened! If he had fallen upon his gun!" The cold fear clutching at her heart could no longer be shaken lightly away. She threw down the knife with which she had been cutting bread and rushed wildly down to the camp.

"Mr. Gleason," she called clearly, "Mr. Peters," and after a second's pause, "Mr. Peters—Mr. Gleason!"

There was no reply.

"Oh, where are you? Isn't there someone here?"

THEN the door of the Jackson cabin was pushed hastily open. "What's the matter?" asked Nettie, "didn't you know that all the men went off to Antler this morning? They won't any of them be back till tomorrow, and there isn't a soul about the place but me."

"Not anyone!" echoed Isobel blankly.

"What's the trouble? Are you scared or sick?"

"It's not that. It's my husband. He went off over two hours ago and he hasn't come back yet. It is getting horribly dark too, and so cold. What do you think can have happened? He promised to be back in an hour."

"Like enough it's all right," returned Nettie slowly, "but we'd best go up and take a look at the trail. Wait till I get my gun. It's just the same to me as another woman's powder-puff is to her, y' know—I never travel without it."

Isobel smiled wanly. When the two reached the little home on the tree-crowned knoll the shadows were already dark and sinister. The sun had vanished, leaving behind it only a sea of angry red, and the air had a steel-like edge. Mrs. Irving shivered perceptibly.

"Get on a warm coat," said the Jackson girl, "and find me some matches and a drop of brandy. I'm not fond of anticipating trouble, but it's only a fool that wouldn't take precautions in the north."

"What do you think——"

"I don't never waste time trying to imagine things, ain't born that way. And rustle a blanket while you're at it. Are you ready? All right, then come on."

Mrs. Irving followed her somewhat in the manner of an eager explorer, trusting to the instinct of an untutored savage. "Were you actually going to stay alone all night?" she asked as they climbed hardily up the mountain-path.

"Mercy, yes. No one to steal me in these parts, far as I knows of. The folks knew y'ud be within reach anyway."

"Yes," said Isobel guiltily.

Night was descending like a pall. The firs began to show inky black against the phantom grey of the sky, the branches cracked beneath their feet. Then Nettie uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Isobel.

"Snowflake on my cheek," answered the other grimly.

After what seemed an intolerable space of time, the road curved towards the brink of a tremendous "draw." It was narrow, but excessively steep, its sides covered with pine and cedar that sloped in graduated rows to the uttermost depth of it. "There!" said Nettie.

A dark object was faintly visible, far down, dimly described in a bit of clear space between the sentinel spruce. The next moment Isobel Irving's voice rose in a clarion call of mingled relief and terror. "Grant oh, Grant, are you there? It's Isobel. Grant! Grant!"

Very faintly the call came back to them.

"THANK God!" said Nettie Jackson. "Keep close behind me, Mrs. Irving," she shouted, and plunged downward into the pines like a fleet young deer. The other girl followed, breathless. She tore a great rent in her skirt, and her hands were soon cruelly scratched and bleeding, but she was only conscious of that prostrate figure awaiting her, hearing over and over again the echo of that call for help.

"Let me go first," said Nettie. She pushed the other woman aside almost roughly, and then was revealed to the horrified wife the great tree that pinned him to the ground like a vise.

"It fell—got me in the leg," he murmured, "did you call? I had a dream. Isobel, I thought you called me——."

"Blamed lucky we got here when we did, Mrs. Irving. In another moment we might have raved till midnight for all he'd have been able to answer us. Hand over the flask."

Isobel gave it to her with trembling fingers. "Don't lose your head, now. It's just a faint."

"But his leg——."

"Well," said Nettie cheerfully, "I reckon it's broken. Maybe crushed a little bit, too. However, 'tain't near time for the post-mortem yet. Just be thankful it wasn't his head, and help me prove what two women are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72.)

Concerning Books

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63.)

Inter-relation of war and the present industrial unrest are set forth in ringing sentences which cannot help but clarify the muddied waters of dissension and distrust.

In his timely and thoughful book Mr. King sums up the results of his life experience as a student of labor problems. His paramount thought as expressed through the pages of his book is that Labor and Capital, as well as the various nations of the earth, must come in closer touch and seek to understand one another's view-points so that a fairer apportionment can be made of the surplus wealth of the world.

"The war, momentous in every way," he writes, "has helped to demonstrate the unity underlying human relationships. Its world scale but reflects the expansion in industry and international politics. It is essential to recognize the cosmopolitan trend in order to view the problem of labor and capital in true perspective. It is no longer a local or even a national problem, as often assumed, but an international problem of the first magnitude. Industrial and international relations are the warp and woof of modern world intercourse. They constitute the obverse and reverse of a world problem of human relations in which political and industrial consideration are inseparably intertwined. It is the scale of intimacy of this relationship that distinguishes the labor problem of to-day from the problem as it has existed at any previous time."

In connection with the industrial unrest engendered by the war, Mr. King points out that legacies of hatred and ill-will, whether inherited from industrial or international strife, together with distress and debt—whether incurred by any one or the other—differ in degree only and not in kind.

"What of it all finally?" he asks. "Sooner or later peace must be restored, for war cannot go on forever, whether it be industrial or international. Capital and Labor, as well as nation and nation, must come to terms of settlement or all alike be ruined. Common, as contrasted with opposed interests, must be recognized. But where has there been settlement of any great conflict which has not meant much of loss to each of the parties? And where are the gains which have come through conflict that would not have been the greater if otherwise obtained?

"For industry and nationality alike the last word then lies in the supremacy of humanity. Of more worth than all else man can achieve is the well-being of humanity. The national or industrial economy based on a lesser vision, in the final analysis, is anti-social, and lacks the essentials of definite expansion and durability. The failure to look beyond the state and beyond industry as a revenue producing process has brought chaos instead of order. To glorify institutions, regardless of the men, women, and children whose individual existences they were meant to serve, is to negative, not to promote progress.

"The sacredness of human personality is more important than all other considerations. Without infinite regard for individual life, however obscure or deformed, expressions of social values are meaningless. Estimates of national power, pride in industrial growth, forecasts of world expansion: any, and all of these which reckon material gains apart from the human losses they involve, mistake for life itself the coarse texture of but a part of the garment of life.

"Because the peoples of the world are affected more generally and more continuously and intimately by industrial relations than by International relations it may well be that some solution of internat onal problems will come about only with the solution of the problems of industry. Nations have failed through conflict to widen the circle of international goodwill. In the co-operation of the parties to industry along intelligent lines they may yet be led to an application of principles that will best promote the well-being of mankind."

In other chapters of his book Mr. King proceeds to elaborate his theme by emphasizing the necessity for labor having a more adequate share in the proceeds of industry, as well as active representation in its conduction. He points out the need for a wider understanding and sympathy of those who work, toil without hope, and he touches on the fact that it was the working man on the battlefield, as well as in the factory, who won the war against autocracy. Coming at this time of general reconstruction Mr. King's book will undoubtedly exercise a considerable influence with all those who are giving careful thought to our industrial problems. In fact, this is already evidenced in the recent appointment by the government of a special committee to investigate industrial relations, who are to report their findings and recommendations before the present Parliament rises.

"Industry and Humanity" is one of the ablest contributions that have been made to the industrial problem in recent years and is by all odds the strongest and most original book written by a Canadian author this season.

Of Interest to the Motorist

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49.)

The writer of this has repeatedly warned his friends and acquaintances of this danger which is ever present and which gives absolutely no warning. The peculiar poison in this unburned exhaust gas is all the more deadly because it has no recognizable odor and cannot be detected by any other means available to the layman.

The point, however, is this: Why worry about finding some means to detect the gas? Instead, take precaution never to permit your motor, or any other internal combustion engine, for that matter, to run a minute inside a closed room without adequate provision for the instant removal of the exhaust gases.

This goes also for the garageman. Who has not seen a crowd around a car inside a garage when a motor is being tested out? The operator may "race" the engine for reasons best known to himself. At some portion of the time when the spark is being advanced and the throttle opened, there will be literally gallons of deadly poison in gaseous form thrown into the atmosphere, for such is the inherent principle of the machine. Should anyone be standing directly in the path of the exhaust, nothing but an act of Providence could prevent his inhaling a few breaths of this subtle poison. Fortunately, the exhaust in its normal condition is so foul that few are sufficiently hardy to withstand it. This probably accounts for the comparatively few deaths from this cause.



Lemonade

—Delicious and Efficient

What Other Drink Compares?

WHEN thirsty, hot or tired, make a lemonade and note how you're refreshed. It's like an ocean breeze. There's nothing else like it. And nothing will ever take its place.

The Reasons

Plain lemonade is the standby of millions, but that's not due solely to its flavor. No beverage so far outstrips all others because of taste alone.

A drink that becomes universal invariably has a peculiar efficiency that others cannot match. In lemonade, it is due to natural salts and acids, which benefit the blood.

It is due to these elements that this drink is so refreshing, cooling and delicious.

Nature says, "Lemonade, especially in summer." And Nature is the maker. Where is another maker with such knowledge or with equal skill?

* * *

These are the reasons why no other drink will ever equal lemonade.

They are the reasons why you should drink it and serve it to your friends.

In entertaining, the serving of lemonade is a sign of enlightenment, thoughtfulness and care.

You can make your own lemonade at home from California lemons. The pure lemon juice comes to you in nature's germ-proof package—the lemon skin. Lemonade is easy to make, and your grocer has the lemons.

Sunkist Lemonade

Juice 1 Sunkist Lemon
2 tablespoons sugar
¾ cup water

Put sugar in cup; add ice water; stir until sugar is dissolved; add Sunkist lemon juice, and serve immediately. Soda or charged water may be used if desired.

SEND FOR
"New-Day Drinks"

Our new free book, "Sunkist New-Day Drinks," explains six different ways to make lemonade.

It also describes many other drinks like those illustrated above made with lemon and orange juice in the form of non-alcoholic cocktails, fizzes, punches, etc.

The recipes are by Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. You'll find it a valuable help in entertaining.

Just mail us a post card and we'll send a copy free.

CALIFORNIA
Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

Sunkist Lemons from California are rich in juice and flavor. Uniform in quality. Practically seedless. They make the best lemonade. All first-class dealers sell them. They are better lemons, yet they cost no more than other kinds. Get a dozen now.



Sunkist Marmalade



CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
A Non-Profit, Co-Operative Organization of 8,500 Growers
Dept. H-6, Los Angeles, California
Also Distributors of Sunkist Oranges and Sunkist Marmalade



FLEET FOOT for Summer

FLEET FOOT this summer. Wear these dressy, stylish WHITE SHOES yourself. Put the children in FLEET FOOT Tell the men about FLEET FOOT. Let the whole family be cool and comfortable—enjoy foot ease—and save money.

There's a FLEET FOOT style for every foot; for men, women and children; for every-day and business wear; for evening and dress occasions; for all sports and outings; for holiday time; for the country, seashore and mountains.

Have several pairs—a pair of high Boots, a pair of Oxfords and one of Pumps. These three different styles, for instance, will lend pleasing variety to your summer costumes; and give you the proper White Footwear for all summer or outing occassions.

FLEET FOOT Shoes cost so little that you can well afford several pairs.

Be sure to get the genuine FLEET FOOT Shoes. Look for the name on the sole.

FLEET FOOT is the Best Summer Shoe for Boys', Girls and Children

The leading shoe stores sell FLEET FOOT

How to Utilize the New Cotton Fabrics

Dress 7946

Dress 8097

Dress 8111
Embroidery
11827

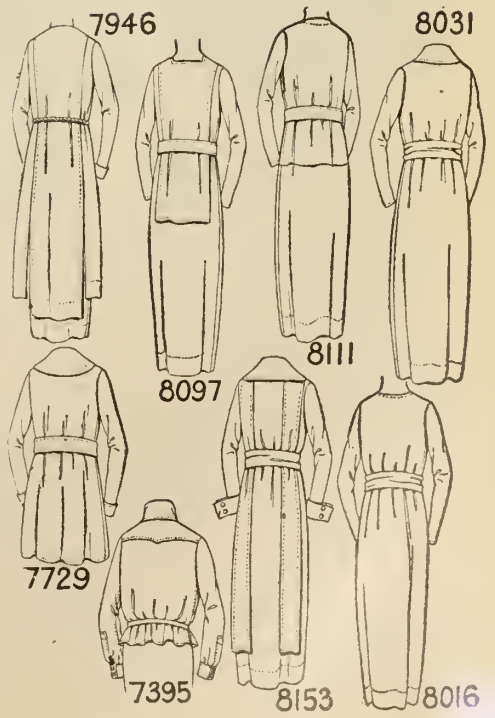
Dress 8031

Dress 8016

Sports Blouse 7729

Blouse 7395

Dress 8153



(FOR DESCRIPTIONS SEE PAGE 50.)

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Plain and Modish Gowns and Blouses for the Many Demands of Summer

Blouse 7801

Blouse 7815

Dress 7840

Dress 8141

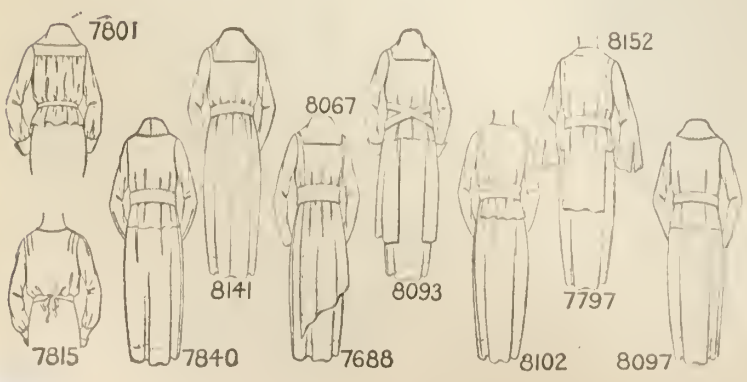
Tunic Blouse 8067
Skirt 7688

Dress 8093

Dress 8102
Braiding 12426

Blouse 8152
Braiding 12319
Skirt 7797

Dress 8097



(FOR DESCRIPTIONS SEE PAGE 50.)

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Practical Street Frocks and New Tailored Blouses

7604 — Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge 2⅞ yards. Size 36 requires
5 yards 44-inch serge
⅜ yard white satin
12469—Blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents.

7676 — Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires
1⅞ yard 44-inch plain serge
2½ yards 44-inch check serge
⅞ yard 36-inch lining

7816 — Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge of dress (open), about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires
4⅜ yards 44-inch gabardine
11809—Blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents.

7096 — Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires
5¼ yards 44-inch serge

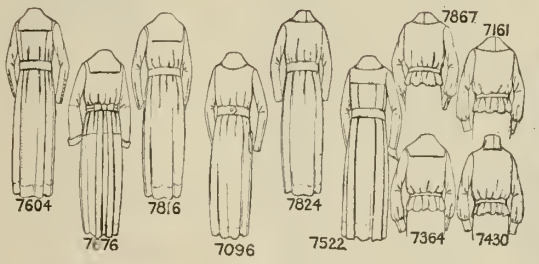
7824 — Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires
3¾ yards 44-inch check worsted
¾ yard 36-inch cloth

Dress 7816
Braiding 11809

Dress 7096

Dress 7604
Embroidery 12469

Dress 7676



7522—Ladies' Box-plaited Dress (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge, 3⅛ yards. Size 36 requires
7¾ yards 36-inch satin

7857—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires
2⅜ yards 36-inch striped satin
⅝ yard white satin

7364—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires
2¼ yards 36-inch voile

7161—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires
2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine

7430—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires
2⅜ yards 36-inch check taffeta

Blouse 7867

Blouse 7364

Dress 7824

Dress 7522

Blouse 7161

Tailored Blouse 7430

Afternoon Frocks of Simple Style for the Stout Woman

7520 — Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Blouse has open front showing chemisette which has high neck finished with a standing collar; perforated for V-shaped and square neck outlines.

12270—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (3 yards of ½- and ¾-inch borders), 20 cents.

7919—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (25 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Skirt has three-inch high waist-line; closing at left side-front. Side tunic extending in deep points, open front and back. The costume in medium size requires

4½ yards 36-inch black satin
2¼ yards 36-inch white satin for vest and facing tunic
⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody

8004 — Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt about 2⅛ yards, width at lower edge of gathered skirt about 1½ yard. As illustrated, size 36 requires

3⅛ yards 44-inch tricotine for waist and tunic
3¼ yards 36-inch satin for skirt and collar
⅞ yard 36-inch lining

The waist crossed and buttoned at left side-front to the two-piece gathered tunic.

7737 — Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust.

12270—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (3 yards of ½- and ¾-inch borders), 20 cents.

7654—Ladies' Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard, width of tunic (with seam at center-front) about 2 yards. The costume in medium size requires

6⅝ yards 44-inch check serge
½ yard 36-inch black satin for collar
⅜ yard 36-inch white satin for vest
⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody

7839 — Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Without lining. Open front with large collar having deep points, perforated for shawl collar and round collar.

12423—Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 20 cents

7933—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard with plaits drawn out. Skirt has high waist-line gathered at the top and closed at left side-back. The costume in medium size requires

6⅞ yards 36-inch satin

7784 — Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. The gathered chemisette (finished with a straight band) closes at left side-front.

7707—Ladies' Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1½ yard. Two-piece gathered tunic (pointed at lower edge on right side), perforated to be made without the point and suitable for bordered materials. The costume in medium size requires

5 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse and tunic
2½ yards 36-inch satin for skirt and trimming
¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vest
⅞ yard 36-inch lining



If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

The Cutest of Lingerie and Sleeping Garments for Wee Maids



Combination 6549
Embroidery 12367



Princess Slip 5293

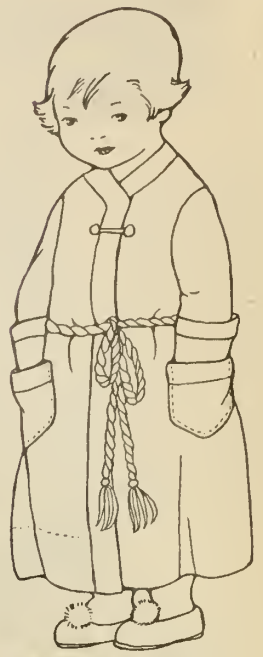
Scallop 11693



Petticoat 7826



Princess Slip 7821
Embroidery 11569

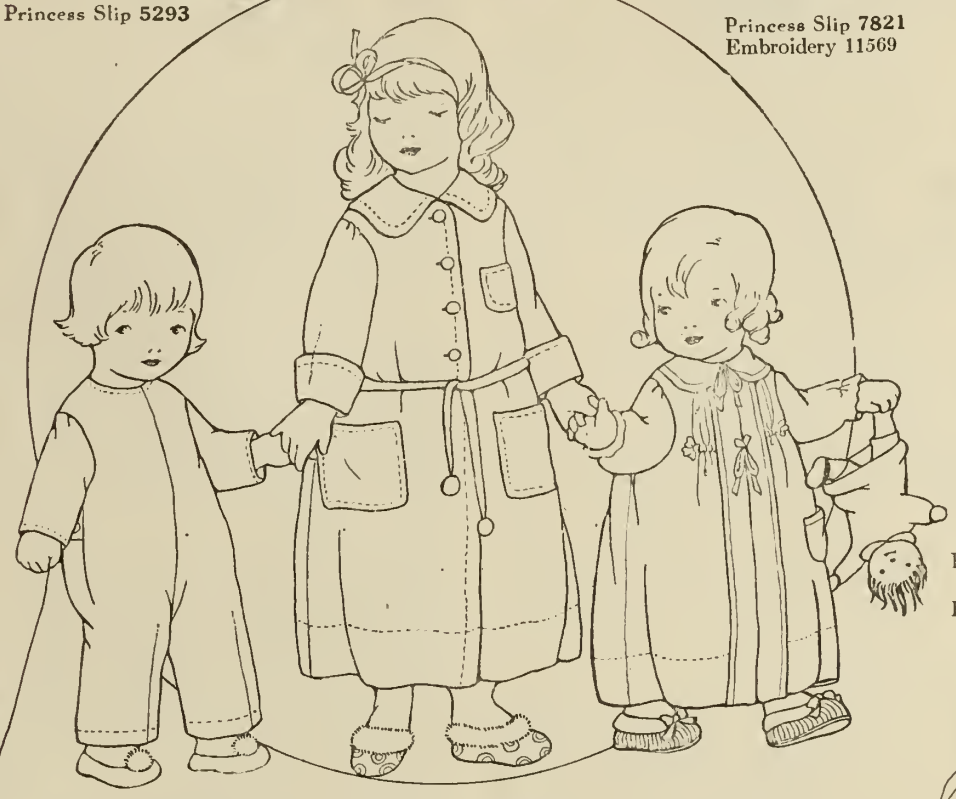


Bath-robe 8099



Envelop Chemise 6095

Scallop 11659





Petticoat 7327
Embroidery 11569

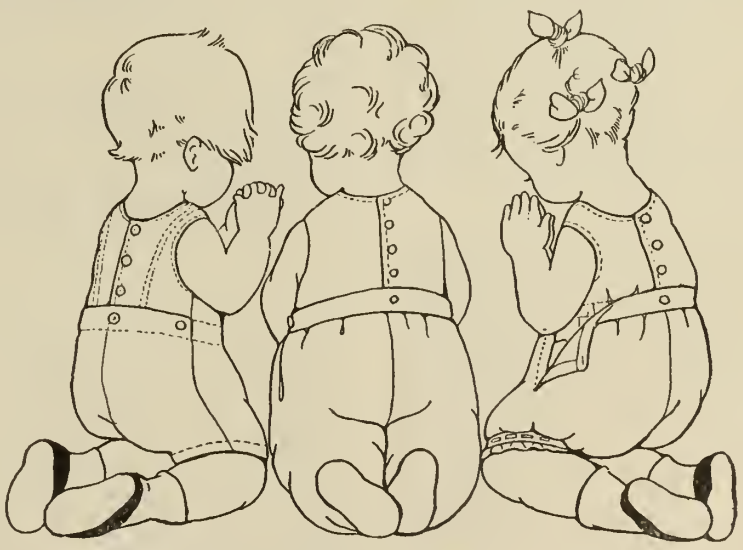


Pajamas 6838

Nightdrawers 4643

House Coat 7369

Kimono 7368



Combination 6941

Nightdrawers 8108

Combination 7991



Kimono 6969

6549—Child's Combination Underwaist and Drawers (15 cents). Five sizes, 2 to 10 years.
12367—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (38 sprays), 20 cents.
5293—Child's Princess Slip (15 cents). Sizes 1 to 10 years.
7826—Children's and Girls' One-piece Gathered Petticoat (15 cents). Eight sizes, 1 to 8 years.
11693—Blue transfer pattern, 15 cents.
7821—Children's and Girls' Princess Slip (15 cents). Eight sizes, 1 to 8 years.
11569—Blue or yellow transfer pattern (8 sprays), 15 cents.
8099—Child's Bath-robe (20 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years.
6095—Child's Drawers and Envelop Chemise (15 cents). Sizes 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.
11659—Scallop in blue or yellow, 15 cents.



4643—Child's Nightdrawers (15 cents). Sizes ½ to 12 years.
7369—Child's House Coat (15 cents). Sizes 1 to 10 years.
7368—Infants' and Children's Long Kimono (15 cents). Sizes for infants and 1, 2, and 4 years.
7327—Child's Petticoat (15 cents). Five sizes, 1 to 5 years.
11569—Embroidery transfer pattern in blue or yellow, 15 cents.
6838—Girls' One-piece Pajamas (15 cents). Six sizes, 4 to 14.
6941—Child's Combination Underwaist and Side-closing Drawers (15 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 8 years.
8108—Child's Nightdrawers (20 cents). Four sizes, 1 to 4.
7991—Child's Combination (20 cents). Six sizes, 1 to 6 years.
6969—Girls' and Children's Japanese Kimono (15 cents). Six sizes, 2 to 12 years.

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Carhartt's Allovers

They not only save your suit, but they protect the car from scratches. Made of tough denim, they are cut to retain their shape, and reinforced where the strain comes. Every seam is double stitched; every button is *concealed*. Handy swing pockets for tools and extra roomy seat. Readily identified by the car-heart button.



Hair under the arms is a needless annoyance. You can remove it in the most agreeable, "womanly" way by using El-Rado, a sanitary, colorless lotion.

El-Rado is easily applied to the face, neck or arms with a piece of absorbent cotton. It is entirely harmless, and does not stimulate or coarsen later hair growth. Users of powdered hair removers and blades will find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin.

Ask for El-Rado at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 60c and $1.00. Money-back guarantee.

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Pratts Powdered Lice Killer keeps nests, litter and dust baths free from vermin. Also destroys Insects on cattle and other live stock; and on vegetable plants, rose bushes, etc.
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Toronto P-26

Pratts.

Trained Nurses earn $15 to $25 a week. Learn without leaving home. Send for free booklet. Royal College of Science. Dept. 39, Toronto, Canada

The July Number will be the Summer Story Number There will be four short stories complete in this issue in addition to the serial "Who Goes There?"



The Bride of Chilkoot Landing

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.)

capable of when it comes to shunting a forest monarch out of the way."

Her rough words were like a tonic. With a laugh and a sob Isobel bent her whole energy to the task. It would have been beyond their united strength in a calmer moment, but love and fear and indomitable courage lent their compelling force, and the weight was at last removed.

"Never was so near to being exhausted in my life, 'specially after the run down that bank. There's a big night ahead of us yet, though. Had you noticed it's been snowing the last few minutes?"

"So it is," said Isobel wonderingly.

"We've got to pitch some kind of a camp. That brandy's doin' its work, Mrs. Irving. Haven't a white underskirt you could spare, I suppose?"

Isobel sighed over her grey satin petticoat with its pleated frills.

"Ain't hardly the right color, is it? However, I've got it in my power to remedy the deficiency myself. Help me split it, will you? Say, if I don't evolve the dandiest bandage that was ever tied——."

She did not complete the sentence, but her bandage was almost as good as her word. "Now, we've got to put it on," she said, "and then we've got to carry him to higher land. We can't stay here all night, that's a cinch."

"Why not?" asked Isobel timidly.

"Because when it once begins to snow here it snows like anything. Don't want to be buried alive, do you? That's why. Easy, my man, easy. You are among friends," she finished with a low laugh.

ISOBEL Irving was as clay in the hands of the potter. Chagrined, grateful, ready to weep, she obeyed every command of this girl of the mining-camp like a docile child. "That lid o' yours looks as if it might hold water real well," said the latter suddenly, "and I hear a little stream tricklin' somewheres near. You'd best go and fill it. We'll have to wet the bandage and keep it wet, so as to stop his leg from swellin'. Then, in the morning Dutch Gleason can take charge, with maybe a few pointers from the doctor himself. He's sure a wonder on bones, Dutch is."

The work of carrying the man to the summit again was infinitely laborious, and he suffered greatly during the process. The perspiration stood out upon his brow, and sometimes a moan escaped him. The darkness added a touch of the impossible to their task, and once or twice Isobel unwittingly stumbled over an obtrusive root or branch. Nettie, on the contrary, was sure-footed as an Alpine guide. When they reached the top she sought out a suitable recess mid a group of jack-pines, and gently placed Irving on the ground and moistened his lips with brandy once more.

"Take a drink yourself, Mrs. Irving. You're shot to pieces, I'm not afraid to bet."

Isobel sank down beside her husband and resisted an hysterical desire to sob aloud.

"I'm goin' to collect stuff for a bed for the doctor," said Nettie, "and then I'll build a fire. Now, don't be foolish, Mrs. Irving. You're not going to stir a step. This kind of thing is like play to me, but I reckon you never slept out a night in your life."

Isobel submitted helplessly. In that instant, too, her husband called her name and she momentarily forgot all else. She passed a caressing hand over his forehead. The world was white and misty now, and by the pale, eerie light of a few faint stars she could see Nettie Jackson moving swiftly about, filling her arms with dry cones and boughs. There on the caribou moss she made a downy woodman's couch, dauntless and unwearied, elastic grace and strength in every gesture. She was like a Breton peasant with all that superabundant vitality, but she had the fresh mystery of a new land as well. She knelt down to strike a match, and immediately a blue flame shot into the air.

"Who is with us, Isobel?"

"Didn't you know, dear? It's Nettie. All the men were away. And oh! if it hadn't been for her! She has been wonderful, Grant."

His hand closed over hers protectingly.

THE snow fell in big white flakes. Soon the firs were no longer black on the landscape, but living miracles of immaculate purity, covered as with lily petals. Nettie, with that keen foresight of hers, had made the fire in a comparatively sheltered nook, between a huge boulder and the thicket of pines. The injured man lay close to it, and the delicious warmth seemed to render him drowsy. Isobel realized it with a deep sense of gratitude. At some distance, leaning against a tree, her eyes wide and intent upon the silvery brightness all around her, her attitude at once alert and brooding, the girl of the mining-camp kept guard over their little circle.

Isobel Irving watched her with an unspeakable yearning in her heart. While she pondered over the words that might possibly convey some very slight, inadequate idea of the emotions thrilling in her soul she saw, remote, yet like some vivid, horrible dream, gray shapes that loomed upon the snow like spectres, and eyes that glittered weirdly.

"Nettie!" she breathed.

"Wolves," said the girl in a low voice, "but that's a roaring good fire I made and we're perfectly safe. You can go to sleep if you like—snug as a baby in a cradle."

Isobel shook her head. Then the dazzling green eyes faded into obscurity, and Nettie came over to where the doctor lay and freshened the bandages.

"Stay with me," said Isobel when she would have moved away again.

"Bit nervous? All right, I don't mind."

There was a pause. "I can never express in words what I feel, Nettie. If it had not been for you——."

"Oh, don't bother flinging any bouquets," said Miss Jackson bashfully, "it's just the way I was raised, that's all. Why, Mrs. Irving, I'm a real native if ever there was one. You can't tell me anything about adventure." She leaned forward to throw another great bough on the fire, and the scarlet sparks rose like an illuminated cascade, and scattered themselves far and wide over the shining snow.

"About the first thing I can remember is being alone in the house with my mother, and seeing a bear come out of the woods up to the very door, and my mother standing there alone, fighting for me with her life. Yes, she did that thing too, Mrs. Irving. When Big Jim Dawson came along and fired a shot at the beast, she was just about all in. She died three hours afterwards."

The woman who listened drew a deep breath.

"I had an awful time once goin' up the river to Antler one spring. The ice was just breaking, and there are rapids that are dangerous at the best of times. Dad was sick with fever and we simply had to get a doctor. There was no camp here, then, only one man who was too old to go and another one who hadn't enough sand. Well, I went. I thought I'd never get through it alive. The huge blocks of ice snapped at me like steel traps, and there was once or twice I just let go, and the most merciful chance under heaven guided me through. Wish you could have saw my hands that time."

"OH, Nettie," began Isobel Irving. Then the tears choked her.

"Now, don't you worry," said the other awkwardly. "And once when Dad and old Sylvester and I were comin' down in a boat an outlaw shot at us from the bank and wounded Sylvester pretty bad. The notorious O'Brien that was. He was after our poke, of course, but we was one too many for him. And another time I was lost in the woods for three days I thought I'd come to my finish then all right, and I was pretty nigh fed up on water and blue-berries. I seen some wonderful things, though creeks full of wild celery higher'n your head, Mrs. Irving, wavin' its pale yellow hair in the breeze, pretty as you could imagine, and other ponds just about choked with purple flags, and mink and rabbits, and I don't know what all, friskin' like lambs among red columbines and wild lupine."

"I must have seemed the most insignificant creature on earth to you Nettie."

"Oh, I don't know. I must have looked a fright to you that first day I guess, so honors is probably even I didn't know, yuh see, but since I've had a chance to watch you I've got some new ideas in my head. Why" with a little catch in her voice, "I've even slipped out nights to have a look at the clothes you sometimes left hanging on the line. I wanted to get onto the make o' them, yuh see, so I took a lantern"—she stopped confusedly.

"Don't, don't," said Mrs. Irving "I've been a contemptible fool, Nettie Jackson, but everything is going to be different when we go home again The human heart must be like a house of many, many rooms. Oh, when we go down the mountain in the morning we are going to start all over. We are going to be friends, Nettie—that is, if you'll have me for a friend."

"Won't I just!"

They clasped hands, while far away in the Eastern sky the clouds grew pink and tender, and only the giant gulches showed blackly against the powdered uplands. After a very long silence there came a far sound of voices, and below them, on the pearl tinted river, they caught the dip and flash of a moving boat. Nettie sprang up and greeted the day royally. "Say, it's the men coming back again, sure as you live. You'll be all right here now with the doctor's gun, Mrs. Irving, and I'm goin' to run right down and have a couple of stalwarts and a stretcher up here inside of two jiffs. And say! You and your husband are both invited to breakfast at our place We'll have the biggest layout of pancakes you ever seen, and beans and bacon and the best coffee you ever tasted. I don't care if we starve for the rest of the winter. Hooray!"

She disappeared into a copse of fir trees like a fleet-winged arrow, and in another moment Isobel Irving saw her issue from their darkness and go gaily down the intricate, winding path, singing as the snow fled before the sunlight, as one who belongs within a circle of good fellowship, and hies forth on an errand of goodwill.

THE END.



Through the Looking Glass

Factors in the Regime of Keeping Fit

THE daily papers have been taken up with such a diversity of things of world-wide importance lately, such as strikes, prohibition, the fuss Italy has been kicking up, Bolshevism, and the trans-Atlantic air flight, that perhaps some of you, dear ladies, failed to notice a cabled despatch from Versailles which was published in one of the early days of May, telling about the arrival there of Germany's peace delegates. There were women in the party, it seems, as well as men, and, to tell the truth, it was the description of their behaviour which caused me to read the item with special interest.

They arrived in the rain—a cold, windy day, which the township is noted for—but that didn't deter any of them from going forth on a shopping expedition in search of things they wanted. And what do you suppose these were? The first was soap. They say the stock of soap in the shops in the neighborhood of the hotels where the Germans were quartered was exhausted before noon on the day of their arrival. How they must have wanted it! I don't suppose they had had enough soap for years! Think of having to make a cake of soap last for months, with no prospect of more when that was exhausted, as it is likely was the case with these women! And they were of the prosperous class, which means that the poor people simply must have gone without any. Just what the hardship meant was proved by the eagerness with which they availed themselves of the first opportunity to luxuriate in the possession of it, even before they satisfied their excessive appetite for long-denied food luxuries; for the very second thing they did was buy quantities of candy cakes and pastries, which they tell us they "devoured with gurgles of glee." Apparently, they didn't mind the hisses and hoots of the citizens, who recognized their origin by their long skirts and the flat heels of their boots; but with that entire lack of sensitiveness which might be expected of them, proceeded to enjoy themselves in the face of the disgusted onlookers. It's a pity the little French shopkeepers had to sell them their goods. I do hope it wasn't the best soap they sold them—just some old stuff that had been in stock for a long time that they were anxious to get rid of; but I suppose we may trust to French perspicacity that they got no bargains.

HAVEN'T you noticed it that almost anywhere these days you are likely to run into an odour of moth balls? Furs, great coats, flannels, and all the warm winter coverings are being wrapped away by careful mothers of households against the ravages of the merry little moth, and the air is redolent with the nice clean smell of camphor which heralds this event. Now is the time when we have shed our clumsier garments and the curves of the figure become more visible, to take stock of the set of our shoulders and the line of our back, and see what the past season has done for us. This stock-taking is really important. Perhaps for months past we have been daily bending over a desk, or a piece of sewing, or a dish-pan which is too low for our stature, and unconsciously acquiring a droop to our shoulders, so that the spine has rounded to an unnatural curve. Just pay a little attention to your body and see how seldom you stand erectly or sit with the graceful posture which is your birthright. Notice that when you do, by an act of will, carry yourself erect, there is a tension and a strain about the attitude which shows it is unnatural.

This is all wrong, of course, and the longer we neglect the matter the more difficult it will be to correct. The spine so readily follows the line of least resistance that if you show carelessness in your younger days, when middle age creeps on you will have acquired an ungainly stoop. This is the season of correction, when you must say to yourself: "I am not going to let my back do as it likes with me. I am going to bring it to 'Attention' every time I catch it bending."

And, just as all things that are worth working for are difficult to do, so is this business of forcing your spine to a sturdy, upright pose, which is important from the standpoint of beauty as well as its relation to general fitness and health.

This latter should be a matter of vanity with every woman. Our great-grandmothers may have prided themselves on their ability to faint with ease and perfection on the slightest provocation, but the girl of to-day is often heard to boast that life is too short to spend even a few minutes of it in unconsciousness. That is the spirit of the times. Besides, beauty depends upon health, and, vice-versa, the first and greatest sign of health in woman is beauty. And, next to character, someone tells us beauty of form and feature is woman's greatest asset. Therefore, you see, there is a great and important reason for keeping ourselves in perfect health, for without it we cannot attain that perfect development of every part of the body which enables it to best perform its functions and produce a perfection of bodily organization, intellectual power, social activity and moral power.

INDOLENCE, perhaps, is one of the most vital causes of ill-health. "Nature knows no pause," says Goethe, "and attaches a curse upon stagnation." Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears. The body must be exercised, and in the right direction. Walking is one of the most beneficial means of accomplishing this, because it is a natural method. This is an advantage which the country woman has over the city woman, who is surrounded by motors and street cars and temptations of all kinds to prevent this healthful exercise. An excellent idea is to embody in your "keep fit" resolution—(you have already made one, haven't you?)—a promise to walk a certain distance every day, say, a dozen city blocks, if you are a city woman, or to the post office and back, if you live in a town. Swimming, golf, basketball, tennis, skating and all outdoor exercises are also invaluable factors in the regime of "keeping fit."

A VERY good exercise for reducing hips which have acquired excessive flesh—a tragic acquisition in these days of the straight and slender silhouette—is to take the first position with the towel in front, then raise the arms forward and bend the knees, keeping the back erect, until the hips almost touch the heels. This is a difficult position to attain at first, but with practice it can readily be accomplished.

Body-twisting is another very good means of keeping the muscles flexible and strengthening and invigorating the spine. This should be done with the feet placed well apart to give a broad base for effective action. Standing thus, with hands firmly on the hips, bend the body first to one side and then the other, with a swing, taking care not to drop the head. Circle the body from left to right and then from right to left with a free movement. Next, with one foot placed well forward, bend the body backward as far as possible, and then forward over the knee, repeating the action until you feel that the strain is tiring you.

Your own good sense will allow you to enlarge on these somewhat sketchy hints which I have given you, dear ladies, and I am certain that if I can once persuade you of the great benefit to both health and appearance which a few intelligently-taken exercises will result in, they will become as much a part of your daily routine as saying your prayers or reading the paper—two sterling habits, which even a Vain Jane such as I cannot afford not to cultivate.

Vain Jane

The little dentist



ROYAL VINOLIA
TOOTH PASTE

THE wisdom of teaching little children to use Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste will be abundantly evident in improved health. This fine British-made dentifrice is a perfect cleanser although it will not scratch the enamel nor are there acids present to hurt the gums in any degree whatever.

Sold by all good Druggists and Stores.

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Cured His Rheumatism at 75 Years
WITH A
BRANSTON
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GENERATOR



A prominent business man whose letter we have on file in our office, writes as follows:

"Nearly two years ago I purchased a Branston Violet Ray Generator, for my father, who had been a martyr to rheumatism for eighteen years. He was crippled and suffered agonies, and had been told by the doctors that as he was over seventy-five years of age, they could not cure him.

"After using one of your Generators for about five months he could walk miles, and was completely cured. We have found the Generator invaluable in the home for other sickness and would not part with it for anything."

Yours truly, C. B.....

The Branston Generator successfully treats any disease of the blood or nerves, and can be used by anyone—right in your own home.

Branston Generator agents in every large city will give free demonstration —or write

Please send me your free book, "Health Rays."
Name .....
Address .....

Chas. A. Branston Co.
355 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Once upon a time there was an advertiser who got his copy in ahead of closing dates; he gave the publisher time for careful composition; making cuts was never left until the "last gun," with the printer holding the presses and running up the publisher's bill. The advertiser always had plenty of time to make corrections and get exactly what he wanted in set-ups. There were no disputes about typographical errors and inadvertent insertions. When he O.K.'d a final proof it was final. And the advertiser was always pleased with the attention and service the publisher gave him.

Moral: No publisher can give an advertiser proper service unless copy is received early!



The GIRLS' "CARRY ON" COLUMN

By Betty O'Hara



If You Would Become a Newspaper Reporter

THERE are very few girls, who at one time or another, have not had a burning desire to take up newspaper work. It ranks with those ambitions through which all have passed, when a dark and handsome prince of fairy land fame was forever before us, and whom we one day would marry, but also like those dreams gone by, most of these hopes have never been realized.

Few understand the vast difference between magazine writing and the broad field of newspaper work, but the barrier between the two and the difference in outlook for the girl in each case is tremendous.

The girl who would have her name on the pages of a monthly magazine must know her subject through and through, she must have a definite idea, and be able to express it in convincing language; or if becoming a short story writer is her goal she must give a sob and a laugh to her readers and make her story overflow with human interest. But a girl who wishes to become part of the staff of a city daily must be the reflector of the day's happenings. She must not try to convert her public to this or that opinion, she should merely write what she hears and sees without frills or embellishment.

"What is necessary?" said a bright little girl to me, when discussing her vocation in life, which she thought was a little too narrow for her abundant energies. First and foremost I should say is a bright and happy smile—queer, you think, isn't it?—but let me whisper to you that a girl's pleasant smile can get a scoop for a paper when many of the indefatigable energies of man have failed. Although a university education may be a help, the necessity of it is seldom felt, but a quick intelligence is necessary, and above all requirements I would put a healthy body and a clear mind.

WHEN at last you have run the gauntlet of a family's disapproval and overcome your own temerity, and you stand before that awe-inspiring personage, the city editor, with shaking knees; his first question will invariably be "What experience have you had? Have you ever had anything published?" Happy then is the girl who can produce various clippings of her own composition, for, as many editors contend, it is the only safe way to judge a girl for newspaper work. If, however, you have not had the forethought to try your wings as an occasional contributor, the best you can hope for is a chance to take the place of one of the staff if they happen to be ill; and for this opportunity you may wait six weeks or six months, it is for fate alone to determine; and let me say again they are a rather healthy crowd, and you will likely have to be content with a long wait.

And then when at last the happy applicant has her chance, she still finds something to accomplish. On city papers girl reporters are given some certain department, as society notes, meetings of various kinds, or a column on military work as the case may be. The girl reporter must keep up to date with the doings of her department, and not let a single item escape her. She will know when the leader of society comes to town, she will obtain an interview from the president of an international movement or a famous platform idol, and be on hand before the other papers have heard about it; for it is a well known fact that people with a fame which reaches from coast to coast, or from one country to another, become weary of newspaper interviews and in this case it is the first reporter who gets the interesting human facts which count so much in a newspaper story, who achieves success in the work. Then you may be given an assignment; it is a large name for the slip of paper the editor hands you with the brief comment to find out what you can about the new plan for grappling with this or that problem of science or public welfare.

IT is the clarion call of duty and the one command from which there is no turning. After an hour's ride on the car, you find that this dreaded personage is entirely out of your reach; he is not in his place of business. You have then to collect a few minor facts perhaps for to-morrow's story, while in that district; and back again you must go to the battleground, and hope for better luck. "Nothing for the newspapers" may be his answer to your first enquiry. But you must not let this worry you, or turn you from your purpose. You must change your method of attack and take a human interest in his enterprise and admire this or that part of his plan, and before he is aware of the trend of conversation you have obtained all the information you desire. You know his plans for success, his fears for failure, and when your unconscious informer wakes up to the fact that he has given you the very information you so coveted, the remarks dwindle, and you know the interview is ended. Of the next reporter he will be more wary, but you have a scoop for your paper that will bring the praise from your editor, which if you are interested in the daily for which you work is the highest reward you could wish.

SOMETIMES, however, it it not necessary to hunt around for all the material you must put in your column. Each newspaper has what corresponds to a reference library, sometimes dubbed "the morgue" where accounts are filed of all famous people and interesting events which take place. The reporters often, if they have an assignment, go there and look for the information they need, and with a short interview with the person in whom they are interested, a column or two of very interesting material is often concocted.

Then, too, large cities are often divided into districts and each reporter is given charge of one of these, having to report all the news items, or any happenings of interest from a debutante dance to a mistaken fire alarm, inclusive. This, however, is a little more strenuous than the other method of news getting as it is much harder to hunt news than to have it meted out to you in the form of an assignment, and it is here that a girl shows her ability in news getting, for should the watchful eye of the editor see that another paper has obtained news, especially if it is important, that one of his staff has failed to unearth, the unfortunate one never fails to hear about it.

Nor should a girl expect regular hours when doing this work; she may be asked to attend and report an evening meeting or meet a six a.m. train to get material for her story.

BUT she must never waver, and if the editor sees that she is really interested in the success of the paper for which she is working, she may depend upon it that her interest and welfare will never be forgotten when he is planning the day's work.

But the half hour before the paper goes to press is the most exciting of the whole day. Sometimes you come in with a fund of information, and having been delayed by cars or something equally provoking, you have exactly fifteen minutes to write what would at a steady pace take you three-quarters of an hour. It is then the girl whose brain is active and whose memory never plays her false can gain time, and come out with flying colors, for no matter what the mishap there is no excuse for laxity on a newspaper. No amount of arguing can take the place of a failure to obey orders, or unfinished copy.

But newspaper work whatever its drawbacks is lavish in its compensations. It keeps a girl bright, keen and up to the minute, she has a constant panorama of moving humanity before her and although she may at times feel physically weary, mentally she can never be bored; and few of us who are looking for a life's work can find any vocation which is so all absorbing.

The Journal Juniors' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

then lightly caressing her, fluttered on his way.

As the hours passed by, the sun's rays grew more intense and the rose drooped a little. There was a strange pain at her heart that was making her faint. She moaned softly and a passing Mourning Cloak butterfly that heard her, paused and asked what ailed her.

"There is something gnawing the very life from my stem," answered the rose.

The butterfly flew down and under the beautiful flower. Soon it returned. "Those nasty aphides are attacking you," it cried in an excited voice. "The only one that can help you is the Beast of the Good God."

"Do go and find her," begged the rose.

SO the butterfly flew away and of every flower it came to, it asked, "Have you seen the Beast of the Good God?" But they all answered, "No." "I must find her," the butterfly cried. "The rose queen is dying." He looked into every corner of the garden, but his search was in vain. Almost in despair, he was fluttering along when he saw a goldfinch. The Mourning Cloak stopped and to the topaz coated songster he told his quest.

"I saw her not many minutes ago, in the lower garden. If you hasten you may still find her on the hop vines."

The butterfly thanked him and spread his purplish brown wings on which the pale yellow border and turquoise blue spots glowed bright as he flew away. Over the tops of the hedges he went and down towards the vegetable garden. At last he came to the hop vines and, joy of joys, there was the Beast of the Good God herself. She was very busy and the visitor made many efforts before he attracted her attention. At last she listened to his story, then said, "The rose queen must die, but I will save her children. You see," she went on, "these days are very busy ones for me. The hops must be saved and so I have had but little time to visit the flowers, but come, I will do my best."

The butterfly and the lady-bird flew back to the rose bush. As soon as the beetle saw the aphides or green flies clustered on the rose's stem she became quite fierce and flung herself bodily upon the nearest one. Grasping it firmly with her two front legs she bit it on the wings with her sharp jaws and so prevented it from escaping. Tearing it to pieces she devoured some of her victims only, leaving the remains for another. Many she killed, but some escaped and then she started to lay little clusters of eggs on the underside of the leaves, fifty eggs in each cluster and so tiny they were, that a passer-by would never have noticed them. When she had finished, she flew upward and settled on the drooping head of the queen, who greeted her kindly. "Your enemies have gone," said the lady-bird. "They will return, but I have prepared for their coming. In a few days the eggs that I have laid, will hatch and my children will then protect your majesty."

The rose thanked her and then the lady-bird's pretty coral colored back with its jet black spots seemed to crack in half and her delicate transparent brown wings popped out and spread in flight. "Goodbye," she cried and soon she had disappeared. The rose continued to droop until the sun had set and the air became cooler, then in the twilight, millions of little gardeners, the dew fairies, unseen by mankind, carefully watered the weary plants. Tenderly they bathed the pink petals of the rose queen, soothing her until, as the moon arose and cast her silvery light over the earth, the queen of the flowers slept and dreamt about her butterfly lover.

A WEEK had passed and new flowers were blooming in the garden. The rose had died and a new queen reigned in her stead. On the leaves of the rose bush there were some strange visitors. Curious tiny lead colored grubs they were with red spotted backs. Each had six fairly long jointed legs and all seemed to be very sleepy. These were the children of the lady-bird, who had not bothered to return to look after them. There was no need, for as soon as the eggs had hatched, the new born grubs set out in search of food. Hungry—they were always hungry and yet they pretended to be sleepy. This made the enemy bold and once more the rose bush was covered with green-fly. The passing birds stopped to watch the lazy looking grubs as they silently approached the enemy. Too surprised to know what had happened, the green-fly was disabled before it realized it was being attacked. Instinctively each grub followed its mother, the lady-bird, in killing the aphides. Each had the same way of holding the fly's body and each bit its prey severely just where the wings joined the body. Over and over again the process was repeated until in sixty minutes each grub had killed forty to fifty aphides.

"Isn't it strange," said the goldfinch to a green vireo bird as they watched the grubs at work, "that they do their most useful work when they are in the larvae stage?"

"It is," replied the vireo. "And what's more, no bird will touch them or their mother. I'd as soon eat a poisonous mushroom as a lady-bird. Why, even the ichneumon fly refuses to eat them."

"It is that unpleasant smell they have that protects them."

"You're right," replied the vireo. "A kind of yellow blood, and when a lady-bird is handled, the yellow liquid comes out of her leg joints."

"How long before they enter the chrysalis stage?"

"From four to five weeks, and then they hang themselves to the underside of a leaf, by their tails. The time is not long and soon the transformation takes place and the coral backed lady-bird emerges. Her wings quickly develop and she flies away, to lay her eggs on a plant or vine that needs her services."

"Did you overhear the gardener talking to the master to-day?"

"No."

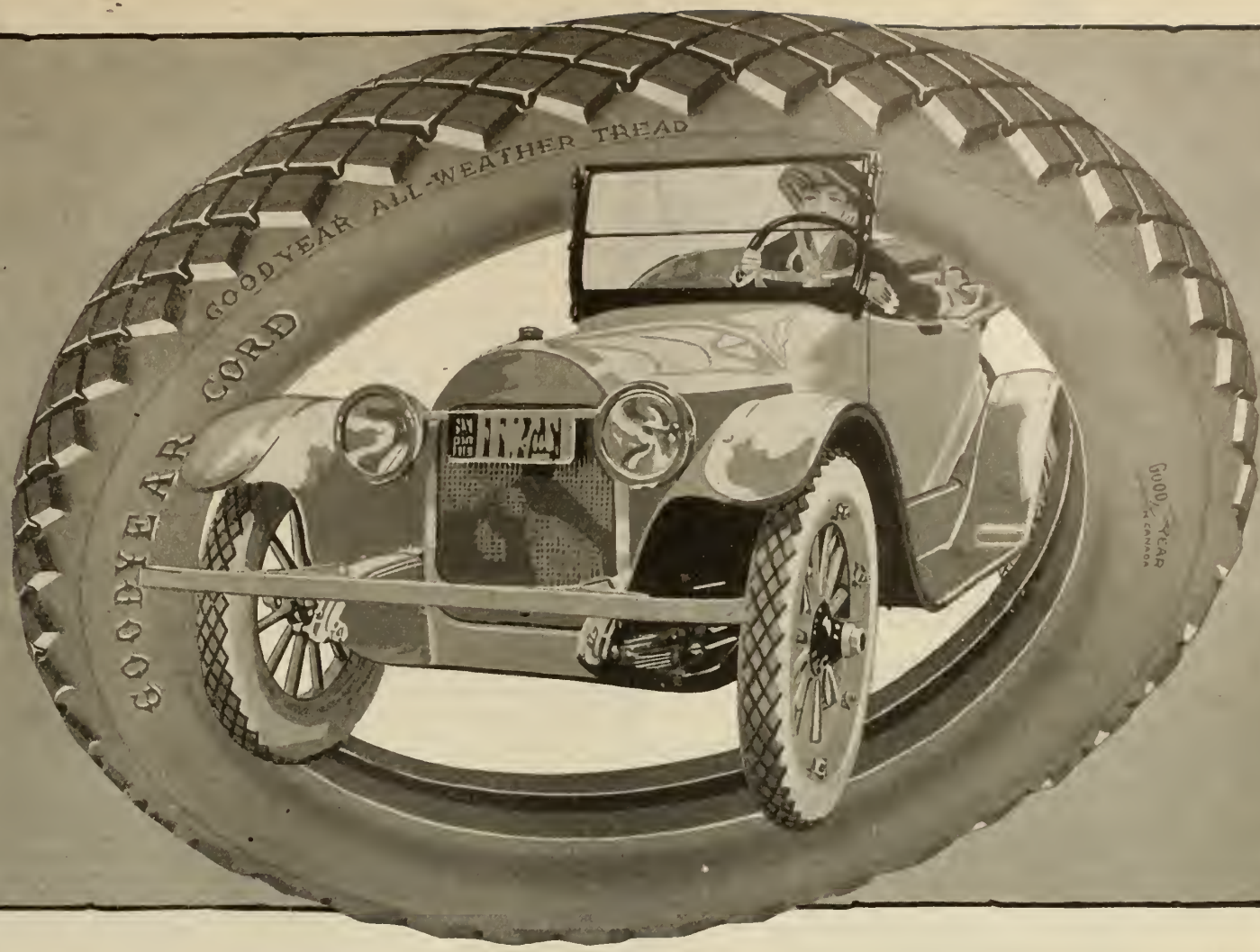
"He was saying that a supply of lady-birds were being shipped to France from California."

"Whatever for?"

"Because the orchards in France are nearly ruined by the meal bug, and the California lady-birds are the fiercest of their kind; the officials think that the lady-birds can drive the pest out of existence."

"If they do, they will deserve a service stripe, or a medal."

"Both," cried the vireo as he flew away.



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ALWAYS you will motor on Goodyear Cord Tires with a sense of security. Their strong and supple quality will carry you for thousands of miles of untroubled motoring. Yet they give you a lower tire-cost-per-mile.

The peculiar construction of Goodyear Cord Tires is interesting in connection with the satisfaction they will give you. Built up of thousands of strong, supple cords, each individually embedded in fine rubber. As a result your car rides more easily and economically—saving on depreciation and gasoline. You have even greater protection against blow-outs and punctures. Your car acquires the distinctive appearance that the Goodyear All-Weather Tread brings.

Yet it really costs you less to have all this satisfaction. The price of Goodyear Cord Tires *is* higher. But they give such great mileage, so reduce gasoline consumption, and cushion your car, that in the end they cost less than cheaper tires.

¶ The Goodyear Service Station Dealer will verify these facts for you or for your husband.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

CORD TIRES



Dainty Ready-to-serve Luncheons

BY the wayside, on the table, in your home or at the cottage, here are delicacies for the warmer days that help to make a real holiday for everyone—including the housewife! Ready to eat—no fuss, no worry; no cooking, no heat!

Swift's Cooked Meat Delicacies

will furnish a delightful menu, varied every day in the week. Here are some of the ready-cooked specialties your butcher and grocer have, or can easily get for you, if you insist on them by name:—

Swift's Premium Cooked Ham
Swift's Baked Luncheon Loaf Swift's Baked Ham
New England Style Cooked Specialty
Premium Minced Specialty Swift's Jellied Beef
Jellied Beef Tongue Jellied Pork Tongue
Ashland Cooked Specialty



Swift's Premium Cooked Ham

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Nos. 13-170, 171, 172.

BUY W-S-S

22M



Which is You?

From the silhouettes shown above pick out the one that most resembles you in looks or in occupation.

Then note the numbers beneath that silhouette. The numbers refer to Ingersoll watches shown in this ad. Match the numbers with the watches and you'll see which models are best suited to your needs.

Then go to the store that sells Ingersolls and see the actual watches. Buy the one that pleases you most.

15 Ingersoll models—for all members of the family—for all pocketbooks.

Robert H. Ingersoll & Bro.
128 Bleury St., Montreal.
CANADIAN FACTORY
CANADIAN WORKERS

No. 1 Mapleleaf
Tiny watch that made Ingersoll famous Latour. $2.00

No. 2 Radiolite
The Mapleleaf with luminous figures and hands. $3.00

No. 3. Eclipse
Thin model. Solid nickel case. $3.25

No. 4. Junior
Small size, solid nickel case. $4.00

No. 5. Midget Radiolite
A small watch that shows time in the dark. $5.00

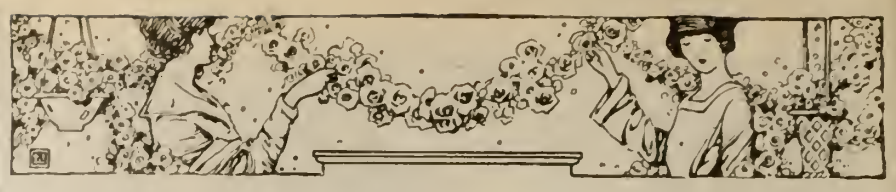
No. 6 Reliance
7 jewels. Bridge model. Screw case. $6.00

No. 7 Waterbury
Small, stylish, solid nickel case, jewelled. $4.50

No. 8. Radiolite
Two-in-One
For dressing case or table beside bed. Ivory-like case. $3.25

No. 8. Waterbury Radiolite
The jeweled Waterbury with luminous figures and hands. $5.50

Ingersoll Watches



More Play in the Country

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

their success you are almost sure to hear, "Well, our minister is great on rural sociology," or "Our teacher is just back from Guelph." But Manilla says, "Why, we all do it. We wanted it so we all turned in and worked for it." Which points either to a wonderfully alert and live community or to some dark horse leader with surely enough skill and wisdom to govern the affairs of nations. At first glance the laurels of leadership seem to be divided between the base-ball team and the Association Library; but this is only a matter of nomenclature. "Everybody did it. Why it belongs to everybody!" So when we take our hats off to the base-ball team or the bowling club, or the library or the Dramatic Association, let's remember that it's really hats off to Manilla, and that Manilla means also the surrounding agricultural district.

Play at Manilla Started with Its Library.

PROBABLY the Library was the first in point of time. At any rate Manilla has had an association Library for a long, long time—not a free library—not yet— but fifty cents a year with the privilege of taking five books at a time, comes mighty close to being free! It began its existence in the back of a boot and shoe store—at least if it dates to a period before this the writer does not know—now the Library Board hold in trust for the community two adjoining village lots on one of which is a dwelling, garden and stable. This dwelling is the Library Building. Certain rooms of it are used as Library and Reading Room, the rest as a home for the Librarian. The adjoining lot it is intended to plant with suitable trees, flowers, and shrubs forming a pretty little park, yet not in such a way as to interfere with the bowling green which at present occupies a part of its space. For Manilla has a Bowlers' Club, and the vacant lot attached to the Library looked good to the men and boys who were the club in embryo. The Library Association were more than willing to lease the lot in such a good cause: the Bowlers' Club became a reality, and its members set to work to level and make otherwise perfect their new green.

There was no roller of sufficient size and weight in the community so one was manufactured of cement. Everybody was ready to give time and work, and before long the green was an accomplished fact. Before wartime, any summer evening was sure to find groups of enthusiastic bowlers playing rink against rink, and almost every summer afternoon saw white-clad girls and women also enjoying the bowls. For the men were not selfish, their bowls and the green were handed over to "the girls" for the afternoons, and Manilla can boast a ladies' rink whose playing would not disgrace a much larger city nor a sterner race.

But we are forgetting that very important base-ball team and this isn't fair at all for the writer isn't quite sure that it wasn't the pluck and iniative of that base-ball team, which started all the other doings in Manilla. At any rate here is their story. They were a fairly good team but their practicing was done here and there, on the village street, in vacant lots, often under conditions far from ideal, and they began to hanker for a home. So they rented a field "ten or twelve acres," my informant guessed, "it might be more." Around the outside of this field they built a race-course on which the farmers of the community might train their horses for exhibition and racing. In the middle was their base-ball diamond. They had to pay a hundred dollars a year for their field and, as every ball-player knows, there were other expenses for the team to meet. But they risked it and succeeded. Manilla's annual Base-ball Tournament, with five or six teams playing and with a good supper served on the grounds, draws crowds from far and near. The boys have taken in over two hundred dollars at one tournament. But the ball team is not working alone. It's all the community. The women and girls are glad to help with the supper. The team buys bread, butter and meat. Everything else is contributed. Everybody wants to help. Similarly the Library Association plans to give at least one big

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 79.)

Without Fear

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

THE SONG OF A TOY WINDMILL.

The wind blows wild, the wind blows free,
But what is the whirl o' the wind to me?
I move to the breath of butterflies,
To the glint of a song in children's eyes,
To the gleam of red in the sunset skies—
To the kiss of fate,
Early and late—
To the sigh of the fool, and the laugh of the wise.

For he who made me and shaped my wings,
And painted my windows green and white,
Had heard the song that a swift shell sings,
In the bleak black night,
He had lost an eye and a leg, but he knew
The secrets trusted to very few;
And soft in the dusk, as he fashioned me
He sang this song exultantly:

"Let the hurricane pass you by,
The whirlwind's scream and tornado's cry;
Move to the touch of the truer things—
The gentle plaint that the ring dove sings,
To the sun-bright edge of air-plane's wings.
For it matters not though the whole world die,
If a rainbow spans the storm-swept sky."
So—what is the whirl of the wind to me?
I move to the dream of Eternity'

AN ANSWER.

I have a faith—that life and death are one,
That each depends upon the selfsame thread,
And that when the seen and unseen rivers run
To one calm sea from one clear fountain-head,

I have a faith—that man's most potent mind
May cross the willow-shaded stream nor sink;
I have a faith—when he has left behind
His earthly vesture on the river's brink,
When all his little fears are torn away,
His soul may beat a pathway through the tide,
And, disencumbered of its coward-clay,
Emerge immortal on the sunnier side.

So, say:—It must be good to die, my friend
It must be good and more than good I ween,
It must be good or reason is a cheat,
It must be good or life is all a lie,
It must be good and more than living sweet,
It must be good—*or man would never die.*

The Country House Minus Waste Space

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

verandahs, one at each end of house (east and west), add materially to the appearance and comfort of the home.

Entering the house from the north one passes through a vestibule which in width measures half the width of the large hall, the remaining 4 feet being used for the ever useful clothes closet. At the right of the large hall, double doors open into a living room 17 x 24 feet generously proportioned, well lighted and lending itself to charming decoration. Along the west wall is a huge, recessed fireplace, with walls built of brick and having a small colored leaded glass window at each side. This arrangement allows the hearth of the fireplace to be well removed from rugs, etc., as well as giving unusually pleasing effect to the room. Quaint seats or benches are the appropriate accompaniment of an open fireplace built in this manner. The glow of the afternoon sun will give this room a yellow note which should be made the most of when planning the decoration and furnishings.

Directly across the hall from the living room two doors open, one into a smaller hall from which the stairs ascend, the other into the dining room. Refer to the plan and note the artistic window arrangement in this room, also the door leading to the verandah which if screened could be used as a dining verandah. A door from the kitchen makes it possible to go directly from the kitchen, thus simplifying the matter of serving, to both verandah and dining room. A recess built for the sideboard, leaves an even space around the table, an important feature in a country dining room, where a very large number of persons have to be served.

The problem of the farm kitchen is cleverly overcome in this design. The room is large without being cumbersome. There is an abundance of cupboard space and shelves, and ample window space. The refrigerator placed just outside the kitchen door in the service entry can be filled without entering the kitchen, a window in this entry allows the light to fall directly into the refrigerator when the door is open. Steps leading to the basement start in this vestibule, an advantage which will be realized when coal, wood and the winter's supply of vegetables are being stored away.

Five large bedrooms meet the needs of the ordinary country family. Each of these shown on the plan is well lighted, ventilated and all but one have clothes closets. Note the huge closet at the left of the First Floor plan, and think what an excellent place for trunks, bandboxes, boxes for furs, winter clothing and bedding this would make. On this floor there is also bathroom and linen closet, and a clothes chute running to the laundry in the basement.

The material recommended for a house built according to this design is red brick with white mortar joists, green shutters and red slate roof.

Next month's CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL will reproduce designs for a small inexpensive house.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

The Waupoos Institute has made a donation of $150 to the Picton Hospital, for purchasing screens.

The members of the Smithville Institute gave a reception recently to an English bride from overseas.

The Marmora Institute has fitted up club rooms for the Marmora Branch of the G.W.V.A., and are being congratulated upon the convenience and coziness of the place.

A gift of twenty-three night shirts, forty-four handkerchiefs, twenty-five bags and one hundred and twenty-four pairs of socks went from the Roseneath Institute to the Ontario Military Hospital.

A new Women's Institute and community hall has recently been opened at South Gillies, and stands as an example of what even a small community can do.

The Bishop Mills Branch is planning for the purchase of street lamps.

At the first meeting of the Phillipsville Branch a "Quiz" was conducted, in which puzzling domestic problems were discussed and solved. Four new members were added to the membership at this meeting.

The Grand Valley Institute gave a tea in aid of the local fund for disabled soldiers, and were pleased to hand about $130 to the treasurer.

A banquet in honor of the returned men was given recently by the Sundridge Institute, when each soldier was presented with a signet ring, engraved "S. W. I., 1919."

The historic collection of the Penetang Women's Institute has received an addition of several valuable pieces from Mrs. T. Perkins, of Wyebridge—a rare volume and a fine bit of the famous Wedgwood ware.

At the April meeting of the Rodney Institute committees were appointed to decide on exhibits for the Agricultural Fair, to petition for the lighting of the M.C.R. Park, to arrange for public flower beds, and for the care of the local cemetery.

REPORT OF THE RAINY RIVER WOMEN'S INSTITUTES CONVENTION.

On April 30th the Women's Institutes of Rainy River District met in convention. A large crowd of interested representatives and visitors were in attendance.

Mrs. George A. Locking occupied the chair, and the afternoon session began promptly at 2.30, with the singing of the opening ode. After a brief review of the year's work, given by the secretary and a few items of business were disposed of, Mrs. Allen addressed the audience, and an excellent paper on "The Woman Trustee," supplied by Hon. Dr. Cody and endorsed by the O.E.A., was read by Mrs. Sleeman.

Mrs. Locking's report of the Toronto convention was very complete and interesting, making a splendid impression, and everyone voted in favor of sending a delegate every year.

A memorial hospital was well discussed and almost unanimously approved of. Activities are being put in motion at once concerning it. A resolution was also passed petitioning for the appointment of a woman district representative for the Rainy River District.

An excellent programme, with a few suitable remarks by Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Locking and Mrs. Sullivan, filled the evening.

MISS HAYES CHOSEN AS SUPERINTENDENT FOR B.C.

Institute members in Ontario will be interested in the appointment of Miss Olive Hayes to the superintendency of the Women's Institutes in British Columbia. Miss Hayes was for a short time a demonstrator and lecturer with the Ontario Women's Institutes.

Her daddy wanted her to know

the best in music, that's why he bought her a





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About Cooking.

Cooking in War-time has become a science indeed. If you want any help or advice, write Marion Harris Neil

About Reconstruction.

All who wish information regarding the various ways women can help in reconstruction, may write Betty O'Hara.

Questions regarding professions for girls will be answered free by Miss O'Hara.



Marion Harris Neil



Katherine Hale.

About Canadian Literature and Journalism.

Do you think you can write? If so, and if you would like some questions answered, write to Katherine Hale.

About Personal Problems.

If you want to unburden your heart and tell somebody about your troubles, Jennie Allen Moore will gladly listen and give some helpful advice.



Jennie Allen Moore.

About Books.

What to read, all questions of this nature, will be answered by Owen E. McGillicuddy.



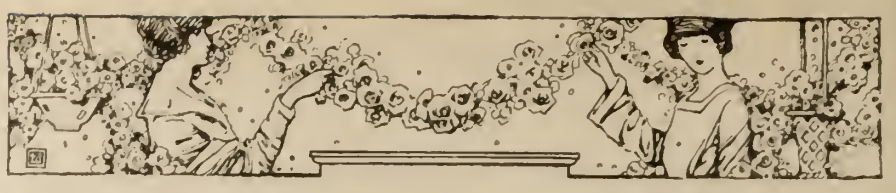
About Music.

Questions relating to music will be answered by Hector Charlesworth.

The Journal Juniors' Club.

Ethel Bain conducts the Journal Juniors' Club—and she will be glad to receive letters from the children.

Letter writing, composition and photograph contests are conducted monthly by Ethel Bain to encourage the efforts of the younger Journal readers.



Montreal
A City of Domes and Dreams

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

law book, the Coutume de Paris,—the common law of France and predecessor of the Code of Napoleon. There are few traces of these seigneurial rights in the South, and in Canada the British Government bought them from the seigneurs in order to simplify the law system. What elsewhere is called a 'porch' we of the Southwest call 'gallery.' It is Creole, but I see that it goes back earlier yet—it is a good Canadian-French term, 'galerie.' I find it universal here, and I think I have found the link connecting it with the projecting inside gallery, as of a church. Here the galerie proper does not rest on the ground, but is formed by a projection of the floor joists. This protects the cellar windows, but allows them air and light. We, however, having no cellars close in under the gallery and rest it on pillars. The typical Canadian house, like the Creole—and I suppose the Norman—has the long sloping roof to the street, with the eaves slightly curved up, and this forms a partial cover for the gallery. We again have varied this by building the cover further out, because we need more shade. This is an interesting instance of evolution in domestic architecture—a variation to meet climatic environment."

MONTREAL possesses a rare personality which comes upon one as a new vision with each passing visit. I remember a snowy night when we stopped at the great doors of Notre Dame and slipped in where a thousand candles were burning, and somewhere out of the dim distance came the vibrant sing-song chant of the French priest. I see it as a place of steep streets and wide distances, of noble churches and great squares, of the river way and the mountain summit, and yet, with all its eternal solidity, a city of gay surprises. I hear a church bell ringing, a sandalled monk may pass me, a priest hurries on book in hand. I am surrounded by the old, old atmosphere of the church. Then I hear a laugh in the air. I look up, and a party of Canadian school girls pass me humming an English air or chattering a thousand things that "she said" or "I said."

You stop at one of the great Banks or Railroad Offices whose headquarters are stationed here and medievalism is lost in substantial commerce. But in another moment you have rounded a corner and a narrow street receives you, whose inhabitants deal, one should fancy, in absolutely nothing higher than copper currency.

These gay, conflicting glimpses of Montreal make me glad that I do not know it "thoroughly." I would far rather retain flashes that are painted in colors so vivid that they can never be effaced. The city in the cold blue light of early morning, the streets piled high with snow, a red sleigh and a coon-coated cocher, the city burning at noon day under an August glare, the gold domes gleaming, the drip, drip from the fountain in the square insisting upon itself intermittently, between the onrush of traffic; the city of twilight from the mountain with starry lights beginning to twinkle below, a great ship coming lazily in from the sea, the busy docks a faint blur in the distance, and the indescribable panorama of streets and squares and towers and steeples and all mixed in the magic haze of colored light: the city at night with a midsummer moon floating above the serene street of palatial residences, the lighter silhouettes of great buildings, the blind high walls that guard the churches' possessions, the shrill laughter of the French town, the old city, this is to meet the past and the present in a wonderful way.

Because she is a city of an old soul and has come out of a "long incarnation" it would seem that her literary tradition should be rich and varied. But, as a matter of fact, this is hardly the case, though certain outstanding figures and voices are indubitably connected with it through their literary work.

A CERTAIN romance rests upon the name of Charles Heavysege, who came to Montreal from Liverpool in 1853. He was a wood-carver by profession and a poet by birth. His drama "Saul," shows his intimacy with two great sources, the Bible and Shakespeare, but it contains original creative power as well. Of it the North British Review said in 1858: "Undoubtedly one of the most remarkable English poems ever written outside of Great Britain."

A little later came George Murray, an Oxford man who did much literary work in his new home, Montreal. He will perhaps be most widely remembered because of one poem, "How Canada was Saved," which commemorated the valor of that band of French Canadians who, in May 1660, died in a struggle with the Iroquois for the possession of the land. Two lines of the poem have become a heritage of Canadian literature:

"What though beside the foaming flood
untombed their ashes lie,
All earth becomes the monument of
men who nobly die."

John Reade arrived in Canada in 1837 from Belfast, and joined the Montreal Gazette, with which journal he was connected to the time of his death in the present year. Not only on account of his fine poetry in "The Phophecy of Merlin" and other poems, but because for years he established a literary tradition in his columns on the Gazette that was both helpful and inspiring, his work has been, and will be, influential in the city which he loved so well.

William D. Lighthall is a Canadian and an author of note. "Thoughts, Moods and Ideals" was published in 1887, followed in 1889 by an Anthology, "Songs of the Great Dominion," and in 1891 by "Canadian Poems and Lays." There are also two novels: "The Young Seigneur" and "The False Cavalier."

DR. WILLIAM H. DRUMMOND has forever left his impress upon the literature of Canada in his habitant verse which has immortalized the songs of the French-Canadian farmer, the voyageur, and the coureur-de bois. These verses, unique in their humor, pathos and picturesqueness are inherently native, so that Dr. Drummond takes the same place in the family of modern poets that would be accorded in the family of artists to a master of genre. That is to say, he depicts with fidelity and affection a certain type, makes it completely his own, and then presents us with the finished picture. Probably no other Canadian poet has been more loved and more deeply mourned at his death than Dr. Drummond.

In a different way, Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison's "Seranus," has pictured the very essence of the life along the St. Lawrence in her exquisite Villanelles, many of them written in or near Montreal.

Among present day writers, the names and personalities of two women stand out. Mrs. J. W. C. Taylor, whose exquisite lyrics, under the name Gertrude Bartlett, have appeared in many American and Canadian journals, are notable. There is here a sense of fulfilment, of beauty born and garnered and stored from spiritual sources. The "Ballade of Barren Roses" is perhaps a deathless flower.

The work of Mrs. William Redpath, Beatrice Redpath, comes also within the category of what one is not afraid to venture is authentic and permanent poetry. It is poetry which has touched and is touched by life; life vivid and flaming. Mrs. Redpath also writes short stories. But the only woman novelist I can recall in Montreal is Mrs. Muckleston, "Edith Wherry," whose novel, "The Wanderer on a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 79.)

Montreal: a City of Domes and Dreams

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78.)

Thousand Hills" is very good fiction indeed.

THESE writers, of the Montreal group seem to be most closely associated and tinged with the atmosphere and the mystery of this city of domes and dreams.

Montreal has come out of a long past. Once I came upon an ardent prophet of the future dwelling in her midst; a world-man from Everywhere, who loves this city. What I remember of our conversation is vague, yet through the distance I can almost hear him crying: "Arise Thee! Arise Thee! But don't shake off the dust of your beautiful garments, Montreal!"

It was he, Horace Traubel, who, writing of Montreal, said: "I know no American city like it. What we get in New York from our east side Montreal gets from the French—a Latin and sometimes an Oriental touch. Our distinctly English cities, whether on this or the other side of the unnatural 'Border,' are passionless prose. They need fire. They need color. Take Toronto for instance. Toronto would be helped by the interjection of fifty thousand southern-eastern aliens. They would wake it up. It is too respectable to be decent. Montreal is alive, Sundays and week-days. The French section is so much like itself. The English section is so much like everything else. Old Montreal is unique. Westmount is made. Old Montreal—its quaint, archaic architecture—is a joy to the eye. I suppose the little houses all through its back streets are horrible to live in. They are old and dirty. But they are a feast to look at. Westmount is comfortable but not beautiful. I have got so that I love your city and yet I could wish it different. To my mind a city of rich and poor is no city at all. A real city has no rich and no poor. Cardinal Manning said it was a priest's business to die without money and without debts. That would be as good a gospel for a city as for priests. I once wrote of my own city, 'I am proud of Philadelphia because it took so many people to make it, and I am ashamed of Philadelphia because so few people own it. I might say I am proud and ashamed of Montreal for the same reasons."

More Play in the Country

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76.)

concert or entertainment during the year. They procure the best of talent, often bringing it from the city, and the fame of the Library Concert makes it a treat to be planned for and counted on for miles around.

THIS leads as one might guess to a Dramatic Club, and a dramatic club is one of the very best play-facilities in the world. Even shy and self-conscious people forget themselves in this delightful play, and, once forgotten, self is never likely to be so insistent for recognition again. It is a happy experience, joyous and cultural, to see new ways and meet new people—much more, if only for the instant—to be new people and to make new ways our own. Imaginative and understanding people find this experience in conversation and in all fellowship—they are for the once the other person, his thought, his emotion, his predicament, are as real to them as their own. More people find it in the reading of stories or as spectators at a play. It is only the actors who consciously undertake to lay aside themselves; and they have their reward. No one can, assume, however imperfectly, the position, thought and emotion of some totally distinct being without forever escaping from at least part of the thralldom of self-consciousness and of the self-depreciation which is its twin.

So Manilla's Dramatic Club is quite one of the happiest and most worth while of its play interests. The community wanted money, also it wanted entertainment; there were boys and girls and men and women in it who were interested in the play (everybody is; it's as natural as breathing—witness the "pretend games" of all children!) Presto, there was a Dramatic Club—a means to an end, the means being quite as valuable in themselves and quite as pleasure-giving, so that in carrying out the plan means comes to be end and we have real play.

IN passing we might also notice that Manilla has a Girls' Basket-ball team, and her Junior boys can put up some mighty good hockey.

She has also another advantage which her citizens have procured for her, and it is not the least factor in the success of her achievements. She has a community hall. Manilla, of course, does not call it so, nor is it so except in spirit. It once was a disused church building; now it belongs to the Oddfellows, and is at the service of the community for concerts, entertainments and all mass-meetings of general interest.

Nor is Manilla the only community which has proven that the country may be as interesting, as recreative, as broad in its play interests as that of town or city. Up and down the country there are hundreds of others who have found unique and original means of working out the play problem of the day. And there are thousands more already looking for "straw" in the way of opportunities to begin the manufacture of the bricks of play without which the structure of life is not only ungraceful and without ornamentation, but illy constructed and lacking durability and strength.

Children on Farms Have a Sorry Chance for Comradeship.

LET us for a moment or two consider these opportunities. And let us begin with the children. Children on farms have a sorry chance for comradeship compared with those in town. It's all right for big ten or twelve member families perhaps, but consider the solitary child on the farm. To be sure he has the loveliest of play-grounds, the most interesting of toys, the greatest variety of pets, but he has no playmates. Even in the little country school there are not enough children of the same age to play games really well. These are disadvantages which father, mother and teacher must try to offset. As often as possible the lonely child on the farm should be provided with a playmate. Don't say "He's quite content." He probably is, but we should not be content for him. Play is a getting ready for life—it is life and it is our responsibility to provide it for him quite as much as to provide clothes and food. Consolidated schools give much greater advantages in the line of play, both for junior and senior pupils. There are enough children of the same ages to form good and well-matched play-teams, to stimulate emulation without discouragement, and to create that self-confidence and power of initiative which are so often lacking in country-bred boys and girls.

But it is in the play of the older people that we are most greatly interested, the re-creation of the country community. Summer which is the city man's holiday time is the busiest season for the farmer. Winter brings him more of leisure and less of opportunity to use it. This latter, perhaps, mainly because he hasn't studied how. Farmers' Clubs and Women's Institutes have done much to help in providing social enjoyment in the country communities, but too often their efforts are limited to their own membership and the people most needing help are thus left out. Clarkson, a little village between Hamilton and Toronto, has solved this difficulty excellently well with its community parties to which everyone in the district is invited. They are held in the school-house. Sometimes the required "eats" have been supplied by the Ladies' Aid of the Church, sometimes by the guests themselves. There is absolutely no charge, and there is a night of such genuine good time as makes it almost a necessity to repeat the dose. Sometimes these gatherings have taken the form of a fancy dress party, sometimes they have been guessing contests, or a musical programme or sing-song. Always, thanks to the very best of leaders, it has been rightdown good fun. Clarkson has a community church and a choir to be proud of.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 83.)

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I have read many letters written by students, men in every profession and trade, and in every rank of them. . . . It is remarkable that almost without exception these documents affirm the benefit received by the writers from the Pelman course of study. — Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

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2519

Amateur Nimrods Amuck in Temagami

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

have been more thoughtful of others, would journey to the ice-house and drag out for re-weighing those five small fishes they had managed to catch. Of course, everybody admitted it was the guide. He knew where to go for them, though that wasn't the reason for the rush to Bear Island for guides. We got one, but that was so I could fish instead of being the motive power.

The guide we got was quite a talkative chap, as Indian guides go. They told us afterwards that he had been born in a canoe, and had gone three weeks to an English school to a teacher named Hogg. What he learned there they didn't say, but his conversation was limited to a peculiar grunting sound, "U-u-gh-A." This chap was much sought after by those who have been initiated, for he was a very capable guide who knew all the haunts of the fish of those lakes. It was just by luck we were able to get him. He had been engaged by a wealthy American who had come up on the same train with us from Toronto and had been met at Temagami Station by our guide. This American intended to stay several weeks in Temagami, and as he would be alone with his guide the greater part of the time, he decided it would be a great idea to get on good terms with his Indian. On the way in he proceeded to draw his guide into conversation. The weather soon was exhausted, the scenery elicited only a few grunts; so he tried telling about himself and life in his home town. The burden of the conversation, of course, devolved upon the willing American. He was succeeding famously till he reached "Bear Island," where, after reporting to the Hudson Bay Company factor, his guide said, "Humph! you get 'nother guide; too much argument." The Indian was obdurate, and stubbornly refused to guide the American any further—and that's how we came to get him.

WE'D been cautioned about talking, but Pal and I had another scheme. We named him "Chief." That tickled him immensely. He just grinned, but it was enough to tell us we had scored. We all piled in the canoe and started out. Chief asked us, "Where?" We planned our answer to that: "Where the bass are, Chief. We don't care where, so long as we catch them. Big Chief knows." He grinned again, looked carefully round the lake, squinted at the sun, looked down into the water, and then, with a powerful stroke which sent our bark in a new direction, he remarked, "We get 'em." And we did—at least, I did. Pal had no luck at all. She hooked them all right, and got them nearly into the boat, but they "flipped" and were off. Big Chief was peeved, and Pal's Irish was getting close to the collar. I didn't say anything, my singing reel was the best answer of all, except, perhaps, the lively beauties I kept on hauling in. Pal's luck didn't change. Three beautiful small-mouth black bass—four pounders, mark you—she lost within the half hour. Big Chief would look at her and then look meaningly at the deep blue streaks way out in the lake. Then Pal's reel whistled, she'd hooked a "big 'un"; carefully she reeled it in. It fought a great fight; broke water once, twice, three times. The last was within arm's length of the canoe. It was a double flip, and successful. Pal's Irish found satisfying expression in one vehement, forceful, explosive "D-a-m-n." From the end of the canoe came a meek, mild, but none the less expressive echo, "damn," too, followed a minute later by the swing of the bow toward the deep water and the official announcement from Big Chief, "Cateh heap more trout." Poor Pal, she did so want to land a bass, but it had to be trout. We caught a heap more; they came two at a time, never less than three pounds, rarely more than eight. We had a couple dozen by dinner time. My, but they tasted good. The crowd cleaned up most of the morning's catch; the rest went into the camp larder.

Next day Big Chief limped quite badly. We were immediately sympathetic in our inquiry. "Rheumatism" was the single rejoinder. We had visions of a fishless day. That brought a new thought; we would have to get this idea of rheumatism out of the old chap's head or we'd be without a guide—we'd noticed the wet moon the night before. So we jocularly replied: "Why, that's not rheumatism, Chief; that's old age working on you." Big Chief felt first one knee and then the other, regarding each meditatively in turn, and slowly shaking his head, then straightening up, gave his decision: "Old age? Humph! heap rheumatism!" Again we remonstrated with him for this theory, protesting that it was old age—a few drops were falling now. Again he looked at the two knees; then in a tone rich with contempt, said: "This knee is as old as this one, and it ain't stiff an' sore. No old age, heap rheumatism!"

WE went fishing, even though it did rain a little. Big Chief said, "Pickerel bite heap good in rain," so we went away to Pickerel Bay. It was great sport teasing them with a "tango," then hauling in the glistening yellow-bellied fellows. Once in a while a "pike" was caught by one of the other canoes, but Chief kept us clear from these. (The Indians detest the sight of a pike, and refused to have anything to do with the fish they call the "snake of the lakes".) We were trolling in close to shore, and had to keep constant watch of our lines so as not to get caught on the bottom. Big Chief would warn us with a curt "Damned deep" or "Damned shallow," as the case warranted. At last it was time to turn back. As we neared camp I "got a strike." It was a whopper. It bent my steel rod almost double. The strain on it whipped it mercilessly over the Chief's head. He was all smiles, for it helps a guide's reputation to bring in big fish, and so far we had not erred in this respect; we had had quantity, but not quality (weight). Here was where we were going to redeem ourselves. The way that fish pulled was a joy divine. Even Izaak Walton himself would have gone into ecstasy over it. It turned this way; it twisted the other way. It dived; it rose, fighting every inch of the way in. Big Chief leaned over the stern and lovingly fingered the taut line. He did it more than onee, till at last he was satisfied to smile. I practised all my inexperience on that gamy fish, but still he hung on and came ever nearer the canoe. Big Chief kept a keen watch on that throbbing line, till a dark shape showed dimly beneath the water some distance from the canoe. It was enough for Big Chief. He crumpled, a dark, savage look swept over his face as he drove his paddle into the water, exclaiming "Damned big p-i-k-e." A minute later I hauled him in—a big eight-pound pike. It was too much for Big Chief, so we made camp.

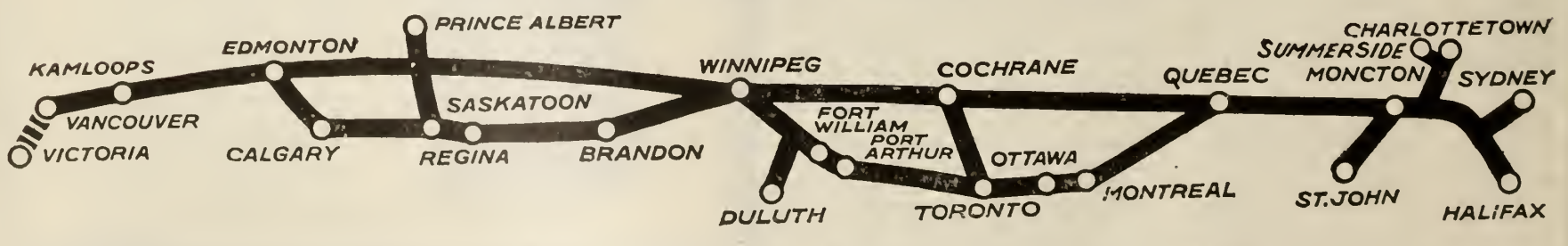
FOR two weeks we roamed among the emerald islands of Temagami. We hunted the wily bass, and caught them—mostly big ones, too. We matched wits with the deep-running lake trout; caught many, lost more—of course, they were the bigger ones. We climbed "High Rock" to see one of the grandest landscapes ever man laid eyes upon; one hundred and seven brilliantly blue lakes, half-hidden in the solid setting of emerald green and sparkling in the glorious sunlight like precious jewels, can be seen with the naked eye. The panorama that stretches out before one upon this pinnacle of Temagami Forest Reserve—"High Rock"—is not surpassed by the better-known vistas of the "spoiled countries." Temagami is still the "unspoiled country," in fact as well as in fancy. It is a paradise of forest and stream primeval. Its wild bird life is ever present, and the fishes are bigger than the railway folder man says. We, the amateur nimrods, have been there, and we know.

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Forty Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

running toward me, and after her lumbered a great black cow!

"Oh, Mr. Morgan, save me!" she cried, then tripped, falling face downward almost at my feet.

The impetus of my race was so great that I found it impossible to stop. I ran almost headlong into the cow, who, doubly terrified by my sudden appearance and the loud barking of the dog behind her, turned tail and lumbered off with remarkable speed into the woods.

NOW that he was in the presence of his mistress, Ponto was soothed. He no longer seemed to want my life blood. Fawning upon her, he licked her hand with his great soft tongue. But for once Dorine paid no attention to him. She had eyes only for me.

Staggering to her feet, she turned to me a face of seraphic adoration.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan," she cooed, "you have saved my life! If you hadn't dashed to my rescue that terrible bull would have caught me. He would have torn me to pieces!"

I gave a little gasp. The cow had perhaps been a trifle bad tempered. But a bull! On the point of bursting into a fit of laughter I suddenly checked myself. In this very ridiculous incident I now saw my salvation. I was no longer a nervous man running away from a horrible dog with murderous fangs. I was a hero, rushing at the first cry of distress to rescue my lady-love. Why, the whole thing fitted in beautifully. I chuckled with delight.

Dorine raised her eyes inquiringly.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked.

I came to myself with a start.

"I was thinking, dear lady," I began, "that I am the happiest man in the world to have had the chance of rescuing the prettiest girl in Springfield."

I drew nearer to her, intending to put my arm around her. She must have perceived my intentions, and I am sure my voice had carried with it that unmistakable lover's thrill.

But Dorine was not a flirt; she had that sweet innocence that is so adorable in the young and so deplorable in the old.

Modestly she now shrank away from me.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan," she murmured, "please! You mustn't do that. I don't know you half well enough!"

THIS was just as it should be. I was well pleased that in the first stages of our courtship she should be coy and reserved. It was for me to make the advances. So again I drew near, this time intending to imprint a tentative kiss on the soft down of that pretty cheek.

But even as I bent my head, I drew back suddenly, alarmed. She had pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and seemed to be weeping bitterly. Greatly taken aback, I stopped short. Was this the way in which girls receive their lovers' importunities? Or was it merely a sign of maidenly embarrassment?

Once more my arm stole around her waist and my lips were very near her cheek when I was startled by a deep and vicious growl. It was, of course, that detestable dog again. slowly he rose to his feet and stood looking at me, his horrible lips drawn back to reveal two rows of murderous white teeth.

To say I was frightened is to put it very mildly; I was terrified. My teeth chattered and my knees knocked together.

"D-Dorine!" I cried, "Dorine!"

Threatened as I was by a severe injury, if not death, for the dog was the size of a wolf and quite as fierce, I was too far gone to care whether she thought I was afraid of the brute or not. My one thought was to escape as soon as possible. But how could I with that growling beast standing above me, ready, I knew, on my first movement, to bury his fangs in my leg?

Desperately I turned my eyes again to Dorine, but she was still crying. Truly is a woman called a broken reed! Doubtless she was terrified for my safety, but in this dire extremity she might have checked her grief sufficiently to save me. The perspiration stood on my brow in great beads. I began to feel a horrible weakness creeping over me. There is a limit to every human being's endurance—particularly to one so nervous and high-strung as myself—and I had certainly reached it.

"Dorine!" I cried once more, and this time despair gave to my voice a sharp intensity that might almost be called shrill.

Dorine sprang to her feet. At least I had aroused her from her agitation.

"Come, Ponto!" she cried, and without a word—without even a look at me who, through her had endured so much, she fled, Ponto at her heels, across the field, over the fence and down the road; fled, indeed at such a speed that, in an incredibly short space of time she had vanished from my sight.

As for me; powerless to move—powerless even to call—I remained rooted to the spot, my eyes nearly starting out from my head in amazement. What could be the meaning of it?

Feeling too weak at the moment to try to comprehend this new and remarkable idiosyncrasy, I leaned back against a tree, absolutely limp, endeavoring to recover myself.

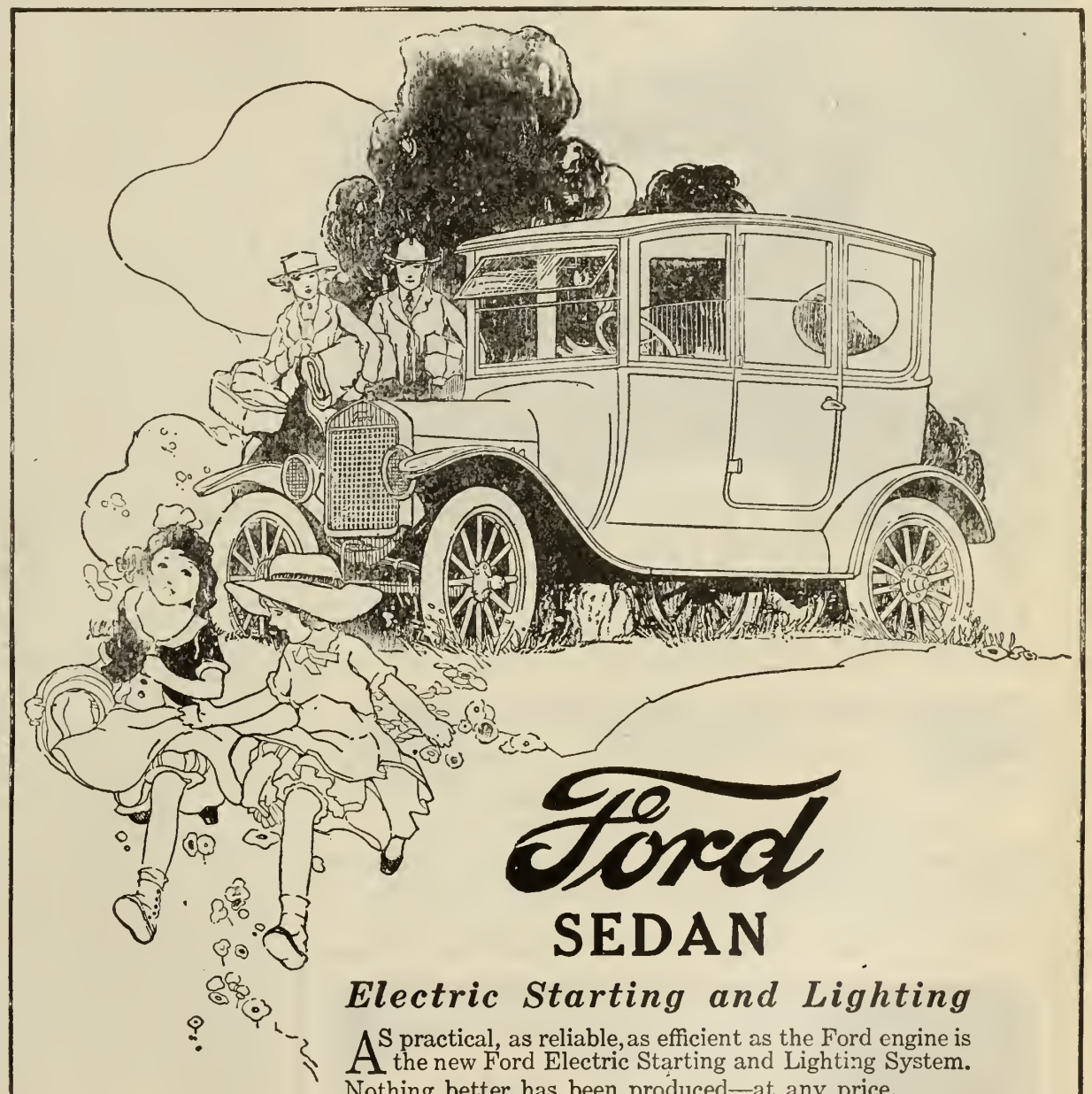
For some minutes I remained thus. Then, in a flash I saw the whole thing. Overcome by her fear for me in my very imminent danger, Dorine had realized that my only chance of safety lay in her immediate departure, for in no other way could the dog be persuaded to leave her. Then also she was doubtless overwhelmed by the unexpected honor of being made love to by a man of my age and position. Her natural modesty and perhaps some slight degree of coquetry had also prompted her to run away. Indeed, now I come to think of it, it would have been bold and unmaidenly had she stayed—to say nothing of her consideration in relieving me of the horrible brute.

YES; that was undoubtedly the solution of the mystery. As for me, I would rest awhile, then pursue my way homeward. Chivalrously I would leave her to recover from her afternoon's excitement until the following day when I would again call, now more than ever confident of a favorable reception.

Having thus settled everything to my own satisfaction, I leaned back against a tree, prepared to rest and enjoy the coolness of this pretty spot before returning when, for the first time I became disagreeably aware of the fact that one foot was soaking wet. Doubtless in my headlong escape from Ponto I had, without knowing it, slipped into some puddle or marshy place. This was very provoking. I must now hurry home as fast as possible for, in my delicate state of health any kind of exposure might easily bring on a bad cold, if not worse.

At dinner that night I coughed several times, much to Mrs. Kornigan's dismay—she always waits on me herself—and she implored me to go straight to bed. Unfortunately, however, I was due that night at an

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 84.)



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Lines and Sidelines of a Summer Course at the O.A.C.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

lights were dashed out. One might be comparing weed-seeds, or writing a love letter or consulting Ouija as to the future, when in the twinkling of an eye, one was plunged into darkness. The seeds became scattered, the endearing word half written, the future but half revealed. What a chapter of incompleteness when the lights went out! The rule was as the laws of the Medes and Persians and nothing could change it. A fair maiden might be in the midst of a most delightful dance in the Mac gym, a dance to which she was allowed to invite a gentleman friend, and gazing soulfully up into eyes that were looking moonfully down into hers, when suddenly her partner vanished and she was gazing into—blackness. Lights out!

Surprising as it may seem, there were no restrictions in regard to bun-feeds, so digestions could be joyfully ruined without fear of interruption from headquarters. The little store on the corner did a thriving business in soda biscuits, cheese, fancy cakes and other luxuries of the bun-feed variety. It was at the corner store where we became enlightened as to the real reason for our coming to the O.A.C. We came for a change and a rest.

"A change and a rest!" was the indignant response as visions of miles of tramping floated through the mind. "We'd like to know where we get it."

"You don't," was the chuckling answer; "for the street cars get the change and we get the rest."

TRULY was it spoken. When invited to a bun-feed, manners were left at home, but tumblers and butter spreaders were taken along. Butter or cheese spreaders by the way, may be of several varieties; a jack knife, a nail file, a shoe horn or even a marker swiped from the tool-house will all nicely serve the purpose. Dishes were unnecessary and their absence saved washing. To the uninitiated the rudeness displayed by young ladies who had taken a special course in etiquette at their various Normals, was utterly shocking. One of the most flagrant breaches of etiquette, we were taught, is to take leave of your hostess immediately after dining. But if one were the hostess in Angel's Wing, the Residence, and the guests were from Mac Hall, it was no uncommon occurrence to have one's guests jump up before the feast was half over, grab two or three of the choicest cakes and rush out of the room to race pell-mell down the two flights of stairs as though the Kaiser were at their heels.

For a moment one would gaze in bewilderment at the deserted spread and forgotten tumblers, wondering if fear of an air-raid had caused the panic, but a casual glance at the little clock on the dresser, and all was explained—one minute to ten!

It was a wise and upright judge that ordained perfect quietness after eleven o'clock, for long hours of refreshing sleep were needful in order to meet the strenuous work of the day. The first morning of my career at the O.A.C. I was awakened early, early, by the most insistent buzzing of an electric bell. I jumped up and rushing over to my room mate's cot, grabbed her by the shoulder. "Wake up," I cried, "don't you hear the fire-alarm?"

"Oh, go back to bed," she grunted sleepily, wise with a previous year's experience, "that's the half-past six bell to get you up. Breakfast's at half-past seven."

Imagine a whole hour's warning to get dressed for breakfast. Why, any ordinary person should be able to do it in thirty minutes, so back to bed I went for half an hour more of blissful slumber. Sleepily I listened to the whistles blowing for seven o'clock before it dawned upon me that it was time to arise and begin the day. Hurriedly donning my brand-new rose kimona with bedroom slippers to match, I hied me to the lavatory with towel and soap and washcloth to appease the god of cleanliness.

THEN did I discover the wisdom of the hour's warning, for there were but three basins for the corridor and over twenty girls to use them. The early girl got the basin and the others stood in line while the clock ticked hurriedly on. On account of having to wait several precious minutes it was necessary to speed up in the dressing department in order to get over to the dining-hall before the doors opened. To be late for breakfast on one's first morning is disgrace indeed. Hundreds of girls were continually streaming over to the dining hall. As the doors swung open a vista of many tables and innumerable chairs was before us. As our vision narrowed to a small section we saw that each table was round and had places set for eight hungry individuals. With a frantic clutch we grabbed hold of a friend or an acquaintance and hurried to the first table we could see, and with relief at finding ourselves safely anchored in the wild scramble around us, we firmly held on to the backs of our chairs in proud possession as we stood behind them.

A bell rang, grace was said, tongues were loosened and we all dropped into our places.

The kindly officers in charge were very anxious that all should get acquainted as speedily as possible and make one big family. To carry out this plan we were asked to change tables and partners twice a week. The motive for changing was highly commendable but alas for rules of sociability, we failed to live up to them. For, as time went on each girl took unto herself bosom friends and these also found other bosom friends until there were eight. And with a clannishness that would do credit to the Scotch themselves, did these eight stick to each other and their favorite table. Thus it came about that each week there were two meals for which everyone endeavored to be on time, for which one would even wait many minutes for the door to open in order to procure the desired table and be with the seven kindred spirits.

If one were late, then like the wandering Jew of old she must go hither and thither, seeking a place where she might devour. Devour may seem a strong term to use, but I am forced to admit that it is the correct one; for the work we did and the tramps we took created such enormous appetites that we not only speedily got away with all the food upon the table, but even requested more. Ours was not to Fletcherize. From an economical standpoint, a big mistake was made by the planners of the summer course when they ordained that much tramping and gardening must be done before a certificate would be granted. Verily, as a maiden worketh so shall she eat.

THE work part of the course is uncovered at last! And it had been so carefully lowered to the very bottom of my brain, while on top were piled memories of good times and pleasant acquaintances until there seemed no chance of it ever coming to light again. But constant digging has worn away the layers and work is once more exposed. Time has given to it a kindlier aspect than it had when it was buried and its humourous qualities, once invisible, are now revealed.

Every morning at five minutes to nine, the campus was alive with hundreds of soldiers of Agriculture moving hither and thither, lengthwise and crosswise, singly or in groups in search of the particular hall of learning to which they must hie themselves to report for duty. The first week, it would be no unusual thing to be stopped every other minute, while someone asked the anxious question, "Where do you go for live-stock?" or "Where's the bug-building?" or "Where do you find the weather?" and so on *ad infinitum*.

Occasionally a thrilling description of the life-history of a potato bug or a lengthy discussion on the hoof of a horse would be interrupted by some bewildered looking person rising and hurriedly walking out of the room. Was she bored to death? Was she disgusted? No, she had just found out that she was in the wrong battalion.

The mornings were generally devoted to lectures, when we listened assiduously to the voice of the lecturer and frantically endeavored to preserve all the words of wisdom, until our fingers ached and our fountain pens ran dry. Often the greatest difficulty was experienced in garnering these pearls as they fell from the lips of the speaker, for the pig and the sheep, the cow and the rooster, each, in its own peculiar voice, protested long and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 84.)

More Play in the Country

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79.)

In fact, inside its own precincts, Clarkson has found some mighty good "straw."

SKATING, snowshoeing and ski-ing seem ideal country sports, but they need a somewhat different setting than in town. Take for instance, the snowshoe party. It must meet where horses can be stabled and where those who drive from some distance can leave wraps and warm up before starting on the snowshoe tramp. It must end where such wraps can be resumed and people may start for their homes in comfort. There is no reason why a snowshoe tramp including everyone in the district who can snowshoe should not start from church or school-house, somebody remaining in charge to look after wraps, to keep fires going, above all to have good hot coffee and delicious eats ready for the returning party.

Where the snow is deep, covered rinks are a necessity, and these take some expense to build and some work to clear and flood. But I have known country rinks which the boys who skated faithfully scraped and flooded after their night's skating, and where the ridiculously low charge was imposed only to cover overhead expenses. Where it may be indulged in, out-of-door skating is much jollier than indoor, and if the snow is not too deep an open air rink can easily be kept in good condition for at least two months of the year. Every country school can have its miniature rink and its hockey team.

Sleigh-rides are perhaps not quite so interesting to country folk as to their less fortunate city neighbors, but a whole merry sleigh-load of laughing, singing boys and girls and men and women can hardly help having a downright good time.

Winter too is the time for the community party, for the sing-song or play given by the dramatic association. There is a chance for ingenuity in the planning and for executive ability of the highest in the carrying out of these meetings. Committees must be appointed to arrange for refreshments, to plan games or other modes of entertainment, to see to the procuring of dishes and the serving of refreshments, to arrange for taking care of the children and other important details too often left to the working out of the moment. Every community will have its own special interests and causes, and its social life is apt to follow the bent and interest of its social leaders. It is surprising to find what interesting things one may find to put through. Why not have a glee club or community choir, which meets weekly or semi-weekly for practice, and closes the season with a good concert? Why not have a debating society or a Literature Club? Clarkson has an Athletic Association which is unique in several ways. Its members range in age from ten to fifty-five and it includes both men and women. Clarkson is lucky in its school, for the second floor is as yet unused for school purposes and forms a splendid auditorium or playroom, and here the Athletic Association meets weekly. They have engaged an instructor who gives them physical drill and they are provided with wands, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, etc. The first half of the evening is given to athletics, the latter half to group-games played under the instruction of a leader; or such games as checkers, chess, crokinole, ping-pong and puzzles of various kinds, in fact any interesting and innocent pursuit which may occur to those present. During the summer months the club does field work, playing base-ball, volley-ball and tennis, and having very interesting sports days to which the whole community are invited, the sports being open to all.

FOR the last fifteen years Clarksburg, a small police village of perhaps four hundred inhabitants, has boasted one of the best men's clubs in the province in the shape of its Literary and Scientific Association. This club meets weekly. Its membership varies, averaging perhaps thirty members with an average attendance of two-thirds of this number. Each member is expected to give a talk or address on whatever topic of general interest he may find himself most able to present. Discussion—a hearty, live discussion — follows. Topics range from reforesting and fruit growing to theosophy and the probabilities of life after death; and from the differential calculus to the Shakespearean drama. Occasionally there is an open meeting to which the ladies are invited and these are always well attended.

Quite apart from their value as a war auxiliary country Red Cross Societies served their communities well as centres of social interest, and it is to be hoped that the increased sense of comradeship and the greater neighborliness which they brought about, will not cease with the termination of the war.

Solving the Transportation Problem.

THE chief difficulty with winter sports and parties in country districts is the trouble in reaching the place of meeting, the harnessing of teams, and their stabling. But this might be overcome with a little planning, especially in districts where the telephone is in general use. One team and one sleigh may carry a goodly number of people, and it is easy to notify everybody along a certain road that Mr. Jones' sleigh will call to take them to the hockey match or masquerade. Next time Frank Jones takes life easy and his neighbor, Phil Smith, has the responsibility of conveying his neighbors to the fun. Thus only a few teams need be taken out to convey a fair-sized audience, and in a whole winter of good times the one man has only two or three nights of responsibility. And think of the fun of this concerted travelling!

EXCEPT that the farming community is busier at that season, summer sports are easier to plan. The matter of conveyance is more simple. Many farmers are possessed of automobiles, which are much less trouble than to harness a team. One may walk fairly long distances with enjoyment, or the bicycle may be pressed into service. Summer is pre-eminently the time for sport, but the country community, having all out-of-doors for playground, is too often far behind the town or city because it possesses no really suitable and well-equipped place for play. It has no supervised playgrounds, no parks, no public squares. The boys must obtain a hard-won permission to use the corner of a meadow, and have no incentive toward making it really fit for play, since they may not be sure of being in possession of it from month to month.

But this is not an insurmountable obstacle. A really good ball team can readily make enough money to lease or buy a field, and a really live community will see that its boys have some place to play and will turn in somehow or other to help them procure it.

Once the ground is procured there is no reason why a country community might not have quite as good a team as a town or city, save that the boys have less time for practice. But many city boys do not quit work till six o'clock, and the most successful farmers I have known were never those who toiled from sunrise to sunset. Many a boy has pitched hay all day and played base-ball all evening, and risen next morning to go blithely back to the pitching of hay—yes, and accomplished far more that next day than if he had gone morosely to bed, dissatisfied and impatient, with a life that had nothing but work to fill its waking hours.

Base-ball and lacrosse, bowling and tennis are all good re-creative sports. Golf is not nearly so good for the rural communities. It takes too much time and too much money and it is played singly or in small groups. Tennis and bowling are enjoyed by women quite as well as by men, and are games which women and men play well together, and I have seen very creditable hockey played by ladies' teams. Girls sometimes play base-ball also, but are seldom able to compete with the stronger sex. Hand ball is a good game which may be played out-of-doors against the side of a barn or any wall which is without windows.

BUT such games are not the only available recreation for the rural community in the summer, though they are the best because the most continued. The community picnic is quite as enjoyable as the community party, but be warned!—it takes quite as much planning. A private picnic may be undertaken on the spur of the moment and may be thoroughly enjoyed minus any definite plan for en-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86.)

Will D. D. McKenzie be the Next Liberal Leader?

The temporary leader of the Liberal party in the House, D. D. McKenzie, is settling into his new job better than his nominators expected or hoped, declares J. K. Munro, in June MACLEAN'S. Will he be confirmed in the leadership at the coming Liberal Convention? "If anyone is making a book this summer, take a small ticket on Daniel Duncan McKenzie," writes Mr. Munro.

"The Undercurrents" is a pithy and impartial article, giving a great deal of inside information backed up by shrewd forecasts. It is the clearest and most readable review of political events published anywhere in Canada. For instance, did you know—

That a regular old-time Conservative party was reorganized recently at the behest of Hon. Bob Rogers?

That Hon. T. A. Crerar is at present the most potential man in the House?

That D. D. McKenzie is becoming acceptable as a leader to many in the Liberal party?

That Union Government through force of circumstances is safely settled in power for some time more?

These are just a few of the points that the inimitable Munro touches upon. Read "The Undercurrents"—it is entertaining and enlightening.

THE BEST ARTICLES FOR A CANADIAN AUDIENCE.

Here are a few of the other outstanding features of June MACLEAN'S:

"Victory Stuff." By Robert W. Service.
The first of a new series of magnificent war poems by this famous young Canadian.

"The Gold Wolf." By W. A. Fraser.
A remarkable Western story by this well-known Canadian author.

"Solving the Problem of the Arctic." By Vilhjalmur Stefansson.
The third instalment of his official story of his five years' explorations for the Canadian Government, appearing exclusively in MACLEAN'S.

"The Menace in the South." By Agnes C. Laut.
A sensational article on the growth of Bolshevism.

THE BEST FROM ALL OTHER MAGAZINES.

In the Review of Reviews Department is found in condensed form the best articles selected from all magazines published the world over. Here are a few of the best in the June issue:

Would Armies Have Been Wiped Out?
Muzzling the Truth at Paris.
A Close Picture of Foch.
The Reds in New York.
A Mysterious City of Rhodesia.
Life Beyond the Grave.
Will Mohammedanism Disappear?
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Lines and Sidelines of a Summer Course at the O. A. C.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82.)

loudly against the privilege that was theirs of being demonstrated and lectured upon. Little they cared for honor and praise; all they wanted was to root and graze.

Each lecture lasted an hour and then as one unit we marched to the next dispensary of knowledge. Then if we got lost, as occasionally happened, and wandered into the wrong building, one already occupied by its rightful battalion, we didn't mind it a bit for we had the consolation of knowing that the lecture couldn't begin without us and that ten minutes of it would be spent in God's wide out-of-doors instead of in a drowsy, close class room. To stay awake and keep one's faculties alert during those terribly warm July mornings was exquisite torture. Never in all my life have I heard a sound so sweet as that of the little electric bell as it tingled out the dinner hour!

AND if the mornings were hot, take your minds back to those awful afternoons when the intense heat made living almost unbearable! Why we had the tramping and digging in the afternoons when old Sol was most unmerciful, we could never understand, unless it was to save on the dinner rations.

The very first afternoon the course began, we were taken off on a hike to the woods to find and identify the bugs we had learned about that morning. As most of our trunks were not unpacked we had to go garbed as we were, in Sunday best suits or dresses of silk, while high-heeled boots and fancy pumps were the general footwear of the trampers.

About the only person who was suitably attired for the venture was our captain, the instructor. The speed at which he strode along proved that there was at least one in the crowd who did not wear high-heeled boots. He would walk ahead at the most terrific speed, while we hobbled after him the best way we could. Suddenly we would see him bend, give a mysterious sweep of the arm then straighten himself and stand perfectly still. Had he gone insane? No, he had found a bug!

Patiently would he wait until we all clustered around him, that he might expound on the life-history of the captive, which he generously passed around that all might see, handle and scream. Then we hunted bugs. Wherever a shriek was heard, there a bug was found. At once the fortunate discoverer was surrounded by a crowd of admirers who hung in her train as she hurried up to the bugologist to find out to what family her special victim belonged.

Most of the hikes we took were conducted in a similar manner, the only difference being the absence of Sunday best attire and high-heeled shoes, and when we went on the weed hunt, the dear little feminine shrieks.

THE second afternoon; ah me, that awful second afternoon! Never in the history of the whole month of July had it been hotter. The battalion to which I belonged, was marched to the tool house where we were ordered to provide ourselves with a garden fork and rake. Thus equipped we made our way to a large garden that was broken up into many mounds, which gave the appearance of a small cemetery.

These were not graves, however, although before the afternoon was over we were wishing they were that we might lie down and be at rest. They were garden plots, each twenty feet long and nine feet wide. Two privates were assigned to each of these plots, one to dig while the other raked. Officers went to and fro, giving advice, and better still, lending a hand while occasionally they let fall mild threats to discourage any slackers.

It was no ordinary digging that was required of us. In digging the first trench, every forkful had to be carried the whole length of the plot and deposited at the bottom to be all ready for filling in the last trench—when we should come to it! It was a process similar to draining a well with a leaky pail, for no matter how carefully we held that fork, nor how fast we hurried, by the time we got to the end of those twenty feet, only a little sprinkling of dirt was on the fork—it had all leaked through.

Never had I envied a farmer-girl as I did that afternoon. My partner was of this fortunate class. It was wonderful the way she could put that fork its full length into the ground and with one forceful twist, turn over great clouds of earth. Even by standing on it with both feet, I could only shove it halfway in and my most earnest efforts resulted in a gentle shower of dirt. That was at the beginning, however, for experience is a quick teacher and with persistent practice, I made that fork go right down to the handle and was rewarded by the amount of dirt I was able to turn.

All afternoon under the pitiless sun we dug and raked, and raked and dug, while the perspiration rained down our faces and reduced our clothes to a wet, clinging shroud. But all things have an end, and the time came when we could turn our backs on the neat little family plots we had made and drag our blistered feet back to the Hall. Oh, the joys of a good bath and refreshing sleep! The anticipation of these quickened our steps and made us forget our weariness. One glance at the clock and our hopes were dispelled. Half-past five and supper at six. And this is only a little bit of what our soldier boys had to endure day after day, week in and week out, month upon month.

IF I should attempt to tell of all we accomplished in those four weeks and three days, I would be in danger of being accused of attempting to wrest the championship from Ananias. Honorable mention should be made, however, of the planting of the garden we so laboriously prepared, every row so many inches apart and all nicely labelled; of the tramps we took through the orchards learning of the insects attacking trees and the means of exterminating them; of the afternoons spent in covering miles of campus, learning the names of the trees thereon; of the walk through the farm, stopping ten minutes or so in the blazing sun at every field to hear a short lecture upon the crop it contained; of the practical demonstration in the vineyards on pruning the bushes, demonstrations staved off until all the fruit had been safely picked; of the Friday afternoons devoted to strenuous games in order that we might teach the school children how to play, and of the weeds we had to collect, mount and then rightly name.

These are the outstanding features of the work that have a vivid place in my memory. If we didn't find the twenty weeds we were required to have in the one tramp we took for them, we had to find them in our leisure hours. Incidentally we planted, watered and hoed in our leisure hours; likewise we prepared for exams in our leisure hours. Those mythical leisure hours!

Lest anyone should imagine that our evenings could be devoted to these leisure hours, I make haste to tell them that far, far from that was the case. For our evenings were generally arranged for in the wonderfully planned time-table that so won our admiration, if not our hearts. Right after tea we were scheduled for a baseball game.

Now, baseball is not considered work by the great majority of people, nor is it work if you can suit yourself about playing, but as soon as it is put on a time-table, at that moment it becomes work. After the game was over (if we played), we sometimes gathered together and had a "singing." Some of us devoted part of our evenings to swimming lessons, while the great majority attended the lectures given by some famous person brought all the way from a great city to address the Rural leaders and Pedagogues.

AFTER all's said and done, though we grouched and groused, we had a pretty good time taking that summer course. No effort was spared by the faculty to make it as enjoyable as possible. It wasn't anybody's fault that the weather was so hot—the weather man was the meekest looking man imaginable! The lecturers couldn't have been kinder or more considerate. The poor dears were far worse off than we, for they had to lecture in a room at ninety while we just had to listen, and they had to talk as well as walk those sultry afternoons.

And then the picnics and excursions we had! They will stand out as bright spots in our lives. Everybody enjoyed them; everybody got acquainted. That to me is one of the best features of the summer-course, to come in contact with so many delightful people; among these congenial spirits are sure to be found and life-long friendships are formed.

Now I'm home. Every bug I see I try to capture; every walk I take I'm in the ditch; every bottle I have, I fill with seeds. All the neighbors are collecting caterpillars. Preparedness is the motto, and I'm getting ready for the second part of the course, which I shall take at Ontario Agricultural College next year—that is if I'm not hunting bugs, pressing weeds or collecting their seeds in one of Ontario's insane asylums.

Forty Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81.)

important club meeting. So, I sallied forth, thankful that at least the night was warm, and fortified by some cough lozenges which the ever-faithful Mrs. Kornigan hastened to procure for me.

And now comes the tragedy of this whole affair, proving that seemingly the most exemplary maidens are sometimes the most false.

Returning home that night, I heard as I passed Dorine's house a burst of laughter. There was no mistaking that light, rippling peal; it was Dorine. Naturally I stopped. She must, I thought, have very effectually recovered from her hysteria of the afternoon. Then came another laugh. This time it was a man's loud ha-ha, quickly followed by Dorine's voice.

"Oh, Nick!" she exclaimed, "It was too funny! He stood there, his knees shaking and his teeth chattering like the villain in the play, and there was poor old Ponto, bound to protect me, standing over him, growling and showing his teeth.

"I didn't know what to do. I sat there till I felt I could not stand it another minute. I knew I should burst out laughing in his face, and then Father would have been so angry for I'm sure that dreadful man would have told him. So I took to my heels and flew with Ponto after me; I never once looked behind."

This time peals of laughter rang out from the both of them, and, in the light of the street lamp I distinctly saw the moon-faced youth whom I had so frequently met at the house.

"It's 'forty, love' all right for him, eh?" suggested the odious youngster, and they again burst out laughing.

For a moment I was overcome with anger. So that minx Dorine had been taking me off behind my back, had she? But I was not surprised. Anyone who could be so heartless and perfidious would be incapable of appreciating genuine worth anywhere. Well, if she was that kind, let her go; she was not worth a moment's regret. With a shrug of disgust I turned on my heel.

ON reaching the house I let myself in and went straight to my room. As usual my bed was turned down; my pajamas placed ready to my hand. On a small table lay a graham wafer and a glass of buttermilk, for, after a slight repast I always sleep better. Beside these were three memorandum slips containing notes of telephone calls received during my absence.

For the first time I realized the absolutely invaluable qualities of Mrs. Kornigan. Nowhere again would I ever meet her equal. And now she was leaving me! The thought was appalling! I could not live without her. Accustomed as I was to her daily ministrations I knew that, deprived of them, I should be reduced to a state of helpless misery. The thought was unbearable—yet seemingly there was no alternative.

Absorbed in these grim reflections, I was startled by a knock at the door.

"Come in," I called, but there was no response. Rather irritably, for, as I have already said, I hate indecision, I strode to the door and flung it open. There on the threshold, bending awkwardly over some object on the floor was Mrs. Kornigan.

With a face redder than usual, her breath coming in short pants—something between a gasp and a snort—she stood upright, clutching in both hands a large pail of hot water. Mechanically I made way for her as she boldly entered my room, setting down her burden with great care upon the carpet.

"Please, Sir," she began, "I am rather alarmed about your cough so I took the liberty of heating this water for you. There is mustard in it, and if you will soak your feet and then get right into bed, I am sure you will feel much better to-morrow."

With these words she turned to leave the room. Silently I watched the dumpy figure as it disappeared through the doorway, and as I looked, all my visions of a wife possessing youth, beauty and refinement vanished into the intangible dream from which they had come. For the first time I realized that, nowhere in this world can we get perfection. Rather must we choose between the gold and dross, the real and imitation. Dorine and all her kind were alloy through and through; false, insincere and heartless. Mrs. Kornigan was pure gold. And to think that I was on the verge of losing her, perhaps for ever! But no; after all there was a way out.

I am not usually a man of impulse—I am accustomed, indeed, to weigh with the utmost care every word and action. But for once I broke my rule. Flinging open the door, I strode down the hall, guided by the shuffling sound of Mrs. Kornigan's feet as she slowly climbed the stairs to her own room.

Springing forward I seized her by the skirt.

"Mrs. Kornigan," I cried.

With a little scream she started back.

"Oh, Sir, is it you?" she exclaimed with an air of relief, "I saw that dog of Miss Crabtree's outside the house just now and I really thought he had got hold of my dress. He is an awful dog, Sir."

Then, as she slowly climbed down the stairs again, "Is there anything else I can do for you, Sir?"

"Yes, there is," I said in firm, decided tones, "you can marry me. Mrs. Kornigan," as the good woman stared at me in a very natural amazement, "the fact is, I find I cannot live without you; also I esteem you very highly in many ways. You undersand me perfectly, so I have decided to overlook the little inequalities between us and to make you my wife. Also," I added quickly, "I think you would like a dogskin for a rug. I know a very large and fine one. You shall have it by to-morrow night."

Leaving her to recover from her very natural embarrassment, I returned to my apartment. Going to a drawer, I took out a revolver which I oiled and then loaded with great care.

"An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth," I remarked grimly. I had decided that, incidentally, Dorine should provide Mrs. Kornigan with a wedding present.

Ten minutes later I was seated in an easy chair, my feet in Mrs. Kornigan's mustard and water and munching my graham wafer with relish; now that all anxiety for my future was so effectively removed, I felt the awakening of a good appetite, and was musing happily when I heard an odd little rustling sound outside.

Looking round quickly, I saw, projecting under the crack of my door, a small piece of paper. In some curiosity I picked it up. It was a sheet, evidently hurriedly torn from a writing pad, and, written lengthwise across it in Mrs. Kornigan's well-known handwriting were these words: Dear Sir:—

I wish to thank you for the great honor you did me to-night—that is, if I understood you right. But I am very sorry to say that I cannot accept it as I am going to be married this day week to William Potts, the Grocer. Thanking you again for your very kind offer,

I am

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. Kornigan.

THE END.

The Family Name

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

want to feel like a working-man."

She sat for a long time after he had gone out, smiling to herself. This was not at all the honeymoon she had expected when David had proposed to her the day before. She knew that J. Randolph Crockett-Crockett was sinfully wealthy, and she had accepted joyfully.

They had been married at a road-house, and then gone directly to David's home, and as rapidly away from there. Her life with a musical comedy road company had been far from easy, and David was really a good fellow. After all, *he* had gotten the worst of the bargain.

Stick around a while! She fingered the shiny wedding ring with an odd feeling of having been promoted to a better job. Sure, she would stick!

It was an hour later and getting dark when David knocked at the door and was admitted by a rosy young woman with damp hair.

"Been having a shower-bath," she said; "I hated to turn it off."

David wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Well, I am going to have one now," he remarked. "Get your hat on and run out and buy what you need to dress for dinner. I got a hundred on the watch and chain; but I had to walk all the way over to Third Avenue."

She looked doubtfully at the handful of bills that he held out to her. "Do you think I ought to spend it?" she asked.

"Spend it? What else would you do? Aren't you my wife? Hurry up or the stores will be closed."

"What about the hotel bill?"

David was by this time the storm centre of a maelstrom of flying clothes, which he was peeling off and throwing in every direction. He did not stop as he answered: "We don't have to pay until we leave, and I am not ready to leave."

"GET a light gown, slippers, silk stockings, and anything else you can think of."

"Say," he called as she went out. "Don't waste any money on tooth-paste. I've got oodles of it."

The dining-rooms of the St. Gorgeous were crowded, and the orchestra was jerking its way through the latest fox-trot, when a low, clear whistle sounded through the rooms. The music continued, but every waiter and bus-boy laid whatever happened to be in his hand at the moment quietly down, and walked out of the room.

It was very well done, and the diners looked about expecting some new and amusing surprise from the management. The surprise came when the manager mounted the orchestra stand and spoke:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are sorry to put you to any inconvenience, but a strike has been declared, and we will have to ask your indulgence for a few moments. Fortunately, we have a new corps of waiters ready, and we will serve you with as little delay as possible."

The orchestra took up its chase after the illusive fox, the new waiters filed in and were assigned to tables by the captains, the buzz of conversation resumed, and all seemed serene.

A certain florid, rather portly gentleman, not much on the wrong side of forty, and of most distinguished appearance, happened to be dining alone at a tete-a-tete table in the palm-room.

The head waiter approached him, bowing and smiling, "Would Monsieur consider having a lady at his table? A guest of the hotel, who had been waiting some time? Monsieur would pardon the request, hut the strike had delayed and upset. Ah, mercie, Monsieur!"

"Monsieur" had risen to his feet at the first glance. The lady was close behind the head waiter.

"Certainly; delighted, I am sure."

"Thank you."

She seated herself, in a swirl of gossamer drapery and a subtle perfume, very tantalizing to the nostrils, stole across the table and enveloped him.

SHE ordered her consomme, and the new waiter departed.

Her vis-a-vis had gotten as far as the entree, and she tried not to watch him as she sat and waited. He was a handsome man, with powerful features, a trifle flabby from city life and motors, but still virile and thoroughly masculine.

Glancing up suddenly from his plate he caught her eye, and dropped his own hastily to her wedding ring. There was an awkward pause, which he finally broke after clearing his throat several times. "You will pardon my speaking, I hope, but it seems so foolish to sit here without saying anything."

She laughed a gurgling young laugh, and he noticed how much prettier she was than he had at first imagined.

"Go right on and talk," she said; "I have not the faintest objection."

He gasped, inwardly—a most difficult feat, only accomplished by the most blasé, and they drifted easily into small talk as her consomme arrived.

"Are you staying here alone?" he found himself asking, in spite of himself. "Pardon, but it seems odd that you should be dining alone."

"My husband was called away on business this afternoon. I expected to dine with him. We only came to town to-day."

"Ah, you have been travelling?"

"Yes," a slight smile crossed the lady's features; "through the West and South."

"Shall you be in town to-morrow?"

"I think so."

"If you are disengaged in the afternoon, we might motor down to Whistling Rock. It's a fine run, and the car is in splendid shape."

"I would be delighted."

"Splendid! Jove, I am glad I was delayed to-night. Blessings on that head-waiter."

She laughed gaily at his enthusiasm and chatted vivaciously through her dinner. At its conclusion he insisted upon paying her cheque and tipped the astonished waiter enormously.

"In the writing-room at three sharp," he said as he left her at the elevator.

"Three sharp," she replied. "Thank you for a pleasant evening," and with a bewitching smile she patted his hand and vanished.

DAVID CROCKETT - CROCKETT was sitting up in bed reading the paper when she entered, and kicked off her new slippers with a sigh of relief.

"You look great," he commented. "How did it work out?"

"Perfectly. I made a date with him for three o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Whistling Rock for dinner."

"Whistling Rock? I didn't know he was a member. And don't say 'dinner' to me," groaned David. "I dined on 'beef and' at the Cafe de Childs. How did he behave?"

"Like a gentleman, of course."

"Humph!"

"You needn't snort. If you are real good I'll take you down to-morrow afternoon and introduce you."

"Well, it's lucky I saw him come in to-night. He almost saw me, but I ducked behind the news-stand. I had to slip the head-waiter five dollars to seat you; but he's a pretty good actor for a Greek."

She laughed as she arranged her new toilet articles on the dresser. "Your dad seems to be a pretty good actor, too. He is a fine-looking man."

David yawned and threw down his paper. "Opinions differ. I never thought so. I inherit my beauty from mother. Anyway, we will surprise the pater to-morrow. Oh, joy!"

AT exactly three o'clock the following afternoon a handsome runabout rolled up to the St. Gorgeous, and a tall florid man climbed out and entered the hotel.

After a few minutes search he found her, in a deep leather chair in a quiet corner, and greeted her cordially. "And it's a wonderful day for a spin," he concluded.

Mrs. David Crockett-Crockett was plainly very nervous. She responded to his greetings, hesitated, and then made a signal to one who lounged idly by the desk at the far end of the room. David came quickly to her and faced the astounded victim of their very practical joke. As he did so, she laughingly introduced him: "Father-in-law, I want to introduce my husband."

The two men faced each other, and David burst into a fit of uncontrollable merriment. The older man clenched his fists and glared at the merry pair, saying not a word.

The girl placed her hand on his arm and began in her most coaxing tone:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86.)

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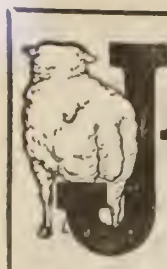
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FOR BEST RESULTS

The Family Name

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85.)

"Come, dad-in-law, be a dear, good man, and forgive him."

David made inarticulate noises, wagging his hands and generally acting like a man in a fit. He finally managed to blurt, "Hold up, Dickie. This is the limit!"

"What is the matter with you?" she gasped.

"MATTER? Oh, nothing much, except that I never saw this gentleman before in my life!" and David leaned against a pillar and indulged in another spasm of mirth.

She stared at him, and then at the older man, in utter bewilderment.

"D-do you mean to tell me that this man is not your father? Stop that giggling and answer me! This is a serious matter!"

Her tone sobered the hysterical David in an instant. He turned to the third member of the triangle, who was on the verge of apoplexy.

"Would you mind coming up to our rooms, sir? We have an explanation to offer for this ridiculous affair. It is really more serious than it appears."

The man's face hardened. His demeanor had been extremely uncompromising, but now he snarled: "Go up to your rooms? Not much! You *have* got a nerve! I can't make out what your game it, but I am going to the management and have you thrown out!"

"On what basis?" asked David, softly. "There is no ground for any such move, and you know it. If you will not come upstairs, will you sit down here for a moment? My wife has placed herself in a most embarrassing position to help me out of a difficulty."

Their companion glanced at her, and noted that she was trembling, on the verge of tears.

He ungraciously led the way to a group of chairs. "Let's hear it," he said briefly; "it may be good, after all. I must say, you don't *look* like crooks."

David rapidly outlined the situation after introducing himself. He ended with: "I don't see how on earth that head-waiter made the mistake. I saw dad come in and pointed him out to the man. He must have changed his seat."

"Humph!" the man glanced again at Mrs. David, and his face was still grim in spite of a dawning twinkle in his eye. "I suppose this is *my* fault, eh?"

"Well I certainly would not have allowed you to talk to me if I had not been sure you were David's father," she paused for an instant and added with emphasis, "I must say you *look* like a gentleman."

He rose to his feet and bowed elaborately, "We are even on that score Madame, with a point in your favor," he said, and addressed David who had also risen to his feet.

"I accept your explanation Mr. David Crockett-Crockett. Both the head-waiter and myself made a mistake. Good day sir."

He bowed to Mrs. David, turned sharply on his heel and left the hotel without introducing himself.

DAVID sat down again and looked helplessly at his wife, "Gee, Dickie wouldn't that jar you? I couldn't help laughing to save my life, he looked so funny."

"Well, I don't blame you," she smiled, "only you frightened me half to death. I couldn't imagine what was the matter. Now we are a little worse off than we were last night, and a day wasted."

David was sitting up in bed reading "Help Wanted" ads, when the telephone rang. He bounded out and grabbed the receiver, "Hello, yes, this is Dave. Oh, hello, dad! What? Who? He did? In the morning? Great! I know you'll like her. Good-bye."

He hung up the receiver, and executed a pirouette. "That was dad, Dickie, telephoning from New Haven. He said that his old playmate, Dan Sheldon, came racing up in his runabout a couple of hours ago and talked him flat up against the wall. Told him the only way he could retain his friendship was to promise never to tell the horrible details and to come right down after us. Dad is coming down in the morning."

THE END.

The Church Orchestra

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57.)

purpose in the prosecution of their inclination for music, the public at large would hear less about empty pews and neglected services.

Ministers and religious leaders if they will take time to consider the matter will see the advisability of doing everything possible for the encouragement of those who love music. It is generally admitted that nothing has a more refining and ennobling influence, and there is good reason to think that anything that is done to broaden and develop the scope of church music, even in the most humble conventicles will be blessed with good results.

IN saying that in this country a movement for church orchestras would be a revival of an old idea I am not speaking without warrant. In the early days of Toronto, for instance, when the population was but a tenth or a twentieth of that of to-day, such institutions were not uncommon. More than forty years ago, Mr. E. R. Parkhurst, the veteran Canadian musical critic, looked up the facts about musical conditions in the thirties and forties, when Toronto was not so large as many secondary towns in all parts of Canada at present.

In those days the monster organs which are now common were unknown, and the ministers were glad to avail themselves of amateur orchestral performers to eke out the interest of the services. That the results may sometimes have been ludicrous does not detract from the excellence of the plan. For instance, in the old Church of St. James, the predecessor of the beautiful edifice now known as St. James Cathedral, the clerk, a Mr. Hetherington, was a performer on the bassoon, and, according to old members of the congregation who have long since passed away, his method was to announce the psalm or hymn, and give out the tune on this instrument. When the singing commenced he would accompany the choristers with blasts on this rather grotesque instrument. This was pure eccentricity and I hope no one would be inspired to do likewise to-day; for almost the only sustained melody that can be played on the bassoon is the old tune "Lucy Lee" or measures like it. It is only serviceable in giving added color to a band or orchestra. Some time about 1840, however, a choir was formed at St. James with a bass viol, clarinet and bassoon as accompanying instruments and this same Mr. Hetherinton was given a stipend for instructing members of the orchestra which became gradually augmented. The Methodist Church was responsible for an even greater development of music in Toronto, not only in connection with church orchestras but in choral singing. It is said that the first singing class ever formed in Toronto dated from 1831 and was organized by a Mr. James Baxter in connection with a Methodist Church that stood near the corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto, which, as those familiar with that city know, is now the heart of the financial district. The Methodist churches of the budding city in the forties boasted orchestras consisting usually of a few violins and flutes, with a violoncello and trombone added to give body to the tone. Long after the introduction of organs of the more modest type such instruments were used to augment the music. That even to-day churches are necessarily wedded to the organ, and lacking one must do without music, was proven a few years ago in Toronto. One of the ten largest organs in the world is that installed in St. Paul's Anglican Church in Toronto. The time taken to install it covered several months and as it was deemed necessary to have music, a grand piano was installed, and for several months was used with fine effect. Had there not been a prospect of the organ being ready for use within a reasonable time an orchestra would probably have been formed.

I GIVE these bits of local information to show that by the devout the organ is not regarded as exclusively the religious instrument, and to prove that the attempt to form church orchestras has been made and has succeeded in this country in times past. But the main point which I wish to emphasize is that, even if the system had never been tried, it would be a welcome stimulus to interest not merely in church life, but music in general.

More Play in the Country

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83.)

tertainment. But a big public picnic must have zest and "go" from the very start. A Master of Sports may be appointed and every moment of time should be filled with something of interest. Or a more formal Field Day may be held with contests in racing, jumping, vaulting, throwing quoits or hammer, and other such tests of strength or skill. Base-ball or tennis tournaments may be arranged with teams from nearby communities; the choir may arrange an out-of-door sing-song in connection with a strawberry festival or garden-party. In fact there are a hundred ways in which the members of a rural community may find their play. Fishing and hunting are good sports open to most country people in Canada, but these are indulged in in smaller groups and are not so open to community play.

NO, straw is not so rare as our first look led us to imagine, nor is there such a total disinclination to the manufacture of the brick. What is most needed is leadership. Yet I believe that the ability for leadership is quite as present in the rural district as is the opportunity for recreation. Much of the work already done along this line has been carried on by the country church. Women's Institutes and Farmers' Clubs have done great work along social lines also and many other places besides Manilla have to thank a ball team or a Dramatic Club for much of their good time. But too often, as has been before suggested, the good times arranged by these organizations have extended to their members only, or being chiefly of money-making intent have placed too high a tax on the recreation offered—too high that is for the average uninterested hard-working grind. Yet he is just the person who most needs play. I have sometimes thought that one of the great things our boys returning from overseas will bring to us will be a love of good clean sport and the very leadership which rural districts need for their development along these lines. For a few ardent spirits are not enough. They may be the leaven that finally leavens the whole lump, but the whole lump must be leavened. That leadership is best which shows least, which sets everybody working—or rather playing—which makes everybody keen and interested, so that it is nobody's pet project but everybody is in it with everybody else.



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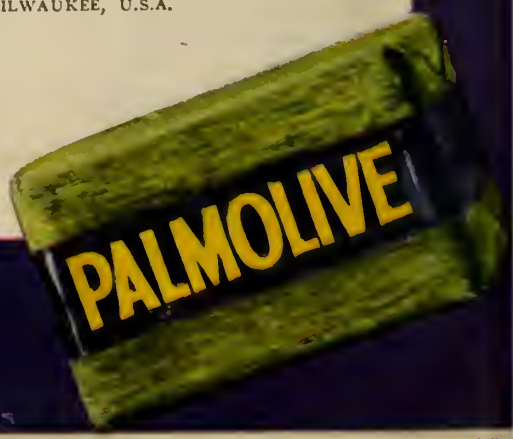
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